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 Ὀνὸς ποιεῖν λῶκος ————— Theocritus

M. Diepenbeek delin.

R. White sculp.

Do Herberto Perrot de



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HOMER
HIS
ILIADS
TRANSLATED,
ADORN'D
WITH
SCULPTURE,
AND
ILLUSTRATED
WITH
ANNOTATIONS,

BY
JOHN OGILBY, Esq;
Master of His MAJESTIES *Revells* in the Kingdom of
IRELAND.

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To the High and Mighty
M O N A R C H,
C H A R L E S
THE SECOND,
Of England, Scotland, France and Ireland
K I N G,
Defender of the Faith, &c.

SIR,



He Sun hath not appeared in our Horizon these many Years : Prodigious Darknes, perpetual Tempests and Horrour, brooding upon the Face of these Three (once happy) Nations : But the late, though long-expected Dawn (the Harbinger of You, our grand Luminarie) appearing, we are cheered into a Belief, that we shall again see a glorious Day of peaceful Serenity.

It would (Sir) be a Miracle, next to that of your Return, to be able to express with what Joy you are already received in the Hearts of your Subjects ; How much then above the reach of my humble Pen ! Yet am not I the least Sharer in this com-

A

mon

Will. Clayton

Will. Clayton

mon Extasie of Loyalty; for whilst others pour forth Treasure, Incense, Garlands, and offer Victims to ingratiate their Obedience, I presume to Dedicate, what, (though presented by a too unworthy Hand) is in it self the noblest Oblation of the Muses.

The Universal Attestation of whose Worth, by all Nations among whom Civility and Learning have found Reception, I might (not to prescribe your sacred Majesty) deduce through all successive Ages. The Macedonian took his first fire from Homer's Torch, by whose light he traced the way to universal Empire, and first deserved to be distinguished from all other Conquerors by that Glorious Sir-name, The Great; and having placed him in that inestimable Cabinet of Darius (which he judged too rich and curious for any other Jewel) said, In this I will bear along with me the onely Master and Contriver of my Victories.

And that which may render him yet more proper for Royal Entertainment is, That he appears a most constant Assertor of the Divine Right of Princes and Monarchical Government. Be pleas'd to bear himself;

*No good did many Rulers ever bring;
Let one be Lord; in Joves name one be King.*

On the other side, all Anti-monarchical Persons he describes in the Character of Therfites,

*VVho fondly vented incoherent Things
'Gainst Sovereign Power and Majesty of Kings:*

The

The most deformed Piece of all who came
To th' *Ilian* siege; squint-ey'd; crook-back'd, and lame;
His breast bunch'd out; round was his head; a thin
And callow down vested his meager Chin.

From what Prince then more justly may Homer hope for Patronage than from your Sacred Self, in whose Veins (besides your irrefragable Title to these three Kingdoms) the Channels of all the Royall Blood in Christendome concenter.

Prostrate at your Majesties Feet, I most humbly beg, as well your Pardon for this my hasty and so rude Adresse (by which your high Affairs may seem too much interrupted and prophaned) as your gracious acceptance of these (I may modestly say) painful endeavours, in this version and illustration of the most incomparable Poet, which when smiled upon by your Majesty, may among your English Subjects meet a more soft and cheerful Entertainment.

*All that I have said to your Majesty hath been a Petition, which I shall close with a Prayer; May that great God who sent a Star to wait on your Nativity (seen at Noon to the astonishment of the Beholders, and though long since vanished, yet still remembred, and look'd upon as an Omen of your future happinesse) be the constant Light and Conduct of all your actions. We are already confirmed that you are dear to his Eye and Providence, by your so many Preservations, among the rest, by That your never to be forgotten Deliverance at **VV**orcester. May you live a great and good Example*

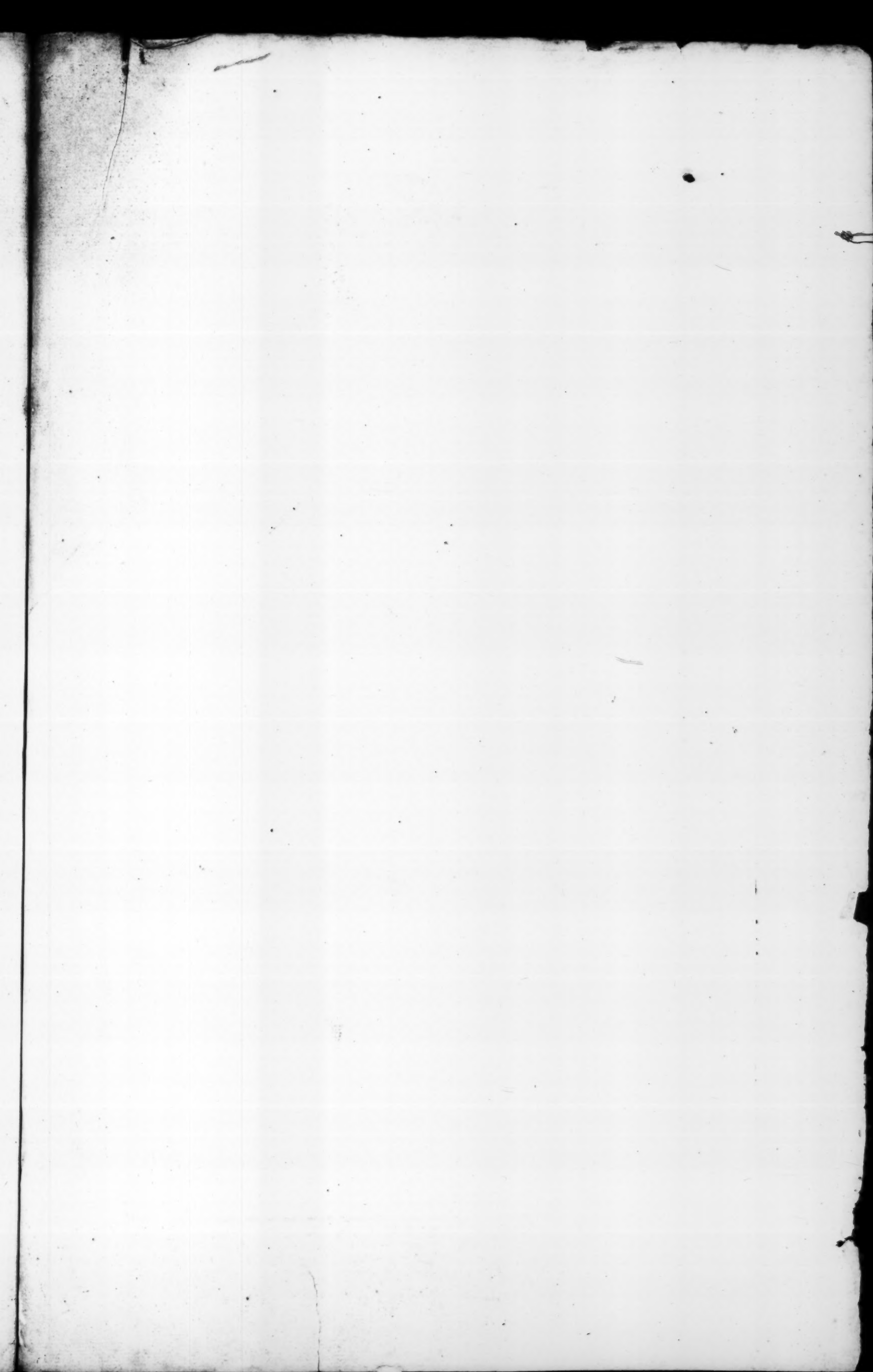
*Example to all Succeeding Princes, and before you change these
Crowns for Immortality, see that Prophecie fulfilled in your
Name and Person, Carolus a Carolo Magno Major, which
shall ever be remembred in the constant Devotions of*

Your sacred Majesties

Most humble, obedient

and loyal Subject,

JOHN OGILBY.







THE LIFE OF HOMER.



ERODOTUS of *Halicarnassus*, having made a strict inquiry after the Parentage and Life of HOMER, gives this account.

At the Foundation of *Cuma*, an ancient City of *Æolia*, amongst other People of several Countreys, there came thither from *Magnesia*, *Melanopus*, Son of *Ithagenes*, Son of *Critbo*, carrying along with him his small Stock. At *Cuma* he married *Omyris*, by whom he had a Daughter *Critbeis*, whose Guardian, her Parents dying, was *Clernax*, an *Argive*, her Fathers greatest friend. After some time she proving with Child, and *Cleonax* having notice of it, he sharply reproved her, and resolved to cast her off. At that time the *Cumæans* were building a Town in the Bay of *Hermus*, which *Theseus* the Founder, in memory of his wife, named *Smyrna*. He was descended from *Eumelus*, Son of *Admetus*, exceeding rich, and Conductor of the

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Thessalians

THE LIFE OF HOMER.

Theſſalians to *Cuma*. Hither *Cleanax* ſent *Critheis*, privately committing her to *Iſmenias* a Boeotian, his intimate Friend, another of the Leaders of this Colony. Not long after her arrival *Critheis*, celebrating a Feſtival neer the River *Meles*, in company of other young women, was delivered of *Homer*, not blind, but of perfect ſight, whom from the River ſhe named *Meleſigenes*, and departing from *Iſmenias*, wrought for her living, and brought up her Son in all commendable Sciences. *Phemius* then in *Smyrna*, kept a publick School, and taught Humanity, and other Learning. *Critheis* dreſſed the wooll which was given him for teaching; and being a diſcreet and induſtrious woman, *Phemius* was taken with her, and wooed her for his wife, promiſing, amongſt other things, to adopt *Meleſigenes*, and to educate him carefully: For his great Ingenuity gave extraordinary hopes of him. *Critheis* aſſented, and by his Inſtruction, the natural wit of *Meleſigenes* being quickned, He ſoon out-went all his Fellows, and increaſed daily in knowledge, proving within a while little inferiour to *Phemius*, who dying, bequeathed unto him all he had, and not long after *Critheis* dyed alſo. Then *Meleſigenes* being Maſter of the School, managed it with ſuch wiſdome, as all men admired him, both Natives and Strangers that traded to *Smyrna*, it being a great Mart of Corn, who having diſpatch'd their buſineſs came to him. Amongſt theſe *Mentes*, Maſter of a Ship, who from *Leucadia* came to trade for Corn at *Smyrna* (a man of great Experience and Learning, for thoſe times) perſwaded *Meleſigenes* to give over his School and go along with him, promiſing him a liberal reward, and all things neceſſary for his Voyage; adding, that it would be convenient for him whiſt he was yet young, to viſit forrain Nations and
Cities,

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Cities, which argument prevailed with him, and perhaps he then designed to addict himself to Poetry. Hereupon giving over his School, he went along with *Mentes*, and at every place where they came, he was very curious in inquiring after all things worthy observation, and it is probable, writ down the chief passages and remarks of his Travels. Having visited *Spain* and *Italy*, they took shipping for *Ithaca*, where *Melesigenes* was extreamly troubled with a defluxion of Rhume in his Eyes, an infirmity whereunto he had formerly been subject. *Mentes*, whose businesse carryed him to *Leucadia*, left him with *Mentor* son of *Alcimus*, one of that Country, with whom he was intimately acquainted, conjuring him to take all care of *Melesigenes* till his return from *Leucadia*; which *Mentor* performed: a Person of considerable Fortune; for his Justice and Hospitality much esteemed by his Countrey-men. Here *Melesigenes* informed himself of many things concerning *Ulysses*. Those of *Ithaca* report he lost his Sight there; but without all question he at that time recovered, and fell Blind afterwards at *Colophon*, as the Colophonians have assured me. *Mentes* returning to *Ithaca*, received *Melesigenes* again, who accompanied him a long time in his voyage, untill at last, putting in at *Colophon*, he relapsed into his old Disease, and fell quite Blind, in which condition he returned to *Smyrna*, where he applyed himself to Poetry. Afterwards falling into poverty, he resolved to go to *Cuma*, and passing through the Plain of *Hermus*, came to a Town called *New-Wall*, a Colony of the *Cumæans*, founded eight years after *Cuma*. Here standing at a Leather-sellers door, he spake these Verses.

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Ἄιδεσθε ξενίων κεχρημένον ἡδὲ δόμοιο,
Οἱ πόλιν αἰπὴν κὺ Κύμην Ἐριμώπιδα χέγλυ
Ναίετε, Σαρδηνίης πόδα νεάτοιν ὑψόμοιοι·
Ἀμβρόσιον πίνοντες ὕδωρ θεῶν ποταμοῖο
Ἐγμὲ δινήεντος, ὃν ἀθάνατος τέκετο Ζεὺς.

*Receive Me who a House and all things want,
You that the Virgin Cuma's City plant,
Neer Sarden's foot, and on swift Hermus brink,
Sweld with soft showers, Ambrosian water drink.*

Sardena is a Mountain betwixt the River *Hermus* and the *New-Wall*. The Leather-sellers name was *Tychio*, who taking compassion of him, received him into his Shop, where *Melesigenes* shewed him and the rest that were present his Poem of *Amphiarans* his Expedition against *Thebes*, and his Hymnes, and by his ready answers to the questions they proposed, begot much admiration in the hearers. At the *New-Wall* he gained a subsistence by his Poetry: Even to this day they shew the place, held in much reverence by the Inhabitants, where *Melesigenes* used to sit and recite Verses, and a Poplar, which, they say, grew there in his time. But not long after, indigence constrained him to continue his first design of going to *Cuma*, taking his leave with these Verses,

Αἶψα πόδες με φέροιεν ἐς αἰδοίων πόλιν ἀνδρῶν·
Τῶν γὰρ καὶ θυμὸς πρῶφρων καὶ μῆτις ἀείρη.

*Hast to those Walls for Heroes forenown'd,
Valiant, sharp-witted, &c of judgment sound.*

From the *New-Wall* he went to *Cuma* through *Larissa*, that being the nearest way, where, as the *Cumæans* relate, he made this Epigram upon *Midas* King of *Phrygia*, Son of *Gordius*, at the request of his wives Father: It is to be seen upon his Tomb to this day.

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<p style="text-align: right;">(μαί.)</p> <p>ΧΑΛΚΗ παρθένος εἰμι, Μίδα δ' Ἰππὶ σήματι κεί- 'Ες τ' ἂν ὕδωρ τε ῥέοι, καὶ δένδρεα μακρὰ πεθήλοι, 'Ἡελίος τ' ἀνιῶν λάμπει, λαμπρὰ τε Ζελήνη, Καὶ ποταμοὶ ῥέωσιν, ἀνακλύζῃ δὲ θάλασσα. Αὐτὸς τῇδὲ μένῃσαι πολυκλαύτω ἐπὶ τύμβῳ· 'Αγγελέω παρῖσαι Μίδης ὅτι τῇδὲ τέθαπται.</p>	<p><i>A Brazen Virgin, I watch Mida's tomb, (bloom, Whilst Water glides, whilst Trees with blossoms Suns rise and set, Moons changing fill and wain, Whilst ebs and floods exhaust and swell the main. Here I attend to tell who ere draws neer, This the lamented Mida's Sepulcher.</i></p>
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Being arrived at *Cuma* he recited his Verses at assemblies of the old men, who were much taken with his Discourse, perceiving the Cumæans liked them, he continued this entertainment to them, and at last made a Proposition, that if they could maintain him at the publick charge, he would eternize the Fame of their City. They to whom he proposed this, approved of it, promising that if he would addresse himself to the Senate, they would further his Petition. *Melesigenes* thus encouraged went to the Senate-house, and being questioned who directed him thither, named the person, made his suit known, and going out, sate at the door. The Senate taking this into consideration, it was furthered by him who had given him this direction, and all those that knew him; but some there were who opposed it, alledging that if they should maintain Ὀμήγεσς, that is, blind-men, at the publick charge, they should be continually burthened with a great number of unprofitable people. Hereupon *Melesigenes* was first called *Homer* from his Blindness, for the Cumæans term blind men Ὀμήγεσς. The Decree passed in favour of the Opposer, that no publick Maintenance should be allowed to *Homer*, which coming to his knowledge, he deplored his misfortune thus.

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ΟΙΗ μ' ἃ δῶκε πατὴρ Ζεὺς κῆρμα γενέσθαι,
 Νήπιον αἰδοῖν γένεσσι μητρὸς ἄλλων.
 Ἦν ποτ' ἐπύρρωσαν βελή Διὸς ἀγίοχοιο.
 Λαοὶ φρίκωνος μέρων Ἰππῆτορες ἱππῶν.
 Ὅπλοτεροι μαλεροῖο πυρὸς κείνοντες Ἀῖνα.
 Αἰολίδα Σμύρνην ἀλιγέτονα ποτνιακτον.
 Ἦντε δὲ ἀγλαὸν εἶσιν ὕδωρ ἱεροῖο Μέλητος.
 Ἔνθεν δόπον μῦθον κῆρα, Διὸς ἀγλαὰ τέκνα.
 Ἡθέλετ' κληῖσθαι δῖαν χθόνα καὶ πόλιν ἀνδρῶν.
 Οἱ δὲ ἀπανλευάσθην ἱερὴν ὅπα φημι αἰοδῆν.
 Αφραδίην γὰρ μὲν πεπαθὼν τις φράσεται αὖτις.
 Ὅς σφιν ἐναδείησιν ἐμὸν διεμήσατο πόλιν.
 Κῆρα δ' ἐγὼ τίμῳ τοι τεὸς ὥπασε γυνομῶν περ,
 Τλήσομαι ἀκράαντα φέρων τελέησι θυμῷ.
 Οὐδέ τι μοι φίλα γυνὴ μὲν ἱερῶν ἐν ἀγυαῖς
 Κύμης ὁρμαίνουσι μέγας δὲ με θυμὸς ἐπείγει,
 Δῆμον ἐς ἄλλοδαπὸν ἵεναι ὀλίγον περ ἔοντα.

*Thou, Jove ! who nurs'd me at my mothers knee,
 Still to be poor, a hard lot drewst for me, (round,
 From Smyrna which the bold Phryconians
 With Turrets neer the Oceans margents crown'd.
 Where by Joves pleasure valiant youth in ranks
 Use Arms, and Chariots drive on Mela's banks.
 The Muses me to Cuma sent, their praise
 To celebrate, who scorn'd my sacred Lays :
 But all shall soon repent, who did contrive ;
 Me of my life by scandal to deprive :
 Yet I'll that fate indure that Jove design'd,
 And conquer want with a contented mind :
 Nor longer I at Cuma shall desire
 Their Streets to trouble, but will straight retire
 To other People, and some forreign shore,
 Though neer so mean, contemptible and poor.*

From *Cuma* he went to *Phocæa*, leaving behind him this Imprecation, that the Cumæans might never have any eminent Poet to celebrate their Fame. At *Phocæa* he got his living in the same manner, frequenting their publick meetings. *Thestorides*, who kept a School there, a person not very honest, taking notice of *Homer's* Poetry, told him, that if he would permit him to transcribe his Verses, he would allow him a competent maintenance. The necessity of *Homer* made him readily accept this offer. Whilst he lived with *Thestorides*, he compos'd his lesser *Iliads*, begining thus,

ΙΛΙΟΝ αἰείδω καὶ Δαρδανίην εὐπωλον,

Ilium I sing, and Dardan's fertile Plain,

Ἦς περ πολλὰ πάθον Δαναοὶ, θεράποντες Ἀῖδος. Upon whose turff so many Greeks were slain.

This Poem, also named *Phocæis*, the Phocæans affirm him to have written during his abroad with them. *Thestorides* having gotten a Copy of these and other Poems, determin'd to leave *Phocæa*, and vent them in his own Name. *Homer* perceiving his Project reprov'd him in these words,

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ΘΕΣΤΟΡΙΔΕΣ θνηπίσιν ἀνώγειν πολέων πρ, *Thestorides, of things unknown the Mind*
 Οὐδὲν ἀφραστότερον πέλειαι νόον ἀνθρώποισι. *And Humane Counsels hardest are to find.*

From *Phocæa*, *Thestorides* went to *Chios*, where he set up School, and publishing the foresaid Poems for his own, gained by them much honour and wealth, whilst *Homer* was constrained to have recourse to his former way of life, frequenting assemblies.

Soon after some of *Chios* coming thither, and hearing him recite the same verses, which they knew were owned by *Thestorides*, acquainted such as were present, that a School-master in *Chios* had published the same Verses as his own, by means of which he had gained much wealth. *Homer* presently reflected this was *Thestorides*, and resolved to go to *Chios* after him. Finding no Ships in the Haven, but only some Boats laden with wood for *Erythræa*, he besought the Mariners to take him aboard, whereto they condescending, as soon as he was set, he thus invoked *Neptune*.

ΚΑΤΟΙ Ποσειδάων μέγαλοθενὲς ἐνοσίγαιε, Εὐρυχρὲς μετέων ἠδὲ ξανθοῦ Ελικῶνθ. Δὸς δ' ἔξον κελὸν καὶ ἀπήμονα νόσον ἰδέσθαι Ναύταις, οἱ τῆος πομπῶι ἠδ' ἀρχὴ ἔασιν. Δὸς δ' ἐς ὑπὸ πύρρειαν ὑψικρήμνοιο Μίμαντος Αἰδιδίον μ' ἐλθόντα βροτῶν ὅσων γε κερήσται. Φῶλα τέ πταιίμεν ὅς ἐμὸν νόον ἠΐσοπείσας, Ὡδύσατο Ζῆνα ξένιον ξενίῳ τε ἱσάπέζω.	<i>Earth-shaking Neptune, hear; thou who dost reign</i> <i>Over the spacious Heliconian Plain,</i> <i>And a fair wind, and safe return afford;</i> <i>To all our jollie company aboard:</i> <i>Clearing from Mima's cliff, and sea-vast-foot,</i> <i>Let me 'mongst pious people gain Repute,</i> <i>And be reveng'd of him, who broken hath</i> <i>All Laws of Hospitality and Faith,</i>
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Being come to *Erythræa*, *Homer* intreated them to send one along with him to the Town. Drawing near it, and understanding the scituation to be rugged and Mountainous, he spoke these Verses.

ΠΟΤΝΙΑ γῇ πάντῳρε δδλεια μελίφρονος ὄλβε. Ὡς ἀρετὴ δὲ τοῖς μὲν φωτὶς εὐοχθὲς ἐτύχθης, Τοῖσι δὲ δύσβωλος καὶ ἱσηχεῖ οἷς ἐχολώθης,	<i>Thou dost, blest Earth, all good to us impart,</i> <i>To some thou bountifull and gentle art,</i> <i>But those who thee offend thou keepst as short.</i>
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In the Town he enquired after some Ship bound for *Chios*, and meeting by chance with one that had known him in *Phocæa*, requested his assistance, who not finding any in the Harbour, brought him to a Creek, where were some Fisher-boats ready to set sail for *Chios*. But they, deaf to all, weigh'd anchor, and would not receive him; thereupon he gave them this farewell.

<p>ΝΑΥΤΑΙ ποντοπόροι συγερῇ ἐναλίγκιοι Ἀτῇ. Πτωχέσιν αἰτῷσι βίον δύσζηλον ἔχοντες, Αἰδέσθ'· Ἰνὸς Διὸς σέβας ὑψιμέδοντος. Δεινὴ γὰρ μέτοπις ξενίᾳ Διὸς ὅς κ' ἀλίπται.</p>	<p><i>Rude sailors you who worse than Furies are, Whose lives not Cormorants envy, Jove revere : All who that Hospitable God neglect, Sure must condigne punishment expect.</i></p>
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But when they came into the Sea, they met with a storm, which drove them back to the same place whence they had put off, where they found *Homer* sitting still upon the ground, who perceiving the Bark to be driven back, Friends, said he, the wind hath been against you, but take me in, and your voyage shall be prosperous. The Fishermen sorry that they had refused him before, took him in, and set sail for *Chios*, where they arriv'd without any hinderance. Then every one betaking himself to his particular business, *Homer* was left alone at the Sea side. The next day he wandred up and down till he came to a place named the *Pine*; here he rested that night, and a *Pine-apple* chancing to fall upon his head, made these Verses.

<p>Ἀλλ' ἅ τις σου πύκη ἀμείνονα κερπὸν ἔησιν Ἴδης ἐν κρυφῇσι πολυπύχῃσι λυέμοέσῃσι, Ἐνθα σίδηρος Ἄρης Ἰππυγονίοισι βροτοῖσιν Ἔσεται εὖτ' ἂν μιν Κεβρῆνιοι ἄνδρες ἔχωσι.</p>	<p><i>All Trees produce much better fruit, oh Pine, That Ida's lofty Summits cloath, than thine, There earthly-minded men not steel shall want; Where the Cebrenians shall their City plant.</i></p>
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For at that time the Cumæans were making preparation for the building of *Cebrenia* at Mount *Ida*, where there are some Mines.

Going

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Going from thence, he came within hearing of some Goats that grazed hard by, and directed his steps, as well as he could, towards them, some Shepherds Dogs fell upon him, whereat he cryed out, which *Glaucus* hearing (for so was the Goat-herd called) ran in to them and beat them off. He stood a good while gazing upon him, wondring how being Blind he could get thither, at length asked his Name, his Business, and how he came to that desolate place. *Homer* told all the Story of his misfortunes, which *Glaucus*, being of a Soul not inhumane, much pitied. He led him to his Cottage, kindled a Fire, provided Supper, and setting it before him invited him to eat, but the hungry Dogs disturbing them with their barking, *Homer* said thus to him;

<p>ΓΛΑΥΚΕ πέπαιν ἐταίων τὸ ἔπος τὸ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θήσω. Πρωῶν μὲν καὶ δ᾽ ἄπνον ἐπ' αὐλήῃσι θύεσσιν Δουῶσιν ὥς ᾗ ἄμεινον ὃ ᾗ καὶ πρωῶν ἀγούει Ἄνδρὸς ἐπερχομένο, καὶ ἔρκεα θηρὸς ἱέντος.</p>	<p><i>Glaucus take my advice, and not forget To give thy Mastives at thy doors their meat: Which if thou dost, they first shall strangers bear, And Beasts that to thy Fold for prey draw near.</i></p>
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Glaucus was exceedingly pleased with his advice. After Supper they fell to talk; *Homer* gave him a Relation of all his Travels, which lasted to the great admiration of *Glaucus*, untill bed-time. The next day *Glaucus* having resolved to make his Master acquainted therewith, gave his Companions Charge of the Flock, and intreated *Homer* to rest quietly in the Cottage till his return, which would not be long. Then went he to *Bolissus*, a Town not far off, where his Master lived, to whom he related after what a strange manner he lighted upon *Homer*, desiring to know what order he would give concerning him. His Master reproved him for presuming to entertain a strange and impotent person without his leave, yet withall commanded to bring

D

him

him thither. *Glaucus* goes back to *Homer*, acquaints him with what had past, and tells him that he must go to the Town, where he need not doubt of good success. *Homer* willingly went along with him. The Master of *Glaucus* by Discourse with *Homer* perceiving him to be a person not only of great Natural Parts, but of extraordinary Experience, invited him to live with him, and to undertake the Charge and Education of his Children, whereto *Homer* yielded. During this time he wrote his *Cercopes*, *Batrachomyomachia*, *Epicichlides*, and all his sportive Poems, whilst he lived in *Bolissus*. Then began his fame to spread through the City; *Thestorides* hearing it, took Shipping and left *Chios*.

Homer afterwards, obtaining leave of his Patron, went to *Chios*, where he set up School and taught their youth Poetry, so happily that he gained the admiration of all. By this means having got a competent Estate, he took a wife, by whom he had two Daughters, one died young, the other he preferred to him that had been formerly his Patron. Here betaking himself to Poetry, he took occasion to express his gratitude to his Benefactors, first to *Mentor* of *Ithaca*, who took care of him when he was so extreamly ill of his Eyes. His Name he inserts into his *Odyssees*, as friend to *Ulysses*, to whose trust, as the wisest and justest person in *Ithaca*, *Ulysses* upon his *Trojan* Expedition, committed his Family and Estate. Likewise in several other places he commends him, feigning that *Minerva*, when she would appear in a Humane form, took that of *Mentor*. He also in his *Odyssees* celebrates his Master *Phemius* (who first brought him up) in these words,

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Κήρυξ δ' ἐν χερσὶν κίθαριν περικαλλέ' ἔθηκε
Φημίω, ὅς ἐ' ἦδε ᾠδὴ μιν ἤρην ἀνάγκη·

*The Herald brings Phemius a Harp well strung,
Who, though unwilling, plaid, and sweetly sung.*

And again,

Αὐτίκα δὲ μιν ἤρην ἀπαύχετο ἰσόθεος Φῶς.

He to the Suiters went, who silent at

Τοῖσι δ' αἰοδὸς αἶδε περικλυτός, εἰδὲ σιωπῇ

Old Phemius's Musick, and attentive sat:

Ἔιατ' ἀκρόντες· ὁ δ' Ἀχαιῶν νόσον ἔειδε (νῆ).

He sung the Greeks hard pass, from Ilium hurl'd

Λυγρὸν, ὃν ἐκ Τροίης ἐπετείλατο Παλλὰς Ἀθή.

By Pallas Fury round about the world.

He mentions also *Mentes*, in whose company he had travelled through many Countries, thus;

Μέντης Ἀγχιάλοιο δαΐφρονος εὐχραι εἶναι

I Mentes am, Anchialus Son, and reign

Υἱὸς, ἄρ' ἑ Ταφίοισι φιληγέτμοισιν ἀνάσσει.

Ore Taphians, Traders through the boisterous

Νῦν δ' ὡδὲ ξιῶν ἡμεῖς κατὰ πτόλιν ἡδ' ἐξοισι.

Here still we use to anchor as we pass, (Main:

Ἰλέων οἶνωπα πόντον ἐπ' ἀλλοθρόος ἀνθρώπων

At Temesis to barter Steel for brass.

Ἐς Τεμέσσην μετὰ χαλκόν· ἄνω δ' ἀλῶνα σάδηνον.

He requited the kindness of *Tychius* the Leather-dresser, who received him into his house at the *New-Wall*, introducing his name into the *Iliads* thus,

Αἶας δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε φέρων σάκος ἥτε πύργον,

Ajax drew nigh bearing a Tower-like shield

Χάλκεον, ἐπὶ αἰθέριον· ὃ οἱ Τύχιος κάμε πύργων,

Of brass, with seven Hides lin'd, by Tychius dress'd,

Σκυτοτόμων ὅχ' ἄριστος ὕλην ἐν οἰκίᾳ ναίων.

Of all the Curriers in rich Hyle the best.

By these Poems the fame of *Homer* was spread not only through *Ionia*, but generally even to *Greece*, whither some of his Auditors perswaded him to go. He approving of their advice, prepared for the Journey, and understanding that *Argos* was in esteem above *Athens*, took occasion to extoll *Eretheus* in the Catalogue of Ships in his greater *Iliads*.

Δῆμον Ἐρεχθίδος μεγαλήτορος, ὃν ποτ' Ἀθηνῶν

Next those in stately Athens did reside,

Θρέψε Διὸς θυγάτης, τέκε δὲ Ζεῦδος ἄρσεν.

Whom noble Eretheus there did place,

Καδὲν ἐν Ἀθηνῶσ' εἶσεν ἑὸν ἐνὶ πόντι νῆα.

By Pallas foster'd, Joves illustrious race,

Ἐνθάδε μιν ταύροις καὶ ἀρνείοις ἱλάονται

T' whom every Lustrum young Athenians

Κόρει Ἀθηναίων.

Of bulls and lambs, a plenteous offering. (bring

And *Menestheus*, Conductor of the *Athenians*, as most skilful in marshalling an Army either of horse or foot.

THE LIFE OF HOMER.

Τῶν αὖθ' ἡγεμόνευ' αἶψ' Πεπεῶο Μενεσθεύς.
 Τῷ δ' ἔπεις τις ὁμοῖος ἐπιχθονίων γένετ' ἀνὴρ,
 Κοσμήσται ἴσως τε καὶ ἀνέρας ἀσπίδιώεσσ
 Νέστωρ οἶος ἔριζεν. ὃ γὰρ παρθενέερος ἦεν.

*These Peteus Offspring Prince Menestheus led,
 Not all the world a better Souldier bred
 To draw up Horse and Foot into the Field,
 Old Nestor equal'd him, but not excel'd.*

And *Ajax* Son of *Telamon*, bringing from *Salamis* supplies to the *Athenians*.

Αἶας δ' ἐκ Σαλαμῖνος ἄγαν δουκαίδεα νῆας.
 Σῆψε δ' ἄγων ἴν' Ἀθηναίων ἱεὲς φάλαγες.

*But twelve from Salamis bold Ajax brought,
 Joyning his Forces to th' Athenian Band.*

Lastly in his *Odyssees*, when *Minerva* having given advice to *Ulysses* departs to *Athens*, as that place which she chiefly affected,

ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας, ἀπέβη γλαυκώπις Ἀθηνῶν,
 Πόντον ἔα' ἀτρυγέτον, λίπε δὲ Σχερίην ἐριανλύν.
 Ἰκετο δ' ἐς Μαραθῶνα καὶ εὐρυάγμαν Ἀθηνῶν,
 Διῦσε δ' Ἐρεχθίδος πυκινὸν δόμον.

*This said, the bright ey'd Virgin thence departs,
 And fertile Scheria, crossing Seas, Deserts,
 Flying to Marathons Athenian Port,
 There enters Erichtheus Royal Court.*

Homer having inserted these into his Poems, and provided all things fit for his Journey, took Shipping for *Greece*. By the way they put in at *Samus*, at what time it happened the *Samians* celebrated the *Apaturian* Festival. A *Samian* who had formerly seen him at *Chios*, took notice of him, and gave notice of him to the Confraternity, who, having heard much of him before, sent for him. The *Samian* went to him, and told him that the City Celebrated the *Apaturian* Festival, and the Confraternity requested his Company.

Homer accepted the invitation, and followed him: By the way he chanced to jostle some Women that were sacrificing to *Ceres*: The Priestesses resenting it as an affront; Friend, said she, away from the Sacrifice. *Homer* ask'd who it was, and to what Deity they sacrificed: His guid told him it was a woman that sacrificed to *Ceres*; whereupon he brake forth into this Rapture;

Hear

THE LIFE OF HOMER.

ΚΑΤΟΙ μοι εὐχρμήνῳ κερτορόφει, δὲς δὲ γυνάμην
 Τινὶ δὲ νέων μὲν ἀνῆνασθαι φιλότῳ καὶ εὐνικῷ,
 Ἥδ' ἐπὶ τερπέω πολιορκάφοισι γέρουσιν.
 Ὡν ὅση μὲν ἀπαμβλυέται θυμὸς δὲ μῦθον αἶ.
*Hear me great Priests, bear, let that coy dame
 Not melt incounter'd with youths kindly flame,
 But let her greybeards choose whose forces fade,
 Who are in all parts but their will decay'd.*

Coming to the Hall of the Confraternity, as soon as he
 set his feet on the threshold, the Fire being newly kind-
 led, or as others say, flaming high, he spoke these Verses.

Ἄνδρες μὲν σέφανος παῖδες· πύργῳ δὲ πόλῃος·
 Ἴπποι δ' ἐν πεδίῳ κόσμου, νῆες δὲ θαλάσσης·
 Χρήματα δ' αὖξαι οἶκον, ἄρα γεραροὶ βασιλῆες
 Ἥμῃσι δ' ἀρετῇ, κόσμος τ' ἄλλοισιν ὀρέσθαι,
 Αἰδομύς δὲ πύρρος γεραρότερος οἶκος ἰδέσθαι.
*Sons are their Parents Crowns, & Towers of Towns,
 Steeds of rich Plains, Ships of the swelling Downs;
 Coin in a House, Kings judging wrong and right,
 And a good Fire a commendable sight.*

When he came in they all received him with great
 honour and respect, and provided a Lodging for him
 that night. The next day some Potters, as they were
 setting their Pots into a Furnace, called to him, and ha-
 ving heard of his excellent parts, promised, if he would
 recite some Verses to reward him with Presents of the
 ware in which they traded. *Homer* saluted them with
 these, from the Occasion, the Furnace.

Εἰ μὲν δώσετε μισθόν, αἰέσω ὦ κερამῆες.
 Δεδρ' ἄγ' Ἀθηναίῃ, καὶ ὑπείρεχε χεῖρας καμίνε.
 Εὖ δὲ μελανθεῖεν κότυλοι, καὶ πάντα μάλ' ἱερά.
 Φρυγίαιά τε καλῶς καὶ τιμῆς ὄνον ἄρεσθαι,
 Πολλὰ μὲν εἰν ἀρετῇ πωλεύμενα, πολλὰ δ' ἀγαθαῖς,
 Πολλὰ δὲ κερδῆναι ἡμῖν δὴ ὥς σφε νοῆσαι.
 Ἦν δ' ἐπ' ἀναυδεῖλυ τρεφθέντες ψεύδῃ ἀρεσθαι,
 Συγκλέω δ' ἡπεία καμίνω δηλητήρας. (Ἦν,
 Σιὸν περὶ ὁμῶς Μάραρον τε καὶ Ἀσβετον, ἡ δὲ Σαβᾶκ-
 Ὀμόδαμον τ' ὅς τῇδε τέχνη κακὰ πολλὰ ποιεῖται.
 Πᾶντε πυρσίδυσσαν καὶ δώματά, σὺν δὲ κάμινῳ
 Πᾶσα κυκηδαῖη, κερσμένων μέγα κωκυστάντων·
 Ὡς γνάθῳ ἱππεὶ βρύκει, βρύκει δὲ κάμινῳ,
 Πάντ' ἐντοῦδ' ἀντὶς κερσμήϊα λεπτά τοῖσσι.
 Δεῦρο καὶ ἡελί' οὐράτης πολυφάρμακε Κίρκη,
 Ἀχρεῖα φάρμακα βάλλει, κάκου δ' ἀνίσ τε καὶ ἔργα.
 Δεῦρο δὲ καὶ Χείρων ἀγέτω πολέας Κενταύρους,
 Οἷον Ἡρακλῆος χεῖρας φύρον, οἳ τ' ἀπόλοντο·
 Τύπτοιεν ἔδε ἔργα κακῶς, τύπτοι δὲ κάμινον.
*Potters, I'll sing, but I returns expect:
 May Pallas all your Furnaces protect,
 Cups, Platters harden, neile your Pitchers well.
 That you at any rates your Wares may sell,
 And store in Markets both and highways vend
 Let Her you riches, us more wisdom send.
 But if you fail, thus having gain'd your ends,
 I'll conjure up the Furnace-hating Fiends,
 Maragus, Asbetus, Sabactes, dire
 Omodamus, all playfellows with fire,
 Who shall your house, your forge & furnace burn
 And whilst you bowl, all topsie turvie turn.
 Your Pots shall rattle like a glinging Bit,
 And flown in fume, in thousand shivers split;
 Or Circe, sprinkling poysons, turn to shards
 Your pans, and make them fly about your yards;
 Chyron shall muster up his troops again,
 Both who Alcides scap'd, and who were slain,
 Whose iron hoofs, whilst weeping, you behold,
 Shall cast your trumpery in another Mold,*

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Αὐτοὶ δ' οἱ μῶζοντες ὁρώατο ἔργα πονηρά.
Γηθήσω δ' ὀρώων αὐτῷ καθοδαίμονα τέχνῃ.
Ὅς δ' ἔχ' ὥσ' κύνει, ὡς δ' ἔστι πᾶν τὸ πρόσσωπον
Φλεχθεῖν, ὡς πάντες ἐπίσταντ' αἰσιμαί εἶζαν.

*Whilst I shall laugh to see the spoil they make.
If any of your Forge inspection take,
May he, his face parch'd up with fiery dust,
By his mischance teach others to be just.*

At *Samus* he lived that winter, and at every New Moon, attended by a company of poor Children, went to the houses of the chiefest Persons, and sung these Verses called *Eresione*, for which they rewarded him.

ΔΩΜΑ παρθενῶν ἀνδρῶν μέγα δυναμῆοιο,
Ὅς μέγα μὲν διύαται, μίχα δὲ βρέμει, ὀλβιος αἶψι.
Αὐτὰς ἀνακλίνεσθε θύραι, πλοῦτος γὰρ ἔσσι.
Πολλὸς, σὺν πλοῦτι δὲ καὶ εὐφροσύνη τεταλῖα.
Εἰς αὐτὴν τ' ἀγαθὴ. ὅσα δ' ἄλγεα, μετὰ μὲν εἴη,
Κυρβαίη δ' αἶψι καὶ καρδοῦ ἐρεο μῆζα.
Τὴν παῖδες δὲ γυνὴ καὶ διφραδα ἐήσεται ὑμῖν.
Ἡμίονοι δ' ἄξουσι κεφαλὰς ποδὲς ἐς πόδε δῶμα.
Αὐτὴ δ' ὑφαῖνοι ἰσὺν ἐπ' ἡλέκτρω βεβαῖα.
Νεῦμαί σοι νεῦμα ἐνιαύσιος, ὥς χελιδὼν.
Ἔσθ' ἐκ παρθενῶν καὶ εἰ μὲν τοὶ δῶμας, εἰ δὲ μὴ,
Οὐχ ἐσθ' ἐξ ὁμοῦ καὶ γὰρ σιωπήσονται ἐνθάδ' ἡλδομένο.

*We to a powerful Heroes Court repair :
Renown'd and rich, from sorrow free, & care;
Open your doors and let in wealth; not wealth
Alone, but peace, felicity and health.
May your store-houses various Plenty still,
Rich wine your cellars, cates your larder fill.
May your Sons Wife in her Caroch resort,
And many Visits give you in your Court :
There ply her Web, and tread the richer floor :
But Swallow-like I'll yearly haunt thy door.
* Your Bounty send, or that you will not, say ;
We must be gone, who came not here to stay.*

These verses were sung for many years after at *Samus* by the Children on the Festival of *Apollo*. As soon as the Spring was come, *Homer* continuing his Design for *Athens* left *Samus*. He went aboard with some Samians; they put in at *Jos*, and anchored a good distance from the Town. Here *Homer* falling sick was set a Land, and lay in that weak condition on the Sea-shore; the rest of the Passengers being wind-bound were detained in the Harbour. Many came from the Town to visit and Relieve him. It happened that several people, Mariners and Townsmen, being met together, certain Fisher-boys touched there, and leaving their Boat came up to them with this Challenge; Tell us strangers, is there any of you will undertake to answer us a question? One of the Company bade them propound it, which they did in this manner : what we took

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took, said they, we left behind; what we took not, we brought along with us. VVhen they saw that none could interpret their Riddle, the Boyes themselves unfolded the meaning, which was, when they could not fish they used to put ashore and Louse themselves: the vermine they took they threw away, those which they could not find, they brought home, which *Homer* hearing, thus applauded them.

ΤΟΙΩΝ γάρ πατέρων ἐξ αἵματος ἐκγεγάατε, *You the true Offspring of your Parents are,*
 Οὔτε βαθυκλήρων, ὅτ' ἀσπετα μῆλα νεμόντων. *Who neither Lands nor Cattel have, nor Care.*

Of this sickness, not for grief that he could not expound the Riddle, as some would have it, he died. His fellow Passengers and the Citizens of *Ios*, who came from the City to discourse with him, buried him on the Shore. Long after, when as his Poems had gained an universal applause, the People of *Ios* grav'd this Epitaph on his Sepulchre.

Ἐνθάδ' ἐπὶ τῇ κεφαλῇ κατὰ γαῖαν καλύπτει, *How sacred Homers head lies under-ground,*
 Ἄνδρῶν ἡρώων καὶ μῆτορα θεῶν Ὀμηρόν. *Who more the Heroes than their Aëts renown'd.*

That *Homer* was an *Æolian*, not of *Ios* or *Doria*, is evident, as well from what we have related, as from the following Conjectures. It is likely that a Poet so excellent, so studiously diligent to set forth the Customes of Men, would either invent such as he should judge to be best, or follow those of his Native Countrey. They who look well upon his Poems will conclude the same. VVhensoever he describes any Rites of Sacrifices, he either makes choice of that which himself invents, or complies with those of his Countrey, as when he saith;

Αὐ ἐρύσαν μὲν πρῶτα, καὶ ἔσφαζαν, καὶ ἔδειραν,
 Μηδὲς τε ἐξέταμον, κατὰ τε κνίσσῃ ἐκάλυψαν,
 Δί πλυχα ποιήσαντες, ἐπ' αὐτῶν δ' ὠμοθέτησαν.
Then flea, and to the thighs lopt off, affix
A double Cawl, and lean with fat commix;
Next thinner steaks from parts extremer cut,
And round the thighs upon the Altar put.

He

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He mentions not the Flanks of the Victime, which part all the People of Greece burnt with the rest; except the *Æolians*. He also discovers himself to have been an *Æolian* by using their Rites elsewhere.

Καίε δ' ἐπίσχίζης ὁ γέγων, ἐπὶ δ' αἶθοπα οἶνον ^{(wine,} Which t^b old man burns with wood; then pours on
Λεῖβε· νέοι δὲ παῖς αὐτὸν ἔχον πεμπόβολα χερσίν. Young men brought spits, which five in one conjoyn.

Now the *Æolians* only used to roast the Inwards of Beasts upon five spits, the rest of the *Grecians* on three. He saith πεμπόβολα, because the *Æolians* for πέντε five, say, πέμπε.

Hitherto of the Parantage, Life, and Death of *Homer*. As for the time wherein he flourished, it may be collected thus : 130 years after the expedition of the *Greeks* under the Conduct of *Agamemnon* and *Melenaus* against *Troy*, *Lesbos* was first planted with Towns; twenty years after the Plantation of *Lesbos*, *Cuma* of the *Æolians*, otherwise called *Phricolis*, was inhabited. The *Cumæans* eighteen years after building *Cuma* settled the Colony at *Smyrna*, at which time *Homer* was born. From *Homer's* Birth to the Expedition of *Xerxes* into *Greece*, are 622 years; *Homer* therefore lived 168 years after the *Trojan* VVar.

THE
COUNTRY and TIME
OF
HOMER,

More particularly examined.

ALthough the precedent Narrative of *Herodotus* be the most considerable of that kind extant, yet since the Country and Time of *Homer* were esteemed by the Ancients of so great uncertainty (neither did Chronology arrive at any exactness amongst the *Greeks* till long after the time of *Herodotus*) it will be necessary that we make a further scrutiny into both these.

As for his Country, there was not in all antiquity a question esteemed more difficult if not impossible to be determin'd; Many wrote expressly concerning it; amongst whom was *Didymus* the Grammarian; but of all those who made this enquiry, *Apion* pretended to have taken the surest course, affirming *He had raised Spirits to demand of Homer, in what Country, and of what Parents he was born, but durst not divulge the answer which he returned him.* The same question *Adrian* the Emperour proposed to the *Pythian* Prophetess; whose answer was contradicted by other Oracles; insomuch that *Pausanias* concludes, *These things indeed we have collected concerning Homer, partly from Traditions, and partly from Oracles, but we assert not any thing positively, either of his Country or Time.*

F

The

The occasion of which variety and uncertainty
Drac.
Plin.
Strab.
Phil. Str. seems to be this; *Homer* (as many observe) either through
modesty, or a desire to busie after-ages, forbore to
mention his own Country, (at least in his Epick Po-
ems) whence *Lucian* sportively saith, *He knew it not him-
self*; The whole course of his life was in a manner iti-
nerant, from one place to another; after his Death he
no sooner became eminent, but most of those Coun-
trys through which he had past, and either by his
Verses or actions had left some memorable Testimo-
nies of his being there, arrogated to themselves his
Birth, as the greatest Honour they could receive, for
which they might be renowned by all succeeding ages.
This begot a great emulation amongst them; many
Eufrath
Prole-
gom. in
Iliad. were there the Cities that contended for it; *glorying more
to own him, than in all that they possess besides*. A contest it
was so universal, that some scruple not to affirm all
Antibo-
log. Cities were engaged in the quarrell; and *Alphæus* closeth
an Epigram in his praise thus,

—one Country could not own his Birth;

But both the Hemispheres of this wide Earth.

To begin with the *Eastern Countries* (from which
the *Greeks* acknowledge to have received all their learn-
ing) some there are who affirm he was a *Babylonian*, o-
thers a *Syrian*, in proof whereof *Meleager* alleadgeth
Lucian.
var. his.
Tert.
Chil.
Athen.
deign. that according to the Custome of that Country he maketh the an-
cient Heroes abstain from Fish, notwithstanding the great plenty
thereof

thereof in the *Hellespont*; for which, *Plato* and *Dion Chrysos*. Some assign a far better reason, that roasted Flesh which was their Diet, is more easily Cook'd, and affords a much more solid nutriment; but indeed the observation it self is deficient; for in the *Odyssees* he relates that the Companions of *Ulysses*, their Provision failing, betook themselves to Fishing and Fowling: Besides of the *Syrians* only, those abstained from Fish who had a particular Devotion to the Goddess *Astarte*, the rest did not.

Far more were there (as *Agellius*, *Clemens* and *Suidas* ^{Stroni. 1.}) who supposed him an *Ægyptian*; *Alexander* the *Paphian*, *Lucian*, *Olympiodorus*, *Tzetzes*, *Chalcidus* and others add more particularly of *Thebes*. *Heliodorus* ^{Lib. 3.} argues this from his Poem, which (saith he) is mix'd with all pleasure, and as it were *Ægyptian* delight. That *Homer* was there they prove (saith *Diodorus*) amongst other Arguments, from *Nepenthe*, the potion given by *Helen* to procure forgetfulness, in use only with the *Theban Women*: And this indeed seems to be the only ground of the report, for it is much more likely that a *Grecian* might be skill'd in the *Ægyptian* Rites, (as were afterward many Philosophers and Mathematicians) than that an *Ægyptian* should be so well skill'd in the *Grecian* Language, of which at that time there was not the least print in *Ægypt*.

Upon a like ground, some assert him a *Trojan* of *Cenchreae*, for in that Town he lived a while, and informed himself of the *Trojan* affairs.

Nor are they more to be credited who report him an *Italian*, some of *Luca*, others of *Rome*, (which at that time had no being.

All these forraign Countries give way to the right
which

which Greece challeng'd in him ; But neither in this is their any greater certainty ; for (not to mention *Mycenæ*, to which some refer him) there were no less than eleven Cities that made this Claim ; seven of them are comprised in one Verse ; which is so variously read, as that it discovers three more ; it being uncertain whether the Verse is

Antho- leg. Suid. OR *Cumæ, Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ.*

Antipa- ter in Antol. Agel. 3. 11. OR *Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Ithace, Pilos, Argos, Athenæ.*

OR *Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamin, Ios, Argos, Athenæ.*

Four are of constant reading ; *Smyrna, Colophon, Argos, Athenæ* ; seven varied, *Cumæ, Chios, Rhodos, Salamis, Ios, Ithaca, Pylus.*

Cumæ leads the way, a maritime City of *Æolia*, betwixt *Myrina* and *Phocæa*. *Ephorus* and other Historians report him born here ; adding that the word *Homer* (signifying a blind-man) was peculiar to the *Æolians*. Some to confirm this, observe that he describes Sacrifices and other Rites, after the *Æolian* manner ; Such is that of roasting the Inwards of Beasts upon a Spit with five Broaches, which in the *Æolian* phrase he terms *πεμπυβολαί* that he used many *Æolick* words is noted also by the Greek Etymologist ; but *Ephorus* the chief assertor of this opinion being himself a *Cumæan*, seems to have spread it only to gratifie his own Country.

Next to *Cumæ* as well in scituation as in the order of the Verse, is *Smyrna*, one of the most eminent Cities of *Ionia*. Besides the Testimonies of *Pindar, Aristides, Solinus* (even of *Homer* himself as some conceive, who suppose the Verses lately cited in his Life, to be genuine) as also of all those who report him begotten by, or born at *Meles*, a River which runs close by the Walls of *Smyrna* ; the *Smyrnæans* themselves

selves shewed a Cave, in which they say he made Verses. To confirm this further, they built a square Portico, naming it *Homereum*, in which there was both the Temple and Statue of *Homer*. They likewise stamped a Brass Coin called *Homereum*, in honour of him.

For *Rhodes*, *Pylus*, and *Argus*, there is not any considerable testimony besides the Verse it self; nor for *Athens*, more than that of *Aristarchus* and *Dionysius the Thracian*: Some indeed observe, that in the very first verse of the *Iliads* he useth the *Attick* Dialect, Πηληϊάδεω, and elsewhere Μενέλεω, and that he bringeth in *Agamemnon* Swearing by Ἀθηνᾶν (*Minerva*) which form of Oath was no less proper to the *Athenians* than the word was to their Dialect: But that he never was at *Athens*, (though some report *Medon* received him kindly, and others that the *Athenians* fined him 50 Drachms) is ^{Dug. Laett.} manifest from the precedent account of his Life, which affirms he fell sick and Dyed in his journey thither.

There are also (saith *Plutarch*) who say he was a *Colophonian*, alleadging for the greatest argument the Verses under his Statue,

Homer thou Son of Meles dost adorn
All Greece, and Colophon, where thou wert born.

Of this opinion were *Antimachus* and *Nicandor*; the *Colophonians* themselves to confirm it, shewed a place in which they said, he taught and studied Poetry, and wrote his (Poem entitled) *Margites*.

Some report him of *Salamis*, by which name without any farther addition is alwayes understood the *Athenian Salamis*, renowned for the Birth of *Ajax*; Others, saith *Plutarch*, doubt not to assert he was Born

at Salamis in Cyprus, another City of the same Name, founded by Teucer; which of these two is meant in the verse we need not examine, since the testimonies for both are so slight.

Nor is the pretence of *Ithaca* better grounded, having (besides the mention of the same verse) no other warrant than the Oracle to the Emperour *Adrian*, which how invalid, we hinted formerly.

But of all the Countreys which contended for *Homer's* Birth, *Chios* (an eminent Island in the *Ægean* Sea, having a City of the same name) supports her claim with the strongest arguments, and most authentick testimonies.

The chiefest of these arguments (alleged by *Strabo* and others) is, that the Family and Successors of *Homer*, called from him *Homeridæ*, lived for a long time after, in great repute at *Chios*; they are mentioned by *Pindar*, *Acusilaus*, *Plato*, *Isocrates*, and many others; one of these was *Parthenius* the *Chian*, of whom *Suidas*.

Add to this, that the great affection of the *Chians* to *Homer* survived his person; For *Scindapsus* his Servant, omitting the Rites of his Funeral, and neglecting to burn his Body, they punished with a Fine of a thousand Drachmes: Whence by the way we may observe that the Estate which *Homer* had at *Chios* was (as *Proclus* and *Dion Chrysostome* report it) not inconsiderable (contrary to those who affirm he was little better than a Beggar) since his Servant was able to bear so great a charge.

There is likewise a little Village near *Bolissus* (a Town mentioned in the precedent narrative of *Herodotus*) which preserves an account of the Birth of *Homer*, and the most remarkable passages of his Life, by a continued

tinued tradition to this day. *Leo Allatius* (to whose learned discourse upon this subject we owe much) professeth to have been an eye-witness of some old ruines, almost wholly ruined by Time, in which place the Inhabitants told him *Homer* lived.

These Arguments are seconded by the testimonies of *Simonides*, *Pindar*, *Theocritus*, *Euthyone*, *Constantinus*, *Themistius*, *Claudian*, *Paulus*, *Silentiarius*, and many others, but above all, this of *Homer* himself, in his Hymn to *Apollo*.

Ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ Λητῶ μὲν Ἀπολλόν τ' Ἀργεμυδι ξυῖν,
Χαίρετε δ' ὑμεῖς πᾶσι· ἐμᾶο δὲ καὶ μετόπισθε
Μνήσασθ' ὅππότε κέν τις Πηχτονίων ἀνθρώπων
Εἰσαό' ἀνέρεται ξένος ἑλαπαέρμος ἐλθὼν,
Ωκοῦσθαι, πῆ δ' ὑμῖν ἀνὴρ ἥδιος αἰοιδῶν
Εἰσαόδ' ἀνέρεται, καὶ τῷ τῆσπερ μάστιγας;
Ἵμεῖς δ' εὖ μάλα πᾶσι ὑποκρίνασθαι ἀφ' ἡμέων,
Τυφλὸς ἐνὶ οἴκῳ δὲ Χίῳ ἐνὶ πειπαλοῦσιν.
Τῷ πᾶσι μετόπισθεν ἀρξέουσιν αἰοιδᾶν.
Ἡμεῖς δ' ἡμέτερον κλέος οἴσομεν ὅσον ἐπ' αἶαν
Ἀνθρώπων σφερόμεσθαι πόλεις εὖ ναιετάουσας.
Οἱ δ' ὅππῃ πείσονται, ἐπεὶ καὶ ἐτέτυμόν ῥ' ἐστιν,
Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ὅ λήξω ἐκὼλόων Ἀπόλλωνος
Τμῶν ἀργυροτόξου, ὃν ἡύκομος τέκε Λητῶ.

Latona, Phœbus, and Diana hail!
Remember me in what may most avail.
When any Stranger landing on this Coast
Inquires who your best Poet is? who most
Delights your eare, and far the rest excels?
A blind-man say, in Rockie Chios dwells,
That best in your esteem deserves the Baies,
For sweetest notes, and highest fancied Laies.
Thus we our fame shall through the Universe,
And all the Cities of the World disperse;
This truth they will believe, attested so:
Then shall Apollo with the silver Bow,
Nor bright Latona, his blest Mother, want
Their praise, which I eternally shall chant.

The word οἶκεν, as it is frequently understood by *Homer*, not of Habitation only, but of Country, so is it particularly in this place interpreted by the learned; and though some deny these Hymnes to be *Homers*, yet being attested by *Herodotus*, *Pausanias* and *Suidas*, we have not any reason to doubt them.

Upon good grounds therefore was it, that the *Chians* stamped the figure of *Homer* on their Coin, as the *Mitelenæans* that of *Sappho* (who was born at *Mitelenæ*) and called the Coin it self by his Name, a *Homer*; it was of Brass, on the reverse a *Sphinx*, the proper Symbol of the *Chians*; its figure this.

No



No less difference is there amongst VVriters concerning the Time wherein *Homer* lived : Their opinions being so various, we shall for the better perspicuity lay them down in order, accommodated to the Julian Period.

Dionysius and *Diodorus* place him about the time of the taking of *Troy*; which according to the *Arundelian* Stone set forth by *Mr. Selden*, is coincident with the year of the Julian Period 3505

Philostratus, before the descent of the *Heraclidæ* after the taking of *Troy* 24 years 3529

Crates the Grammarian, about the return of the *Heraclidæ*, after the taking of *Troy* 80 years 3585

Eratosthenes after the taking of *Troy* 100 years 3605

Euthymenes and *Aristotle*, at the Plantation of the *Ionian* Colonies by *Neleus*, which was after the taking of *Troy* 120 years 3625

Or according to others who reckon the time of that Colony 127 years after the taking of *Troy* 3632

Or, as *Aristarchus*, in the time of the *Ionian* Colony, after the taking of *Troy* 140 years 3645

The *Arundelian* Stone (by computation) after the taking

taking of *Troy* 160 years. *Cassius* somewhat later; in
Annal. de Hom. & Hes. 3665

Herodotus (in his life) after the taking of *Troy* 168
years 3673

Philochorus, after the *Ionian Colony* 180 years, which
by the former accounts was after *Troy* 120 years, or 7
years later 3685

Enthymenes and *Archemachus*, in the time of *Acastus*;
after the taking of *Troy* 200 years 3705

The anonymous authour of his *Life*, 150 years after
Neleus 3775

Euphorion and *Archilochus*, after the taking of *Troy* 200
years 3825

Apollodorus, after the *Ionian Colony* 240 years, at
what time *Dorysseus* was King of *Lacedæmon*; the *Ionian*
Colony being 120 or 127 years after the taking of *Troy*,
this falls upon the same year with the former, or 7
years later 3832

Sofibius, in the 8th year of *Charillus*: *Charillus* reigned
64 years; his Son *Nicander* succeeding him, reigned 39.
In the 30 year of *Nicander* was instituted the first O-
lympiad, so that by this account *Homer* preceded the
first Olympiad 90 years 3849

Pliny and *Paterculus*, by the calculation of *Salma-*
sus 3865

Solinus, 272 years after *Troy* 3877

Artemon in the 9th Olympiad, which begun 3905

Theopompus, 500 years after *Troy* 4005

Euphorion, in the time of *Giges*, who begun his reign
in the 18th Olympiad 4006

Euphorion (cited by *Eusebius*) and *Archilochus*, in the
23 Olympiad, which began 4026

Of all these Testimonies there is not any more va-

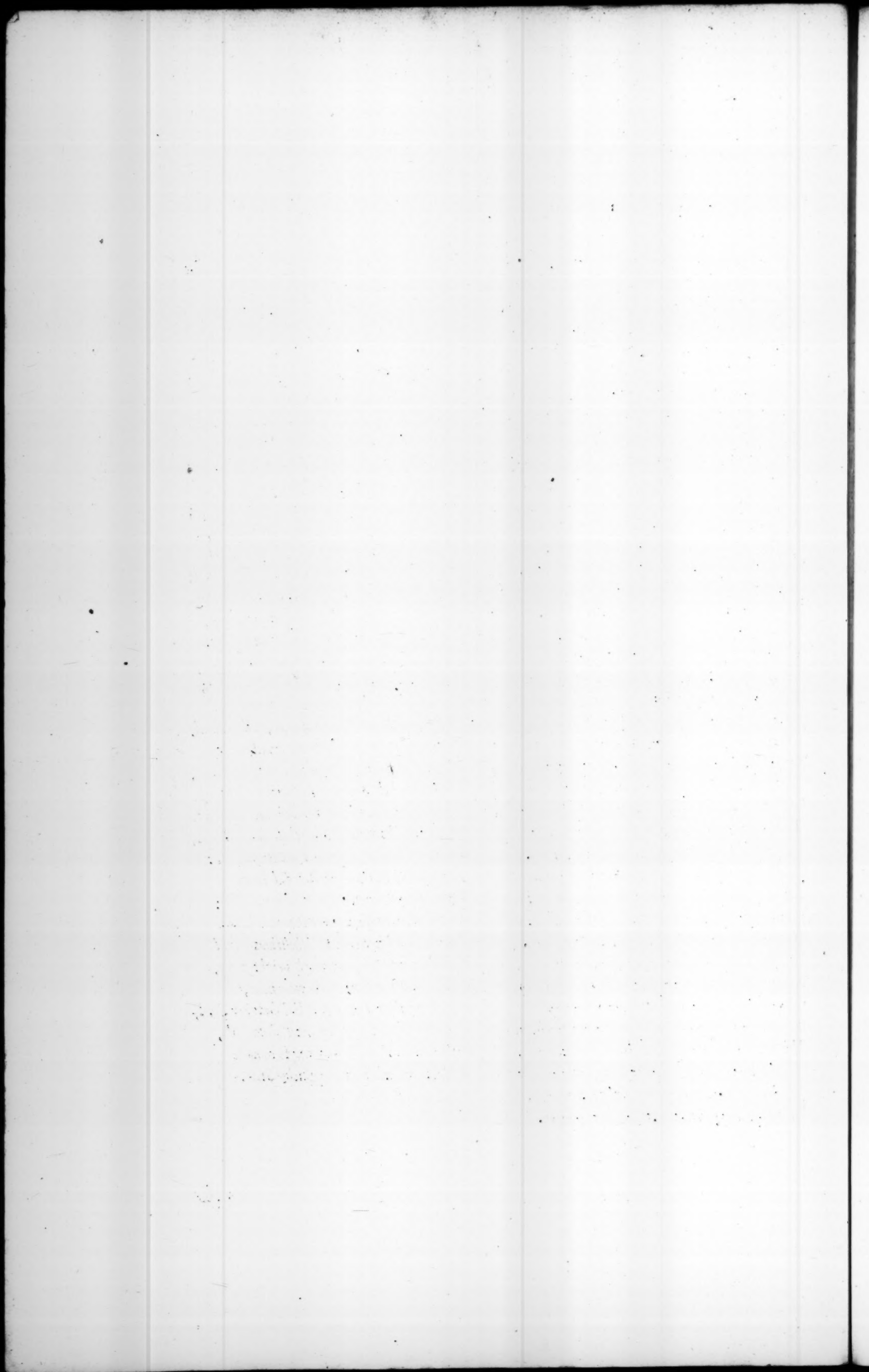
lid than that of the *Arundelian* stone, whose irrefragable authority in Chronology, may serve for a sufficient confutation of the rest : VVe conclude therefore that *Homer* lived 160 years after the taking of *Troy*; about the 3665 of the Julian Period.

Upon

Upon Homers Statue cast in Brass, ex Antholog.

Ἐμφορεῖα χαλκὸν Ὅμηρος ἐδείκνυσεν, ἔτε μενοινῆς
 Ἀμμορον, ἔτε νόον κεχρημύνον, ἀλλ' ἄρα μένης
 Φωνῆς ἀμβροσίης, ἀνέφαινε δὲ θυάδα τέχνην,
 Ἡ καὶ χαλκὸν ἔχευεν ὁμοῦ Θεὸς εἰδὲι μορφής.
 Οὐ γὰρ ἔχω κτ' ὑμὸν οἶομαι οὔτι μιν ἀνὴρ
 Ἐργαστόνος χάλκευσε παρ' ἐσχαρῶνι θαλάσσης,
 Ἀλλ' αὐτὴ πολύμητις ἀνέπλασε χερσὶν Ἀθηνῶν,
 Εἶδος ᾧπταμένη τότ' ἐώκεεν. ἐν γὰρ Ὀμήρῳ
 Αὐτὴ ναυέσσασα σοφίῳ ἐφθέγγετο μορφήν,
 Συύνομος Ἀπόλλωνι. πατὴρ δ' ἐμὸς, ἰσοθέος φῶς,
 Ἴσατο θεὸς Ὅμηρος. εἶκτο μὲν ἀνδρὶ νοῆσαι
 Γηραλέῳ, τὸ δὲ γῆρας ἔλω γλυκύν. τῷτο γὰρ αὐτῷ
 Πλειστήριον ἔσαξε χερσὶν. κεκέραιε δὲ κόσμῳ
 Αἰδῶν τε φίλῳ τε. σέβας δ' ἀπελάμπετο μορφήν.
 Αὐχένι μὲν κύπλοντι γέρον ἐπετύρετο βότρυς,
 Καίτης εἰσπίσω πεφορημένος. ἀμφὶ δ' ἀκτὰς
 Πλαζόμενος κεχέλασε, κατὰ δ' ἐνυώετο πώγων
 Ἀμφιβάτης, μελαχρὸς δὲ καὶ εὐπρόχρος. ὁδὲ γὰρ ἦεν
 Ὀξύτην, ἀλλ' ἐνυὸς ἐπαύετο, κάλλος ὑφαιώνων
 Σπῆλαι γυμνωθέντι, καὶ ἱμερόεντι παρσώπῳ.
 Γυμνὸν δ' εἶχε μέτωπον ἐπ' ἀπλοκράμῳ δὲ μετώπῳ
 Ἦσο σαιοφροσύνῃ κουροτρόφος. ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὄφρ' οὐ
 Ἀμφοτέρω παρσώπῳ εὐσκόπος ἔπλασε τέχνην
 Οὔτι μάτλην φαέων ᾧ ἐρημάδες ἦσαν ὀπώπαι,
 Ἀλλ' ἐκ λυγρῶ ἀναλγχιος ἀνδρὶ νοῆσαι.
 Ἐζέτο ᾧ κενεοῖς χερσὶν ὀμμασιν. ὡς δὲ δοκεῖν,
 Τέχνη τῷτο τέλεσεν, ὅπως πάντεσσι φανείη
 Φέγγος ὑπὸ κραδίῳ σοφίης ἀσθεσον αἰείρων.
 Δοικαὶ μὲν ποτὶ βαίον ἐκοιλάνοιο παρσάει,
 Γῆρα δὲ ἐκνήεντι κατὰσχετοῖ. ἀλλ' ἐν ἐκείναις
 Αὐτογενὴς χαρίεσσιν συνέσιος ἵζανεν αἰδώς.
 Πιερεὴ δὲ μέλισσα πρὶ γόμα θεῶν ἀλάτο,
 Κηρίον ὠδίνουσα μελισσάγης. ἀμφοτέρω δὲ
 Χάρις ἐπ' ἀλλήλῃσι πειρὶς ἐπερείδετο ἑάβδω,
 Οἷα πρὶ ἐν ζωοῖσιν. ἔλω δ' ἐκκλινεν ἀγκυλῶν
 Δεξιτέρῳ δόκεεν δὲ καὶ Ἀπόλλωνος ἀγκυρῶν,
 Ἡ καὶ Πιερίδων πρὸς ἐγχεύειν. ἐν δ' ἄρα θυμῷ,
 Σκεπτομένῳ μὲν εἶκτο, νόος δὲ οἱ ἔνθα καὶ εἶδε
 Ἐξ αὐτῆς πεφόρητο πολυεπέσιοι μενοινῆς,
 Πιερεῶν Σαρκεῶν ἀργῶν ἔργον ὑφαιώνων.

*This reverend Brass, resembling Homer, vaunts
 A Soul and Science, only Language wants :
 The Heavenly Artist much himself surpass,
 When he this Statue so divinely cast ;
 For sure no mortal sweating at his Forge,
 Could ere his skill with like success discharge :
 I know the hand, these lines Minerva drew,
 Who best his Faces, airs, and features knew ;
 She with Apollo did his breast inspire
 With Heavenly raptures. Like an ancient Sire
 My Father Homer stood, his visage sage,
 Shew'd lovelier with the wracks of wasting age ;
 So sweet an Air grac'd his divine Aspect,
 His spreading hair his sloping shoulders
 And o'r his ears in parted tresses hung, (deck'd ;
 His well kemb'd beard, broader beneath & long,
 With equidistant curls, no common grace,
 His naked Bosome gave, and comely Face.
 His Forehead high, upon whose barer spot,
 Truths ablest guide, celestial Prudence sate ;
 So rarely well the Artist had design'd
 His jutting brows, he seem'd to see, though blind,
 Those slighted Orbes the Graces made their
 Moving as fix'd intelligences there, (Spear,
 Whose sprightly beaming radiance express'd
 Those embeus flames inform'd his sacred breast.
 His fawn cheeks wrinkled, in whose dimpled cells,
 Sweet Modesty, the Graces Partner, dwells :
 About whose lips a busie Bee did hum,
 Extracting Honey from that richer combe :
 His hands a-crosse, one ore the other laid,
 Supported by his Staff, th' illustrious Maid
 Had drawn to life, erecting his right Eare,
 As if Apollo or some Muse were near,
 Prompting their Poet, his still-labouring Soul,
 From her recess travers'd from Pole to Pole,
 With various Fancies studying to compile
 A Martial Work in a Majestick Stile.*



THE EDITIONS
OF
HOMERS
WORKS.

HOMER composed and sung his Poems as he wandred up and down from one City to another ; whence several pieces of them were left in several places, but the whole he left at his Death with *Creophylus* at *Samus* : *Creophylus* transmitted them to his Posterity, by whom they were privately kept, until *Lycurgus* the *Lacedæmonian* coming thither, and observing that they were not less full of Prudence and Learning, than pleasant and recreative, transcribed them and carryed them home with him (for as yet the Fame of those Verses was obscure amongst the *Grecians*, and few there were who had any of them, they being dispersed onely by several pieces) out of *Ionia* to *Peloponnesus*.

By this means the *Grecians* received all the parts of *Homers* Works; yet not digested into order, but confusedly in several pieces, under different Titles, as *the Pestilence and Wrath* (Titles belonging to the first book of the *Iliads*) *The Dream, and Catalogue or Boeotia* (to the second) *The Vows and Combate, &c.* these they preserved, not by Writing, but by Singing them by heart, at publick Solemnities, not in any method, but casually and confusedly.

But *Solon* being Archon at *Athens* in the third year of the forty sixth Olympiad, ordained that the Verses of *Homer* should be sung at publick Assemblies, in such method, that where the first Reciter ended, the next should begin with that which continued it. Hence were these several pieces first term'd *Rhapsodies*, and they who recited them upon the Theatre, *Rhapsodes*, not for that they sung *ῥᾷ ἐκδω*, holding a *Lawrel wand*, as was indeed the custom, but for being (as *Pindar* styles them) *ἐπαρῶν ἐπεὶν ἀοιδοί*, Singing of consar-cinated Verses, as the learned *Salmasius* observes.

What was so well begun by *Solon*, *Pisistratus* finished ; who obtaining the Supream Authority of *Athens* in the fourth year of the fifty eighth Olympiad ; and being desirous to eternize his own Fame, designed to effect it by recovering the Works of *Homer*, and committing them to Writing ; for they were in great danger of being lost : One man perhaps had gotten a hundred Verses, another a thousand, another two hundred, others as many as they could light upon ; in fine, the Poem it self was torn in pieces and almost irrecoverably lost. *Pisistratus* in pursuit of his Design, caused

caused Proclamation to be made, That whosoever throughout all Greece had any Verses of *Homer*, if they brought them to him they should receive a set rate (which was an *Obolus*) for every Verse: Hereupon all they that had any, brought them in, and every one received the promised reward without any exception; he dismiss not any unsatisfied, though they brought the same Verses which others had brought before, but payd them the same price also; for it often happened that amongst them he found some Verses more, or different from the former; upon which encouragement some inserted and brought Verses of their own, which were afterwards marked with an * *Obelisk*. *Pisistratus* having by this means gotten together all the pieces, summoned seventy Grammarians, assigning them a Reward suitable to persons of their Learning and Worth, and delivered to each of them a Copy of all the Verses which he had received; requiring that each of them apart, should, according as he thought best, reduce them into an entire body. When they had all performed their tasks severally, *Pisistratus* called them together, and caused every one to give a particular accompt of his own compofure; and out of them all, they made choice of one, which they conceived to be the best: And since some of them who brought the Verses to *Pisistratus*, had, as we said, to get the more mony, inserted many Verses of their own; even this also appeared manifest to the Revisors; yet would they not cast those Verses out, by reason of the use that might be made of them, but marked them with an *Obelisk*, as unworthy of the Poet.

Hipparchus, the eldest Son of *Pisistratus*, succeeded his Father, as well in his care to preserve *Homer*, as in the Kingdom, for he ordered that his Poems should be sung at the Panathenæan Festival. In his time it was that *Cinnæthus* of *Chios*, a Grammarian (who flourish'd in the sixty ninth Olympiad) first rehearsed the Poems of *Homer* in order, at *Syracusæ*; but afterwards the disciples and followers of *Cynæthus* much depraved the Text, inserting many Verses of their own.

This inconvenience had proved no less dangerous to the Writings of *Homer* than the former, had not *Aristotle* redrest it by an exact correction of his *Iliads*, which he presented to *Alexander* as the most excellent Pattern of Military Vertue: *Strabo* saith, That *Alexander* himself, together with *Calisthenes* and *Anaxarchus*, laboured in the Correction of this Work; this Book he took along with him in his Expedition into *Asia*, and made his constant companion; insomuch, that he put it every night, with his Dagger under his Pillow; and in a Victory over *Darius*, having taken a Casket of Unguents, of extraordinary value, amongst the spoils of *Darius*, (made of a Reed or Cane) beset with Pearls and precious stones, his friends telling him how many uses it might be put to, because Unguents did not become a Souldier, Yes, saith he, it shall serve to keep the Books of *Homer*, that the most precious Work may be kept in the richest Cabinet; hence was this corrected Copy called *ἐκ καλάμης*, of the Cane.

No

* The
mark of
improb-
ation.
see Diog.
Laert.
vit.
Plat.

Plat. in
Hipp.

Eustath.
in Ilad.
1.

Plin.
lib. 29.

No less studious of *Homer* was *Cassander*, King of *Macedonia*, who, as *Atthenæus* affirms, had a great part of his Verses by heart, and kept by him, written with his own hand, both the *Iliads* and *Odyssees*, which words of *Atthenæus* some interpret, as if *Cassander* had laboured in the correction of *Homer's* Text; in like manner as *Alexander* and *Aristotle*.

The same attempt of restoring *Homer*, was in the time of *Ptolomy* the first (as *Suidas* relates) undertaken by *Zenodotus* of *Ephesus*, a Poet and Grammarian, disciple of *Philetas*, and Keeper of the Library of *Alexandria*, Tutor to the Sons of *Ptolomy*.

About the same time, or not long after, *Aratus* made another Edition of the *Odyssees*, called from him, *The Aratean Correction*; some add that he went into *Syria* where he lived with *Antiochus*, and at his desire corrected the *Iliads* also, which had by many been exceedingly depraved.

Another Edition by *Aristophanes* of *Byzantium*, disciple of *Zenodotus* and *Callimachus*, is mentioned by *Suidas*, termed, *The Aristophanean Edition*.

But *Aristarchus*, Son of *Aristarchus*, by birth a *Samothracian*, but made free of *Alexandria*, disciple of *Aristophanes*, nothing satisfied with the Edition of his Master, did in the time of *Ptolomæus Philometor* (whose second Son, *Ptolomy Euergetes* he taught, in the hundred fifty sixth *Olympiad*) anew correct the Works of *Homer*, and restore them to their primitive purity and splendor. This was termed, *The Aristarchean Edition*; by some reprehended: *Ptolomæus* of *Ascalon* wrote a Book concerning it; and *Zenodotus* of *Alexandria* was required to give his opinion concerning the *Homericall Verses* rejected by *Aristarchus*; but so generally was this Edition approved by the Ancients, that those Verses which he rejected were not admitted to be genuine, and such as were judicious censurers of other mens Works, were called *Aristarchi*. This seems to be that Edition which we have.

Plat. de
And.
poet.
Athen.
lib. 5.

ΕΙΣ ΟΜΗΡΟΝ
ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ :

EPIGRAMS
Upon HOMER.

Εκ τοῦ πρώτου καὶ τοῦ τρίτου καὶ τοῦ τετραρτου καὶ τῆς Out of the first, third, fourth, and fifth Books of
πέντης τῆς Ἀνθολογίας. the Anthologie.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΥ.

INCERTI.

ΟΠποίας τὸν Ὅμηρον ἀναρραψώμεθα πά- (της) (own)
Καὶνον ἐφ' ᾧ πάσαι χεῖρ' ὀρέγουσι πόλεις ; VV Here Homer wert thou born? since thee t
So many Countries strive : or is't unknown?
Ἡ τὸ μὲν ἐστὶν ἄγνωστον ὁ δ' ἀθανάτοις ἴσος ἦρως Or hast thou left it to the Muses care,
That They thy doubtful Countrey should declare?
Ταῖς μύσαις ἔλιπεν πατρίδα καὶ γενεὴν ;

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

ANTIPATRI.

Τίς ποθ' ὁ τὸν Τροίης πόλεμον σελίδεσι χερσὶ Who sung the Trojan Wars? who did rehearse
Ἡ τίς ὁ πῖν δολιχὴν Λαερτιάδαο πλάνην ; (ξας; Ulysses Travels through the Universe?
Οὐκ ὄνομα εὐρίσκω σαφές, καὶ πόλιν ἔρανε Ζεὺς, He and his Birth-place both of doubtful Fame:
Μήποτε σὼν ἐπέων δόξαν Ὅμηρος ἔχει ; Thine Jove these works, though Homer bear the name.

ΛΕΩΝΤΙΔΟΥ Ταραντίνου.

LEONTIDÆ TARENTINI.

Ἄσπερ μὲν ἐμαύρωσε καὶ ἱερὰ κύκλα σελλύνης As in his lustre the bright Sun at Noon
Ἄξονα διηύσας ἔμπυρος ἥελιος. The Stars eclipseth, and the pale-fac'd Moon:
Ἵμνοπόλους δ' ἀγέληδον ἀπηγάδυνεν Ὅμηρος All Poets else so Homer doth outshine,
Λαμπαρότατοι μύσων φέρος ἀνασχόμενος. Adding the greatest Glory to the Nine.

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ εἰς Ἰλιάδα καὶ Ὀδυσσεῖαν.

ANTIPATRI IN IL. ET ODYSS.

α Αἰ βίβλοι; τίος ἐσέ; τί κεύθετε; β θυγατέρες μὲν a Whose Poems these? what theme? b Homers, who
Μαγονίδου, μύθων δ' ἴσορες Ἰλιακῶν. The Trojan Wars, and jars of mighty Kings; sings
Ἀ μία μὲν μινυθμὸν Ἀχιλλέος, ἔργα τε χεῖρες Achilles rage, and Hector's conquering Arms,
Ἐκτορέας, δεκέτας τ' ἄλλα λέγει πολέμου. The Ilian Siege, and ten years hot alarms.
Ἀ δ' ἔτερα, μόχθον τ' Ὀδυσσεύς, ἀμφίτε λέκ- Ulysses Travels, and the tears were shed
Χηρείοις ἀγαθὰς δάκρυα Πηνελόπιδος. (τρεις By his chaste Wife, in her long Widdowed Bed.
Ἰλατε σὺν μύσαισι μεθ' ὑμετέρας γὰρ αἰοῖδας, To your fair Quire, Muses, these Sisters joyn,
Εἶπεν ἔχειν αὖν ἑνδεκά Πιερίδας. And so, two adding, make Eleven of Nine.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ εἰς τὸν αὐτόν.

ANTIPATRI in eundem.

Οὐχὶ πέδον Σμύρνης ἐλοχέσαιο θαῖον Ὅμηρον, Not Smyrna Thee, renowned Homer bare!
Οὐ Κολοφῶν, τσαφερῆς ἄστρον Ἰονίης. Nor Colophon, barren Ionia's Starr,
Οὐ Κίος, οὐκ Αἴγυπτος εὐπαγος, καὶ Κύπρος ἀγνή, Not Chios, Egypt, nor the Cyprian strand,
Οὐ νῆσος κραναή, Λαερτιάδαο πάτην, Nor rockie Ithaca, Laertes Land,
Οὐκ Ἄργος Δαναοῖο Κυκλωπέην τε Μυκήνην, Argos, Mycene, Athens brought thee forth.
Οὐδὲ τὸ Κεκροπίων ἄστρ' παλαμρύνων. (μῦσαι No produet thou art of the duller earth,
Οὐ γὰρ ἐφυχθονὸς ἔργον ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἀλλὰ ἐ But thee the Muses from Heavens Arches sent,
Πέμψαν, ἵν' ἡμετέροις δώρα πωθῆναι φέρη. That Mortals thou mightst precious gifts present.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΥ.

INCERTI.

Ἐπὶ πόλεις μάργναντο σοφίῃ διὰ ζῆζαν Ὀμήρ Seven Towns for Homer strove, Colophon, Smyrna,
Σμύρνα, Χίος, Κολοφῶν, Ἰθάκη, Πύλος, Ἄργος, Chios, Pyle, Argos, Athens, Ithaca.
(Ἀθῆναι.

ΑΔ-

ΑΛΦΕΙΟΥ Μιτυληνάς.

ALPHÆI MITYLENÆI.

Ἀνδρομάχης ἔπ' ἔλυσον ἀκούμεν, εἰσέπ' Τροίην
Δερχόμεθ' ὅκ' βάρβρον πᾶσαν ἐρηπυμένην,
Καὶ μόθον Αἰάντην ὑπὸ σφαίνῃσι πόλιν.
Ἡ δὲ τὸν ἐξ ἱσπῶν Ἑκτορα συρόμενον,
Μαυρίδω ἄλ' ἔμειζαν· ὃν ἔμια παῖρ' αἰοῖδον
Κορυαῖται, γαῖης δ' ἀμφοτέρης κλίμαξ.

Andromache we yet lamenting bear,
And Troy laid wast, and Ajax sweating near
The fearfull City, valiant Hector slain,
And by Achilles Streeks drag'd o're the Plain.
That Muses fame which, Homer, thee inspires,
One Land confines not, the whole World admires.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

PHILIPPI.

Οὐρανὸς ἄστρα ἔχων ἀποσβέσσει, ἔχ' αὖ νυκτὸς
Ἥλιος φαεινὸν ὄψιν ἀπ' ἐξάσσει,
Καὶ γλυκὺ νᾶμα θάλασσα βροτοῖς ἀεγρήσιμον ἔξει,
Καὶ νέκυς εἰς ζῶντων χῶρον ἀναδράμει.
Ἦποτε Μαονίδεο βαδυκλεὲς ἔνομι' Ὀμήρῳ
Λήθη γηραλέων ἀρπάσειαυ σελίδων.

Stars first shall cease to shine; bright Phcebus mask
In gloomy night; salt waves grow fresh; his Task
The Plowman plying, sow the boisterous Main,
The dead with those alive converse again,
E're Homers Muse forgotten be, or Name
Effac'd from Records of eternal Fame.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΥ.

INCERTI.

Ἴε' ἔστιν ὅστις Ὀμηρεὺς, ἐν ἀθανάτοισι σεβέσθω.
Ἴε' δὲ αὖ μὴ Θεὸς ἔστι, νομιζέσθω Θεὸς εἶναι.

If Homer be a God, then worship him:
If not, Him as a Deity esteem.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ εἰς τὸν αὐτόν.

ANTIPATRI.

Τίς ποῦ Ὀμηρεὺς μεγάλης ὁπὸς ἔστιν ἀπυκνῆς;
Τίς χθονὶ, τίς δὲ θάλαττ' ἀμύχην οὐκ οἶδεν Ἀχαιῶν;
Δῆμος ὁ Κιμμερίων, πανδερκέος ἀμύχης ἀγλῆς
Ἥλιος, Τροίης ὄνομα ἔκλυεν, ἔκλυεν Ἀτλας,
Οὐρανὸν εὐρύς εἰσεν ἔχων ἐπικείμενον ὤμοις.

Who bears not Homers fame? What Earth, what Sea,
Knows not the Grecian Wars? Cimmeria,
Which never sees the Sun, of Ilium bears,
And Atlas who on spreading shoulders bears
The fixed Stars in ever-wheeling Sphears.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΥ.

INCERTI.

Ἄχι' ἔφης; ἔφ' φημι. "Πόδα, Σμυρναῖον; ἀπαυδῶ.
"Κύμη δ' ἢ Κολοφῶν πατρίς Ὀμηρεὺς σέθεν;
"Οὐδέτερον. "Σαλαμὶς δὲ τῇ πόλιν; ἔφ' δ' ὅτι Ἰαυῆς
Ἐξέφω. "ἄλλ' αὐτὸς λέξον ὅπῃ γέγονας.
"Οὐκ ἔρῳ. "Πίνος ἢ ἔσ' ἀπ' ἐπὶ τῇ ὄλῃ Ἰερεὲς εἰπὼν,
"Ἐξω ἔσ' ἄλλας ἀμύνει ἀπεχθονέας.

"Art thou a Chian? "No. "Of Smyrna? "Nay.
"Cuma or Colophon thy Countrey say?
"Neither. "Boasts Salamis thy Nativity?
"Not so. "Then tell thy self. "I will not. "Why?
"The rest, should I declare where I was born,
That now contend for me, then me would scorn.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΥ.

INCERTI.

Διεξιὼν Ὀμηρεὺς τὸν κεκαυμένον
Φθονεῖν ἀφῆκας ἔσ' ἀπορεθῆναι πόλιν.

Thou, Homer, flourishing Cities envious made,
That they like Troy were not in ashes laid.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Ἐνταῦθα Πιερίδων τὸ σφόνδύριον, θεῶν Ὀμερον
Κληνὸς ἐπ' ἀγχαλῶ τυμβῶν ἐχ' σκοπέλω.
Ἴε' δ' ὀλίγη γεγαυῖα τόσον χερσὶν ἀνέρεα νῆξ,
Μὴ τὸ δὲ θαμβήσῃς ὡς ξένη δεσμώμενη.
Καὶ γὰρ ἀλητευστα κασιγνήτη ποτὶ Δῆλον,
Μητρὸς ἐπ' ὠδινὸν δέξατο Λητιῶν.

Under this rocky shroud which here thou see'st,
Great Homer rests, The Muses sacred Priest.
That such a Worthy, I, an Isle so small,
Should thus confine, Friend, wonder not at all:
So on my Sister Delos streightned shore.
Pregnant Latona great Apollo bore.

ΜΟΣΚΟΥ ἐν Ἐπιθ. Βιώνου.

Τὸ τοῖσι, ὡς πῶμα λυγρῶτε, δεύτερον ἄλγος,
 Τὸ τοῖσι, Μέλῃ, νέον ἄλγος· ἀπώλειο πρῶτον τοῖσι Ὀμηροῖς,
 Τὴν τοῖσι Καλλιόπης γλυκερὸν εἶδος· καὶ σε λέγει
 Μύρεσθαι καλὸν ἦα πολυκλάυστοις ξέεθροις,
 Πάσιν δ' ἐπλησας φωνᾶς ἄλλα· νῦν πάλιν ἄλλον
 Ἰαί δακρύεις, ἀνῶ δ' Ἐπὶ πένθει ἔκει·
 Ἀμφότεροι παρὰ πεφιλαιμένοι· ὅς μιν ἔπεινε
 Παρὰσίδου κράνας, ὅς δ' ἔχεν πύμα ἱᾶς Ἀρεθούσας·
 Χῶ μιν Τιωδαρείο καλὰν ἄσπε θύγατρα,
 Καὶ Θέτιδον μέγαν ἦα, καὶ Ἀρτεΐδαν Μενέλαον.
 Καὶ δ' ἐπὶ πολέμοις, δ' ἀκρυα, Πᾶνα δ' ἐμελεπε,
 Καὶ βώας ἐλίγαγε, καὶ αἰείδων ἐνόμει,
 Καὶ σὺν ἑσθλῶν ἔπεινε, καὶ ἀδῆα πόρην ἄμελεγε,
 Καὶ παίδων ἐδίδασκε φιλάματτα, καὶ τ' Ἐρωτα
 Ἐρεφεν ἐν ὑγλοπρίνῃ, καὶ ἔρεσε τινὲς Ἀφροδίτῃ.

ΑΛΚΑΙΟΥ ΜΕΣΣΕΝΙΟΥ.

Ἡρώων τ' αἰοδὸν ἰὼ ἐνὶ παῖδες Ὀμηρον
 Ἡκαχον, ἐκ μεσέων χρίνον ὑφηνάμενοι.
 Νέκταρ δ' εἰνάλιον νηπίδες ἐχρίσαντο,
 Καὶ νέκτω Ἀχαιῇ θῆκαν ὑπὸ σπιλάδι,
 Ὅτι τὴν Θέτιν κύνει καὶ ἕα, καὶ μύθον ἄλλον
 Ἡρώων, Ἰθακῆ τ' ἐρμύδα Λαερτιάδεω.
 Ὅλβισεν νῆα πόντῳ ἰὼ, ὅτι κέκωθε
 Βαῖν Μυρτιάων ἄσπερ καὶ Χαρίτων.

ΛΑΣΚΑΡΕΩΣ.

Ὅπποτε δὴ μετὰ τὸν εἰς ὁμῆ· καὶ ἦσαν Ἐρμῆς
 Μαρονίδην σοφίης εἵνεκ' ἀποφρεσίνος,
 Μῶμ' ἀλαστήρας, τὸ τ' ἦν ἐπὶ λοιπὸν, ἔειπεν,
 Ἀντογ' αἰθερίῃ τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ ἐπέβη·
 Τὸν δ' αὖ Λητοῖδος ἐνέειπεν· Βάσκανε Μῶμε,
 Ἀφροδίτης σκόπιον αὐτὸς ἔφους γ' ἀλάος.
 Οὐμός δ' ἐξέφικε, Διὸς ἐκρύνθη, ἔδρακεν ὅσα
 Γαῖα, θάλασσα, αἴθρ, θρανὸς ἐντὸς ἔχει.
 Ταῦτα φανῶν μερόπεια κατήλυθεν ἐκ Διὸς ἐς γαῖαν.
 Ναῦ δ' εὖ πάντα προὖν· ὅς ξένος ὦ δ' ἐμυλεν.

MANILIUS.

— Cujusque ex ore profuso
 Omnis posteritas latices in carmina duxit,
 Amnemque in tenues ausa est deducere rivos,
 Unius fecunda bonis.

T. Lucretius Carus, Lib. 3.

Addere repertores doctrinarum atque leporum :
 Addere Heliconiadum comites : quorum unus Ho-
 (merus) Mongst whom great Homer did the Scepter sway,
 Sceptra potitus, eadem aliis sopitu quiete est.

MOSCHI in Epitaph. Bionis.

This, ah ! to thee, of murmuring Rivers chief,
 This to thee, Meles, proves a second Grief.
 First Homer dy'd, Calliope's delight,
 Whose loss bewailing, Thee vast Amphitrite
 Thy mournfull Waves heard disimboing roar :
 Now this thy Son no less dost thou deplore,
 And pin'st with Grief, from brining margents shrunk.
 Both dear to Nymphes ; This Arethusa drunk,
 That Helicon : and did fair Helen sing,
 Thetis bold Son, and Spartas injur'd King :
 His Muse no Tragick notes, but Pan and Swains,
 His Flocks still grazing, sung in softer strains :
 Reeds He conjoyn'd, drew down the swelling Teat
 Of sweet-breath'd Heifers, and Youths Kisses set ;
 Cherisht soft Cupit in his amorous Breast,
 Fanning such Flames as pleas'd Loves Mother best.

ALCÆI MESSENI.

Ionian Fisher-boys thee, Homer, vex,
 And with a Riddle thy great Muse perplex :
 But Sea-Nymphs thee with Nectar did anoint,
 And near Aetæan cliffs thy Tomb appoint,
 Who honour'd Thetis Son, and many more,
 And brought Ulysses to his native shoar.
 Ios, though small, thy confines happy are,
 Where lyes the Muses and the Graces Star.

LASKARIS.

When Hermes to the House of Gods convey'd
 Learn'd Homer, Momus thus disdain'd said ;
 This onely yet remain'd, here to provide
 Seats for the blind : When Phoebus thus reply'd ;
 Thy foolish scoffs show thou art blind thy self :
 My Pupil sprung from Jove, knows, spitefull Elfe,
 What e're Sea, Ayre, or Heaven contains, and went
 From us to Earth, there Mortals to present
 With precious gifts, and now he home retreats,
 Before no stranger to Cælestiall Seats.

MANILIUS.

From whose deep Fountain all th' inspired Crew,
 From Age to Age their Heavenly Raptures drew,
 Which, trench'd in smaller Rivulets, with its store
 Enrich'd and fruitfull made ten thousand more.

T. Lucretius Carus, Book 3.

And those who Arts and Sciences first found ;
 And who Parnassus forked Turrets crown'd ;
 (merus) Mongst whom great Homer did the Scepter sway,
 All these in quiet slumber lye in Clay.

C. Val. Paterculus lib. 1. cap. 5.

Clarissimum deinde Homeri illuxit ingenium, sine exemplo maximum: qui magnitudine operum, & fulgore carminum solus appellari Poeta meruit. In quo hoc maximum est, quod neque ante illum, quem ille imitaretur, neque post illum, qui eum imitari posset, inventus est. Neque quemquam alium, cujus primus auctor fuerit, in eo perfectissimum præter Homerum & Archilocum, reperiemus. Hic longius à temporibus belli, quod composuit, Troici, quam quidam rentur, absuit: nam firme ante annos nongentos quinquaginta floruit, intra mille natus est. Quo nomene non est mirandum, quod sæpe illud usurpat,

Οἱοι μὲν βροτοὶ εἶναι —

Hoc enim ut hominum, ita sæculorum notatur differentia: quem si quis cecum genitum putat, omnibus sensibus orbis est.

Then also in his full brightness shined the most noble, and without comparison, the matchless Wit of Homer, who both for the greatness of his Work, and clearness of his Verses, did alone deserve to be called a Poet. In whom this is most glorious, that neither was there before him, any one for him to imitate, nor after him any found that could imitate him. Nor shall we find any other besides Homer and Archilochus, who was the first Author of his own Work, that did therein reach to an absolute perfection. He was longer after the Trojan War, of which he wrote, than some suppose; for he flourished almost nine hundred and fifty years since, was born within these thousand years; for which cause it is not to be wondred at that he often useth that, Such men as now are —

For by this is discerned the difference of Times as well as of Men, whom if any do believe to be born blind, he is himself deprived of all his senses.

Quintilianus lib. 10.

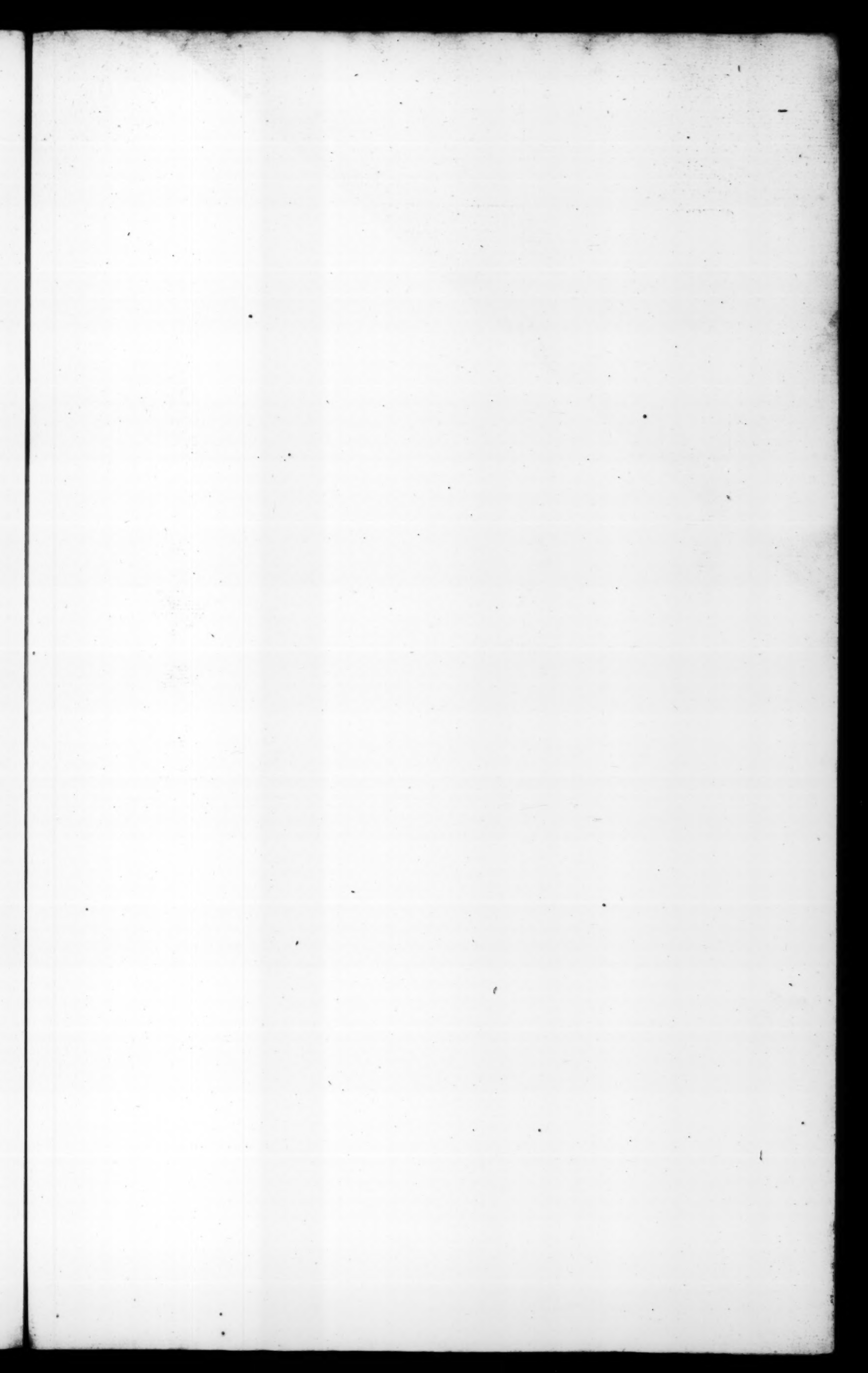
Igitur ut Aratus à Jove incipiendum putat, ita nos rite cæpturi ab Homero videmur. Hic enim, quemadmodum ex oceano dicit ipse amnium fontiumq; cursus initium capere, omnibus eloquentiæ partibus exemplum & ortum dedit. Hunc nemo in magnis rebus sublimitate, in parvis proprietate superavit. Idem læus & pressus jucundus, ac gravis, tum copia tum brevitate mirabilis, nec poetica modo, sed oratoria virtute eminentissimus. Nam ut de laudibus, exhortationibus, consolationibus taceam, nonne vel unus liber, quo missa ad Achillem legatio continetur, vel in primo inter duces illa contentio, vel dicta in secundo sententiæ, omnium litium & consiliorum explicant artes? Affectus quidem vel illos mites, vel hos concitatos, nemo erit tam indoctus, qui non in sua potestate hunc autorem habuisse fateatur. Age vero, non in utriusq; operis ingressu in paucissimis versibus, legem proæmiorum, non dico servavit, sed constituit? Nam & benevolum auditorem invocatione Dearum, quas præsidere vatibus creditum est, & intentum proposita rerum magnitudine, & docilem summa celeriter comprehensa facit. Narrare vero quis brevius, quam qui mortem nunciat Patrocli? Quis significantius, quam qui Curetum Ætolorumq; prælium exponit? Jam similitudines, amplificationes, exempla, digressus, signa rerum & argumenta, cæteraq; probandi ac refutandi sunt ita multa, ut etiam qui de artibus scripserunt, plurima earum rerum testimonia ab hoc Poeta petant.

Nam

Nam Epilogus quidem quis unquam poterit illis Priami rogantis Achillem precibus æquari? Quid? in verbis, sententiis, figuris, dispositione totius operis, nonne humani ingenii modum excedit? Ut magni sit viri virtutes ejus, non emulatione, quod fieri non potest, sed intellectu sequi. Verum hic omnes sine dubio & in omni genere eloquentiæ, procul a se reliquit, Epicos tamen præcipue; videlicet clarissima in materia simili comparatio est.

Quintilian lib. 10.

Therefore as *Aratus* thought fit to begin from *Jupiter*, so we conceive that we may begin best from *Homer*; for he (as himself saith, that Rivers and Fountains have their beginning from the Ocean) gave pattern and rise to all the parts of Rhetorick; in great things none exceeded him for height, in small for propriety; Luxuriant and close, sweet and solid, admirable both for copiousness and brevity; most eminent not only in Poetry but Oratory: For (not to instance in praises, exhortations, consolations) doth not that one Book in which is contained the Embassy to *Achilles*, or the contest betwixt the two Commanders in the first, or the Sentences spoken in the second, manifest all the Arts of Contentions and Councils? Both kinds of passions, as well the quiet as the violent, there is no man so unlearned but must acknowledge that this Author had at his command: Besides, in the beginning of either Work, hath he not in a few Verses (I say not observed but) ordained the rule of Proems? for he renders his Auditor benevolent, by invoking the Goddesses believed the Patronesses of Poets; attentive by proposing the greatness of the Subject; and intelligent by a summary easily comprehended. Who can relate more succinctly than he that brings the news of *Patroclus's* death? Who more expressly than he that recounts the Battel betwixt the *Curetes* and the *Ætolians*? Now as for Similitudes, Amplifications, Examples, Digressions, signs of things, Arguments, and the like, proving and disproving, of these there are so many, that even they who have written of these Arts, take most of their testimonies from this Poet. For what Epilogue can equal the Prayers of *Priam* petitioning *Achilles*? What? in words, sentences, figures, in the disposition of the whole Work doth he not exceed the bound of humane wit? So that he must be a great man, not who emulates him, which is impossible, but who understands him: But doubtless in this, and in all other kinds of Eloquence, he hath left all other persons far behind him; especially the Epicks; for comparison appears clearest where the subjects are alike.





Honoratiss. Domino Do. Gulielm^o
 Straffordia, Vicecomiti Went
 Wentworth, Woodhouse New
 Tabulam hanc.



Wentworth, Equiti Aurato, Comiti
 worth, Baroni Wentworth de
 march Oversley, et Raby.
 D.D.D. L.M. I.O. Lib. i. ver. 14.

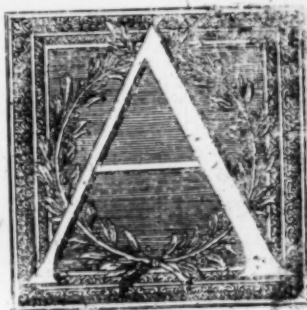


HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Chryses Suit slighted Phoebus did incense,
Who strikes the Army with a Pestilence.
Calchas the Cause declares. Achilles Rage
And Agamemnon's Nestor strives t' assuage.
Chryseis to her Father Chryses sent.
Briseis fetch'd from sad Achilles Tent.
He to his Mother for relief complains:
She Jove petitions, and her Suit obtains.
Juno disturbs the Gods Celestiall Court:
But merry Vulcan Anger turns to Sport.*



ACHILLES ^(b) *Peleus Son's de-*
structive Rage,
Great ^(c) *Goddeſs, ſing, which did*
the Greeks engage
In many Woes, and mighty
^(d) *Hero's Ghosts*

*Sent down ^(e) untimely to the Stygian Coaſts:
Devouring Vultures on their Bodies prey'd,
And greedy Dogs, (ſo was Jove's ^(f) Will obey'd;)*

— nec fato, merita nec morte peribat, Sed miſera ante diem — *Regia ſav* implies ſuch an unnatural anticipation of Fate.
^(f) The Earth, oppreſt with the multitude of men, who had no Piety or Religion in them, entreated Japiter that ſhe might be eaſ'd of ſuch a burthen: whereupon he rais'd the Theban War, wherein great numbers of them periſh'd. After conſulting with Momus, he propoſed to him (as a milder way than a general Conflagration or Deluge) the Marrying of Thetis to Peleus; and the begetting of Helen; whence the Birth of Achilles, and the original of the Trojan War, which eaſ'd the groaning Earth of a great part of her oppreſſion. This Fabulous Hiſtory is related by the Scholiaſt.

^(a) This Title or Inſcription *Scaliger* (*l. 1. Poet.*) diſlikes, becauſe the deſtruction of *Ilium* is not comprehended in this Work, but in his *Odyſſey*. But this exception is too weakly grounded, the ſcope of this Poem being only to deſcribe the Actions perform'd in the ninth year of the Trojan Siege; in which the Valour of *Achilles* was moſt eminent and active; whoſe Attchievements *Homer* more particularly deſigns to ſet forth, as Patterns and Examples for Heroical imitation. Some (ſays *Anſonius, Perioch. in Iliad.*) ignorant of Poetical Oeconomy, may haply accuſe *Homer* of omitting many memorable Paſſages of the Trojan War, which he undertakes to write, in regard he begins but at the Quarrell betwixt *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*; but he is in this particular vindicated by the ableſt of Defenders, *Ariſtotele*: neither indeed hath he omitted any thing pertinent to the Story, enriching his Poem with delightful *Episodes*, that convey the Actions of precedent years down to the preſent, in which Methodical *Alcax* he is followed by *Virgil*. *Hor.* in his *de Poet.* commends this as a piece of Art, and propounds it as a pattern for imitation. *Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo:*

Semper ad eventum feſtinat, & in medias res
Non ſecus ac notas auditorem rapit —
Nor he the Trojan War begins From *Leda's* Egg producing Twins, But near the end, thence haſting on, As if the middle well were known.

^(b) *Peleus* was Son of *Acæus* and Father of *Achilles*, whom he begot on *Thetis*, the Daughter of *Nereus*, or, as *Tzetzes* (in *Chiliad.*) of *Chiron*.

^(c) *Calliope*, one of the Muſes, Preſident of Poetry.

^(d) The *Hero's* were a middle kind between the Gods and Mortals. *Hefiod* makes them that Race or Generation of men that lived between the Brazen and Iron Ages, and ſaith that they died (moſt of them) in the Theban and Trojan Wars, and that after their death: *Jove* tranſlated them into the Fortunate Iſlands.

^(e) The Ancients ſuppos'd thoſe that died a violent death to die before their time, and that ſuch deaths came not by Fate; wherefore *Virgil* ſaies of *Dido*, that

(g) He was called *Achilles*, being formerly named *Ligyros*, either ὁπὶ τῇ γαίῃ λυγρὸς ἢ ἐνὸς λυγρῆς, as *Apollodorus* 1.3. because he never laid his lips to the Breast, or, as *Tzetzes*, ἀπὸ τοῦ διζῆα κοινῆς γαίης ἀνατρέφεσθαι, because he was nourished with no common food, being fed by his Tutor, or, as some, his grandfather *Chiron*, with the entralls of Lions, and the marrow of wild Beasts. *Agamemnor*, cited by *Tzetzes*, saith, that his Father gave him this name upon his taking him out of the fire, (his Lip only being burnt) into which his Mother *Thetis* put him by day, anointing him with *Ambrosia* by night, conceiving (saith *Apollodorus*) by this means to render him immortal.

(h) *Apollo*. See the Fable in *Ovid*, *Metam.* 1.6.

(i) *Agamemnon* the Son of *Atreus* and *Erope*, according to *Homer*, or (as *Hesiod* will) of *Polysthenes*.

(k) *Phæbus* is called far-shooting, ἰκτινός, not from ἰκτὺς, the hundred Arrows he spent upon *Python*, but from ἰκτὺς, his influence upon this inferior Orbe at so vast a distance, which is so great, as that he virtually concurs to the generation of Metals, Gold especially, in the entralls of the Earth; his Arrows here being his Rayes or Beams.

(l) *Στέμμα* was that woollen Fillet or Head-band wherewith the Priest, during the time of his Officiating, bound in his Hair. This, when they became supplicant to any, they still carried in their hands, wrapping it about a sprig (most commonly) of Olive, or, as here, (*Chryses* being Priest to *Apollo*, who appropriated that Tree in memory of his beloved *Daphne*) of Lawrel. Of these Ornaments of *Chryses*, thus *Diogenes Laertius*: *Chryses*, the Priest of *Apollo* *Sminthus*, understanding that his Daughter *Altynome* was kept by *Agamemnon*, trusting in the Religion of so great a Deity, went to the Fleet, bearing the Looks of the God, and certain Ornaments of his Temple, that so he might with more ease, by the representation of the Deity, infuse a reverence of himself into the Princes and Rulers.

(m) Every Planet having his metall assign'd it, Gold is appropriated to the Sun, as Silver to his Sister the Moon; whence in Heraldry *Sol* is the Blazon for Or, Gold, and *Luna* for Argent, Silver.

(n) A Scepter amongst the Ancients was a Symbol of Sovereignty, Oratory and Justice. Hence *Homer* allots every Commander in chief his Scepter.

Thus *Telemachus*, going to make a set Speech, had a Scepter reach'd him; and *Achilles*, being injured by *Agamemnon*, swears by his Scepter. Scepters also were assign'd to the Deities of the first Rank, of which was *Apollo*. Hence that of *Seneca* in *Medea*, *Primus Sceptra tris colla Tonantibus Taurus celsa ferat*, &c. (o) Hence some collect the State of the *Greeks* at the Siege of *Troy* to have been compos'd of a mixt Democracy and Kingship; for which reason *Chryses* sues to all the Officers as well as to the Princes, but chiefly to the *Atrides*, it being in them to approve or disapprove what the people should vote; as we see in *Agamemnon*, who had the Supreme Authority. (p) The reason why *Agamemnon* onely, and not the other *Atrides*, deni'd to return *Chryses* Daughter, *Eustathius* coldly conjectures to be, because he was the elder; but *Seneca* in *Agamemnone Tragedy*. gives a better and truer.

*Amore capta captus, immotus prece
Sminthea tenuit spolia Phœbai ducis,
Amore sacra virginis jam tum furens.*

A Captive's Captive, with requests unsway'd,
The *Sminthean* spoils of *Phæbus* Priest he stay'd,
With love then raging of the Sacred Maid.

Because Great *Agamemnon* fell at odds
With stern (g) *Achilles*, Off-spring of the Gods.

What angry Power such dire Contention rais'd?
(h) *Jove's* and *Latona's* Son, highly displeas'd
With *Agamemnon*, great Mortality
Upon the Army sent, the People die;
Because (i) *Atrides* us'd with dis-respect
Chryses, his Priest, and did his Suit reject.

He to the *Græcian* Navie, to redeem
His Daughter, Presents brought of great esteem;
(k) Far-shooting *Phæbus* (l) Lawrell in his hand,
And (m) Golden (n) Scepter. (o) All that bore Command
He courted much, the Princes more, but most
The Royall Brothers, Leaders of the Host:

Atrides, and you well-arm'd *Greeks*, the Gods
Inhabiting *Olympus* high Aboads
Grant you may *Priam's* wealthie Town destroy,
And thence triumphant home return with Joy;
If you my Daughter's Ransome not reject,
Paying illustrious *Phæbus* due respect.

Straight all the *Greeks*, as one, their Voices give,
The Priest to honour, and his Gifts receive.

But, not so pleas'd, *Atrides* did resist,
And roughly him with Menaces dismiss:

Be sure, old *Dotard*, thee I never meet
Here lingring, or re-visiting our Fleet,
Lest thee that sacred Wreath nor Scepter save:
Rest satisfi'd, (p) her thou shalt never have,

But

(a) By this is implied, either the indisposition and malignity of the Air, which in times of Infection is dark (likely) and foggy; or the secret and clandestine approach of the Deity; or, lastly, his formidable aspect, which is well described by the Night, styled by the Greeks, in regard of the fears it creates, *Νύξ* the contrary countenance being denominated *ἡμέρα*, from *ἡμέρα* the Day.

(b) Mules and Dogs were more subject, saith the Scholiast, to take the Infection; first, in respect of their natural constitution, which is hot and dry: secondly, by reason of their proneness to the earth, and their subtile sent, a sense in these two exquisite, the Mule also, when lost, being directed by her Nostrill. He adds, that the Mule being of a promiscuous extraction, as begot between Creatures of a different kind or Species, is of a more tender constitution, and so less able to withstand any Pestilential impression. These Dogs also being *τεταγμέναι*, such as were fed from a Trencher, as being kept by the Græcian Princes for show more and state than use and service, were in that regard also, as abounding with humours, more capable of Infection. *Ætius* out of *Rufus* saith, *It is easy for an observing Wit to foresee a Pestilence: for if the Air be infected, the Birds will die; if the Earth, Cattel and other Beasts will fail.* Didymus adds, that *φιλάνθρωπον ὃν τὸ θεῖον*, that the God being mercifully inclin'd, sent this Plague or Murrain first upon Brutes, Dogs and Mules, that so the Greeks seeing the mortality of these creatures, which being of most frequent use were most usually in view, by their repentance might prevent their own: for which reason the Ancients pourtrai'd *Apollo* holding the *Graces* in his right hand, & his Artillery in his left; to intimate, that he was more ready to pleasure and gratifie mankind, than to afflict or prejudice them. *Macro.*

(c) It was the Custome anciently of the Greeks, to burn the bodies of their dead, and from them derived to the more Northern Nations; for, holding fire to be of a purifying qualitie, they thought by this kind of Purgatory to cleanse the pollutions of the Flesh. Besides, conceiving the Soul to be *πνεῦμα θερμὸν*, a warm and hot Breath or Spirit, with the *Stoicks*, and *πυρῶδες αἷον*, a fiery composition, with *Democritus*, they believ'd it had not any greater Antagonist then the contrary Elements, Earth & Water: whence as they abhor'd Inhumation or Interring, so deprecated they no death so much as Drowning, conceiving the persons so perishing *συνανέτης*, and the death it self, as *Achilles* styles it, *καταλυσον*, that is, *destructive*, believing the Soul to be totally this way lost and quite annihilated. An opinion, if not assam'd, seconded at least by that expression of our Poet, *Odys.* 4. where, speaking of the untimely end of *Ajax* the younger, who was suffocated in the Sea, he thus concludes his Narration of it,

ὣς ὁ δὲ ἐνὶ Σπέλαιον, ἔπει πέν ἀλκυονίδας.

And so he perisht, in salt water drown'd.

ἄϊδος δὲ κατὰ δον,

and down to Pluto went.

Whereas of all others he saith, *καὶ τὸ ὕδωρ θάνατον ὁλεθρον ἐστὶ καὶ αὐτὸς τὸ ψυγόν*, according to the Tenet of *Heracitus*, that Water was the bane of the Soul. Whence *Synesius* observes, that all other the deceased Heroes being present at the Solemnization of two several Obits or Olfegies: in *Homer*, *Ajax Oileus* his Ghost was onely missing, *ὡς τὸς ψυχῆς ἐκ ὕδατος ἐν ἄδῃ*, because it never arrived at *Elysium*.

(d) *Homer* makes *Achilles* to take notice first of the Infection, and not *Nestor*, *Ulysses* or *Meneleus*, who yet were no less vigilant for the publick good, because he alone was skill'd in Physick, being instructed in that Science by his Tutor *Chiron*, a great Master in that Profession. Of which thus *Claudian* de 3. Consul. Honorii:

Nec ocyus hausit Achilles

Semiferi praecepta senis; sen Cuspide artes,

Sive Lyra cantus, socias seu disceret Herbas.

Nor learnt Achilles sooner *Chiron's* Arts,
Songs to his Lyre, or throwing deadly Darts,
Or Physick curing sickly Mortals hearts.

Whence after ten days observation (a competent time to make a rational conjecture) concluding the disease malignant, and sent (as having in it *τὸ θεῖον*) by *Phæbus*, (the Plague being appropriated to that Deity, as proceeding *ἐκ ἐκφυρμάσεως* from inflammation) the Poet makes him to summon a Council upon the intimation and instigation of *Juno*, *Hes.* that is *αἶψα*, the Aire; the Pestilence being occasion'd through the distemper of that Element. (e) Revelations by Dreams or sleep are said to proceed from *Jove*: Of which consulting the Gods by Dreams frequent mention is found in the Poets. It may not seem amiss to add what *Strabo* l. 16. writes of *Moses* as to this particular. Having spoken of what things he taught his Countrymen, he adds; *He enjoyn'd that any man for himself, and for others such should sleep as were good Dreamers.*

Phæbus with pitie mov'd his Praier attends,
And much incens'd from Heav'n to Earth descends.
Speed through th' æthereall Tracts the God did make,
His Bow and Quiver rattling at his Back;
The fatal Arrows in his Motion rung;
(a) Night's duskie Mantle o're his Shoulders flung.
Far from the Fleet he sate, a Shaft lets goe:
Dreadfull the Twang was of his silyer Bow.
First on swift (b) Dogs and Mules his Arrow lights,
After on Men he spends his deadly Flights.
(c) On Piles in every Quarter Bodies blaze:
Thus rag'd a deadly Pestilence nine Days.
The tenth, (d) *Achilles* did to Council all
The prime Commanders of the Army call,
Mov'd by Heav'n's Queen, white-wristed *Juno*, griev'd
To see the Græcians perish unreliev'd.
Soon as a Court the summon'd Princes made,
Great-soul'd *Æacides* arising said;
Atrides, wearie of our great Design,
The Souldiers Wishees homewards now incline,
That with this Country Death they may avoid,
Here both by War and Pestilence destroy'd.
Come then, some Priest or Prophet let us move,
Or Dreams Interpreter, (e) (Dreams come from *Jove*)

To

To tell whence *Phæbus* Anger did arise;
 If from neglected Vows, or Sacrifice:
 If Lambs or Goats may an Atonement make,
 And he from us this heavy Judgment take.

Then ^(f) *Calchas*, learned *Thestor's* Son, arose,
 (Who best could Fate by ^(g) Augury disclose:
 Things past he knew, things present, and to come,
 And brought the *Græcian* Fleet to *Ilium*,
 By his ^(h) Divining skill, great *Phæbus* Art)
 And thus with Caution did his mind impart:

⁽ⁱ⁾ *Jove-lov'd Æacides*, since you inquire
 So earnestly the cause of *Phæbus* Ire;
 I to discover it shall not forbear,
 So you to save me from all Danger ^(k) swear.
 It will offend Him who the Army sways,
 Whom all the Camp as General obeys.
 When Kings with meaner Persons are displeas'd,
 Though for the time their Anger seems appeas'd,

engaged in the Expedition, this *Dares Phrygius* relates thus: When the *Græcian* Forces, saith he, were come to Athens, it pleas'd them to send some to Delphos to consult Apollo about their Design; which Negotiation they recommend to Patroclus and Achilles. Achilles being arrived at Delphos, and inquiring of the Oracle, is answered, That the Greeks should be Victorious, and in conclusion, after ten years beleaguering it, carry the Town: upon which Achilles presents the God with a Sacrifice, as was enjoyned him. It chanced that *Calchas* the Son of *Thestor*, employed by his own Nation in the behalf of the Phrygians, and for that purpose sent with some consecrated Presents to gratify the God, appeared in the Temple at that very time, where questioning the Oracle concerning the Affairs of his Country, and the things he had in charge, he hath this injunction layd on him by Apollo; That he accompany the Greeks in their Expedition against Troy, that he assist them by his skill and counsel, and never desert them, till they were Masters of the place. After this he and Achilles meeting in the Temple, conferr, become acquainted, contract friendship, and depart together for Athens; where Achilles relating what had occur'd, the Greeks greatly rejoice, kindly treat *Calchas*, and set Sail immediately. (i) Kings are God's peculiars, being more especially under his tuition, and within his protection: a truth attested, not only by Christians, with whom Sovereign Princes, as being mixt Persons, are likewise sacred, but subscribed also by the Heathens themselves; whence that of *Callimachus*, *Hymn. in Jovem*,

Ἐκ δὲ Διὸς βασιλῆες, ἐπὶ Διὸς ὄντι ἀνέκτου
 θεόπρεπτον

To which is parallell that of *Theocritus*,

Διὶ χρονοῖσι μέλονται
 Αἰδοῖσι βασιλῆες

And hence is it that the very Brutes also, the Lion, a King himself, (may we credit Tradition) superseding his innate fierceness, forbears all acts of hostility to their Persons, discovering some signature, it should seem, upon them, some character or other, which awes and amates him. Hence also, investing them with part of his Sovereignty and power, God admits them also to the communion of the same Name, Kings too being styled Gods, and that not in the sacred Idiom alone and language of the Scripture, but also with the Heathens, these also styling all such *Δεῖτα*, that is, *Jupiters*, every King being *Ζεὺς ὅβριος*, a God upon earth, as *Tzetzes* observes in his Commentary upon *Hesiod*. (k) *Dikys Cretensis* adds, That Achilles, upon the motion of *Calchas*, in order to his farther satisfaction, applying himself personally to every Commander, prevailed with them to depose each by himself, not to disgust what *Calchas* should deliver, but rather to stand by him and secure him. (l) *Fulmen est, ubi cum potestate habitat iracundia*, Passion assisted by power, saith *Publius*, is no lesse formidable then Thunder. Great ones are, for the most part, sad Remembrancers, and having *plumbeas iras*, conceal their wrath but till they can wreak it, dissembling the injuries they receive but to return them with interest. Such therefore as converse with Potentates and men in power, ἢ ἡσυχῇ, ἢ ἡδονῇ, must either be silent and say nothing, or such things onely as they conceive will please: the seasonable advice of a sometime sage Philosopher. Two things being implied in Anger, *ζῆλος τῷ πρὸς καρδίαν αἵματι*, the ebullition and fermentation, as it were, of the blood about the Heart, and *ὄρεξις ἀνταποκρίσεως*, the desire of revenge, or retaliation; the first more incident to choleric complexions, that being the most volatil and subtil of the humours; the other to such in whom melancholy prevails and is predominant, an humour *στυμνιστῆς*, the dullest and reftiest of all the four: the Greeks distinguish them also by their appellations. The first they style *θυμῆς*, which denominated, saith *Isid. Pelusota*, *πρὸς τὴν ἀνταποκρίσιν*, denotes *τὴν ὀργὴν τῇ πρὸς τὸν ἑαυτοῦ κινῶν*, τὴν δὲ τῷ ἐναντίῳ κινῶν, the sudden approach and surprize of anger, without any warning at all, or the least advertisement: The other *αἰσῆς*, which, saith *Enstathius*, is *αἰσῆς ἐνδοῦ*, ἢ *φυλακισμῶν*, and notes *τὴν ὀργὴν ἐν τῷ πᾶσι διατηρεῖν*, our over-indulging and persevering in that passion.

Yet

(f) *Calchas* arrived to so great perfection in this mystery of Divination, not through the favour onely and grant of *Phæbus*, nor his own ingeny solely and Genius; but may seem to have had this Gift by his Extraction also; and as it were *ex radice*, as being the Son of *Thestor*, a man much admired for his deep skill and great proficiency in the same Profession; whose Legend see in *Hyginus*, *Fab. 190*.

(g) There being three kinds of Divination more especially in use and request amongst the Greeks, the first from the Inspection of the Entrails of Beasts, slain or sacrificed, the second by Dreams and their Interpretation, the third from the Observation of the flight of Fowl, and notes of Birds: *Homer* of the three prefers the latter, that of Augurie, and of all Augurs *Calchas*. *Enstathius* adds, That *Achilles* moving it in Council to consult some Priest, or some one vers'd in the Interpretation of Dreams, to know what it was that so highly incens'd the Deity; *Homer* makes *Calchas*, one whose faculty lay another way, in Augurie, to assail the doubt and resolve the question, to take away all colour, and stifle the suspicion of any Compact or Conspiracie.

(h) *Calchas* conducted the *Græcian* Navy to Troy, not consulting (as now) the Mariners Compasse, or by observing the site, position and direction of any single Starr or Constellation, that is, not through any skill or insight in the Art of Navigation; but by the sole power of Divination; and by mere instinct. Now how he became

Kings are from Jove, nor from Jove springs
 Ought that more sacred is then Kings.

Jove's, Saturn's off-spring, chiefest care
 Is still for them who Princes are.

(m) The peculiar excellency of *Achilles*, and therefore not onely attributed to him by our Poet, but others also; particularly by *Pindarus*, *Nem.* *Od.* 3.

Κλεινὸν ἰδαιότε δ' αὖτις
τοῖσι γὰρ κράτιστον.

Stags without Dogs he slew, and set
To take them no insuaring Net,
But singly in swift course did get.
And after, *Isthm.* *Od.* 8.

Ἄρπυιαι
Χίμαι ἐν ἀλίσκων,
σεσπῶσι τ' ἀχλὺν ποδῶν.

—His Arms
Like Mars's strong, his feet
Like Lightning fleet.

(n) *Apollo* the authour of Prophetick Inspirations, as *Jupiter* the authour of Revelations by Dreams or sleep.

(o) The word in *Homer* is *Θιοπαῖται*, and notes the Responses of the Gods to such as consult them. *Enstasius* tells us, that at *Delphos* there was a sacred society or fraternity, who, from their delivering the Will of *Apollo* to such as consulted the Oracle, were called *Θιοπαῖται*. These, as relates *Herodotus*, took their constant repast at the Prince's Table.

(p) *Αἰνέσιμος* signifies such an one as either hath no *Mamma*, that is, no accuser; or else no *Mome*, no spot nor blemish upon him which may justly be faulted. *Homerus non virtutibus appellandis, sed vitiis detrahendis ampliter laudare solet.* It's *A. Gellius* his observation of him, That *Homer* more fully and frequently commends men for their vacancy and freeness from Vice, then for any positive or habitual Vertue; as though, no men living without faults, he amongst us were best *qui minimis argetur*, not whose Vertues are most, but whose failings fewest. And indeed it is a thing highly commendable,

that since men cannot live *sine peccato*, they live yet *sine querela*, though not exempt from faults, yet free of scandall: for, *Bene vixit & qui latuit bene.* The same Authour observes, that *Illaudatus*, that is, *One who hath nothing in him commendable*, being *finis omnis malitie*, the full point and period of wickedness, is the vilest character can be given of any, whence *Virgil*, the ablest of Poets, bestows it on *Bufris*, that worst of Tyrants; *Inculpatus* on the contrary, *αἰνέσιμος*, *one who hath nothing culpable*, being *inftar absoluta virtutis*, is the highest commendation. (q) *Ἐν* in the prime and genuine notion of the word signifying the *capreoli* or *volucre vitium*, the tendrils or circled extremities of Vines, wherewith imbracing what-e're is next them, they support themselves; *ἐν* in a second and borrowed sense signifies either *ἀξιοδιδασκός*, *one worth the beholding*, whose eyes attract them that look upon them, or else *αἰδύουσα*, *one of a sober and modest aspect*, the rays of whose eyes reflect inward onely and upon themselves; contrary to those *oculi emissarii*, those emissary eyes in the Comedy. There is a third accept'on of the word, when it denotes what-ever, being thick and dark, terminates the sight, not permitting it to penetrate farther, as doth the superficies of all grosser bodies, which are not at all transparent: A sense proper enough here also, a black eye being a great grace and ornament to a face, and much esteemed of. (r) *Homer* calls *Chryseis* *ἄρπυιαι*, a Virgin, *ἢ ὡς ἀνδρῶν ἀπ' ἀνδρῶν καὶ ἀνδρῶν*, *ἢ ὡς ἀνδρῶν*, not that she was really so, but in that notion wherein they also are styl'd Virgins who, as being in the prime and flower of their youth and strength, may be so reputed. Thus *Virgil* calls *Pasiphaë* a Virgin, *a virginitate*, after she was Mother of three Children, besides the *Minotaur*, begot by *Minos* his Herd *Taurus*, whose name gave birth also to the Fable. This word signifies besides, the *figbr* or *pupill* of the eye: whence that Jest put by *Diogenes* upon one *Didymon*, who, having an unlucky name and a loose report, had a *Damois* in cure for a sore eye, *ὦς, φασὶ, μὴ ἔσθαι μὲν τῆς παρὸντος ἰατρικῆς, τὴν κόβην ἐδίδου* as also that ingenious Allusion of that Oratour in *Plutarch* touching such as be shamelesse, *τὸν ἀναιδέα οὐκ ἐν τοῖς ὀφθαλμοῖς ἔχον ἄρπυιαι, ἀλλὰ πόρνας.* (s) *Passion* hath a spice and is a species of Madnesse, onely hath the more intervalls, and is the shorter phrenzie; their symptoms otherwise, with their sad consequences and effects, are much the same: whence the *Greeks* expresse both by one and the same word, by *ἄγχι*. And indeed *Revenge*, *Lust*, *Ambition*, and what-ever other passion or affection, too much indulged, is little lesse: for which see that Dialogue in *Hor.* between *Agamemnon* and a common man, where the Souldier proves it to his General, that when, to serve the ends of his Ambition, he sacrificed his Child, he was little better then mad, and *emota mentis*, besides himself, *L. 2.*

Ser. 3. Tu cum pro vitula statuis dulcem Aulide natam
Ante aras spargis que molâ caput improbe falsâ,
Rectum animi servas?

Seneca in his *de Ira* excellently paints forth this deformed Passion in its proper colours, which likewise we may very well apprehend by viewing the pourtraiture of the contrary vertue, Modesty, in this curious draught of *Claudian*.

Servat inoffensam divina Modestia vocem,
Temperiem servant oculi, nec lumina fervor
Asperat, aut rabidas diffundit sanguine venas,
Nullaque mutati tempestas proditur oris.

When thou at Aulis o're thy Daughter's head,
Then a sad Victim, brok'st the leaven'd Bread,
Wert thou thy self?

Her tongue is inoffensive, mild her eyes,
From them no rashly-sparkling fervour flies,
No cholerick blood swells her distorted veins,
Nor tempest in her changed looks remains.

His

Yet they within revengefull Rancour hide.
Say then, if for my Safety thou'lt provide.

For none, then said the (m) swift *Achilles*, care,
But what thou know'st of Heav'n's Decree declare.
By (n) *Jove's* lov'd Son, whom thy Devotion seeks,
When (o) Oracles thou open'st to the *Greeks*,
Whilst I survive, and am in Power, so long
None of the *Græcian* Fleet shall *Calchas* wrong,
Not all the Camp, nor he that rules the Hoast,
Great *Agamemnon*, whom we honour most.

The (p) blamelesse Prophet boldly then replies;
Not for neglected Vows, nor Sacrifice,
But for his Priest, whom *Agamemnon* scorn'd,
Detain'd his Daughter, and his Gifts return'd,
This we now suffer, and shall suffer more,
Unlesse the (q) black-ey'd (r) Virgin he restore
To her griev'd Father ransomlesse, and load
His *Chrysan* Altars, to appease the God.

Then rose the *Græcian* General (s) inflam'd,
(Nor could his Passion be by Reason tam'd,

His ⁽¹⁾Breast with Choler^(u) burnt, with fire^(x) his Eyes)

And frowning then to *Calchas* thus replies :

^(v) Ill-boading Prophet! never speak'st thou well

^(z) Of me, but Mischief gloriest to foretell.

^(a) Good canst thou neither doe, nor yet presage :

And now thou tell'st the Princes, *Phæbus* Rage

The *Greeks* with this dire Pestilence pursues,

'Cause I *Chryseis* Ransome did refuse.

'Tis true, I would have kept her, and above

Fair ^(b) *Clytemnestra* ^(c) plac'd her in my Love ;

To whom she not inferiour is in Parts,

Beauty, nor *Mien*, nor Skill in curious Arts.

Yet take her, to appease the Deity.

^(d) None tenders more the Armies good then I,

Whose Safety more then my own Life I prize.

But let me have another I advise :

It were unfit I of the *Greeks* alone

Should want my Lot; this must, you see, be gone.

To this *Æacides*; Oh! thou the most

Renown'd, and yet the greediest of the Hoast!

(1) The Concupiscible Appetite being lodged by Authours in the Liver and Lungs, the *Irascible* is seated by them in the upper Venter or region of the Breast, called constantly by *Homer* *ἡσυχία*, (as the opposite part in the Back, between the *scapula*, *μίσθρον*) and is that *διδόμα*, that transverse Sept or Membrane, which, called commonly the Diaphragm or Midriff, divides the Liver and Kidneys from the Heart and Lungs. It takes its name *ἡσυχία* from *Wisdom*, for that this Membrane, being inflam'd, affects straight the Head, the seat of Sense, and causeth a *Delirium*, or Phrensie: and this long of the sympathy it hath with the Brain, by reason of the numerous progenie of nerves it derives from it.

(u) *Homer* makes *Agamemnon's* Breast here black, or burnt, (for so he styles it, *ἡσυχία ἀμυμήλας*) not onely for that the *Præcordia*, *δὲ τὸ ἐν βᾶδι αὐτῶν διὰ*, being deeply seated in the body, are not at all exposed to view or sight, nor yet *δὲ τὰς ἀντιπαραστάς τὰς ἐν βᾶδι κινήσεις*, respecting the deep, serious, and unsearchable thoughts of Princes; but as well, or rather, to express the sad and dismall effects of Passion, resembling, for the terror and horror of them, the darkness of the night, whose likeness therefore *Apollo*, revenging his neglect upon the *Greeks*, is said to assume. Others, somewhat more bold, saith *Eustath.* observe, That *Homer* making *Agamemnon's* eyes sparkle through the ardour of his passion, makes his breast, persisting in the Metaphor, black & discoloured by its vapour and fume, the one part giving the vent, the other the passage, *τὸ δυνάμις τὸ θυμὸν πνέει*, as the Tragedian elegantly, to that metaphoricall fire of Wrath.

(x) Anger, saith *Aristotle*, proceeds from the fervour of the blood inkindled in the heart, which surrounding the body, exonerates its thinner and more refined parts, by the extremity of the veins, into the eyes, which thence, for the near relation of the blood with fire, are said to sparkle: Of which thus *Lucretius*;

*Est etenim calor illi animo, quem sumit ab ira,
Cum ferveat, & ex oculis micat acerbis ignis.*

The bosome boils inflam'd with ire,
Whence furious Eyes dart sparkling fire.

The reasons of this read in *Camerarius Observat. lib. 2. cap. 8.*

(G) *Agamemnon* repeats the same thing here, as *Eustath.* observes, 4 times over; *Ὁρῶμεν δὲ τὸ πρὸς τὰ πολλὰς αἰτίαι, καὶ τὸ ἐπὶ τοῖς ἰσχυροῖς ἀνδράσι*. It being the property, saith *Phorinus*, of men in Passion to Tautologize, and often to reiterate the same things again; Choler being a barren humour, and an enemy to invention. See besides, saith *Eustath.* *ὅσα δὲ ἡ ὀργὴ ἐπ' ὕψους μεταρρίσσει τὰ ἐπ' οἷς ἂν πρὸς ἐγκωμιάζοντο*. Observe, saith he, how Anger objects that as a fault, which is so far from deserving reproof, that it merits praise; for *Calchas* foretelling nothing but what came after to passe, and his declaring it conducing not the least to the accomplishment of it, his predicting it was not any crime at all, but rather a commendation. (z) Because, being at *Aulis*, from that portent of the Serpent eating the eight young Sparrows and their Dams, (which Serpent was turned straight to a Stone, to expresse the irrevocable Decree of Destiny) he foretold the War should continue ten years; and that *Agamemnon* having incensed *Diana*, by disparaging her skill in Archery, professing himself the better Marks-man, (*Liban.*) their Navy should lie Wind-bound till the Goddesse were atoned, which could not be done but by sacrificing his Daughter *Iphigenia*. (a) It being the character of a good man, *ἀγαθὰ λέγειν*, and *ἀγαθὰ ποιεῖν*, to say well, and to doe well; *Agamemnon*, his choler loosing the reins to his tongue, cannot afford *Calchas* so much as either, *Eustath.* (b) His Wife, Sister to *Helena*, said to be hatched in *ἑὸν ὄν*, out of the same Egg both, for that *Leda* their Mother was delivered of them in *τῇ ὀψέ*, in an upper Room, or Story. (c) *Agamemnon* was so copious in the commendation of *Chryseis*, and his respectfull use of her, to induce the *Græcians* to believe, that the Plague was not occasioned by her detention, it being nothing probable that his so fair treatment of her should the least offend; but that it was a meer device and design of *Calchas*, to force her from him, and fathered by him upon the Deity, but to colour onely the business and credit it. Others say he did it, to indear the more his curtesie with the *Greeks*, as parting, for their sakes, with one of most accomplished parts and perfections, and whom he so highly prized. (d) *Dionys Cretensis* saith, The *Greeks*, upon the Prophecy of *Calchas*, resolved to make *Achilles* their General, as the Person upon whom the Expedition chiefly depended: but *Agamemnon*, fearing to lose his Command, declared at the Council, that none was more concern'd in the welfare of the Army then himself; that he would restore *Astynome* (*Homer's Chryseis*) unto her Father, upon condition he might have *Hippodamia*, who belonged to *Achilles*, in herstead. This, as too rough, *Homer* moderates, making *Agamemnon's* demand at first onely general.

How

(e) Every Prince and Commander had his *ίερας* presented him, that is, a select portion of the Spoils, and this though he were absent from the Fight or Leaguer, as appears from *Dictys Cretensis*, lib. 2. So had *Philoctetes* his, though in *Lemnos*.

(f) The word in *Homer* is *ἐξαλατῆσαι*, which comes of *λατῆς*, signifying that cavity in the body which lieth between the bastard or smaller Ribs, and the two bones *sacrum* and *pubis*, which part the *Greeks* call also *κατὰν*, ἢ *κατὰ ὄσων*, because free of bones; hence us'd of the sacking or emptying of Cities by the spoil and plunder of the Soldier.

(g) *Laomedon* contracted with *Apollo* and *Neptune* to surround *Troy* with a Wall, who knowing it to be in the Fates that *Troy* should be sack'd and burnt, which could not be, had such hands onely erected it as were immortal, took to them for this Reason *Aacus* as an Assistant; of which thus *Pindarus*, *Olymp. Od. 8.*

Τὸν πῦρ δ' Ἀἴας ἐρυμῆδον τε Ποσειδάων,

Ἰδὲ μύλλοντες ὀπὶ σείρανον

Τεύξαι, καλῶν τε σφετέρων

Τείχεσσι· ἢν ὅττι νιν πάρεσθοντο,

Ὀρυμῆδον πόλεων

Πτολιπέρους ἐν μάχαις,

Λέβρον ἀμπεύσας καπνόν.

Phœbus and *Neptune* did this *Mortal* call

Them to assist to build the *Trojan* Wall, Because the Fates decreed by Wars at last, (Which mighty States and wealthy Towns devast)

Ilium should fall, and greedy fire destroy The lofty Turrets of well-fenced *Troy*.

(h) Lust bringing the most suitable pleasure to the grossest Sense, that of the Touch, no one Vice again is so hardly subdued, with that reluctance and regret, no not the desire of Glory it self, which yet, *Tullie* tells us, Men deposite last: so much are men enslav'd, and even Kings themselves in subjection, to this vile, sensual, and bestial affection. *Agamemnon*, who, to serve his Ambition, sacrificed his own Child, forgetting himself a Father, whilst he but too well remembered he was a King, would not part no not with a Captive, to the disappointing of his Lust, and that though the welfare of his Army and the Success of their Arms depended upon it; inasmuch as neither the Menaces of *Achilles*, nor the Miseries of his People, nor the Oracles of *Calchas*, a Prophet ever formerly honoured of him and observed, could stir him the least, or gain upon him. Of which Obstinacy and inexorableness of his, thus *Clytemnestra* in *Sen. Agam.*

Non illum *Achilles* flexit indomitum minis,

Non ille solus fata qui Mundi vider,

In nos fidelis *Angus*, in captas levis,

Non populus ager, & reluctantes rogi.

Not him *Achilles* Threatnings could amate,

Nor *Calchas* skilfull in the Book of Fate,

(Believ'd 'gainst us, but not for captive Dames)

Nor his sick People, nor their funeral flames.

(i) He instanceth in these three onely, as them that were the greatest Friends, and more intimate with *Achilles* than any other, so that what any of them suffered, would be resented by the rest. *Ajax* had *Tecmessa* the Daughter of *Telentus*, *Ulysses* *Laodice* the Daughter of *Cygnus*. (k) What-ever exceeded the ordinary size and standard, were it in quantity and bulk, or in some quality or virtue, the Ancients termed *ἰόν*, divine. Thus is *Achilles* styl'd *ἰός*, divine, for his extraordinary Prowesse and valour, *Ulysses* for his Wisdom, *Paris* and *Clytemnestra* for their Beauty, and the Sea it self here for the vastness of its extent: an expression obvious also in the Eastern Tongues. Others refer this Epithet to the many profits and commodities that accrue from it, men continuing Commerce and keeping Intelligence by the means of this fleeting Element with the whole Universe. Nor contributes the Sea to our wants onely, supplying men their necessities, and transporting the riches and rarities of remote Countries, but to their infirmities also and griefs, as being indued with some medicinable qualities and virtues. We reade of *Plato*, how that being in *Agypt*, he was drenched by the Priests there in the Ocean, (the *Agyptians*, as saith *Homer*, being most of them Physicians) and so cured of the Falling-sicknesses; applying thence to the Sea that Verse,

Θάλασσα κλύζει πάντα τῶνδ' ὅρων κατὰ.

All mortals griefs the briny Ocean cures.

Which yet others more ingeniously interpret of the *Sal convivale*, of the Salt of our Tables, high Animosities being there digested, and many great differences taken up and composed. (l) *Βουλευτής* signifies not onely a Senator or Statesman, but any one also that is able to advise and give counsel to others. Hence the *Agyptians*, conceiving there was no certainer or better Counsell then what was given by or taken from the Stars, calling the twelve Signs of the Zodiack *ἑπτὰ βουλάς*, the *Consiliarie Gods*, made the seven Planets, whose motion was more rapid and lesse regular, τῶν παρόπιστων, their *Messengers* or *Pursuants*.

Let

How shall we with another thee supply?

The *Gracians* have no common Treasury.

What-ever Spoils were taken in this War

From ranfack'd Cities, all^(e) divided are;

These, once dispos'd, we may not recollect.

Let *Phœbus* have the Virgin, and expect

Three times her worth, nay, four times more t' enjoy,

When *Jove* shal grant we^(f) sack^(g) strong-bulwarkt *Troy*.

With^(h) Her on such slight terms I'll never part,

Reply'd the King, though thou so valiant art.

Make not your self believe that I will grant,

That you shall keep a Prisoner, and I want:

Yet if they'l put another in her room

Of equal worth, which may a King become:

But if they fail, I shall require⁽ⁱ⁾ thy Lot,

Or *Ajax* Prize, or her *Ulysses* got.

Whose I enjoy, his Anger I despise.

But more of this hereafter wee'l advise.

Now launch a Vessell to the^(k) boundlesse Floud,

Well mann'd, and her with sacred Offerings load;

Let fair *Chryseis* the tall Ship ascend,

And there some^(l) nobler Pilot her attend;

Let Ajax or ^(m) Idomeneus go,
 Or ⁽ⁿ⁾ Ithacus, or ^(o) Thou that vauntest so;
 That Phæbus dreadfull Wrath may be allay'd.
 Then, frowning on him, stern Achilles said;
 O thou whom ^(p) Craft and Impudence divide,
 How can the Greeks thy harsh Commands abide,
 Or in the ^(q) Stratagems of War delight,
 Or valiantly in open Champain fight?
 I had no cause here to ingage with thee:
 The warlike Trojans never injur'd Me,
 Ne'r seiz'd my Steeds, nor on my Cattel prey'd,
 Nor waste the Fields of fertile ^(r) Phthia lay'd.
 Betwixt us Mountains cloath'd with shady Woods
 Are interpos'd, and loud resounding Flouds.
 Arms we for thee and for thy Brother bear,
 That he his losse of Honour may repair
 Upon the Trojans; whilst how thou dost prize
 Our Love we see writ in thy dogged Eyes.
 And now thou threatst to take my dear Reward,
 For which no Labour I nor Danger fear'd.
 When we some wealthy Trojan City gain,
 Though my sole Prowess must the Brunt sustain

ry. Alexander, being advised to set upon the Enemy by night, refused to doe it upon this account, saying, This was no better then *furari Victoriam*, to steal a Victory, not to win one. What their opinion was in this particular, we read in Euripides his *Rhesus*.

Οὐδὲς ἀνὴρ εὐ-τυχὲς ἀξιοῖ λάβεσθαι κλέϊναι
 Τὸν ἐχθρὸν, ἀλλ' ἰὼν κατὰ σῆμα.

Brave men account all Victories disgrace
 Basely achiev'd, not fighting face to face.

(r) War is styled πολυδαῖς, for its doubtfull chance, and the uncertainty of its issue and event, Victory favouring in the same Field sometime one side, sometime another, hovering, as it were, between either Army, not resolved where to fix: whence Homer calls Mars elsewhere ἵππερχλίας, and ἀλλοπερσάλλον, as fickle and unconstant; and Lycophron styles him ὄρχιστον, a Dancer. Others refer all these Epithets to that δούπιλος καὶ πυρρίχλος ὄρχιστος, the *Matrachin* Dance, those Military measures trod by the Souldiery in compleat Arms, taught the Romans first by Romulus, fearing lest himself might suffer, as he caused the Sabines, by a Surprise. This the Greeks call πυρρίχλος, and was first practised by the Curetes upon the Mountains of Crete, on purpose by the noise of their Arms to drown the cries of Jupiter then newly born, lest Saturn, discovering him, should have devoured him as he did the rest. Of which thus Callim. in *Hymn. ad Jovem*.

Οὐλα δὲ Κούρτες γὰρ σὺν σπύλιν ὤρχισαντο,
 Τύχῃσιν ἀπλήροισιν, ἵνα Κρόνος ἤσεν ἠχὴν
 Ἀπιδὸς ἐσταίει, καὶ μὴ σὺν κρείζοντος.

For thee the Curetes dancing struck their Spears,
 And clasp'd their Shields, to deaf old Saturn's ear,
 Lest he his new-born Infants cries should hear.

(m) Idomeneus was the Son of Deucalion, the Son of Minos, the Son of Laertes, and so the fourth from Jove. I find him inserted by Hyginus, *Fab. 270.* in the List and Catalogue of such as were famed for Beauty. He adds, that he was a great Admirer and Servant of Helen's. There was another of that name, a Son of Priam.

(n) Ulysses was called Ithacus from his Countrey Ithaca, an Island surrounded with steep-pointed Rocks, a very inconsiderable spot of ground, so little, that Tullie in his 1. de Orat. resembles it to a Bird's nest, — at Ithacæ illam, in asperissimis Scopulis cœu Nidulum affixam, sapientissimus vir Immortalitati anteponebat. — insinuat, saith he, that the wisest of men preferred his Ithaca, but a small Bird's nest in comparison, built amidst sharper Cliffs, before Immortality itself: so enamoured was he of his native Soil.

(o) Eustathius observes, that whereas Agamemnon, menacing many, still threatens Achilles first; ἐν τοῖς τοῖς λόγοις, when he mentions any Transaction or Negotiation of Honour, he names him ever last, and not then neither without some kind of neglect, contempt, and scorn.

(p) Some by καὶ δολοῦσθαι understanding one either highly avaricious, or sliely wise; others hence both reuz the Lion, and unkennel the Fox, conceiving the word composed of either, of καὶ δολοῦσθαι, and ἄσπονδον, expert in this piece too of King-craft, τὸ ἀσπίδι τὸν καὶ δολοῦσθαι, when the Lion's Spoil proves of the shortest, to ecke it out with the Fox's Cate.

(q) There are two kind of ways, say the Jewish Rabbins; the one the Lion's Road, λαοφύλαξ, broad and visible, the other the Foxe's path, narrow and intricate: which two ways lead also to Victory, this being achieved either by open Force, or secret Stratagems. This latter way, ἰσχυρὸν ἐκδιδόναι, by Ambuscado, is much decried by some of the Ancients, their practice and opinion being both to the contra-

(1) *Phthia*, a Maritime City and part of *Thessaly*, so called either from *Phthia* the Son of *Neptune* and *Larissa*, or else of *Phthia* a Nymph, for love of whom *Jupiter* is said to have assumed the shape of a Dove; termed also *Thetidion*, from *Thetis*, upon this accident and account. *Thetis*, requesting *Vulcan* to forge Arms for her Son *Achilles*, could not prevail with him upon other terms, then that he might enjoy her, which she assented to upon condition that she might first try them upon her self, being of the same size and stature, she said, with her Son. Putting them on, she betook her to her feet and fled. *Vulcan* vexed to be so deluded, and disappointed of his expectation, and not able to reach her, ἐν ἀγλαῖς τοῖς κνήμας ἐπὶ ῥυτίδα (as *Naz.*) not daring venture his body upon such slender stilts, casts his Sledge after her, and bruisseth her heel; for cure whereof repairing to *Phthia*, she left her name to the place, and took the Town into her tuition: of which thus *Pindarus*, *Nem.* 4.

Ὀῖος δὲ ῥαδίη

ἄδῃα

And *Phthia*'s strands

Thetis commands.

And *Sen.* in his *Trous*,

An viros tellus dare militares

Aprior *Phthie*?

Or must we now to *Phthian* Coasts,

Whose toil such valiant people boasts?

The City is reported to have been built by *Minerva*.

Τὴν δ' Ἀθηνῶν τεχνίσαντο, καὶ τὰς χαλκῶ

Δίον Πηλιάδ' ἐκρύψεντες. *Apol.* l. 1.

Minerva did this stately City build,

Whose Timber she on lofty *Pelion* fell'd.

(2) He calls Kings *δορυφόροι*, saith *Eustathius*, ὡς τὰ ἀστρολογικὰ Διός, &c. because *Jupiter* being allied as it were to them, they being τῶν αὐτῶν σπέρματος, of the same lineage and extraction, takes an especial care of and confers more upon them than on others: So *Hesiod.* *Theogon.*

Ἐκ δὲ Μουσῶν καὶ ἐκ Μουσῶν Ἀπείδων

Ἀνδρες αἰδοῖτο ἔασιν ὅτι χθονία, καὶ καὶ ἀεὶ

Ἐκ δὲ Διὸς βασιλῆες.

The Divine Poet and Musician springs

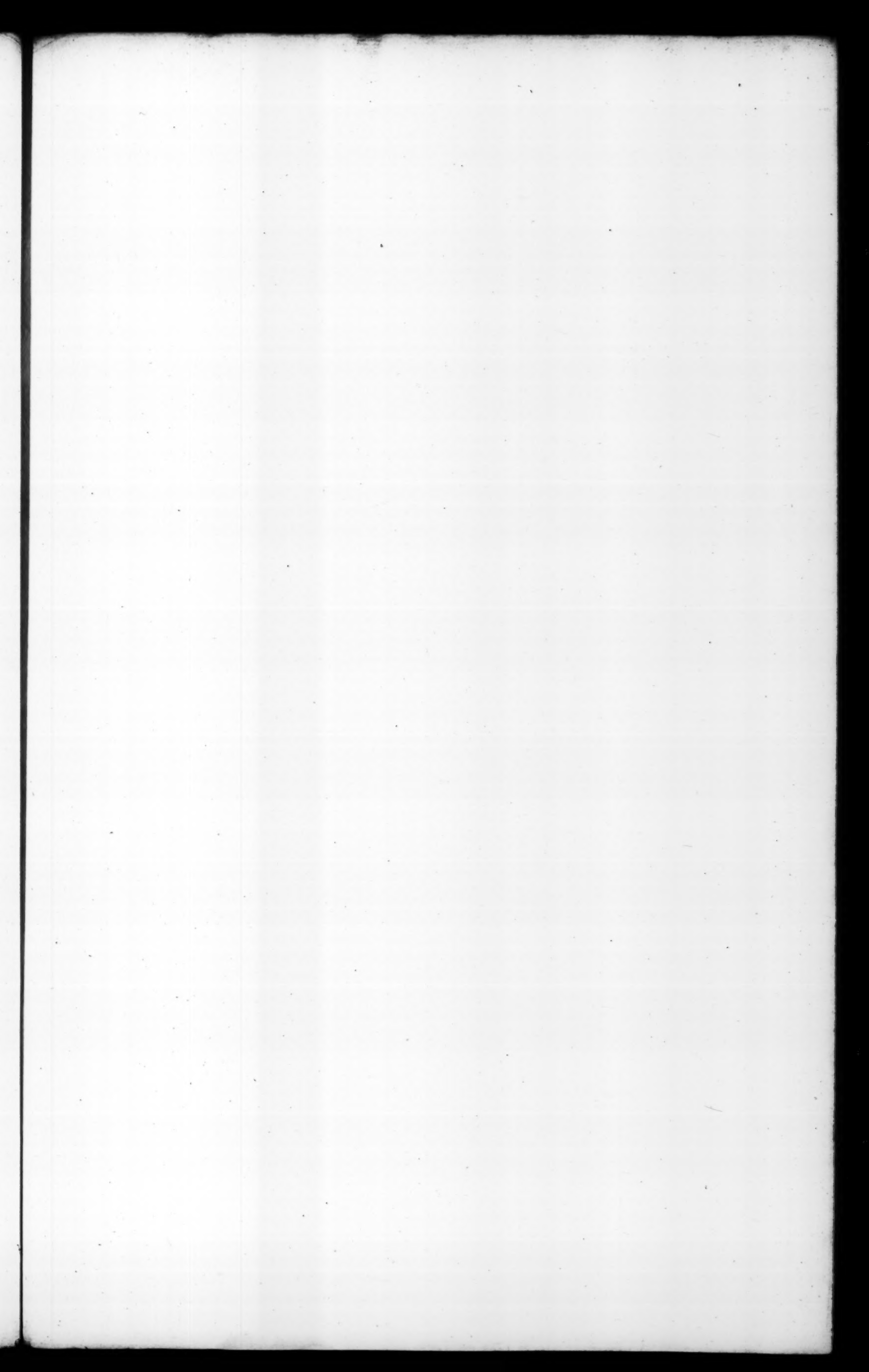
From *Phæbus* and the *Muses* Quire; but Kings

From *Jove* descend.

(3) A People of *Thessalie* which followed *Achilles* to the *Trojan* War; named either from *Myrmidon* their King, the Son of *Jupiter*, or from *Myrmex* an *Athenian* Virgin, whom *Ceres* (displeased that she had communicated the invention of the Plough) transformed into an Ant, from whom a multitude of the same species proceeding, they were upon the wish of *Æacus* (wanting Associates) turned into men. Others relate it thus; *Jupiter* forcing away *Agina* the Daughter of *Asopus*, a River of *Thebes*, carried her to *Phthia*, a City of *Peloponnesus*, where he had by her *Æacus*. *Asopus* going in search of his Child, understands by *Sisyphus* both who was the Ravisher, and whither they were gone; whereupon pursuing with all possible speed, *Jupiter* being surprised almost ἐν ἀπορροῇ, in the manner, transforming *Agina* into an Island of the same name, metamorphoseth himself into a great Stone. *Asopus* coming to the place and not finding them, returned to his own Springs. *Jupiter*, resolved to punish the Informer, condemns *Sisyphus* to roll in the Infernal Regions, and that perpetually, a Stone of the same bulk and weight that himself was turned to. *Æacus* being left alone upon the Island, *Jupiter*, commiserating his condition, upon his request, converts all the Pismires in the Countrey into Men, who thence were called *Myrmidons*, μύρμηξ signifying an Ant or Pismire. See *Ovid. Met.* l. 7. The ground of which fiction was this: The ancient Residents of that Island, inhabiting like Ants in Caves and Grotts, and storing their Provisions, their Corn and Fruits, in Cells and Repositories under ground, were thence styled *Μυρμιδόνες*; but *Æacus*, arriving there out of *Peloponnesus*, civiliz'd the Nation, whence it was bruited abroad, that the Inhabitants of that place were from Ants transformed to Men. *Eustathius* adds, That the *Agineta* being very industrious, and well seen in the art of Husbandry, the surface of their Land being unequal, and the soil it self barren, both levelled and improved it by the Earth they digged from under it, in which also resembling the Ant, they had thence their name. The Ant likewise ventures upon burthens bigger then her self, in which she was imitated by them of *Agina*, in so much as ὄρεσθαι *Αἰγυμνικῶς* became a By-word or Adage, for a burthen conceived not portable.

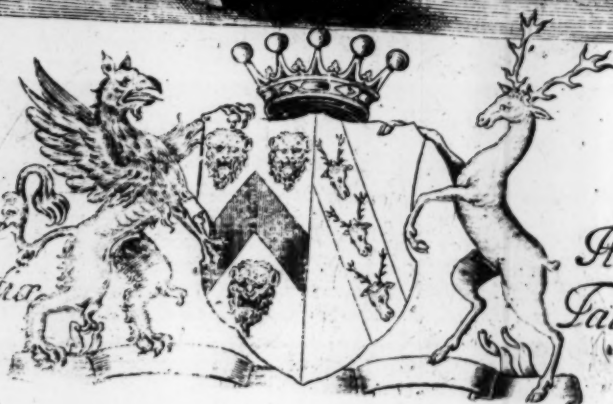
I shall

Of this impetuous War, yet when we share,
Thy Portion greater is then mine by far.
I with some Trifle must sit down content,
My Spirits in a bloody Battel spent.
But I'll for (1) *Phthia* now, and homewards steer,
Rather then stay to be affronted here:
Nor then, as I suppose, shalt thou enjoy
The Booty thou expectest taking *Troy*.
Atrides then; Since y' are so minded, fly;
I'll not descend to beg your stay, not I:
Others there are shall render me Respect,
Nor will the King of Gods my Cause neglect.
Thou more then all the Princes (2) dear to *Jove*
Opposest me, thou dost Contention love,
Wouldst still in Quarrels act the chiefeft part.
If thou so wondrous strong and valiant art,
Confess from God such great Endowments come.
Go with your Ships and all your Party home,
Command thy (3) *Myrmidons*: thou fright'st not me
With all thy Threats; but now I'll threaten thee.
Since for the fair *Chryseis Phæbus* sends,
In mine own Ship, well mann'd with choifest Friends,





*Honorabilis Do. Dominus
Comitissae Straffordiae*



*Henriette Maria
Tabulam hanc. D.D.D.
L.M.I.O.*

Lib. 1. Ver. 200.

I shall give Order to convey her back.
But I from thee will thy ^(x) *Briseis* take,
That others from th' Example may beware,
Thus to dispute, and haughtily compare.

Achilles then, with extream Grief oppress'd,
Felt mighty strugglings in his ^(y) manly Breast;
Whether he should draw forth revengefull Steel,
Break through them all, and *Agamemnon* kill;
Or else himself compose, and Wrath assuage.
Whilst thus his Reason combated with Rage,
^(z) His Sword half out, down to the Royall Tent
Juno from ^(a) Heav'n illustrious *Pallas* sent:
(In her Affection both had equal share.)

^(b) Behind ^(c) unseen she seis'd his ^(d) golden Hair.
^(e) Straight looking back he knew her, and, ^(f) dismay'd
At sparkling of her dreadfull ^(g) Eyes, thus said:

Daughter of thundring *Jove*, come you to see
How proud *Atrides* hath affronted me?
And so you shall, he with his Life's expence
Shall satisfy me for his Insolence.
To whom ^(h) the bright-cy'd *Virgin* thus reply'd;
Straight all distracted Passion lay aside:

Memory being in the hindermost part of the head. *Synesius* in his Encomium of Baldness, indulging that his subject, saith, That *Minerva* seised his hair behind, not by election and choice, but being forced to it, and of necessity, *ὡς ἂν ὅς τις ἐν τῷ κεφαλῇ λαβὼν*, he having no hair, and so no hold to be taken, elsewhere, as being *ἀλωπυλῆς*, bald before. (x) *Minerva* was unseen of others, because *Achilles* onely was able to see and know his own *Damon*, or *Genius*, and was solely conscious of his own mind and intention. (y) *Homer* allows all magnanimous and generous Spirits, and not *Achilles* onely, *ξανθὸν καὶ αἰὲν κόμην*, a yellow or deep red hair, intimating thereby *τὸ θυμὸν καὶ ὀργὴν τῶν ἡρώων*, their heat and choler, men of that hair being likely *ξανθόχροι*. (z) In this *Homer* sets forth *τὴν ἀγχινοίαν*, the great sagacity and understanding of *Achilles*, who suddenly, in so imperceptible a point of time, was able so well to advise and resolve what to doe for the future: whence, amongst other Etymologies of the word *Pallas*, *Eustath.* gives this for one, that she was so named, *ἀπὸ τοῦ πάλῳ τῷ διανοεῖσθαι τὸ κινῶ*, from *πάλῳ* which signifies *to move*, *διὰ τὸ τῆς νοεῖας ἢ φρονήσεως ἐκκίνητον ἢ ἐκκινῆσθαι*, to note the quick and sudden apprehension of prudence and wisdom. (f) Prudence creates not onely an awe and reverence of it self in men, but strikes them into a fear also and consternation; whence *Minerva* is made to be born in her full strength and vigour, and also compleatly armed *cap a pee*, to expresse, saith *Tzetzes* upon *Hesiod*, *τὸ κατὰ πληκτικὸν καὶ ἐκπαιδρὸν καὶ τὸ σαρδην*, the terror that still attends her, together with her presentness of spirit and resolution. (g) *Eust.* understands this of the eyes of *Minerva*, which, being *δυσκρίβλαστοι*, *Achilles* could not look against, their aspect was so terrible; the Scholiast, of *Achilles* his eyes inflamed through choler. Others say, that *Achilles* his eyes became bright and shining through the reflexion of hers. (h) *Γλαυκῶπις* notes such an eye as strikes the beholder with astonishment and terror, a thing incident, 'it should seem, to that colour above others; *τὸ γλαυκὸν γὰρ ζῶον καὶ ἀσπληκητὸ καὶ θυμώδες*, all creatures, saith *Tzetzes*, of that colour and complexion being fierce and cruel, the most majestic Lions being known by the deepness of this colour; of which colour are the eyes also of Dragons, sacred for this reason to *Minerva*, and taking their name *ἀπὸ τοῦ δεικνῶ*, from the acuteness of their sight. See *Pindar. Olymp. Od. 8.* Again, by this outward and corporeall sense we are to understand the spiritual and inward. For the intellectual faculty, in which we agree with Angels, the Platonists call Sight also. So *Aristotle*, *Intellect is the same to the Soul that Sight is to the body.* Thus the Scholiast of *Hesiod*: *Minerva*, that is, *Wisdom*, saith he, is styled *γλαυκῶπις*, *ὀφθαλμολογῶν*, by a Metaphor, *ὡς ἡ καθαρὴ καὶ ὁρᾶσα καὶ κρίνουσα τὰ ἀόρατα*, as having a clear insight into things, and a sincere judgment. Or as *Eust.* *ὡς ἀεὶ ὁρᾶσα τὰ ὄντα καὶ μέλλοντα*, as certainly foreseeing things yet as it were in the dark, and future.

(x) *Protesilaus* in *Philstratus* denies that *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* fell out concerning *Briseis*, but about *Palamedes*, whom *Agamemnon* had sentenced to death upon *Ulysses* treachery, for which *Ulysses* himself was so long tost upon the Seas, as is described in the *Odyssees*.

(y) An hairy Breast, for so *Homer*, *Σπένδιον λαβίον*, is a symptom, say Physiognomists, of both Subtily and Courage; the latter onely whereof is here intended, viz. Courage or Choler, *Homer* mentioning the Breast onely, no other part, for that the Irascible faculty of the Soul is thereabouts seated, the Heart, in which resides *τὸ θυμώδες*, *θυμὸν καὶ μανικὸν καὶ θυμὸν*, this impetuous and frenzicall heat of the Soul, being couched under the Sternum. *Hermogenes* the Orator, *Leonidas*, *Aristomenes* of *Messene*, the Dogs of *Lysander* and *Alexander*, were found to have their Hearts o'regrown with hair.

(z) *Julius Scaliger* finds fault with *Homer* for making *Achilles* put up so high an indignity and affront as he did so tamely, taking no other revenge upon *Agamemnon* then by words onely: but as he evidences *μεγαλοψυχίας*, the greatness of his Spirit, in attempting to kill the General, so expresseth he likewise *ἐυσέβειαν καὶ ἐνσυνείδειαν*, his piety and easiness to be persuaded, by his not disobeying *Minerva's* command to the contrary.

(a) *Minerva*, that is, *wisdom*, is made to come *ἐκ γένεθαι*, from Heaven, she being to seise *Achilles* by the hair, and not any other part of the body then that, where the rational faculty of the Soul hath its seat and abode; that is, the Head: suitable thereto the Mythologists feign *Metis*, being big of *Minerva*, to be swallowed up by *Jupiter*, who going out his full time, was delivered at his Head of her compleatly armed.

(b) She pluckt *Achilles* hair behind onely, to cause him to remember and recollect himself, the cell and seat of

Great *Juno* sent me from th' æthereall Skies,
 (You both alike are gracious in her Eyes,)
 To bid thee sheath thy Sword: no more contend,
 But, as thou mayst, thy Cause with words defend.
 For th' Armie's Safety he put to his Shifts,
 Shall court thee with unvaluable Gifts;
 And for this high Dishonour trebly pay.
 Therefore our will without dispute obey.

Then he; Bless'd Maid, to your Advice 'tis fit
 That I with all humility submit,
 And, highly though displeas'd, just Vengeance spare.
 Who hears the Gods, the Gods will hear their Pray'r.

Then on his Silver Hilt his hand he layd,
 And, sheathing of his dreadfull Sword, obey'd:
 From thence she mounts to thundring *Jove's* aboads,
 And plac'd her self amongst ⁽ⁱ⁾ immortal Gods.

Yet fierce *Achilles* could not Wrath restrain,
 But thus provokes *Atrides* once again:

Thou ^(k) Dog-ey'd Drunkard, hearted like a Deer,
 That never arm'd in Battell durst appear,
 Nor with our Chiefs in Ambuscado lie;
 Then so gain Honour, thou wouldst rather die:
 For in the Army thou hast better Shifts,
 Canst rob the Souldier of the publick Gifts,
 Dishonouring whosoe're thy Counsels thwart.
 Thou the ^(l) Devourer of thy People art,
 And Subjects rul'st by Tyranny debas'd,
 Else hadst thou never any thus disgrac'd.

(i) Δαίμονας, so *Homer*, that is, Demons, by which the Scholiast understands the Gods themselves, so termed, either ὡς δαίμονας, for their universal knowledge, or else ὡς διαπαιτεῖς καὶ διακρίναι τῶν ἀνθρώπων, from their disposing and ordering all humane affairs. *Hesiod* makes these Demons the Souls or Ghosts of the Hero's deceased, those that lived under *Saturn* in the Golden Age, made after by *Jupiter* the Tutelar Angels, as it were, and Guardians of Men.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ καὶ τὸν γινῶσκει καὶ γαῖαν καλῶν-
 ται δὲ δαίμονας εἰσι Διὸς μεγάλα διαβλά-
 τει, ἐπεὶ δύνουσι, εὐλαχέας δυντῶν ἀνθρώ-
 των,

Οἳ βαρύνουσιν τε δίκας καὶ χάριτα ἔργα,
 Ἥσσι' ἐκείνοισι, πάντα πομπήσιν ἐπ' αἶαν,
 Παιστέσσιν, καὶ τῶν γέρας βασιλῆος ἔχον.

When these by Death forsook terrene a-
 loads,
 Great *Jove* advanc'd them to the state of
 Gods,
 And near Earth hovering Mortals Guar-
 dians made,
 Strictly to mark what-ere they did or
 said:
 Cloath'd with thin air about the World
 they go:
 Such Regall pow'r on them did he be-
 stow.

Tertius makes them onely spiritual
 essences, or such Souls as were pru-
 dent and experienced, δαίμονες καὶ δια-
 κρίνουν πάντα κρίνουν καὶ ἀξίαν, which,
 by severing and distinguishing of things,
 understood their intrinscally worth and
 value, and so pass'd a true estimate upon
 them.

(k) Drunkenness, Impudence, and
 Cowardise, are the greatest Vices and
 defects in a Souldier and Commander. The *Athenian* Law instituted by *Solon* (which if *Spondanus* had remembred he would not have
 cited that of *Plato*, borrowed from it) punished the *Archon* or chief Magistrate taken drunk with death. The most
 impudent of Creatures is, according to *Oppian*, the Dog, the Dog-Fish especially; the most timorous is the Hart: which Vices *Homer*
 implies by the Eyes of the one, and the Heart of the other, which being great in any, are a sign and symptom of fear and timo-
 rousness.

(l) He speaks not this of *Agamemnon*, as though he were any way corrupt, or addicted to Bribery, (whence *Hesiod* calls
 such King: βασιλεὺς δωρολάγος, ὡς περὶ αὐτοῦ ἐν τῶν ἀλλοτρίων, as fattening themselves with the spoils of their People, whereas he styles good
 Princes Παιστέσσιν, as studying the enriching of their Subjects) but objects it as the character of a Tyrant.

Now

Now solemnly I by this ^(m) Scepter swear,
Which ne'r will burgeon more, nor Branches bear,
Since from the Mother it no Sap receives,
Having to ⁽ⁿ⁾ Steel bequeath'd both Bark and Leaves,
And born by *Gracian* Princes, who maintain
Those sacred Laws ^(o) *Jove* did himself ordain :
This solemn Vow I never will recall.
The ^(p) time will come, when the whole Army shall
Languish to see *Achilles* in the Field,
When thou shalt Woman-like Assistance yield
Onely with Tears, not able to withstand
The ^(q) Hero-slaughterer conquering *Hector's* hand;
Let smother'd Grief then ^(r) break thy heart, who hast
The valiantest of all the *Greeks* disgrac'd.

This saying, down he cast his ponderous Mace,
Imboss'd with golden Studs, and took his place.

Choler as much *Atrides* did incense.

Then ^(s) started *Nestor* up, whose Eloquence

taken for a Scepter. *Euripides* of *Polymnestor*, in *Hecuba*, λαὸν ἐνδύσαν δαδὲ, ruling the people with a Spear. For this reason Commands and Offices were conferred by giving a Staffe, and taken away with the Staffe; a Ceremony in use at this day.

(n) *Homer* hath it χαλκός, *Brasse*; for the Ancients having an art (now lost) to harden it, used it for Arms, Weapons, and all Instruments and Utensils for Husbandry, the invention of Iron and Steel being much later, as appears by *Hesiod* in his description of the *Brazen Age*.

Τοῖς δ' ἦν χαλκῶα καὶ τὸν ἄρμα, χαλκῶα δὲ τὰ δίκαι,
χαλκῶ δ' ἐργάζοντο, μέλας δ' ἔκ' ἔσται σίδηρος.

Brazen their Arms, their Houses all of Brasse,
Brazen their Tools, Steel not invented was.

(o) The Heathen Law-givers gave it out, haply from *Moses* his receiving the two Tables from God, that they had correspondence with the Gods, and from them received their Laws, so to beget in their People the greater esteem both of themselves and them. So *Aeneas* and others. This *Numa Pompilius* pretended that he had nightly communication with the Nymph *Ageria*, and consulted her upon all emergencies and exigents of State, so to wean the *Romans* from their over-great affection to Martial affairs, and to gain the greater respect and reputation to those sacred Laws and Ceremonies that himself should enact. (p) Many things were requisite to the taking of *Troy*, as the *Palladium*, and Arrows of *Philoctetes*, but above all the presence and performances of *Achilles*, who, conscious himself of it, makes good what he menaceth. (q) *Homer* being not profuse, much less impertinent, in his Epithets, using them ever εὐστόχως, extreme appositely, no one passing him without great judgment and mature deliberation; (ἀσέβως γὰρ λέγειν εἰκὴ παραρρίπτειν ἐκ τῶν αὐτῶν, so *Eustath.*) makes *Achilles* style *Hector* here, not, as frequently elsewhere, χαλκοκέρατος, from his brazen Helmet, nor yet ἵπποδάμοις, from his good Horsemanship, but ἀνδροτόνος, from his killing and slaughtering the most daring of men, this Epithet being most proper in this place, as likeliest to terrifie and astonish the hearers. Besides, ἐν ᾧ τις ἔσται μέλας αὐτοῦ καὶ ἐνδύσαν αὐτοῦ, ἐκ τούτου καὶ ἄλλως ἐπίκειται, What-ever men are eminent for, saith the Scholiast, or expert in, that cry they up usually in others, as knowing that such praise and commendation reflects in conclusion upon themselves. (r) Such as are inwardly grieved, and cannot avenge themselves, or vent their passion, are said to feed on their own Hearts; which is the meaning of that *Pythagoricall* Symbol, Eat not thy heart: the *Egyptians* expressing a man wasted with Cares by this Hieroglyphick, a consumed gnawed Heart. (s) Amongst the Ancients none used any other posture, nor the King himself, in speaking to the People, then that of standing. The Scholiast seeming to blame *Homer*, as not observing here τὸ στήριον, a Decorum, this suddenness of rising unbefitting *Nestor's* gravity, as better suiting with hot and heady youth, then sober and stay'd old age, answers, That *Nestor* did it as a good Patriot, out of his zealous affection to the publick Weal, to prevent a mischief, which otherwise he foresaw would unavoidably ensue, and so is not at all to be blamed for it, no more then an old and expert Master of a Ship, for youthfully bestriding himself for the preservation of his Vessell, in an impetuous Storm. Besides, the desire of Honour, an affection not at all impaired by Age, but improved rather, may as probably ferment and fire an old man's blood, as his that is younger, and cause him to put forth himself and adventure upon things beyond his strength, especially such an one as *Nestor*, who being extream happy at an extemporary Speech, conceived that what he should deliver would be well resented.

Had

(m) He swears by his Scepter, as the Symbol of Justice, and the Embleme of Sovereignty; or, as the Scholiast, swearing by his Scepter, he invokes and attests, αὐτὸς ὁ ἱερεὺς ἡ Καλλιπεία Θεὸς, the Lord Paramount of Kings and Kingdomes. It was the custome of the *Greeks* to swear by any thing next at hand, forbearing to attest their Gods out of a religious reverence. *Callimachus* in *Hecale*, By this (though withered) Tree. *Alexander*, By these doors. For the same reason *Socrates* used to swear by a Dog, Cock, and Plane-Tree, καὶ τῷ γῆρα, the Goose itself being not forgotten. The Primitive Christians swore by the Cross, the *Egyptians* by their *Apis*, and by the Life of their Prince: which Oath being interdicted the *Franks*, they swore by the Love of God and their Arms; the *Bulgarians* by their drawn Swords; *Gellia* in *Martial* by her Pearls and Jewels, lib. 8. and the *Greeks*, καὶ νεφέας, καὶ γῆν, by the Clouds and Earth; and their Princes by their Spear or Scepter. *Vid. Suid.* in Νῆα καὶ τῆ, &c. and in *Socrates*. The Original of Scepters seems to be this; A Spear, as *Festus* observes, was the mark of supreme Command in an Army, *Hasta olim summum imperium significabat*; not in military affairs onely, but in Civil likewise did a Spear denote Authority. *Justin. Epitome Trogi Pompeii*, lib. 43. In those times Kings in stead of Crowns carried Spears, which the *Greeks* call Scepters: for originally they worshipped Spears as Deities; in reference to that religious Ceremony, the Images of the Gods have Spears. Thus *Justin*, from whom it appeareth, that Spears heretofore were used for Scepters; and afterward, δαδὲ a Spear was

(t) Hereby *Homer* expresseth the copiousness of *Nestor's* discourse, together with the sweetness and fluency of his Style, of which two the Bee with its Honey seem not onely to be Emblems and Symbols, but may be allowed also the formality of a cause. The Bees settling and buzzing upon *Plato's* lips, whom his Mother had left in a Grove of Myrtles, whilst his Father *Ariston* was sacrificing to the *Muses* upon the Hill *Hymettus*, were conceived to portend by their singing τὴν εὐχρηστίαν, his surpassing Eloquence and silver phrase. And *Eustathius* relates it of *Homer*, how that a drop of Honey falling into his mouth from his *Aegyptian* Nurse's Breast, he imitated the same night, and that exactly, nine severall notes of so many Birds. Here also observe how aptly and judiciously our Poet accommodates the styles of Persons to their Characters: *Thersites* importunately and impertinently obstreperous;

Θερσίτης δ' ἐπὶ μῦθ' ἀμετρεῖταις ἐκλογαῖς,
Clamorous *Thersites* prated like a Jay:
Menelaus brief and quaint, never from the point or purpose;
Πάρος μὲν, ἀλλὰ μάλα λυγρῶς, ἐπεὶ ἔσπευον
μῦθ' ὅτι,
But few his words, yet much to purpose

were:

Ulysses high and vehement, but not without great deliberation: *Nestor* the Counsellour, μέλιθ' ὡκυμένω. In which three we have also the three most commendable Species and Characters of Speech or Oratory; τὸ ἰσχυρὸν in *Menelaus*; τὸ ἀσπρὸν in *Ulysses*, and τὸ μέτρον in *Nestor*. Of which three thus *Anselmus* in his *Professores Burdigal.* in *Crispo & Urbico.*

Priscus Heroas, ut olim

Carmine *Homeri* commemoratos,

Fando refertur:

Dulcem in *pancis*, ut *Plisthenidem*;

Et torrentem, ceu *Dulichii*

Ningida dicta;

Et mellita *Nestore* vocis

Dulcia fatu verba *canentem*

Nestora Regem.

(u) *Porphyrus* expoundeth *ῥῆμα*, and so *Cicero* *Ætas* (an Age,) thirty years, in which sense the word is used by *Herodotus* (in *Euterpe*,) and *Plutarch* de *Crac. Defect.* So likewise *Conforinus* de *die Natali*. According to this exposition, three Ages, which *Nestor* completed, exceed not a hundred years, one of the Ages understood by *Ovid* *Metam.* 12. where he brings in *Nestor* recounting his Age,

Annos his *centum*, *nunc* *tertia* *vivitur* *ætas*.

But the same Poet in his eighth Book avers that *Nestor* in his first years was contemporary with *Pirithous* and *Theseus*, *Peleus* and *Laertes*, with whom he met at the hunting of the *Calydonian* Boar. *Theseus* ravished *Helena*, and *Laertes* lived till *Ulysses's* return into his Countrey, ten years after the taking of *Troy*. According to this computation, his Ages may be thus ranged: the first when *Hercules* besieged *Pylius*; the second between that time and the Expedition against *Troy*; the third the time of the *Trojan* War, wherein he fought. *Hyginus* adds, that what years his Mother *Chloris* and his ten Brethren were abridged of by their untimely deaths were by the favour of *Apollo* annexed to his. (x) Being of a greater Age and elder then either, it was no disparagement (he tells them) to give him the hearing, and to be directed by him, Age being accompanied usually with prudence and experience; of which thus *Euripides* in *Phœniss*.

Οὐχ' ἀπαντὰ τῷ γήρα κατὰ,
Ἐπεὶ κλέος, σοφίσαι, ἀλλ' ἢ ἐμπειρία
Ἐξεί τι λείπει τῷ γήρα σφώτερος.

All ills, *Eteocles*, vex not Age,
Whose knowledge breeds advice more sage;
When *Tomb's* distemper makes them rage.

(y) The Son of *Elatus*, and King of the *Lapithæ*; first a young beautiful Virgin of *Thessalie*, named *Cænis*, ravished by *Neptune*, who, in requital of the injury he had done her, bad her ask any gift and she should obtain in. She requires, first, that she might change her Sex, that so she might be no more subject to the like violence, and then that she might be invulnerable; this granted, she changed also her name, was called *Cænus*, and became one of the most eminent Heroes of those times, inasmuch as conceiving none equal to him in valour, he became so arrogant, as that fixing his Spear in the Market-place, he caused it to be adored as a God, and all that passed that way to swear by it. Of his disastrous end thus *Apollonius* in the first of his *Argonauts*.

Καινία γὰρ ζῶντι ὅττι κλείουσιν ἀοιδῶι
Κενταύρεσσιν ὀλέσθαι, ὅτε σφίσι οἱ δ' ἄπ' ἄλλων
Ἦλσ' ἀείρουσι· οἱ δ' ἐμπάλιν ὀρμυδιάντες,
Ὅτε μιν ἐγχεῖναι σφύτρου δέντρον, ὅτε δαΐσαι
Ἄλλ' ἀρπάζει, ἀκαμψὶ δ' ἰδύσσον νεότῃ γαίῃ,
Θωρόμεν' σιβαρῆσι κατὰ γόνυ ἐλάττην.

Poets of *Cænus* sing as yet alive,
Who single did whole Troops of Centaurs drive:
But they, returning, him incircled round,
Whom they could neither overthrow nor wound:
Sinking in earth unhurt upright he stood
Under whole loads of Fir and thrown-down Wood.

This punishment *Jupiter* inflicted on him, for that he neither sacrificed nor prayed to any God, save onely his Spear; thus returned his crime upon him by a kind of retaliation, his suffering being ἐπιβέβαιος conform and suitable to his sin and offence. (z) One of the *Lapithæ*, mentioned by *Ovid* *Metam.* 12. ὁ ἐξοχρὸν ἔχων ἐν τῷ δώκῳ, so called from his being good at pursuit. (a) One of the *Argonauts*, who, assisting *Hercules* in his search for *Hylas*, was left ashore in *Asyia*, where he built *Cios*.

Dryas,

Had purchas'd honour both from old and young;

(i) Sweeter then Honey was his fluent Tongue.

(u) Two Generations in his native Land

He had surviv'd, and did the third command.

He sagely thus advis'd, all strife to end;

What Miseries, O ye Gods, do us attend?

How will King *Priam* and his off-spring joy,

And all the proud Inhabitants *Troy*,

Should Fame acquaint them with your high debate,

Whose strength and wisdom prop the *Græcian* State?

Let me prevail; your anger pacifie;

For you are neither half so (x) old as I.

Princes I knew more valiant and more wise,

Yet they my counsell never would despise.

I never saw, nor shall see, men like them,

(y) *Cænus*, (z) *Exadius*, and bold (a) *Polyphe*,

(y) *Cænus*, (z) *Exadius*, and bold (a) *Polyphe*, Of

That thou from divine *Homer's* Verse,
Of Ancient Heroes mayst reherse,
Who well did language know,
Short *Menelaus* was and sweet;
Ulysses like a Torrent fleet,
Or flights of driven Snow.
On *Nestor's* lips rich *Nectar* hung,
Delicious Honey tipp'd his tongue,
So sweet his words did flow.

(b) *Dryas*, (c) *Perithous*, and great (d) *Theseus*, who
 Did the immortal Deities out-do.
 Earth never forth such valiant Hero's brought:
 Monsters they quell'd, with (e) mountain-Giants fought,
 And with strange Prowesse bravely overthrew.
 These me from (f) *Pyle*, my native Countrey, drew;
 There I the honour of their Friendship gain'd,
 And some repute in feats of Armes obtain'd.
 None now alive such Worthies durst assay;
 Yet would they hear my counsel, and obey.
 Let me a Reconciliation make.
 Though you (such your Prerogative) may take
 The Virgin which the *Græcian* Princes gave,
 Yet let him what he well deserved have.
 Thy (g) *Passion* too, *Æacides*, command,
 Nor with the King in Competition stand.

*Centaur*s, being the first that brake and backed Horses, (this use of them being not known at the time of the Trojan War, Homer not knowing *μονοκνύς ἵππας*, single horsemen, as Pollux observes) were hired by *Ixion* to encounter with a certain wilde race of Bulls, which, descending the Mountain *Pelion*, much infested the lower Grounds of *Thessalia*, to the great hurt of the Fruits of the earth: from their vexing and goaring of which they were styled *Centaur*s, *ἑνὶ τούτῳ ἀγέλασθαι κατὰ κέντρον*. They were believed to be half Men, half Horse, because, living by Plunder, when they fled away with their Booty, no more appeared of them to such as looked after them then the hinder parts of the Horse, with so much of the Man as was above the Saddle, and so they seemed both one Body. Besides, *Ixion* being *ἄνθρωπος*, having high and aspiring thoughts, and aiming at *ὑπερβολή*, Sovereignty and Rule, is thence feigned to be enamoured of *Juno*, & *Hera*, that is, the Aire: but his Ambition proving abortive, he is said to have engendered with a Cloud in stead of *Juno*, that is, *οὐρανὸν καὶ παρὰ τὴν οὐρανὸν* *ἡδονή* *ἡδονή* *ἡδονή*, the shadow and apparition of that dignity he had fancied to himself, and of it begat *Centaur*s, that is, *ἀνθρώπου ἡμιόλου*, arr. gant and imperious thoughts. *Hyginus* saith that those first Horsemen inhabiting a mountainous Countrey called *Nephele*, in *Greek* a Cloud, gave the occasion to this part of the Fable. *Ixion* was the first of the *Greeks* who imbrued his hands in the blood of his Kindred, treacherously killing his Father-in-law *Dioneus*, by letting him down by a Trap into a burning Cole-pit. For which unworthy Murther being distracted and abominated of all, insomuch that they refused generally to parifise and absolve him, *Jove*, commiserating his condition, took him up into Heaven, and there kindly intreating him, expiated him of that Blood: which curtesie of his *Ixion* endeavoured to return unto *Juno*, being extremely taken with her Beauty; but this coming to *Jupiter*'s knowledge, he was punished as before. Of which thus *Pindar* *Pyth. Od. 2.* — *Εὐμύριον γὰρ ἔδδ' Ἐγυῖονος Πυλὸν ἔκωρ Σίον, &c.*

Not long he held those blest Abodes
 With Saturn's Race and favouring Gods:
 For with distracting Lust inflam'd,
 He at no less than *Juno* aim'd,
 Who had the honour *Jove* to wed,
 Injoying of his Royall Bed.
Jove Torture did for him invent,
 Matching his Crime with Punishment.
 Two high Offences did procure
 Pains he for ever must endure.
 First he his Kinsman's death design'd,
 And Treason with foul Murther joyn'd.
 Next on the Marriage-bed he strove
 To force Heav'n's Queen, the Spouse of *Jove*;
 Who with a Shade and painted Air,

Soft as *Juno*, and as fair,
 Met him attempting, and the proud
 Deluded with a pleasing Cloud:
 For which upon a four-spok'd Wheel
 He must eternall Torments feel.
 His fastned Limbs extended are,
 That others may such Crimes beware.
 The Cloud produc'd a horrid Birth,
 In Heav'n desest and on Earth;
 Whose Mother him did Centaur call.
 He in Mount *Pelion*'s fertile Vale
 Cover'd *Magnesian* Marais, whose Seed
 Brought forth this dire and wondrous Breed;
 Like to both Parents, since they were
 Above a Man, below a Mare.

(f) This *Pylus* was a City of *Messene*, a Countrey of *Peloponnesus*. There was another *Pyle* in *Elis*, wasted by *Hercules*; and a third called *Τεργαλας*, watered by the River *Emathois*.

(g) *Dionys Cretensis* gives this Character of *Achilles*, *Non aberat ab eo vis quadam inconsulta; & fera morum impatientia*, that he was inconsiderately violent, and of a cholerick and intractable Disposition.

He

(b) So elfewhere,

οὐκ ἀγαθὸν παρασκευαῖν εἰς κοίτην ἔχον,
εἰς βασιλεύς, ὃ ἔδωκε θεὸς πῦρ ἀγυυλο-
μεντα

Συλλέγον τ' ἰδὲ δέμας, ἵνα στίον βασι-
λεύς.

Many Commanders never good did bring:
Let one have Regal honour, and be King,
Whose Legislative power from Jove doth
spring.

As also Pindar Olymp. Od. 1.

—ἔτ' ἄλλοι—

εἰδὲ δίδει μεγάλοι, τὸ δ' ἔχον κορυ-
φῆται βασιλεύς. μὴδ' ἄν
ἀντίπαις πόσων.

Degrees of place amongst men are known;
But highest is the Regal Throne:

Above invested Kings are none.

So natural a thing is it to esteem the
Persons of Kings sacred, and to believe
the Gods themselves to have an especial
care of them. Hence Sophocles calls the
Royall Scepter, *The Divine Scepter of
Jove*. A truth constant also to Scrip-
ture, where we finde Kings not onely
styled Gods, their Thrones his, and
their Judgments his Judgments; but
anointed also with his holy Oyl, that
sacred Composition, which to use was
death for any stranger. And indeed all
Dominion, Regal more especially, is a
Capital, and so more legible, Character,
and an indelible impression of the Di-
vine power. For Sovereignty and Su-
premacy are not by intusion or usur-
pation, but are the immediate Institu-
tion of God himself, and no lesse his
Ordinance then the Sun and Moon
themselves, to which the Psalmist re-
sembles them. All Principality then and
Power derived from what-ever other o-
rigin and Fountain is not *divinis*, a-
ny Image of God, but of the Beast ra-
ther, bearing not his Image or Super-
scription, but rather that of the many-
headed Beast, the People. *Didy-
mus* on this passage farther observes,
that *Nestor* limits his speech to those
Kings only that rule by the will of God,
from whence every one that commands
derives not his power, but such onely as,
having a rightfull Title, rule justly, be-
ing Tyants neither *exercitio* nor *titulo*,
as was *Herod*, of whom it was said, that
neq. ascendit, nec vivens Rex fuit, that
he was a King nei her by birth nor life.
Here also is implied, that not onely the
application of the power, but the desig-
nification also of the Person is of God.

(i) *Achilles* was not onely offended
with *Agamemnon*, but highly also dis-
pleased with the other Princes, impu-
ting it to their tameness and pusillani-
mity, that he was so injur'd and affront-
ed; insomuch that the Commanders
giving him, after his Retirement, a visit,
he refused to admit them, not looking
upon them, nor owning them for his
Friends, who so unworthily had deser-
ted him. *Dactyls Cræon's*.

(k) *Patroclus* the Son of *Mænētius*,
and *Sthenela* the Daughter of *Polymetes*,
who was the Son of *Peleus*. He being
brutish for killing casually *Cleonymus*
at play, went to *Phthia*, where he was kindly received by *Peleus*, to whom he was of kin, and brought up under *Chiron*
together with *Achilles*, with whom he contracted a strict Amity, and accompanied him to the Trojan War.

He upon whom that Title (b) *Jove* bestows,
And once a Scepter wields, no equal knows.
Though thou art great, and thee a Goddess bore,
Yet he is greater, and commandeth more.

Atrides, calmer be, and I'll asswage
With soft persuasions stout *Achilles* Rage,
Who in this War, which cost us so much blood,
Like a strong Bulwark for his Countrey stood.

To whom thus *Agamemnon* answer made;

You have spoke truth, have well and wisely said.

But he would all to his Subjection bring,
Would on Us trample too, and be our King:
Which I believe none here will ever grant.

Because the Gods made him so valiant,
He greatest Princes thinks he may upbraid.

Whom interrupting thus *Achilles* said;

I were a Coward, and a worthlesse Soul,
If me thou shouldst in every thing controul:
Others command, but never shalt thou me,
Nor more Observance will I pay to thee.

Besides, no Quarrell will I undertake
With thee, or any, for a Woman's sake;
Since (i) these recall what freely they bestow'd.
What-ever Spoils besides my Vessell load,
Without my license offer not to seise.

But you may come and venture, if you please,
That all may know how you were entertain'd,
When your best blood my Javelin hath distain'd.

Thus they in bitter language did contest,
Untill the summon'd Council was dismiss.
From thence *Achilles* and (k) *Patroclus* went,
Their Party them attending, to their Tent.

Atrides

Atrides launch'd a Vessel to the Floud
 With twenty Oars, and Offerings for the God,
 And the tall Ship with fair *Chryseis* freights;
 On whom, as Captain, wife *Ulysses* waits.
 Soon as through briny Waves they left the Land,
 Great *Agamemnon* gave the Priests command
 To ^(l) purify the Camp; and so they do,
 And all ^(m) their Soil into the Ocean throw.
 Next, ⁽ⁿ⁾ Bulls and Goats they on the Altars lay,
 And compleat ^(o) Hecatombs to *Phæbus* pay.
 In Clouds of curled Smoak the favour flies
 From Sea-wash'd margines to the arched Skies.
 Thus duely were the sacred Rites perform'd.
 But yet incens'd *Agamemnon* storm'd
 As much as ever, and thus, undismaid,
 To *Eurybates* and *Talthybius* said;
 (Who Heralds were on all occasions sent)
 Go, bring *Briseis* from *Achilles* Tent.
 If he refuse, it shall for him be worse,
 I with a Guard will fetch her thence by force.

ἀγνίστα. Where also that Purification alone is said to be right which is performed *θαλασσίᾳ ὁρώσῳ*, with Sea-water, where also *Hecuba* washes her Daughter *Polyxena*, being dead, *ποτίσας ἀλὲς λυγροῖς*, in that Briny Bath. When they were at some distance from the Sea, they used some neighbouring stream: in relation to which practice, the Priest's Vest officiating at these services was pure and without spot, *nec K. nec O.* that is, *nec funestas, nec fulgurita*, which had neither been worn at any Obit, nor blasted with Lightning; and was either of Purple or Linen, the one resembling the colour of the Sea, the other of fresher waters. What things they used in such Expiations they cast behind them over their shoulders, as appears by that of *Theocritus*, *Idyl.* 24.

Ἡεὶ δὲ συνδύσασα τὸν πύρρος ἀμυγδαλὸν περ,
 Πρίστ' αὖ μάλα παύσας, ὑπὲρ ποταμοῖο θέροισα,
 Πυρρὰ δὲ ἐς πτέρους, ὑπὲρ ἑλάν' αὖ δὲ νύκτι
 Ἀσπιτὶ καθάρῳ δὲ πυρρὰ δὲ δῶμα δαίρι
 Περὶ τὸν ἔπειτα δ' ἄλαστο μινυγμένον, ὡς νενομισται,
 Θάσσῳ ἀπὸ τῶν ἱερῶν ἀβλαβὲς ὕδωρ.

And also by *Nemesianus*, *Bucol.* 4.

Quid prodest, quod me pagani mater Amyntæ
 Ter vittis, ter fronde sacra, ter thure vaporo
 Lustravit, cineresque averfa effudit in amnem,
 Incendens vivo crepitantes sulphure lauros,
 Cum sic in Meroë totis miser ignibus arsi?

(^m) What-ever things they used in Expiation, they cast into the Sea, so to remove them out of sight, conceiving the bare view or touch of them to be infectious. Besides, they believed that the Gods gathered up what they so cast away, in reverence to whom, deeming the service too sordid and beneath them, they forbore to look back; *Servius* observing that the Gods were unwilling to be seen but upon pressing occasions.

(ⁿ) When they desired expedition in what they prayed for, they sacrificed such animals as were at full growth and stature; but when they petitioned for ought to be established or augmented, they offered such as were young and growing.

(^o) A Hecatomb was the greatest Sacrifice. The word being indefinitely used for many Cattell, *Didymus* understands it of a perfect Sacrifice. It is denominated either *ἑκατὼ βοῶν*, from an hundred head of Oxen, or *ἑκατὼ βόων*, from an hundred Feet, which made twenty five.

(^l) The Ceremonies of Lustration or purifying preceded those of Sacrifice; the very Heathen rightly believing that the Offerings of such as were impure were so far from propitiating, that they rather incensed the Deity. For this cause *Asterius* was thunder-struck, as appears by these Verses of *Timarchidas* in his *de Coronis*, cited by *Nat. Comes*, *Mythol. lib. i. Cap. 10.* and 14.

Ἐξοχα γὰρ καθάρεν χεὶρ ὁππότε δαΐα σέβει,
 Τάχ' αὖ μιν πνεύσῃ πατὴρ κατὰ δαίμονα
 ἐγὼν.

He with foul hands Joves Altar's did
 prophane,

For which he was from Heav'n with
 Thunder slain.

None sacred Rites may touch who are un-
 clean.

These Ceremonies were various, according to the nature of the Deities whom they were to atone: when Celestiall, they washed their whole bodies, if conveniently they could, otherwise their hands; when Hero's or Subterranean, they used onely a Rantism or sprinkling. A Ceremony *Aristides* the Oratour alludes to in his Encomium or Character of *Antoninus* the Emperour, who was so free and facile of access, as that he admitted all that would to his presence, not excluding any from speaking with him, *ὡς περ εἶπε θεοφραστίων*, as though, saith he, they were all ready sprinkled or initiated. The water of the Sea was conceived to be of greatest efficacy, *διὰ τὸ πῶς ἐκπύρην ἐστί*, in respect of its saltness, Salt being used in all kinds of Expiations and Exorcisms: whence it is said of *Orestes* in *Euripides* his *Spheg. in Taur.* that being judged unfit to offer any Sacrifice by reason of his pollution, it behoved him to be first purified with Sea-water, *πύρρῳ θαλάσσῳ*, with Sea-water.

Early your Maid must th' Ashes sweep, and them
 Cast backward on the Rock with wind and stream;
 Nor must she look behind: and every Room
 Let her before with native Sulphur fume;
 Then Salt and water mixt, as is the due;
 Let her from verdant Olive-branches strew.

Though the Amyntas Mother thrice did cleanse
 With Fillets, sacred Boughs, and Frankincense,
 And th' Ashes backward threw into the stream,
 Lawrells in Sulphur burnt, yet still I am
 Wasted for Meroë in Love's cruel Flame.

D

They

(p) *Achilles* shews no Discontent against the Heralds: and this he doth manifestly, saith the Scholiast, *ingenue*ly, we being not to impute Crimes to any but to their Authors. Besides, the persons of publick Ministers were ever held inviolable, and still are, by the Law of Nations: onely the *Lacedæmonians* broke this Law, and put Embassadors to death. They were called *κίρυνες* from *Chiron*, the Son of *Mercury* by *Pandrosos* the Daughter of *Cecrops*.

(q) Their employment was both civil and sacred: they proclaimed the Feasts of the Gods, presided at all Sacrifices and Libations, assisted at all publick Councils and Convocations, at both which they commanded the people silence and attention, with *Ἀκούετε λαῶν, Εὐφημεῖτε, Σιγῇ πάντες ἔστω λαῶς*: and the solemn Rites being performed, they dismiss the Congregation with a *λαὸν ἀρῶντες, i. e. missa est, the people may depart*.

(r) The Son of *Menæceus* and *Sthenela* the Daughter of *Acastus*, who being banished for killing *Cleonymus* the Son of *Amphidamas* by misfortune at play, went to *Phthia*, and was kindly received by *Peleus* his Kinsman, (they being Cousin-germans by their Fathers) and brought up with his Son *Achilles* under *Chiron*, with whom he contracted a strict Amity, and accompanied him to the Trojan War.

(s) *Achilles* forswears any more to assist the *Greeks*, should their extremities never so much require his presence and protection; where being as much as *εἰ, if, as not*, after the use of the Eastern Nations, who still expresse their Negative Oaths or Abjurations by *οὐ*. If they shall implore my assistance, is, they shall not implore it, *scil. cum effectu*, that is, so as to obtain it.

(t) *Πρόβατον ἔστω*, a Metaphor, saith *Eust.* taken from Fowls, whose Necks being *ὕψιστα*, more flexible, they can turn their heads behind them, which men cannot.

(u) *Homer* forbears to tell how *Briseis* took her parting with *Achilles*, his Story ingrossing the whole Scene at present, and contents himself to expresse it in this one word *γυνή*, which signifying a Wife as well as Woman, *ἐμμενεν ἔχει διαθήσας ἢ παρὰ ἀνδρὸς ἀποσπασμένην οἷον ἀνδρὸς*, emphatically implies the sad and perplexed condition of a loving Wife forcibly parted from a tender Husband.

(x) *Homer* makes his Hero's still *εὐπλοκαγμένης ἔτοιμοι δάκρυα*, ever pitifull and letting down Tears both with ease and plenty; Good men, as saith the ancient Adage, *ἀγὰρ δὲ δειδάμενος ἀνδρὸς*, being ever compassionate and full of bowells. And indeed as Commiseration and Compassion are infallible signs *ἡδὺς ἀγαθῆς*, of a good disposition; so indolency and hardnesse to weep is a certain symptom of a harsh and cruel nature, and argues a base extraction. (y) Such was the manner of Supplication among the Ancients, they also extending their hands, but not, as we, conjoyn'd. If they pray'd to *Infernal* Deities, they supin'd their palms towards Heaven: *Calo supinus si iuleris manus, Horat.* If to *Marine*, they stretched them towards the Sea. If to *Subterranean*, downwards. That of the Ancients is a submissive gesture, professing no opposition nor resistance; ours yet more humble, implying an offer to be bound. And thus our praying *de geniculis, Tert. upon our knees*, attests not onely our Submission and Subordination, but implies a tacite confession also of *Vis à spiritalis*, of a disproportion in power and strength. (z) *Thetis*, the Daughter of *Nereus*, in whose Destiny it was, that the Issue born of her should be greater then his Father. This being known onely to *Prometheus*, he promises *Jupiter*, who then courted her, if he would release him of his Bonds, he would acquaint him with something which highly concerned him: which *Jupiter* granting, he advised him not to proceed in his Love to *Thetis*, lest he were thrown out of his Kingdome by the Child she should have by him, as he threw out his Father *Saturn*. Whereupon she was married to *Peleus*: and *Hercules* being ordered to kill the Eagle which always tir'd upon *Prometheus* his heart, he was loosed from Mount *Caucasus*, to which he had been bound thirty years.

They sadly this unwelcome Message bore
Along the murmuring Ocean's barren Shore,
Where *Myrmidons* their Quarters had apart,
And he fate pensive with a heavy Heart.
Small joy *Achilles* had when them he saw:
But they, surpriz'd with reverentiall Awe,
Silent his pleasure long attending stayd;
When he, their Businesse presupposing, said;

Y' are^(p) welcome, Friends, the^(q) Messengers you are
Of Mortals and immortal *Jove*; draw near.

You never gave me cause of Discontent,
But he who hath for fair *Briseis* sent.

Noble^(r) *Patroclus*, forth the Virgin bring:

(s) But Gods and Men, you and your cruel King,
Bear witnesse, if the *Greeks* Assistance crave,
That them from imminent Danger I will save,
And stop the conquering Foe's impetuous Tyde.
Distracted Rage and Folly are his Guide;
Nor knows he how from^(t) past things to direct
Future Affairs, nor th' Army to protect.

Patroclus then his dearest Friend obey'd,
Delivering up to them the beauteous Maid;
Who to *Atrides* Quarters straight depart,

(u) Leading the Damsell with a heavy heart.

When far from all Attendance, full of Woes,
To Sea-wash'd Margents sad *Achilles* goes,

Where, as he^(x) weeping fate, and Waves survey'd,

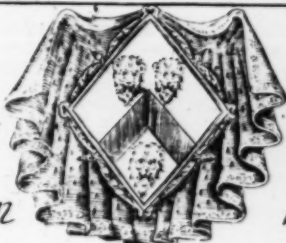
Thus he with^(y) stretch'd-out hands to^(z) *Thetis* pray'd;

Since,

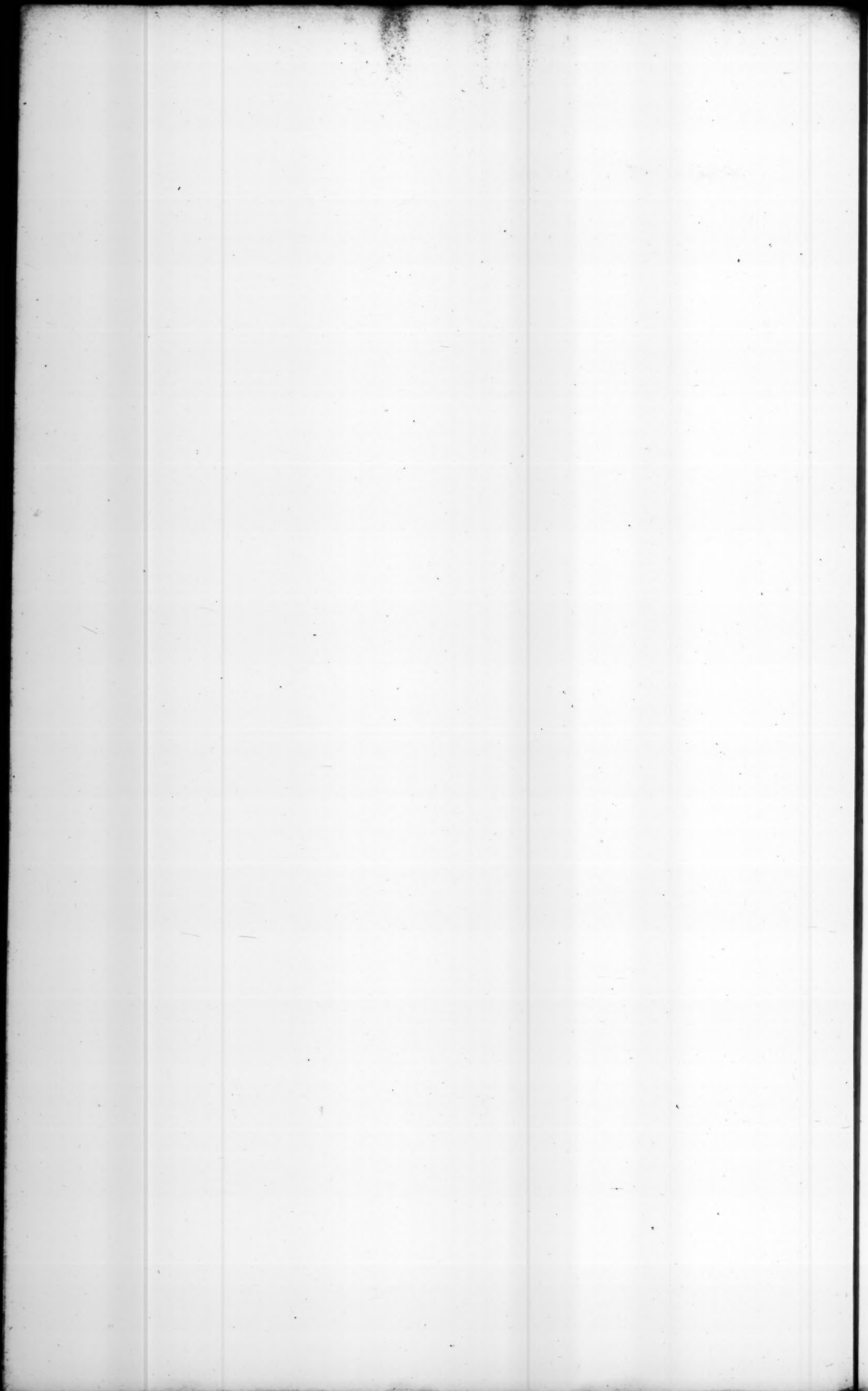


18

Honoratiss: Do: Domine
Filia Honoratissimi
Straffordiae Tabulam



Arabella Wentworth
Tho: Wentworth Comitis
hanc. D. D. D. L. M. I. O.
Lib: 1 Ver: 320.



Since, dearest Mother, in a hapless Hour
I was brought forth, to perish in my ^(a) Flow'r ;
My short Life *Jove* should lengthen out with Fame.
But he neglects me, and I slighted am.
Proud *Agamemnon*, by injurious Might,
Unworthily deprives me of my Right.

Thus said he weeping. *Thetis* from the Main,
By th' Old ^(b) man sitting, heard her Son complain,
And from the bottom of the Ocean rose,
Veil'd in a Mist, and to *Achilles* goes.
His Tear-dew'd Cheeks she gently then did stroke,
And thus to him compassionately spoke ;

What sad Mischance, dear Son, disturbs thee so ?
Thy Bosome ease, and let me share thy Woe.

Then sighing he reply'd ; Why should I tell
What so late hapned, and you know so well ?
^(c) *Thebes* we besieg'd, and took that sacred Seat,
And brought King *Etion's* Riches to our Fleet.
The conquering *Greeks* the Spoils divide, and fair
Chryseis falls to *Agamemnon's* share :

Whose Father, his lov'd Daughter to redeem,
Came to our Fleet, with Gifts of great esteem ;
Far-shooting *Phæbus* Lawrell in his hand,
And Golden Scepter. All who bore Command
He courted much, the Princes more, but most
Both the *Atrides*, Leaders of the Host.
Straight all the *Greeks*, as one, their Voices give,
The Priest to honour, and his Gifts receive.
But, not so pleas'd, *Atrides* did resist,
And roughly him with Meriaces dismiss.
The Old man griev'd departs, and to his God
Appeals, who heard him from his high Aboard.
Straight on the Camp a Plague he sends ; they die,
And every-where his fatal Arrows flie.

D 2

The

(a) *Thetis* was told by *Nereus* her Father, that *Achilles's* Life should be either long and obscure, or short and glorious : whereupon she concealed him in Woman's Apparell among the Daughters of *Lycæus* in *Scyros* : but because *Troy* could not be taken without him, *Ulysses* and *Diomedes* were employed to find him out, which at last *Ulysses* by deceit effected. *Ovid. Met. 13.*

(b) *Nereus* her Father, from whom the Sea-Nymphs were called *Nereides*.

(c) *Stephanus de Urbibus* reckons ten of the same name. The most eminent was that in *Agypt*, called *ἑκατόμβη*, from her hundred Gates. The next of note was that in *Bœtia* called *ἑπτάπορος*, from her seven Gates. But by this here he means *ἡ ἑκτομμία*, that in *Troas*, so called from that adjoining Mountain, now *Adramyttium*, where reigned *Eetion* the Father of *Andromache*, married to *Hector*. Besides her he had seven Sons, all slain by *Achilles*.

Here it was that *Oedipus* reigned, whose Incest with his own Mother coming to the knowledge of his two elder Sons, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, they imprisoned their Father, and indented between themselves to rule by turns, each his year. But *Eteocles*, who was the elder, refusing to resign the Government, his Year being expired, his Brother wages War against him, in which they both fell, and that by one another's Sword in Duell : nor did such their Discord determine with their death but was derived and transmitted to their very Urns and Ashes : of which thus *Anonius, Epigram 131.*

Nec Stygiis lacis incens sua fœdera Fratres

Oedipodionides, de misero, ah ! miseri, Nuncque etiam ex uno surgentes aggerem flammæ,

In diversa sui dissiliunt cineris. Infandos juvenes ! quos nec Discordia cassas

Luce, nec inferis linquit atrox animas.

Atque utinam & Thebas quissent pariter ipsas, Regnorum & metas, ut cinerum nebulas.

Nor could pale Death nor Stygian shades conclude

These Brothers Hatred and inveterate Feud ;

Whose Corps consuming in one Funeral fire,

Did in divided flames to Heaven aspire, Unhappy Pair ! whose Rancour with your breath

Expired not, but surviv'd after Death. Ah ! could not you alive your Kingdom share,

As when decess'd your Flames divided were ?

(d) The true Character of a Woman, (so *Eusebius*) who doing so little commendable and so seldom, are perpetually yet talking of it, and have never done.

(e) For *Pallas*, *Zenodorus* reads *Apollo*, understanding by *ἄνθρωποι ἄνδρες*, not the Gods, but (as doth likewise the Scholiast) the *Titanes*; saying, That *Jupiter*, usurping the Government of Heaven, ruled auterely; whereupon *Neptune*, *Juno*, *Apollo*, and *Pallas*, conspiring, would have bound and secured him; but *Thetis*, understanding of this their Combination from her Father *Nereus*, who had the gift of Prophecy, hastens to his relief, bringing *Agæon* with her, to the terror of the Conspirators. This *Agæon* was a Sea-Deity, the Son (as some say) of *Neptune*, or (as others) of *Cælus* and *Tellus*.

(f) *Briareus* had a hundred Hands, as *Typhon* a hundred Heads, both together making *ἑκατόχρηστος ἀνθρώπων*, an emblem of Sovereign Power, which requires both many Heads for advice, and many Hands for execution. Thus that great Mechanician *Archimedes*, throwing many stones and weapons *μὴ ἑκατόχρηστος* at once, or out of one Engine, was called by them that beleaguered *Syracuse*, *ἑκατόχρηστος*. The *Mythologists*, why these rather than others conspired against *Jove*, give these reasons. *Juno* did it, say they, out of Jealousie; *Neptune*, as dissatisfied with his Dividend or Lot; *Minerva*, for his countenancing *Vulcan's* intended Rape of her being newly delivered from *Jupiter's* Brain; and *Apollo*, because he enjoined him to serve for Hire. For this Treason, thus disappointed, he bound *Juno* in Fetters, condemned *Neptune* and *Apollo* to serve *Laomedon*, and rewarded *Thetis* with the future glory of her Son *Achilles*. *Phornutus* interprets *Thetis*, Divine Providence, and *Briareus*, Divine Omnipotence: he is said to have a hundred Hands, from so many Rivulets issuing from a Hillock, his Sepulchre, near the River *Rhyndacus* in *Asia*, which thence the neighbouring people called *ἑκατόχρηστος* *Βριάρεω*, *Briareus* his hands.

(g) *Homer*, desirous to have it thought that *ὡς μαστιγῆς ὅν τινα καὶ τὰ θεῶν*, that he was brought up by the Muses, and conversed with the Gods, tells us, that they differed from Men even in their Language also, calling things and places by other names than Mortals, instancing here in *Briareus*, and elsewhere in others: where we may observe that he still attributes the more ancient names, and such as sounded fuller, to the Gods. So learn'd desired he to appear, not onely in the common Idiom of *Greece*, and her severall Dialects, but in that also of the Gods, speaking *Διῶτ* also, in the language of *Jupiter* himself: for which he is derided by *Dion Chrysost.* in his *Orat. de Troja non capta*. Thus our Poet brings in *Pheemus* magnifying his profession, as being *ἄνθρωπος* or *θεοειδής*, as having learnt it of himself, or being taught it by the Gods, *Odyss.* 22. v. 347.

ὅστις καὶ ἀνθρώποις δίδω
 ἄνθρωποι δ' εἰμι· οἷός δ' ἐμοὶ ἐστὶν οἶμος
 πάντας ἀνέστην.

—To Gods and men I sing:
 Learnt of myself, the Gods did me inspire,
 Teaching me Verse, and how to touch my Lyre.

(h) He excelled his Father in strength and prowess, crossing that Adage, *Heronym filii noxa*, the Sons of great ones degenerating likely from their Ancestors, according to that of *Hesiod*,

—πῶς δὲ τι πατέρ' ἀρείς.

—Few Sons their Sires exceed.

With which accords that of *Aristotle*, *Rhet.* l. 1. c. 15. Τὸ μὴ ἐξίστασθαι τῆς φύσεως, ὡς ἐπιπολεῖ συμβαίνει τῶν βελώνων, Not to go less than their Progenitors, is a happiness that seldom attends persons of Nobler extraction.

That

The Cause to them wise *Calchas* open laid;
 And *Phæbus* to appease I did persuade.
Atrides rising then extreamly storm'd,
 And, what he raging threatned, hath perform'd.
 The *Greeks* conducted fair *Chryseis* home,
 Atoning *Phæbus* with a Hecatomb.
 The Heralds fetch'd *Briseis* from my Tent,
 Whom all the Princes did to me present.
 Help, if you can; scale steep *Olympus* Mount,
 And there possess great *Jove* with my Affront;
 Conjure him by what-ever you have done,
 Or said, that pleas'd him, to revenge your Son.
 (d) Oft in my Father's Court I heard you boast,
 You onely help'd him when he needed most:
 When *Juno*, (e) *Pallas*, *Neptune* had design'd,
 With other Powers, in Fetter's *Jove* to bind;
 Then you deliver'd him from all those Bands,
 Bringing the (f) Giant with a hundred hands,
 Whom (g) Gods *Briareus*, Men *Ægeon* call,
 (b) Who then his Father was more strong and tall:
 In his Celestiall Throne with *Jove* he sate,
 Whom all th'immortal Gods do tremble at.
 Recount all this, and earnestly persuade,
 He would be pleas'd to grant the *Trojans* Aid;

That they may force the routed *Greeks* again
Back to their Fleet, and drive them to the Main.
Thus let the Army then their King enjoy,
When the prevailing Foe shall them destroy:
And make him by his many Losses see
What he hath done in thus disgracing Me.

To whom thus *Thetis*, whilst two Rivers run
Down her fair Cheeks; Alas! my dearest Son,
Why did I bear thee with such bitter Throes,
And breed with Pains, to suffer all these Woes?
Ah! that thou mightst thy days in Pleasure spend,
Since now approaches thy untimely End:
Short is thy Life, yet full of Grief and Care;
The harder was my fortune thee to bear.
I'll mount Snow-clad ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Olympus*, and acquaint
Jove with thy Wrongs, and joyn in thy Complaint.
But thou offended at thy Fleet remain,
And from the Field and bloody Fights abstain.
For ^(k) *Jove* and all the Gods are gone to Feast
With ^(l) pious *Æthiopians* in the West;

Ἄλλ' ὁ μὲν Αἰθίοπας μετακίαζε πλοῦς ἐόντας,
(Αἰθίοπας, τοὶ διὰ δὴ δαδαίαντες, ἔχεται ἀνδρῶν,
Οἱ μὲν δουλομένην ἴσμεν ὅτι δ' ἀνδρῶν.)

And also *Dionysius Pseudo*,

Ἦτοι μὲν ναῖσι βοσκήσαντες ἄμρ' Ἐρμείαν,
Ἀτλαῖος δὲ καὶ χαῖμα θυδὸς Αἰθιοπίαν,
Μακροχίον ἵππας ἀμύμονας, οἱ ποδ' ἱεροῖο
Γερῶντος μετὰ πέτμον ἀγυρόντες.

They call them ἀμύμονες, blameless, in opposition to those of the East, who daily curst the rising Sun. *Nazianzen* in his first *Stetirewick* against *Julian* derides *Jupiter*, διὰ μασημαρίαν, for his Gluttony, in going so far for a Treatment: and indeed *Λίχνοι πάντες* ἀμύμονες τῆς κνίσσης καὶ λαβῆς ἐπὶ τὴν ἡμέραν, all the Heathen Gods are observed to mind much their bellies, delighting in the Steam and Nidior of Sacrifices and Libations. (i) *Jupiter* is taken for the same God with the Sun, who is fed with the water of the Ocean, it being asserted by *Naturalists*, That all Heat is nourished by Moisture. By the Gods who accompanied him is understood the Stars, which are rapt together with the Sun, by the motion of the *Primum Mobile*, from East to West. Or else by those Gods are meant the Signs of the Zodiack; and by the twelve (upon which *Jupiter* and the Gods returned) *Macrobius* understands, not days, but hours, the Sun then again appearing in our Horizon. And that by *Jupiter* here is meant the Sun, appears by that passage of *Plato* in his *Phaedrus*; *Jupiter*, saies he, that great Commander, driving his winged Chariot, surveys the Universe, and provides for all things, the Militia of Gods and Demons following him in twelve Squadrons or Divisions; *Esia*, the Earth or Vesta, solely remaining immovable in all the Family of the Gods. At this Feast, which was onely a Sacrifice, they took *Jove's* Image, or *Apollo's*, or one rather made up of both, from out of the City *Heliopolis*, and carried it (with twelve more) in Procession about certain places of *Libya*. This Image was of Gold, with a smooth Chin, his right Hand raised and armed with a Whip, like a Charioteer about to strike, with a Thunder-bolt and eared Corn in his left, intimating the associated Influence of *Sol* and *Jupiter*. To this Image they resorted, as to an Oracle, as appears by that Story of *Trajan* in *Macrobius*: He, being about his last *Parthian* Expedition, was advised to consult this Oracle; but misdoubting some cheat or imposture, sent a Letter sealed, (which was the usuall manner of such their application as advised with that Oracle at distance) which being presented, the God call'd to his Priest for Paper, commanding it to be sealed and sent to *Trajan*, as it was, blank: which being delivered, he, opening it, and finding no Contents, perceives he was met with in his own way, he having sent no other then a clean Sheet: whereupon dispatching another to know his Success in that War, and whether he should return in safety to *Rome*, the Oracle for answer sent him a Centurion's Viney Rod broken in two pieces; the meaning of which appeared not till *Trajan's* Reliques were transported to *Rome*, it being then obvious to all, that the fragments predicted his Dissolution, and the Vine it self the time of it, viz. Autumn.

(i) A Mountain of *Macedon*, which by reason of its height enjoys a constant Serenity, and is commonly received for the standing Residence of the Gods. It is so far (the Top or *Apex* of it) elevated above the lower Region, that the Ashes of the Sacrifices one year performed, remain till the next undisturbed: of which thus our Poet, *Odysseus*. 6. v. 41.

Ἡ μὲν δ' ὅς ἐστι πῦρ ἀπὸ τῆς γλαυκῆς Ἀ-
θῶν
Ὀλύμπου, ὅτι παρὶ θεῶν ἱερὰ ἀσφαλὲς
αἶσι

Ἐμμελὲς ὅτι ἀνέμοισι πνέουσιν, ὅτι ποτ'
ἐμμελὲς
δαίσις, ὅτι καὶ ἐπὶ πλάνηται ἀλλὰ μὴ
ἀδρῆ
Πύθιαται ἀνέμω, ὡς δὲ ἐπὶ δόρυ, ἀνέμω.
Τῷ οὖν τέρπειται μακάρες θεοὶ ἡμάτι πάντα.

This said, *Minerva* to *Olympus* flies,
The Habitation of the Deities,
Which neither Shows nor blustering
Winds doth know,
Ne'er cloath'd with curled Frosts nor fleecy
Snow:
A cloudless Skie still crowns those blest
Abodes
Of ever young and never dying Gods.

(k) *Stephanus de Urbibus* saith, That the Land of *Æthiopia* was the first formed, and that the Inhabitants thereof first taught the Worship of the Gods, and observed Laws, which they received from *Mithra* and *Phlegra*, who were of that Nation. He useth the word in the Plural, because there were two Nations so styled, seated in the extreme Climates of the then-known Earth, and so at the greatest distance one from the other: of whom thus *Homer*, *Odysseus*. 1. v. 22.

Neptune was to the *Æthiopians* gone,
Who plant both East and West, the World's extremes,
Where *Sol* first shews, and last conceals his Beams.

Just *Æthiopians* near th' Atlantick Main
Planted themselves, the rich Erythian Plain
The pious race of the *Macrobi* till'd,
After *Alcides* haughty *Geryon* kill'd

And

And twelve days hence they back to Heav'n resort.
'Then I will visit *Jove's* Celestial Court;
Him I'll beseech, and hope I shall persuade.

Concluding thus, no longer *Thetis* staid,
But left *Achilles* with a heavy heart,
That thus with fair *Briseis* he must part.

Meanwhile *Ulysses* did to *Chrysa* come,
His Vessel freighted with a Hecatomb.
Straight to the bottom of the Bay they go,
And furl'd-up Canvas in the Cabbin stow;
Then strike and lash their Mast, rowing to Shore
Cast Anchor, and her Head and Stern they moar.
They land, that Expiations may be paid,
And fair *Briseis* from the Ship convey'd:
With whom *Ulysses* to the Altars went,
And to her Father thus did her present:

From *Agamemnon* I by Order come
Thus with thy Daughter and a Hecatomb;
If so we may appease th' offended God,
Who us chastiseth with his heavy Rod.

His beautiful Charge, this said, to him he gives,
Who his dear Child most joyfully receives.
And straight a hundred Head of Cattel round
In order plac'd the stately Altars crown'd.
Up with wash'd hands they unbruish'd Barley take,
When *Chryses* thus his earnest Prayer did make;

Hear me, O thou who bear'st the Silver Bow,
Who dost to *Chrysa* and blest *Cilla* show
Such favour, and in *Tenedos* dost reign.
Thou lately heardst me when I did complain,
And in my favour didst, at my Request,
The *Greeks* with great Mortality infest.
Once more, *Apollo*, my Petition hear,
And from this Pestilence their Army clear.

Thus

Thus *Chryses* pray'd : his Prayer *Apollo* heard.
 They, their Devotions done, the Beasts prepar'd :
 First on their Foreheads ^(m) Salt and Barley threw ;
 The Victims then, their Necks ⁽ⁿ⁾ erecting, slew ;
 Then flay, and to the ^(o) Thighs lopt off affix
^(p) A double Cawl, and Lean with Fat commix :
 Next thinner ^(q) Steaks from parts extremer cut,
 And round the Thighs upon the Altar put ;
 Which with cleft wood he burns, then ^(r) pours on wine ;
 The Youth brought Spits, which ^(s) five in one conjoyn.

*Imponique sua videt inter cornua fronti
 Quas coluit fruges.*

And saw the fruit of his hard Labour thrown
 Betwixt his Horns.

With this Barley they mingled Salt, as the Symbol of Love and Unity. Its *Succedaneum*, Barley not to be had, was Oaken leaves : and this also in memory of that most simple and primitive Food, Acorns. Some, of whom the *Schol.* interpret *αλοχίτας, τὰ χάνια*, the Baskets or Receptacles from whence they took the Salt and Barley. (m) When they offered to Celestials, they elevated the Head of the Beast; either that so the very Brutes might seem to intercede for the Sacrificers, or in acknowledgment of the divine Omniscience, to whose piercing eyes all things are *πτεροχρημένα*, that is, bare and naked. When they offered to Hero's or Infernals, they cut their Throats, bowing their Necks downwards, or grovelling upon the ground, and thence they were called *ἑντομα* though others better by that word understand *gelt Cattel*, such being still offered to Deity-Gods, or Subterraneans; *ὡς ἀρνὰ τοῖς ἀγίοις* whereas to Celestials *τὰ ἑντομα*, those that were *stoned*. Again, sacrificing to Supernals, they turned themselves to the East, to which Quarter they directed all their Devotions; according to that of *Hyginus*, *Postea placuit omnem religionem eo convertere, ex qua parte Caeli terra illuminatur*; it being universally received, to address their Devotions to that part of Heaven from whence the Earth is first enlightened : suitable to the practice of the Primitive Christians, as appears by that passage of *Nazianzen* in his Epistle *ad Philagrium*, *ὡς τὰς χεῖρας ἐπὶ τὸν ἡγερὸν ἀναστίντας, ὡς καὶ ἀποστόλος ὁ βλάπων*—extending his hands towards Heaven, and turning himself, as it were, to the East, &c. The Sacrifices offered to Demons were performed still *πρὸς δυσμὰς*, towards the West, as also towards Sun-setting, or in the Night, and for this cause were ever black, *δανατῶδες καὶ μέλαν*, *Hippocrat.* contrary to Celestials, to whom they never officiated after Noon, that first part of the day being thence styled *ἡεὶν ἡμέρας*, the holy day. And this, saith the Scholiast of *Pindarus*, they did upon this account, for that the Celestial being in a full possession of a permanent, at least, if not improving glory; the other were in there wane, and in a declining condition, *συμφορῆς ἕνεκα τῆς δυσίας πρὸς τὴν αὐγὴν καὶ ὁρῶν ὑπερτερῆς ἀεικλουμένην*. Of those to Demons thus *Pindarus* speaking of the honours given to *Hercules* and his Children after their decease :

*Τοῖσιν ἐν δυσμῶσιν αὐγῶν
 Φλῆξ ἀνατηλομένη σωεχὴς
 Πυρρὴ γλῆξ, αἰθέριον
 ὄνειρον λαλῆσιν καπνῶ, Πηχ. Od. 4.*

To these, when in the Ocean's streams
 The Sun had quench'd his glorious Beams,
 Nocturnal flames in smoky assault,
 From Sacrifice, Heaven's starry vanit.

And also *Apollonius* in his *Argonauticks*, l. 1.

*Ἐσπερίοι ἀνέμοιο πάλιν πλοῖσιν ἑκάσταν,
 Καὶ μὲν χρυσάινοντες ὑπὸ νύκτας ἑντομα μέλων
 Κῆαν, ὀρενομένης ἀλδὸς οἰδματι*

At night with prosperous gales to Land they come,
 And, honouring Dolops, offer'd on his Tomb
 Emascinated Cattel.

(o) This part alone was made a *Holocaust*, *ὡς π τήμων*, as more excellent than others, both for that it is the Organ and Instrument of local motion, and also conduceth to generation : for which reason the Jews abstained from eating the Sinews of this part, as sacred, not onely in remembrance of the hurt *Jacob* their Progenitor their received, but also for that themselves descended thence. Thus some will have *Abraham*, by the Oath tendered to his Steward *Eleazar*, putting his hand under his Thigh, to have the like intention, viz. to swear him by his future Seed. Some say these Thighs became *Dipsych* or double, not by infolding them in Leaves or cawls of fat, but by laying them one upon another on the Altar : though others better expound it otherwise. (p) The Heathen were still studious to have the Thighs totally consumed, and to burn with a clear flame, conceiving it otherwise *ἀνάστον, ominosus*, that they did not *καλλερεῖν*, and so their Sacrifice was uneffectual. (q) They sliced from every part a piece, especially from the extremities, that they might be an *Epitome*, as it were, of the whole, and so make an *Holocaust*. This they called *ἀμοδῆσιν*, either for that they were *ἀμά, ταν*, or for that they began *ἀπ' ὀμων*, with the shoulders, *Eust.* (r) They poured Wine upon the Head of the Sacrifice, which they called *τὰς πρώτας καλῶσάνους*, the first Libations, and did it for Probation; for if the Beast destin'd for Sacrifice was not stirred nor moved by it, they thought it ominous, and the Beast not to be offered. For which they give this natural reason, that not to be moved was a sign *ψυχῆς ἢ καὶ φύσιν ἔχουσιν*, of a distempered and diseased body; whereas they were to offer to the Gods nothing but what was every way perfect. It may be observed out of *Plutarch*, that upon the Goat they made this experiment not with Wine, (perhaps because no other creature doth more prejudice the Vines) but Water: which yet seems contradicted by that *Epigram*, where the Vine thus wipes the Goat :

*Κῆν με φάγης ἐπὶ ρίζαν, ὅμως γὰρ τι καρποφορήσω
 Ὅσον ἐπισπῶμαι σοι, σπῆγαν, θυμένον.*

Feed on, yet I'll supply what shall suffice
 To drench thy forehead at thy Sacrifice.

They had recourse also to these Libations when they took a Voiage or Journey, when they went to rest, or when they contracted Friendship. This Wine being such still as Physicians call *αἶναιον, Vinum vinosum*, that is, very much Wine, in opposition to that styled *ἐλαφρόν*. *Homer* calls it *αἶναιον*, either from the deepness of its colour, a thing incident to richer Wines, or in respect of its heat in operation. It was to be pure ever and unmixed, without brewing or sophistication. When therefore we read, as we do after, of any mixture in these Libations, we are to understand it of such Wines onely as were *ἀκρατοι*, rich and racy, and as they came from the Grape. (s) Whereas all other Provinces of *Greece*, both in their private Kitchens and publick Feastings, always used to roast their Meat *πρωτοῖς*, upon Spits with three Broaches onely, the *Aolians* used *πυλακοῖς*, one with five; which some alledge as an argument to make *Homer* that Countrey-man, of which see more in his Life.

The

(r) They ate τὰ ἐντοδία, the Inwards of the Sacrifice, the Milt, Heart, and Liver, in the Temple, δαδόντες ἐντοδίας ἐν ἱερῇ πλεῖν τὴν θυσίαν, intimating, that in mens Devotions the Gods respected not so much the *opus operatum*, the outward Performance, as the inward Affection. Thus Strabo reports of the Persians, that sacrificing in some higher place to Heaven, which they conceived to be Jupiter, their Priests or *Magi*, sharing the flesh of the Beast among themselves, and burning onely a piece of the Cawl, allow'd the God no more then the Soul onely, saying τὴν ψυχὴν οὐδε τίς ἐπέμειν δίδωσι τὸν θεόν, ἀλλὰ τὸν θεὸν ἑαυτοῖς, that God needed the Soul onely.

(n) Homer makes his Hero's not to eat any Flesh but what was roasted, and that of tame Beasts onely. The flesh is said to be roasted carefully, ἀετρεσθέντες, because what is roasted requires more art and attendance then what is boiled or baked: inasmuch as the word it self, τὸ ἐσθῆν, to roast, takes thence its denomination, ἀπὸ τῆς ποιότητος ἐστρεφείας, from this frequent inspection. (x) Such as assisted at the Sacrifices had each their Portion, but differing in proportion; the Grandees being allowed a greater Dividend, respect being had to their Command and Quality: and not here onely, but their daily Allowance also and *Dimensum* in the Camp exceeded much that of the private Souldier, and that both for Drink and Meat. For Drink, see Agamemnon's Speech to Idomeneus, *Iliad*. 4. v. 260.

Εἴπερ γὰρ τ' ἄλλοι γὰ καὶ κομίζονται Ἀχαιοὶ
Δαυτὸν πίνουσιν, σὺν δ' ἑσπέρην δέπας αἰεὶ
ἔσθχ', ὅσπερ ἐμοὶ, πίνειν ὅτι θυμὸς ἀνέχοι

To others we but their Allowance fill,
When your large Goblet is replenish'd still,
That you may drink enough, and when you will.

For Meat, see *Iliad*. 7. v. 321. where Agamemnon, treating Ajax at a Sacrifice, causeth *perpetui tergum Bovis*, a whole Chine of Beef to be set before him;

Νῦν τοι δ' Ἰάντῃ δίσκωλασσι γέγραπεν.

And feasted Ajax with a Chine of Beef.

From which places it seems to appear, that it was at the dispose of Agamemnon to order any what Portion he pleased. Hence Isaac Porphyrogen. in his Characters of the Greek and Trojan Worthies, calls Ulysses, Idomeneus and Deiphobus, *Διατροφῆται*, which Vegetius renders *Duplices*, from their double Portions, which Homer calls *μίστρα* to which Herodorus agrees, telling us that the King's Dish was the Chine, and that he had a double Messie at all Feasts and Sacrifices: every Guest had his Table to himself, his Cup, and his Basket or Volder. So Athenaeus, who hence calls this Eating *μυστραγία*. Plutarch calls such kind of Collations *ὀμεινῆς δῖπας*, *Homericall Entertainment*; *Sympos. lib. 2. cap. 10.* (y) To feed *μίστρῃ* κέρν, plentifully and to satiety, being *δολωσις* unbecoming persons of liberal Education, and fit onely, as Athenaeus observes, for Slaves, Homer brings in his Hero's feeding on ordinary and common fare, without any thing which being poyant might provoke their Appetite, or Garlands on their Temples, eating as much onely as would suffice nature. Whence, observing so thin a Diet, it was no wonder at all, ἀφραγμῶν τῶν τὰ σῶματα καὶ τὰς ψυχὰς, they were every way so healthfull. Xenophon in his *Ἀπομν.* saith of Socrates, a great Disciple (to Dion Chrysost.) of Homer, that he was of so spare and temperate a Diet, that he always rose hungry from the Table. (z) This is to be understood either literally of crowning their Cups with Flowers or Garlands, which Tertullian calls *Inornare Calicem*; or else with Wine fill'd to the brim, ἀρχὴ τῆς πλάτης, that is, saith the Scholiast, ἀρχὴ τοῦ τέλους, which Athenaeus expounds by *ὕπερχειλος οἱ κρατῆρες ποίνονται, ὥστε δαδὸν τοῦ ποτῆς ἐπιπλάττειν*, the Wine swelling above the Bowls, as a Crown or Garland above the Temples. They had also a custom of putting Flowers into their Cups: so the same Tertullian, *Jam verò & in sinum condes, si tanta munditia est; in lectulum sparge, si tanta mollitia est; & in poculum crede, si tanta innocentia est.* De Coron. Milit. Put them in your bosom, if you are so neat; strewn them in your Bed, if so effeminate; intrust them in your Cup, if you are so innocent.

Tunc operata Deo pulvis discumbet in herba,
Arboris antiqua quâ levis umbra cadit:
Aut e veste sacris tendant umbracula Sertis
Vineta, coronatus stabit & ipse Calix.

Then shall the Youth on Grass the God invoke,
In dancing Shadows of an ancient Oak:
Or under Vests with sacred Ribbands bound
Be shelter'd, and their Cups before them crown'd.

These Cups, *Κρατῆρες*, were Vessels of larger contents, and not set upon the Table but after second Course, when they made their Libations to the Gods; and were crown'd also, as they were constantly who were present at any Divine Service. This crowning of their Cups had also something of Augurie; they implying or imploring thereby a full and perfect Happinesse, opposed to *καταρξία*, Penury and want. There was something also in the Spherical form and fashion of their Bowls, that of all Figures being most capacious. (a) Of *Peans*, there were two kinds: the first ἐνθάδης, or ἐμῶν, sung before the Fight to Mars; the other ἐπὶ νίκῃ, to Apollo after the Victory: not that Apollo had any thing to doe with Arms, but the first Song in honour of him being called a *Pean*, ἀπὸ τοῦ παῖν, from his killing of Python by his Archery, all other Eucharisticall Carols ἐπὶ νίκῃ καλῶν, for deliverance from any incumbent Pressure, were thence ever after called *Peans*. Strabo saith, That those parts near Delphos being much infested by the Incursions and Picories of a notorious Robber, Python, who from the spoil and waste he made was styled *Draco*, were freed from his Outrages by the Bow of Apollo, daring which Combate the favouring Spectators shewing to *Pean*, that is, *Strike*, Apollo, it grew ever after to be the general Acclamation upon a Victory. Others deduce it ἀπὸ τοῦ παῖν, from the cessation either of War, or some infectious Sicknesse; so the Scholiast, who makes it a Hymn ἐπὶ δόσει λοιμῷ, for ceasing the Plague. This Clearchus Solensis, Aristotle's Disciple, relates thus: Latona re-carrying her two Children from Chalcis in Eubœa to Delphos, passing by Python's Cave, they were unexpectedly assaulted, and had like to have perished, had not the Goddess animated her Son to his Destruction, calling out to him, ἰὲ πῦρ, ἰὲ πῦρ, Shoot, Shoot; whence, with the addition of some Syllables, he was after styled *πῦρ, πῦρ, πῦρ*. Of which thus Callimachus Hymn. in Apollinem.

Ἰὲ ἰὲ πῦρ, ἀκούσθω, ἕρεκα τὸ τοῦ
Δελφῆς τοῖς πρῶτον ἐρύμιον ἕρεκα λαδὲ,
Ἥμος ἐκκολίνῃ χρυσίον ἐπεδείκνυστο τέχῃ.
Πυθὼ τοῖς καπνῶν συνήντετο, δαμόνιος δὲ θεὸς,
Αἰνὸς ὅρις μετὰ μὲν σὺ καλῆναρες, αἰὶνὸν ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
Βάλλον ὡκύν ὄϊον ἐπὶ πύσσας δὲ λαδὲ
Ἰὲ ἰὲ πῦρ, ἰὲ ἑλῶ. εὐδὺ σε μήτηρ
Γένετ' ἀσπληνῆσ' τὸ δ' ἐξ ἧν κείθεν αἰεὶ δει.

In all ears Io, Io Pean rung,
Which first to thee the Delphick people sung,
When in bright Arms thou Golden Shafis didst aim,
Incounting Python who against thee came,
And with a hundred Arrows him destroy;
Whist Shouts and Acclamations stem'd their joy.
Latona thee a Helper forth did bring,
Whence all since Io, Io Pean sing.

Whom

Who in their sweet Composures took ^(b) delight.
 And when the setting Sun resign'd to Night,
 Under the Shrowds they on their Decks repose.
 Soon as the ^(c) rose-finger'd Morn arose,
 Back to the Army they prepare to fail.
 The God appeas'd sending a ^(d) prosperous Gale,
 They raise their Mast, and hoise their Sails a-trip;
 Fair Winds give speedy passage to their Ship;
 Bruis'd Billows thunder as her Course she stood,
 Cutting deep Furrows through the foamy Floud.
 No sooner they the Græcian Camp did reach,
 Their well-calk'd Vessell bringing to the Beach,
 Implying for her Safety all their Art,
 Then to their severall Quarters they depart.

But sad Achilles, full of Discontents,
 Neither the Council nor the Field frequents;
 But, at his Fleet remaining, would not fight,
 Though War and Battels were his chief Delight.
 And now, twelve days, expir'd, the feasted Gods,
 Attending Jove, return'd to their Aboads.
 When Thetis, mindfull of her Son, arose
 Early from Sea, and to Jove's Mansion goes:
 Where she alone the God reposing found,
 Plac'd on the highest Spire Olympus crown'd.
 There down she fate before him, then his ^(e) Knee
 Seis'd with her left, and with her right Hand she

(b) The Schol. observes, that Apollo was more taken with his own Praises, then with the Greeks Prayer and Sacrifice: so dearly love we to be flatter'd, no Melody striking the Ear with more pleasure then what is compos'd in our own Commendation. Thus Themistocles attended nothing with greater complacency and delight then his own Panegyrick and Encomium. Cic. pro Archia.

(c) Rose, the dawning complexion being of that colour commonly towards the East before Sun-rise; finger'd, in regard of the straight and long-extended Radiation or emission of Light.

(d) Scaliger, a bitter Homero-mastix, and that oft without just ground or reason, one who, not contented to be accounted a Critick, affects it with a vni, in the Superlative, exemplifying the Blazonry of his Coat, A Dog on a Ladder, quarrells here our Poet for styling a fair or fore-wind *ἐκπνεῖον*, a coming wind, an Epithet suiting (saies he) as well that which is contrary, all Winds taking their denomination thence, being called *Venti à veniendo*, from coming, whereas *ἐκπνεῖον* imports no more then *πνεῦμα ἀνέμω*, that is, *ἐκπνεῖον πνεῦμα*, or, as Eustathius, *ἀνέμω ἐκ τοῦ ἐκπνεῖον*, such a wind as, filling the Sails, *ἐκπνεῖον*, gives a Vessel fresh way and free passage. Besides, had he not been more ready to carp and cavill at things, then to salve them by an ingenuous and candid construction, he might as well, altering the Spirit, have deduced it *ἀπὸ τοῦ ἐκπνεῖον* from moisture, according to that of Homer *Odys. 2. v. 478.*

—ἀνέμω δὲν μὲν ὁ ὕψος ἐξέρχεται.
 Nor Moisture-breathing Winds molest their Coast.

By this Gale sent by Apollo, as Eustathius observes, our Poet intimates the Cessation of the Sickness, Winds dispelling the Infection by their agitating, and so purifying, the Air.

(e) Pliny observes, that the Ancients conceived a certain Religion to be in the Knees, and therefore a kind of Veneration was given unto them by (almost) all Nations. Perhaps, for that there is in them a kind of Vitality or Life, a wound in the Cavity of the

Patella or Knee-pan being accounted mortal. The same Authour saith, that the Knees of the Gods were consecrated to Pity, *Misericordia sedes consecrata*; whereupon, praying, they not onely imbraced that part, but committing also their desires to writing, and promising some *Anathema* or Gift in case they prevail'd, they affixed a *Codicill*, containing either, to their Knees with Wax, not taking it off untill they obtain'd their Requests: of which thus Juvenal, Sat. 10.

Propter quæ fas est genua incurrere Deorum.

For which the Knees you of your Gods may wax.

Succeeding in their Suits, they there also affix'd their Gift or *Gratuity*. Lucian in his *Philopseud.* telling of a certain Statue, which, dismounting its *Pedestall* or *Base* by night, went up and down about the Temple, saith, that at his feet lay many Coyns and silver Medalls, which had been fastned to his Knees with wax, together with Silver Plates, the vowed Rewards and returns of such as were cured of Fevers and other distempers. The like Vows and prayers they affixed to the Knees or Thighs of those Images which, as the Tutelary Gods of Ships, they placed on their Stems. *Philostatus* in *Heroicis* speaking of such a Statue saies, that it was worn much with Age, *ἡ δὲ Δία, οἱ ἀλγίστοις τε καὶ οἱ σθεσιζόμενοι τὰς ὐπὸ ἀγκυρὰς τῆς ἑσθῆς, and that both such as anointed it, and they who seal'd their Vows unto it, had much disfigured it. To which Propertius alludes, lib. 4. Eleg. 6.*

Solve meum patriam, quæ nunc, te vindice freta,

Free and revenge thy Country, who hath now

Imposuit proæ publica vota tua.

On thy Fore-castle fix'd her publick Vow.

This imbracing of the Knee was in use also among the Greeks after their receiving of Christianity; as appears by that of *Chrysostom*, *πλάτυν ὑμῶν ἀγκύρας, I touch your Knees.* This Custom gave occasion to that Adage, *ὄσιν ἐν γόναν κῆρυ, It lies in the Knees of the Gods,* applied to things future and of uncertain event.

E

Stroking

(f) *Plinie c. 45.* It was the Custom of the ancient *Gracians*, to touch the Chin also and Cheek of those to whom they sued: so *Hecuba* to *Ulysses*, in that Tragedy of *Euripides* which bears her name;

Ἡ δὲ τῆς χεὶρς, ὡς φησὶ, χεῖρς,
καὶ τῆςδε χαλκῆς σεσηπῶν παρὶδ'.

This Hand you did (and you confess as much)
And withered Cheek with veneration touch.

That this was in use also with the *Jews*, seems to be implied in that instance of *Amasa*, 2 *Sam.* 20. Suppliants, saith the Scholiast of *Euripides*, touched the Chin, Hand and Knee, of those whom they besought: the Chin, in allusion to that form of assenting by bowing the Head; or, as others, the Head being τὸ ἡγεμονικόν, the chief part, διὰ τὸ λογιστικόν, as the seat of the Rational faculty: the Hand, διὰ τὸ πρᾶξιμον, as the instrument of Action: and the Knee, as of Motion and progression. These three being, as it were, εἰκονιστικὰ τῆς ἐκείνης τέλει, as so many Symbols of and Expedients for the accomplishment of our desires, this being implied thereby, viz. That they should employ for us both Head, Hand, and Foot; contrive, act, and go in our behalf. Others say they applied the Hand to the Chin, ὡς εἶπεν μᾶλλον ὕπερ τοῦ λεγόμενου, the Hand, ὡς ἐνεργητικῆς, the Knee, ὡς βαρύνου.

(g) *Thetis* commemorates not her good service to *Jupiter*, as taxing him with Ingratitude, but by minding him of the good Office she had done him, implores the like, according to that of *Publius*, *Beneficium se dedisse qui dicit, petit; He that tells a man he hath done him a Courtesie, in so doing begets another.*

(h) As unquiet and inquisitive as *Juno* was, *Jupiter* is unwilling to do any thing purposely which might justly offend her. Besides, Great men are here instructed not to be sudden, but deliberate, in their Concessions.

(i) As the Fish *Polypus*, which not onely takes the colour, but becomes one body, as it were, with the Rock it sticks to: so *Eustath.*

Stroking supports his Beard-invested (f) Chin,
And thus her Supplication did begin:

If thee, Great *Jove*, I ever did (g) assist
In word or deed, ah! grant me my Request
Some Honour on my short-liv'd Son bestow,
Whom *Agamemnon* hath dishonour'd so,
Taking his Prize which all the Princes gave:
Honour, something of Honour, let him have.
Let *Troy* prevail, untill the *Greeks* repent,
And him with many costly Gifts present.

Who clouds the clear, and clears the troubled Sky,
Sate (h) silent long, and made her no Reply.
Thetis, as if she (i) grew unto his Knee,
Clasping held fast, then said; Or promise me,
Since none thou fear'st; or else my Suit reject:
Then shall we know how slender's our Respect.

When *Jove* to her with a deep Sigh reply'd;
There's Danger in the businesse, this more wide
May make the (k) Breach betwixt my Wife and me:
So shall I still exasperated be
With her opprobrious terms, who oft hath said,
Though without cause, that I the *Trojans* aid.
But now withdraw, lest it to her be known
That you were here: your Business shall be done,
And wee'l confirm our Promise with a Nod,
(No ampler is our Grant to any God:
For by that large Concession they believe
Wee'l not (l) retract, neglect, nor yet deceive)

(k) *Homer*, marrying his Gods, allows them also the usual consequences thereof, Clamour, Differences and Discontents.

(l) Men are worse then their words for three causes; either by reason ἀπάτης, μεταμελείας, or ἀδυναμίας, either intentionally out of Deceit, or else through Levity or Impotency; all which *Jove* removes from himself here in so many words, saying that his Promise so made should neither be παλινάρετον, ἀπατηλόν, nor ἀτίμητον, that he would neither call it back, nor should it be fraudulent, or fruitless. By the first he declares ὡς βέλτερος εἶναι, that he is constant; by the second, ἐπὶ φιλαληθείας, a lover of Truth; and by the last, τελευτηγός, able to make good his Promise. Παλινάρετον, a Metaphor taken from Hares or Foxes, and such Beasts which, being hunted, round the same path, and so by the Foyl elude their pursuers.

This

This said, th' Almighty Thund'rer condescends,
 (m) And downwards his majestick Forehead bends ;
 (n) Th' immortal King his curled Tresses shakes,
 And steep *Olympus* starrie Mansion quakes.
 Thence both depart, the Businesse thus contriv'd:
 She from bright Heav'n in briny Billows div'd,
 And He to his Celestiall Palace goes :
 When from their Thrones at once the Gods arose
 To meet their Sire, not any did neglect
 (o) By standing up to shew their due Respect.
 Down on his Throne he sate, with whom his Queen,
 Prying, had (p) silver-footed *Thetis* (q) seen,
 And thus upon him falls ; Thou who thy part
 So sliely play'st with Subtilty and Art,

ration or Sneezing wanted not its Honour and Veneration, all within hearing of it uncovering, and seconding it with an *Ejaculatorie* Prayer, with a *Zeū sōōn*, that *Jupiter* would save them ; according to that old *Greek* Epigram,

Οὐ δύναται τῇ χειρὶ Περὶ κλῆθ' τὴν εἴν' ἀπομύσσειν,
 Τῆς ῥινὸς δ' ἔχει τὴν χεῖρα μικροτέρην.
 Οὐδὲ λέγει, Ζεῦ σῶσον, εὖν παρ' ἡ γὰρ ἀκούει
 Τῆς ῥινὸς, πολὺ δ' τῆς ἀκοῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς.

For Proclus never his stuff'd Nostri'll blows,
 Because his Hand's too little for his Nose :
 Nor sneezing Jove invokes, nor sneezing hears,
 So far his Nose is distant from his Ears.

Besides, the Head was the Symbol of Safety ; whence both Oaths and Adjurations, and also Execrations, were made by this part. That the Ancients held the Head sacred, appears hence, saith *Athenaus*, ἐν τῷ κατ' αὐτὴν ἰμνῷ, ὃν τὸν ἰουδαῖος αὐτὸς ἀντὶ τῆς κεφαλῆς προσεχρῆται ὡς ἱερῆς, That they swore by that Part, and accounted Sneezing, which riseth from thence, holy. Of this Oath thus *Ovid* at *Ponto*,

Per mea tela Facies, & per mea tela Sagittas,
 Per Matrem juro, Casaremque Caput.

By these my Arms, the Fire and Shafts I bear,
 My Mother, and by *Cesar's* Head I swear.

(n) *Euphranor* painting at *Athens* the twelve Gods, and doubting whose Original he should follow in designing his *Jupiter*, resorting to a School, where he heard by chance these Verses of *Homer*, said, that now he had found a right Original, and so departing, he delineated it accordingly. Others say that *Phidias*, that famous *Statuary*, being ravished with these two Verses, fram'd his *Olympick Jupiter*, that exquisite Piece, out of Ivory, according to this Description ; whose Magnitude was such, that it almost reach'd the Roof of the Temple. Whence it was said of *Homer*, ὅμῳ δ' ὁ τὰ θεῶν εἰκόνας ἢ μὲν ὁ ἰδὼν, ἢ μὲν δ' εἰδὼν, He either only knew the true Portraiture of the Gods, or had alone published them.

(o) An especiall mark of Reverence and Respect both to Gods and Men, insomuch that the word *Assurgere* with the Latines, to rise up, imports *Honourare*, to honour, as appears by this of *Juvenal*,

Credebant hoc grande nefas, & morte piamum,
 Si Juvenis Vento non assurrexerit—

Rome this a Crime deserving Death did hold,
 If Young men rose not up unto the Old.

Thus the *Lacedamonians* making a Law for Young men to honour their Elders, express it in no other Language then ἐπαισάδῃ τοὺς νέους τοὺς ἀρχαῖους, that they should rise up to them. An Honour which, as *Herodotus* observes in his second *Muse*, was exhibited onely by them and the *Egyptians*, or (which is more probable) begun. Thus *Quintilian* or *Tacitus* in his *de Orator*. speaking of *Virgil* says, that the people of *Rome*, hearing some of his Verses recited in the Theatre, rose up with as great Veneration of their Author, he being then casually present, as if the Emperour himself had been there in person.

(p) *Thetis's* Feet are said to be of Silver, for that the Skirts of the Sea contiguous with the Shore seem more diaphanous and transparent, appearing brighter then the water farther in : whence calling the Sea next the Shore *πᾶλιν*, gray, he calls the Surface more remote *μύλαρα* and *οἰνοπα*. Others by ἀρροστῆσαν understand some white Fringe or Border at the bottom of her Garment.

(q) Here *Homer* implies, that as many out of their passionate distempers look for that they are unwilling to find ; so many again are inquisitive after what they know already : for *Juno*, being not ignorant what communication past betwixt *Jupiter* and *Thetis*, is yet importunate to know both who it was had consulted him, and about what ; which she did not for her satisfaction at all, or information, but as seeking an occasion for venting her Choler. By this our Poet notes also the prying and impertinent Curiosity of Women into their Husbands Affairs and Counsels, the Sphere of whose Activity, as also their Persons, should be confined within Oeconomical Limits, they being not to be admitted to the debate and result of private, much less publick, Affairs, (unless in *Plato's* *Utopian* Commonwealth, who allows of *Gunarchie*, and the *Lillies* to descend to the *Distaff*) as being plena rimarum, full of Chinks, and futile, according to these Verses of *Antiphanes*.

Λαδὲν ζῆτῶν π, πρὸς γυναῖκα
 Ἐπεὶ τὸ σάγμα ; ἢ τὸ τοῦ διατίρει
 ἢ πᾶν τοῖς ἀνθρώποις ἐν ἀγορᾷ περὶ οὐκ ;

Tellst thou thy Wife a Secret ? 'tis no more
 Then Noverint universi cry'd before
 At high Exchange, the Market, or thy Door.

(r) Here she closely wipes him, for his ily carriage and managery of things; this Interrogation being no other then *συνάμμι δολίῳ ἀνδρὶ*: Questions being put not onely *διὰ μάθην*, for the information of the Questionist, or *διὰ παρηγορίαν*, for comorting such of whom we demand them, as that above of *Thetis* to her Son; but as well *διὰ ἐλεγγον* & *διὰ θυμὸν*, for redargution and to vent mens passions, as *Juno's* here.

(s) *Jupiter* is called *Father* not in respect so much of *Generation*, as of *Providence*, which extends not onely to the Superlunary parts, but also to this inferiour Orb, whence he is called the *Father of Gods and Men*. When he is styled *Father* without any addition, it denotes τὸ εἰς αἰὲς ζῶντων, the life-giving faculty of *Air*: but when *Father of Gods and Men*, it implies ἐπὶ κοινῶν ἡ μόνον σαρκεῖαν & αἰσθητὴν & βλαστὴν ὅσων δυνάμει, ἀνδρῶν & ἀνδρῶν, his universall *Providence*, not onely of the Elements and Celestiall bodies, but of all other Creatures endued with life, *Rational*, *Sensitive* and *Vegetative*. Whereas of the Gods, some were the *Fathers* of *Mortals* onely; as *Neptune* of *Polyphemus*, *Orus* and *Ephialtes*, *Venus* of *Aeneas*, and *Thetis* of *Achilles*; others of such onely as were immortal; as *Saturn* of *Jupiter*, *Juno* and *Pluto*: *Jupiter* was the Sire of both Gods and Men. Of Gods, as *Apoll*, *Vulcan*, *Mars*; of *Mortals*, as *Sarpedon*, *Aacus*, *Minos*, *Perseus*, and *Hercules*. *Eustath.*

(t) The word here is *μετὰ*, a Metaphor from such as dig for Mines: not that she pried into her Husband's affairs μετὰ τὰ ἄλλα, making it her last business, (*Eustathius* his Etymology of *Metals*, so called as being last invented;) but that she endeavoured, as much as she might, to sift them out all, ἄλλο μετ' ἄλλο, one after another. *Homer* giving here this Document by way of precept or caution, in the words of *Jupiter*, viz. That men suffer not the heat of the Marriage-bed to thaw the ice of Secrets, instanceth it else-where in the Example of *Ulysses*.

(u) An evil Nature is so far from being sweetned with good usage and fair Language, that it is rather exasperated, as here *Juno*.

(x) It is a feminine quality, to trouble and perplex themselves about seeking out that which being found they cannot in the least redress; though that by so doing they do but purchase their Husbands ill will, with their own Disquiet, Vexation and Repentance, and sometimes also, what *Jupiter* here threatens his Wife with, Blows.

(y) *Jupiter*, not able to worst *Juno* by wording it, she being as expert at the Weapon as himself, threatens her with worse usage; as if the loud Tempest of her Tongue were not otherwise to be assayed then with a soaking shower of Blows.

(r) Who did this Morning unto thee repair?

I of your secret Counsels must not share;

Always from me, what's Business, that you hide.

(s) The Father then of Men and Gods repli'd;

Expect not, *Juno*, though my Wife thou art,
That all my Counsels I'll to thee impart.

Things which I hold expedient to be known,

Those sooner I'll discover unto none:

What I alone, the Gods excluded, doe,

Vainly be not (t) inquisitive to know.

To him this Answer angry *Juno* made;

(u) Hard-hearted *Jove*, what is't which thou hast said?

Of your Affairs but seldom I inquire,

And you in quiet doe what you desire.

This Morn was Silver-footed *Thetis* here,

Who a Concession drew from thee, I fear.

Some Reparation for her Son she seeks,

By sad Destruction of the slaughter'd *Greeks*.

Distrustfull Woman! angry *Jove* repli'd:

I from thy jealous Head can nothing hide.

Though from our purpose Us thou can'st not move,

(x) Yet by such courses you may lose our Love;

And (which shall more to thy Vexation add)

We'll make it our delight to see thee sad.

Submit then to our will, nor more reply,

Lest all the Gods, who fill the ample Sky,

In thy defence but vain Resistance make,

When thee in these all-conquering (y) Hands I take.

This said, the silent fate, fearing his Frown,

And strove to keep her rising Stomack down.

Sadly the Gods upon each other look,

When merry *Vulcan* to his Mother spoke;

This

This Heat unkindly works, and will not forge.
 If thus for Mortals you your Spleen discharge,
 The Gods in factious Parties will contest,
 And Discord spoil the Musick of our Feast.
 So will your Jarr hurt more, then all our Food,
 Cook'd with such care and cost, will doe us good.
 Of my Advice, dear Mother, now approve,
 And sweeten with a Smile my Father *Jove*.
 Blow not the Coals of Anger till they burn,
 Lest He our Board and Viands overturn.
 For if the Thunderer once upon us fall,
 (Such is his Prowesse) he will rout us all.
 With soft Compliances his Wrath allay,
 And this will prove to us a joyfull day.

This said, he, rising up, a Goblet took,
 And thus to her the Bowl presenting spoke;

Have patience, Mother, lest that thee I should,
 So dear to me, too roughly us'd behold.
 For, though I would, I cannot thee assist.
 Who may the Thunderer's powerfull Hand resist?
 (z) He once did take me by the Foot, when I
 Came to thy Aid, and threw me from the Sky.
 All day I was in falling, and at night
 Did almost out of (a) breath in (b) *Lemnos* light.

Ἐκ τῆς δὴ περὶ, δὴ μὲν δὲ αἰεὶ,
 Οὐκ ἐδίδε μελίσσι πύρρος μὲν ἀκαμάτω
 Θνητοῖς ἀνθρώποις, αἰεὶ γὰρ ἔστιν αὐτῶν.
 Ἀλλὰ μὲν ἐξ ἀπαύσαντος εὐς παῖς Ἰαπυγίῳ,
 Κλέψας ἀκαμάτω πύρρος πηλὸς ποταμὸν αὐγὴν
 Ἐν κίλκῳ νάρθητι. δὴ μὲν δὲ ἀεὶ νεῖοσι θυμῶν
 Ζῆν ὑπερβύσσῳ, ἐχέλασσε δὲ μὲν φέρον ἦτορ,
 Ὡς ἴδεν ἀνθρώποις πύρρος πηλὸς ποταμὸν αὐγὴν.
 Αὐτὸς δὲ ἀντὶ πύρρος τῷ ζῆν χερσὶν ἀνθρώποις.

Others derive the Invention of Fire from another Original, viz. from Aire fired by the chafing and collision of Wood and Iron; or one Stick against another. (a) He is said to be almost breathlesse, because fiery Meteors suddenly vanish and disappear in the middle Region, being commonly dissipated and spent before they come to the lower. (b) *Lemnos* an Island near *Thrace*, having two Cities, *Ephesia* and *Myrina*; so called from the Mother of the Gods *Cybele*, to whom they sacrificed Virgins. It was inhabited by the *Thracians*, whom they called *Sintians*, and τὸ σίνεσαι, from the harm and mischief they occasioned, either by Piracy, or that they were the first that forged and invented Arms. This Island was consecrated, say some, to *Vulcan*, for that it was often Thunder-stricken, and for the frequent eruption of subterraneous Fires in that Isle, together with many symptoms of Heat which appeared in those hotter Baths wherewith it was well replenished. Thus *Typhon* being no other then πῦμα σπυρῶν, a hotter Exhalation; so called and τὸ πῦμα, τὸ καίω, to burn, is made to be cast into *Sicilie*, αἰεὶ τὸ πῦμα σπυρῶν καὶ σπυρῶν, as the most fitting place in respect of the Mountain *Aetna*, under which they lay him, making its fires emitted at the vents the Breath of that Giant. *Eustathius* saith it was sacred to *Vulcan*, διὰ τὸ φέρον γῆς, καὶ τὸ πῦμα τῆς πότνης, for the hungrienesse and barrennesse of the soil, in which quality it mote nearly resembles the Fire, an Element the most infertile of all the four; no Animal being generated in it, nor permitted to subsist; the Salamander onely excepted, which by the Antipathy of the contrary quality, extreame coldnesse, is said to extinguish it.

(z) *Plato* interdicts this Fable his Commonwealth. *Enst.* *Vulcan* was twice cast out of Heaven: once by his Mother *Juno*, presently after his Birth, for his Deformity, by which Fall he was maimed, albeit the *Scholias*t makes him born lame: again by *Jupiter*, upon this occasion. *Hercules*, after the sacking of *Troy*, for the Cheat put upon him by *Laomedon*, (who, instead of the immortal Horses he had promised him, put him off with mortal) was driven in his return by a Tempest, procured by *Juno*'s implacable hatred, upon the Island *Cos*, whose Inhabitants, affrighted, as at the sight of some savage Beast, forced him with Stones from their Walls: for which inhospitable Treatment he took and sacked their City. *Jupiter*, coming to the knowledge of what had passed after he awaked, (*Juno* having cast him into a sleep, the better to compass her ends) highly incensed, hung her up in her own Element, the Air, and taking *Vulcan* by the Leg, who attempted to unbind her, threw him out of Heaven into the Island *Lemnos*, thence ever after held sacred to him. Others, Mythologizing the Story, say, that he was thrown out of Heaven, for that the Seeds of our Culinarie Fire are derived thence, from Lightning falling into some combustible matter, or the refracted Rays of the Sun collected in a convex Crysell: which *Hesiod* in his *Theogon*. speaking of the Cheat *Prometheus* would have put upon *Jupiter* in the unequal dividing an Oxe, describes thus,

This Cheat remembering, Jove recalls his Grant,
 And conquering flames took from the *Athen* plant,
 That Fire the World's Inhabitants might want.
 But fly Prometheus by another Plot
 Evaded his, in orb'd Crysell got
 Collected Beams which radiant Phoebus shot.
 But Jove beholding from the Firmament
 The blazing light, extremely discontent,
 Them* fire for fire, that mischief, Woman, sent.

* ignem hanc.

There

(c) These Cups or Goblets *Eustath.* makes to be the Caverns of the Earth, out of which *Vulcan*, that is, Heat, extracting Moisture, skinks it out again to the Gods, that is, the Stars, which also are styled *δειά και το δειν*, from their motion, and are said to be nourished with Moisture, according to the Tenet of the *Greeks*. These Vapours, so exhaled, the Mythologists make to be *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, the Diet of the Gods; a Secret imparted onely to the Poets, as being of the lineage and in the tuition of the Muses. By *Nectar* some understand what is liquid, responding to Wine, and by *Ambrosia* drier Food. Others by *Nectar* understand the Viands of the Gods, and by *Ambrosia* their Drink.

(d) All immoderate Laughter is to be forborn by grave and stay'd Personages, says *Plato*; whence *Socrates*, a great admirer otherwise of *Homer*, blames him as not observing here a decorum, for that he brings in his Gods indulging *ασβαστον γέλωτα*, immoderate Laughter. From which imputation yet *Eustathius* in part absolves him, observing that he assigns *πλεον και χανδον γέλωτα*, loud Laughter, to the other Gods onely, as distinct from *Jupiter*, whom he allows not so much as a Smile, as inconsistent with his State and Gravity; indulging this *το μειδιδωμι*, a Smile, to *Juno* onely, profuse Laughter not suiting Matrons. This Smile of *Juno* is said to be occasioned by *Vulcan*, for that the Air is never more chearfull and serene then when the season is hot. *Eustathius* farther observes, that *Homer*, making the Gods to laugh, conceals that they laughed *δια το κωλοποδισμα*, at *Vulcan's* stump feet and lameness, that so his Muse might not appear *ανιδειν ασεβειαν*, unseasonably scurrilous and abusive; since all Imperfections, whether natural or accidental, are and ought to be objects rather of Commiseration, then Derision and Mirth.

(e) *Vulcan* is said to be lame, because Thunder and other Celestiall fires descend not in a straight and direct line, but still obliquely and collaterally.

(f) Four Arts are ascribed to *Apollo*, Musick, Archery, Physick, and Prophecy or Poetry. That Master in *Plutarch* teacheth, that it was very requisite that Musick should be admitted at Banquets, as being of force to prevent, at least to divert, the evil effects of Wine, whose fume and heat, taking and intoxicating the Brain, affects men for a season with a kind of Frenzie: and this it doth by producing in the Soul (which some will have to consist of Harmony) a contrary disposition, and reducing it to a mild and amicable temper. It is farther observed, that *Homer* brings in Musick at such Feasts onely as were made upon civil and peacefull occasions, and not upon any warlike or Martial account: albeit *Euripides* blames the use of it here also, affirming it more apt to raise Passions and provoke Sorrow; adding, that it was nothing fit to render such more loose and effeminate by Songs and Instruments who were but too much already melted down with Pleasure, this being to surfeit two Senses at once. *Eustath.*

(g) The Muses sung in course, answering one the other *αμειβαντες* *AntHEME*-wise; *λογος αμειβαντες* being such Orations as were made pro and con upon the same Argument; and *αμειβαντες* *ισον*, such Verses as, being composed on the same Subject, answer exactly both for number and kind. In this way of Song the Muses much pleased themselves, and were much taken and contented with it in others, according to that of *Virgil Eclog. 3.*

Alternis dicentis, amant alterna Camæna.

The Muses always lov'd alternate Verse.

Which also some have collected from that of *Hesiod, Theogon.*

Ἀρχέμεναι δ' ὕμνεον θεῶν, λόγους τ' εὐδαίμους.

Muses begin, and Muses end the Song.

The most simple and primitive Musick was that of the Voice, called of the Ancients *Vox assa*, for that it was not then the mode to sing to any Instrument, this being a more novel Invention; Musick altering and improving according to the various humours and fancies of Ages and Masters. In this kind as the Muses were happy above all other, whence *Hesiod* calls their voice *αμειβαντες* *δυναμει*, divine; so *Calliope* far excelled the rest of that Quire, being so styled *καλὴ ἡσάμενον*, by way of Prerogative, and *τῆς καλῆς ἔστι*, from her Heavenly voice.

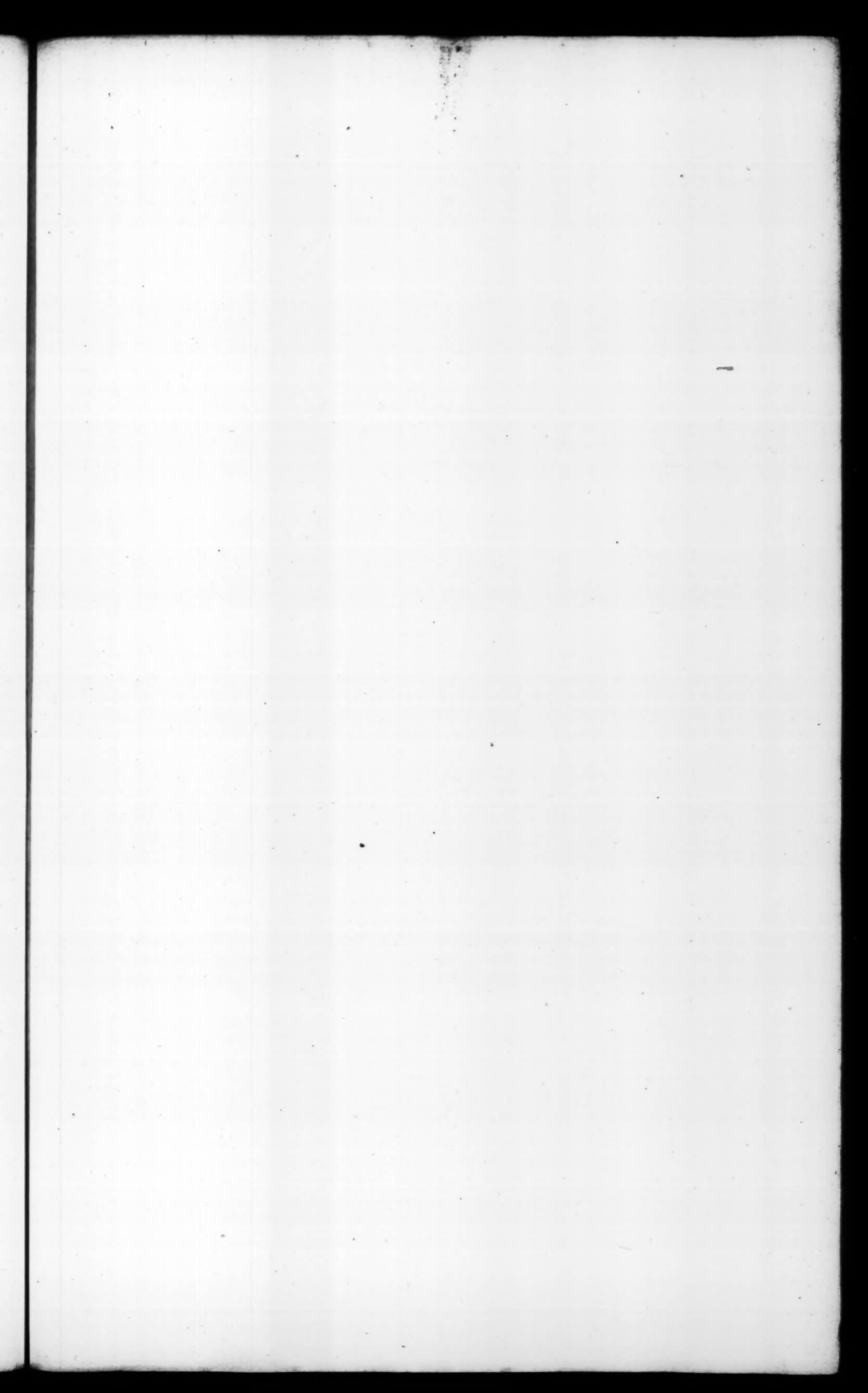
(h) Hence had Astronomers the hint to divide, as they have done, the Celestiall Orb into twelve Houses. The making those Mansions for the Gods or Stars is ascribed unto *Vulcan*, in respect of the ætheriall heat of the Celestiall Orb, *και δια το ποτὶς δραστηριον*, and its operativeness and activity. *Eust.*

(i) *Eustathius* observes, that *Homer*, inducing the other Gods *κατακλινοντες*, desirous of Sleep, and indulging it, makes his *Jupiter* not to tempt or anticipate it, but to expect till it should come of it self, betaking him to his Couch, where he usually reposed him — *οτε μιν γλυκύς ὕπνος ἔλθῃ*. *Ο μὲν τὸν ποσειδῶνα καὶ μινον ἐκ ἀν καλῶσι τὸ ὕπνον, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀπὸ τῶν ἡρώων, Grave Personages, and such as be industrious, being so far from inviting and provoking, as that they resist and repell Sleep coming upon them.*

(k) By Gold the Ancients understand Fire: *πυρρὸν γὰρ τὰ πρὸς τῷ αἰθέρι καὶ τῷ ἡλίῳ*, the parts adjacent to the Sun and Skie symbolizing with the Element of Fire.

The Scholiast observes, That this is the onely Book of *Homer* which hath in it no Simile.

HOMER'S





31

Illustrissimo Domino Do:
Ormona Comiti de Ormond,
Baroni de Arcklowe, Proregi
Regi à secretiònis Consilijs, et
Tabulam hanc.



Jacobo Marchioni de
et Osborn, Vicecomiti Churke,
totius Regni Hiberniæ:
Illustris periscarius Onlinis socio.
L. M. D. D. D. I. O. Lib. 2. p. 12.



HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jove Agamemnon with a Dream deludes.
A Council summon'd: Nestor there concludes
Ilium that day to storm. The King, to try
His Souldiers Minds, adviseth them to flie.
Factious Therfites Sovereign Power disputes.
Ulysses with a Truncheon him confutes,
And th' Army to engage the Foe persuades..
Hector draws forth the Trojans and their Aids.
In a pitch'd Field both Greeks and Trojans meet.
Lists of both Armies, and the Græcian Fleet.

WHILST Gods and ^(a) crested Hero's
foundly slept,
Distracting Cares great Jove ^(b) from
Slumber kept,

How he upon the slaughter'd Greeks might raise
To stern Achilles everlasting Praise.
On this at last as best he did conclude,
A fatal Dream Atrides should delude.

ἐγὼ γὰρ, That he was not mastered by Sleep, but subjeſted it to his affairs, and made it ſerve his occaſions. Beſides, no time is more, or ſo much, a friend to Advice and Counſel, as the Night, whence the Poets ſtyle it, νύκτα, the ſage or wiſe night; which gave occaſion to that common Greek Adage, Ἐν νύκτι βέλτε, that the Night was fitted for counſell. Plato in his 7. De legibus ſaith, that Magiſtrates who watch over their people ſleeping become more formidable to their Foes, and more admired and revered of all juſt and ſober perſons. A quality commendable in times of Peace; but in War, which admits not a Non parâram, the leaſt Why not or Overſight, principally requiſite and neceſſary, according to that of Silius Italicus, copied from this of Homer;

*Tempore Duci totam ſomno conſumere Noctem:
O Reſtor Libya, vigili ſtant bella Magiſtro.*

Whole Nights, O Captain, Leaders ſhould not ſpare
For Sleep in War, when they in Champain are.

Whom

(a) By *ἡρώδης*, or crested Hero's, he underſtands the Chivalry, ſuch as fought from Chariots, *μικτοὶ ἡρώδης*, ſerving on horſeback, being, as Pollux obſerves, of a much later date. They were ſo called from encouraging and forcing on their ſteeds in the charge; or elſe from horſes manes, which being worn on their Helmets ſupplied the uſe of Plumes: A faſhion at this day with the Kings of Congo in India, and not permitted to any beſides: ſo Maſſeus, *Hiſt. Ind. lib. 1.*

(b) Not that he ſlept not at all, this being affirmed in the preceding *Rhapsodie*; but that his ſleeps being broken and diſturb'd, he ſlept not ſoundly, at leaſt not as did others, *νύκτα*, all the night: or haply Homer himſelf took here a Nap, (according to that of Hor. in his *de Arte*, — *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, — Sometimes good Homer ſleeps) which may well be indulged him, in ſo ſolemn eſpecially and prolix a work. This *Εὐφράσιος* ſaves, by diſtinguiſhing between *νύκτα* and *νύκτα*, the laſt importing *νύκτα* *ἀνεγχεῖν τὰς αἰσθήσεις*, ſuch a profound ſleep as renders the Senſes altogether idle and uſeleſs, whence he calls it *νύκτα*, a word deduced from *νύξ*, the belly, the deepeſt part of the whole body. Homer makes Jupiter not to ſleep, as a pattern and precedent to ſuch as are inveſted with the ſupreme Authority, whom it concerns, and from whom it is expected, that they be more than ordinarily vigilant. Hence was Apollonius Tyanus his ſaying of Veſpaſian, who made buſineſſe of publick concern his every days earlieſt employment, *Ἄνθρωπος ἀρχεῖν, A man ſhall reign*: And Xenophon gives this character of Agesilaus in his *Panegyrick* of him, *ὅτι ὅταν γὰρ δαίμων, ἀπὸ ἀφύπνου καὶ τῶν μεγάλων*

(c) *Morpheus*, the Deity of Dreams. It is the custom of the Greek Poets, what-ever things are possible in nature, or incident to men, such as those we call *πύσματα* and *πάθη*, the *Passions* and *Affections*, to allow them Bodies, to represent them as Persons, and to incorporate our very *Notions*, nay, which is more, to deify them. Thus makes our Poet *Eris*, *Ate*, and *Lites*, Goddesses; and *Virgil* as aptly makes *Fame* a Woman: and thus *ὄνειρος*, a Dream, *Homer* makes here a Person, and introduceth him as a God. He calls him *ἑλῶς*, ὅτι *ἐπὶ βλάστῃ καὶ σκωλίδι διὰ τῶν δούρειαν*, it being such a Dream as was intricate and difficult to unfold, the word implying the Rings or Curls in Hair, or the wrinkled skin of a Scar or new-heal'd Wound. Dreams are of the Night's retinue, whose Palace or Mansion *Hesiod* describes thus in his *Theogonia*:

— ἔστι νύξ τε καὶ ἡμέρα δάσπον ἵσταται
 Ἀλλήλας προσέειπον, ἀμειβόμενοι μέγαν ἔδον
 Χαλκίον, ἢ μὲν ἔστω καταβήσεται, ἢ δὲ δύεσθαι
 Ἐρχομαι, ἔδ' ἐπὶ δ' ἀμφοτέρωσδε δέμεται ἐντὶς ἔργου
 Ἀλλ' αἰὲν ἐτέρη γὰρ δούρων ἐκταμένη ἵσταται
 Γαίαν ἐπιστρέφεται, ἢ δ' αὖ δέμα ἐντὸς ἔστα
 Μίμνει τῶν αὐτῶν ὄρνυ δ' ἔσ' ἀν' ἱκταται.
 Ἡ μὲν δὲ πρὸς ἡμέρῃσι φάος πολυδερκὲς ἔχουσα
 Ἡ δ' ὕπνου καὶ χερσὶ κασσημένη δαμάτωσιν
 Νύξ δ' ὅλην νεφέλην κακαλαμυδὴν περιέειλε.
 Ἐνθα δὲ νυκτὸς πῦρ ἐστὶν ἐρμῆος οἴκος ἔχουσα
 Ὑπνὸς καὶ δάνατος, δεινὸν δ' οἶος ὕπνῳ αὐτῶν
 Ἥλιος φάει δὲ δεινὸν ἀνδράσιν ἀκνέουσαν
 Οὐρανὸν εἰσταντῶν, ἔδ' ἕσπερόν τε καταβαίνων.

Homer calls this Dream *ἑλῶς*, say others, διὰ τὸ λοξόν, for its double or dubious Interpretation; whence *Apollo* himself, that Oracular Deity, is styled by *Pindar* βασιλὸς λοξίας, it being usual for all Oracles to have two Handles, by which the Devil kept up his credit, and salved his Responses, when the issue fell out cross to men's expectation, and their most vulgar acception. Hence that Gut in mens Bodies, with its Affection or Disease, *Iliaca passio*, the *Volulus* or twisting of the Guts, is styled *ἑλῶς* also, the word noting what-ever is involved or perplexed. Night's Pedigree we also find in the same Poem thus described:

Νύξ δ' ἔτεκε συζῆν τε Μῆδον καὶ Κίον μάλα ναιαί,
 Καὶ δάνατον τίς δ' ὕπνον, ἔκπτε δὲ φύλον ὀνείρων.
 Οὐ γὰρ κοιμηθεῖσα διὰ τίς Νύξ ἐρεβεννή.

Night also did sad Fate and Parca teem,
 With Death and Sleep, and many an idle Dream,
 And yet the Goddess had no Sire to them.

(d) *Nicephorus*, in his *Scholion* upon *Synesius de Insomniis*, vindicates the truth of *Jupiter's* Prediction, imputing the fault of *Agamemnon's* not taking *Troy* to his not observing what was enjoined him, viz. to array all the Greeks, *πανούβιν*, which was not performed, *Achilles* and his *Myrmidons* withdrawing themselves. *Eusebius* justifies *Jupiter*, by laying the blame upon *Agamemnon's* misinterpretation of the Particle *νῦν*, which being of a doubtful acception, and applicable to the instant as well year as day, imports also all parts of Time, the past, present, and future. (e) It was the ancient mode of the Greeks *Comam promittere*, to wear their Hair long, to render them more terrible to the Enemy: it being observed, that the shaggy-crested Lion is much more formidable and courageous than one that hath no Mane; and *Stella crinita* or Comets portend most mischief to Mankind, especially their Hair appearing bloodie: upon which account *Vespasian* declining the malignant Influence of a Comet appearing in his time, turned it over to the King of *Parthia*, saying himself was not concerned in it, but the other rather, who had a goodly Head of hair, whereas himself was bald. (Ἐκείνῳ γὰρ κομῆ, ἐγὼ δὲ φαλακρός εἰμι.) In time of Mourning they cut their Hair; as also when they came to man's estate; cutting part of it, they consecrated it Ἀπόλλωνι κρηστέρῳ, to *Apollo* the Hair-preserver, and to the Water-nymphs and Deities, according to that of the Epigrammatist,

Ὀνείον ἀνδρῶντος ὡς κρηστέρῳ ἱδίας
 Κρηστέρῳ, ἡνῶν ἀρεσεν ἀργαλίας,
 Φύσιν δὲ Λύκων ἀνέστην ἡρώ.

His well-grown Fore-top, when soft Down began
 His Cheeks to cover, and declare him Man,
 To Phœbus Lucon offer'd.

This last, the Lock cut off when they came to age, *Aschylus* calls *ἀπαρτήν*, the other *πανδμήν*. *Thesens* is said to be the first who, cutting off his Hair, when he first writ Man, dedicated it to *Apollo* at *Delphos*. Some say *Lycurgus* first indulged the wearing of long Hair to his *Spartans*, because it made such who were fair more amiable, and those that were any way deformed far more terrible. Others, that the *Lacedæmonians* took it up in imitation of their King *Leonidas*, the first that permitted his Hair to grow: A Custom common to them with the *Lycians*, as *Aristotle*; the *Gauls*, as *Pliny*; the *Britans*, as *Caesar*; the *Parthians*, as *Oppian*; the *Persians*, as *Marcellinus*; and with the *Indians*, as *Solinus* reports. Moreover, the *Athenians* were very accurate in ordering their Hair into Curls, into which they inserted golden Grasshoppers, to intimate that they were *αὐτόχθονες*, *Aborigines*, Natives and born upon the place, not Aliens or any Colony from abroad, whence they were styled *πυλαιογενεῖς*. The ancient Kings of *France* were called (so *Cædrenus*) *Τερρεγαίται*, from their wearing their Hair down to their Backs; not, as that *Anthour*, in abuse, from its coarseness, or growing like Bristles, but its length. *Aristotle* saith, as short Hair is a sign of Baseness and Servitude, so long is a symptom of Liberty and Ingenuity: hence Slaves had their Hair cut short, as the fitter thereby to perform their Service, Offices and Imploiments. *Stephanus* δὲ πόλεως mentions a Country in *Greece* near the River *Achelous*, whose Inhabitants being *ἀκέραι*, never cut, were called *Acarnanes*, whose opposites both in Situation and Practice were the *Curetes*, so called from their Tonsure or preciser cut.

(f) Hence that *Conick* Pillar, erected usually by the Greeks to the honour of *Apollo* before their doors in the Street, was called *ἀγχιυῖς* and *ἀγχιυῖς* *δυσπύλαι*, those Altars built in the same place to the same God, as their *ἀλεξικακῶν* or Preserver. (g) So *Vir. A. n. l. 8. v. 40.*

— Tumor omnis & ira
 Concessere Deum.

— All anger of the Gods
 Is now appeas'd.

The

(c) Whom thus he charg'd; Deceitfull Vision fly,
 Where now the *Græcian* Fleet in Safety lie:
 There enter *Agamemnon's* Royall Tent,
 And what I order punctually present.
 Straight bid him (d) all his (e) long-hair'd *Græcians* arm;
 Now he shall take (f) broad-streeted *Troy* by Storm.
 (g) No more in Parties factious Gods divide,
 Nor in close Juncto's counterplotting side:
 Solicited by *Juno* all appear
 Now for the *Greeks*, and *Troy's* Destruction's near.
 This said, from thence the Vision swiftly went,
 And found *Atrides* sleeping in his Tent.

There Day and Night upon each other call
 From iron Thresholds of th' Olympick Hall,
 When they take post: as this goes, that doth come.
 They never stay together in one Room.
 Whist one in Stages through Heaven's want'd Ways
 Circles the World, within the other stays,
 The hour expecting when to take her Flight.
 One brings to Mortals the Celestial Light;
 The other Sleep, Death's elder Brother, holds
 In both her hands, whom a dark Cloud infolds.
 There sullen Night's sad Race have their Abodes,
 Sleep and pale Death, inexorable Gods,
 Whom Phœbus piercing eye could ne'r descry,
 Ascending, or descending from the Sky.

The heav'nly Dream ^(b) incompassed his Bed,
And hovering pearch'd at length upon his ⁽ⁱ⁾ Head,
Old *Nestor* representing, whom he most
Honour'd of all the ^(k) Worthies in the Host.

Sleep'st thou who dost from *Atreus* Loyns descend?
States-men not so Night's precious Minutes spend.
Who Armies have committed to their Charge,
Vast is their Businesse, as their Power is large.
From *Jove* to thee this Embassie I bear,
Who carefull is of thee and thy Affair :
Straight thou must all thy long-hair'd *Græcians* arm ;
Now thou shalt take *Troy's* lofty Towers by Storm.
No more in Parties-factionous Gods divide,
Nor in close Juncto's counterplotting side :
Solicited by *Juno* all appear
Now for the *Greeks*, and *Troy's* Destruction's near.
Of *Jove's* Advice especial notice take,
His Will performing when thou art awake.

The Vision went, but an Impression leaves,
That his more sober Thoughts awak'd deceives.
He fondly thinks to enter *Troy* that day ,
And little dreams what Plot great *Jove* did lay ;
How in sad Fight both Armies to ingage,
And mutuall Groans commix with Grief and Rage.

Up from his Bed he starts, (the Vision gone)
Puts his ^(l) soft Vest and Royal Habit on ;
Next to his Ancles purple Buskins ty'd,
His Golden Faulchion ^(m) hanging by his Side ;
His Ancestors ⁽ⁿ⁾ immortal Sceptre takes,
And speed unto the *Græcian* Navy makes.
Soon as ^(o) *Aurora* scal'd great *Jove's* Aboads,
Conveying Day-light to the happy Gods,

(b) *Ἀντίχρητον*, a Metaphor from Water which incompasseth what-ever is put into it, implying the total possession of our Bodies and Senses by Sleep, as also its cause and original, viz. moist Vapours which, arising from the Stomach, seize the Brain, and obstruct the Senses.

(i) *Homer* makes the Dream to pearch upon *Agamemnon's* Head, supposing *τὸ λογιστικόν*, the Discursive or Rational Faculty, to be there lodged.

(k) Properly the Ancients or Senators : But by the word *γέροντες* our Poet understands such as were any way Honourable, respecting not so much their Age as their Abilities and Endowments, Wisdom especially, in respect whereof both *Tarchon* the *Tyrrene* and *Cygnus* the *Trojan* were said to be gray from their Birth, as exceeding in Prudence, though young.

(l) *χιτών* was that Garment which they wore loose about them, so called *οἷον ἐκ χιτῶνος* πρὸς ὧν, ὡς ἀμύσους πρὸς ἀνέμους, because they wore it next them : whence it was made thinner and softer than the rest, most commonly of Linen, sometimes of Wooll.

(m) The Ancients wore their Swords, as also their Shields, fastned to Belts, which they put over their Shoulder. After they hung them at their Side.

(n) So called, either *ἐν ᾧ ἔδωκεν ὁ θεὸς γένος ἑρπετος*, because none wielded it that were not of that Family ; or because it came to them of that Line by a continued Series from the Gods.

(o) It may hence be collected, that this Dream or Apparition presented not it self to *Agamemnon* till towards Morning, the Visions of that part of Night which is towards Day being accounted to have much more of truth in them than others ; as though *Morpheus* issued then through his Gate of Horn, not that other of Ivory. First, for that the Fumes and Vapours being by that time spent, which disturb the Brain, the Soul is more free in her Operations, and not disquieted at all by the interpellation of Sense. Secondly, for that the approximation of the Sun's Heat and Light conduceth not a little to the

Prophetick power of the Soul ; as do also those fierie spirits of the Bloud which about that hour of the Day are most predominant. Thirdly, because these, being the last, are better retained in memory, as not defaced or obliterated by any subsequent Images or Ideas.

F

His

His Heralds he commanded, they should all
The *Græcian* Princes straight to Council call,
Which once proclaim'd, the Chiefs no time let slip,
But took their places in old *Nestor's* Ship:
Where gravely thus his Businesse he reveal'd:

A heav'nly Vision I this night beheld;
Me-thought grave *Nestor* stood before my Bed,
And thus to me in chearfull Language said:

Sleep'st thou who dost from *Atræus* Loyns descend?
States-men not so Night's precious Minutes spend.
Who Armies have committed to their Charge,
Vast is their Businesse, as their Power is large.
From *Jove* to thee this Embassy I bear,
Who mindfull is of thee and thy Affair:
Straight thou must all thy long-hair'd *Græcians* arm;
Now thou shalt take *Troy's* lofty Walls by Storm.
No more in Parties factious Gods divide,
Nor in close Juncto's counterplotting side.
Solicited by *Juno* all appear
Now for the *Greeks*, and *Troy's* Destruction's near.
Of *Jove's* Advice especial notice take.
This said, the pleasing Dream did me forsake.
Therefore persuade the *Greeks* this day to fight;
Whom I'll advise to save themselves by Flight,
And homeward straight for Preservation sail:
So better your Persuasions may prevail.

Nestor, (this said) the *Pylian* King, did rise,
Who, reverenc'd for his Wisedome, thus replies:

You most renowned *Græcian* Princes, who
Not onely know how to consult, but doe,

(p) Should any other this Relation make,
We might this Dream for a Delusion take:
But he whom most we honour this beheld,
Therefore let all the Army take the Field.

(p) Non habenda pro veris de statu Civitatis Summi, nisi qua Rector ejus vidisset, aut qua de plebe non unus sed multi similia somniassent. So *Macrobius*, l. 1. c. 3. Dreams (saith he) which concern the publick are not to be credited, unlesse they be manifested to the Magistrate in chief, or else when the same things be revealed and communicated to many of the people at once.

This said, they rose; *Atrides* led the way,
Whom all the Sceptre-bearing Kings obey.
The Nations then in Throngs together flock,
Like Bees thick swarming from a hollow Rock,
Who fly in ⁽¹⁾ Troups with an expanded Wing,
Rifling the Beauties of the gaudy Spring:
So from all Quarters they to Council presse,
Summon'd by Fame, *Jove's* swift Embassadrese.
The trampled Earth groan'd with the gather'd Crowd
Thronging for place; tumultuous Noise grew loud.

⁽²⁾ Nine Heralds labour'd e're they Silence made,
That all might hear what Sceptred Princes said.

The People settled, and wilde Clamours done,
Great *Agamemnon* thus to them begun,
(Wielding a Sceptre *Vulcan* made, which he
To ⁽³⁾ *Jove* presented, *Jove* to ⁽⁴⁾ *Mercurie*,
Hermes to ⁽⁵⁾ *Pelops* who so bravely rode,
Which *Pelops* on King *Atreus* bestow'd,
And *Atreus* to ⁽⁶⁾ rich *Thyestes* ⁽⁷⁾ left,
From whom *Atrides* had the Royal Gift,

Calliope (the *Muses* Queen) transcends.
On *Hero's* she and glorious Kings attends.
Who-e're the Thunderer's Daughters most approve,
And foster'd and anointed is by *Jove*,
On him they conquering Eloquence bestow,
And words that from his Lips like Honey flow.
All look on him bearing a knotty Cane,
While he gives Judgment by their ancient Laws,

⁽¹⁾ *Hermes*, or *Mercurie*, the President of Speech or Language, to whom, going to sleep, they offered the Tongues of the Sacrifices. Hence Speech being μέγιστον ἱερμάτων θεῶν & βίον, a thing the most conducive to humane Society, both the Goods of Fortune and the Gains accruing by Merchandise are called ἱερμα. *Tzetzes* saith, he was called δαίμων, the Intercourier or Messenger of the Gods, because Speech ἐξηγῆται τὰ τῶν θεῶν ἐνθυμήματα, interprets the Conceptions of the Soul. *Apollonius*, from killing *Argos*, a vigilant man or Dog set by jealous *Juno* to watch *Io*. Others say he was so styled from his killing *Argo*, that is, a Serpent: or, as the *Schol.* αἰσῶντος καὶ καθαρῶς φόνου, as free from bloudshed and Slaughter, ἐπὶ πειθύνει καὶ ἐνδυνάμει καὶ πείθει τὸ θυμὸν τῶν ψυχῶν, soft Persuasions appeasing the bloody and brutish motions of the Itacible part of the Soul. ⁽²⁾ *Pelops*, overthrowing *Oenomaus* in fight, obtained his Daughter *Hippodamia*, who had prevailed with *Myrtilus*, her Father's Driver, to take out the Pins of the Wheels of his Chariot, whereby he lost both his Kingdome and Life. He, conscious of *Myrtilus* his Treachery, died with this Imprecation against him, that he might perish by the hand of *Pelops*; which after he did, *Pelops* casting him from off his Coach-box into the Ocean, from him called *Myrtoon*, his Wife having accused him to her Husband for attempting her Chastity, fearing lest *Myrtilus*, of whom she was much enamoured, but was refused, should have prevented her Complaint. He was called δαίμων, from his driving his Chariot himself after the death of *Myrtilus*. So the *Schol.* ⁽³⁾ Who had many Sheep, so *Homer*, that is, was rich, the Riches of the Ancients consisting in Cattel. *De antiquis illustrissimis quisque Pastor*, saith *Varro*, The men of greatest renown among the Ancients were Shepherds. Hence the Fable of the Golden Fleece. Thus *Hesiod*, speaking of the two Brethren, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, their Contest and Combate for their Father *Oedipus* his Wealth and Crown, saith, That *Jupiter*

Τὸς μὲν ἰὸν ἐπὶ Παπύλῳ θύβη, καὶ μυδιὰ γὰρ,
Ὀλοῖται μὲν αἰνέας υἱὸν ὄντι Οἰστυδαῖο.

With Blood seven-pord Theban earth did steep
In cruel Wars for *Oedipus* his Sheep.

⁽⁴⁾ *Eustathius* observes, that *Homer*, treating of them that were at Unity, viz. the Gods, saith, That they gave the Sceptre one to another, that is, parted willingly with it; but speaking of *Atreus*, *Thyestes* and *Agamemnon*, between whom there were great Animosities, saith onely that they left it, that is, when they could no longer bear or wield it. Again, though the Sceptre be the Gift (tis true) of God, ye it is no the Donation of the Father to his Son or Successor, but the just and indubitable Right of the Heir apparent; so in Kingdoms that are successive. Hence *Homer*, that saith *Jupiter* δῶκεν, gave this Sceptre, saith that *Thyestes* onely ἔθηκεν, left it.

F 2

With

⁽⁵⁾ *Berytus*, as thick as Grapes in a Clutter or Bunch. So *Juvenal*,
Examenque Apum longa confederis uris.
A Swarm of Bees in a long cluster hung.
This *Pliny* accounted a dire Omen, and of an ill Presage, & magnis interdum Eventibus expiandum, not expiated but after many sad and dismall Accidents;

⁽⁶⁾ Which nine are thus reckoned; *Talchybius*, two *Eurybates's*, of which one retained to *Agamemnon*, the other to *Ulysses*, *Odinus*, *Aphalion*, *Eleonens*, *Sientor*, *Thuoetes*, and *Caichas*.

⁽⁷⁾ *Homer* derives *Agamemnon's* Claim to and Interest in the Kingdom (for this understands he by the Sceptre, a Sceptre which came to him ex traditioe, by Descent and Succession, not forced or wrested out of a rightfull hand) first from *Jupiter*, next from *Mercurie*, such onely being duely qualified to command others, who for Parts and Prudence, Eloquence especially, transcend the Vulgar. Hence *Hesiod* makes the *Muses* to be more indulgent in this respect to Princes, and to endow them with Language and Elocution even to admiration. Of which he writes, *Theog.* v. 82. where making *Calliope*, the Queen of that Quire and Company, a constant Attendant on Princes, he thus goes on;

Καλλιόπῃ θ', ἣ δὲ περρερεῖται ὄντι ἀπαίων.
Ἡ μὲν γὰρ βασιλεύων ἀμ' αἰδομένη ὀπιθεῖ.
Ὀνεία πῦσσιν Δ δὲ κῶρεα μετὰλοις
Γαυρόμυον τ' ἐσθλοῖσι δούρασιον ἑσπέρων,
Τῷ μὲν ἐπὶ γλαυκῇ γλῶσσην χερσὶν ἀείδῃ.
Τῇ δ' ἐπὶ οὐ σφαιρῶς ῥοῇ μελίχρῳ. οἱ δὲ νῦν λαοὶ
Πάντες ἐς αὐτὴν ὄρεσθ' ἀνακρίνοιντο θέμισας
ἰδέσθαι δίκην. ὃ δ' ἀσφαλῶς ἀγορεύων
Αἰψά τε καὶ μέλα νεῖκος ὀπισκόμενος ἐλέπασσε.
Ταῖσιν αὖ γὰρ βασιλῆες ἐχέουσιν, ἕνεκα λαοῖς
Βλαπτομένοις ἀσπίδι μέλας περὶ ἔρσ' ἀλαδόν,
Ῥαῖδος μαλακῶσι παραφρονας ἐπέουσιν.
Ἐρχόμενον δ' ἀνὰ αἶσαν θεὸν ὡς ἰδόντωντα
Λίθοι μελίχρῳ, ἣ δὲ πείθει ἀγορεύουσιν.

And their Sophistick Arguments confutes,
Insuading briefly intricate Suits.
To publick Pleadings when wise Kings resort,
The wrong'd they aid and comfort in the Court
With gentle words, and reconciling odds
March out before their Citizens like Gods:
Their venerable Carriage all admire,
Placing them still in their Affection higher.

(2) By these Islands some understand the nine Cities subject to *Argos*.

(a) This *Scaliger*, after his derogating and scoffing way, styles *Tabernariam Orationem*, a sottish Oration, as befitting an Host rather than a Commander in chief, and suiting neither the Subject *Homer* was on, nor the Majesty of the Speaker. *Bellum sane Oratio- nis ductum, vel militare, vel etiam Imperatorium, magno Atreidæ dignum!* A goodly Speech, doubtlesse, saith he, suiting a Souldier, befitting a General, and worthy great *Atreides!* But *Eustathius* tells us, that in this he either secretly glanceth at *Ganymede*, who, being a *Trojan*, the Son of *Priam*, was taken up by *Jupiter* to be his Skinker; or closely taxeth the *Trojans* for Riot and Excesse: So that *Scaliger* might have well spared that his Scoff. So *Eustathius*, an Authour whom who so reads shall find the same to *Scaliger's* causelesse Criticisms, that *Phocion* was to *Demosthenes* his Orations, *ἡ δὲ τοῦ λόγου καὶ τῆς ἀντι- στροφῆς*, their Hatchet or Cleaver.

(b) In Greek, *Striking a League*, *τα- χύτης*, because no Capitulations were anciently made without a Sacrifice. *Eustathius*. Hence that Roman expression, *Scire, Ferire, and Percutere fœdus*, who slew still an Hog with a Flint: a Ceremony used ever by them when they entred into League with any Nation. So *Virgil*,
—*Et cefà jungebant fœdera porcâ.*
And to confirm the League a Sow they kill.

(c) The number of Guests at the Feasts of the Ancients exceeded not Ten; and the *Pythagorean* *convivia* or Collations admitted no more.

(d) By this account, the *Gracians* exceeding 500000, the *Trojans* were not above 50000.

(e) They shook their Spears before they cast them, either to try whether they were sound, or that so they might levell them with better aim, dart them further and with the greater force. *Schol. and Camer.*

(f) By *ἀνὰ πρῶτα* some understand *Armamenta Navium*, the Tackling of the Ship, both the Cordage and Sails; others the Seams of their Vessells, which were calk'd *velus sativis*, with things that were sown, as Hemp or Okum. The *Spartum Hispanicum* is much commended for this use of the Ancients, but was not known in the age of our Poet.

With much of *Greece* and many (2) Isles Command)

Thus spake the King, this Sceptre in his Hand:

Bold *Greeks*, deriv'd from mighty *Mars* his Loyns,
I am confounded with *Jove's* crosse Designs,
Who promis'd that I wealthy *Troy* should sack,
And laden sail with Spoils triumphing back:

Now he to our Dishonour gives Command

We straight return unto our Native Land,

After so many Losses: but his Will

We must with all Humility fulfill:

For He, the greatest of immortal Pow'rs,

Hath many Cities crown'd with lofty Tow'rs

Levell'd in Dust, and more will levell lay.

But what of this will after-Ages say,

When they shall our unhappy Story know,

How 'gainst an inconsiderable Foe

We with such numerous Forces, bold and strong,

Without Successe maintain'd a War so long?

I see no hope of carrying our Design.

(a) For should in Peace the *Greeks* and *Trojans* (b) joyn,

And *Priam* his Auxiliars lay aside;

Though we the *Greeks* by (c) Decads then divide,

And (d) to each Ten a *Trojan* Skinker grant,

To fill their Wine, yet many Tens would want;

So much we over-power the Strength of *Troy*.

But their Auxiliars us far more annoy,

Those mighty Nations which strong Javelins (e) shake,

Guarding the happy Bulwarks we would take.

Now by *Jove's* pleasure Nine long Years are spent,

Our Ships lie rotting, Sails and (f) Tackle rent;

At Home our Wives and Children us expect,

Whilst we our Businesse bring to no effect,

For which we ventur'd through the briny Sea.

But follow my Advice, and *Jove* obey;

Let's

Let's flie to our long-wish'd-for Countrey back,
For we shall never lofty *Ilium* sack.

This strangely mov'd the gather'd People's mind,
Not knowing what the Princes had design'd.
Like raging Billows of ^(g) *Icarian* Flouds
By ^(h) South-winds rais'd, broke from imprifoning clouds;
Or ⁽ⁱ⁾ a black Tempest hurried through the Plain,
Charging rich Champains crown'd with golden Grain:
So swift and loud they hasten to the Fleet:
Dust dims the Sky, dispers'd with beating Feet.
To Forwardness each other his Consort
Encourag'd so, that Labour seem'd but Sport:
They make all clear and yare to launch and sail;
Whilst joyfull Shouts Heav'n's Starry Arches scale.
And their Return in spite of Fate they'd made,
But that great *Juno* thus to *Pallas* said:

Ah! thou unconquer'd Daughter of great *Jove*,
Shall thus the *Greeks* their redious Siege remove,
Through Billows flying to their Native Coast?
And shall old *Priam* and his *Trojans* boast
Their sad Defeat, and *Helen* still enjoy,
Whom to recover, at the Walls of *Troy*
So many Lives were Sacrifices made?
Go, and the giddy Multitude persuade
With winning Language; by no means permit
That they should launch their lofty Navy yet.

She, willing to perform Heav'n's Queen's Desires,
Through duskie Clouds glides from Celestiall Spires,
And near his Ship *Ulysses* standing found
(A Prince for Wisdom like great *Jove* renown'd)
Now cleansing Decks, preparing to depart,
For griping Sorrow had possesst his Heart:
To whom the bright-ey'd Virgin thus begun;
Prudent *Ulysses*, bold *Laertes* Son,

Will

(g) So called from *Icarus* the Son of *Daedalus*, who, in his Escape from *Crete*, soaring too high, melted his waxen Wings, and was here suffocated.

(h) *Zephyrus*, so called for that, replenishing the Ears of Corn, *τὸ ζῆν ἐν γῇ*, it brings Life with it. He is said also to be the Husband of *Flora*, the Goddess of Flowers. Some make it a Northern Wind, which is named *Boreas*; *ἐν τῷ βορέῳ, ὃ ἐν τῷ βορέῳ*, that is Food; others *Δουναῖν*, a Western, *ὡς ἔπος ἐστὶν ζῆν*. So *Eustath.*

(i) The word here is *ἄχος*, which imports *ἄσπετος ἄλγος*, such a Grief as renders them it possessteth speechless.

(l) The word here *πρόντος* denotes *ἄτακτον εὐγύν*, a hasty and disorderly Flight. *Enstark*.

Will you thus ^(l) flie unto your Native Coast?
And shall King *Priam* and the *Trojans* boast
Their sad Defeat, and *Helen* still enjoy,
Whom to recover, at the Walls of *Troy*
So many Lives were Sacrifices made?
Go, and the giddy Multitude persuade
With pleasing Language; by no means permit
That they should launch their lofty Navy yet.

(m) The Scholiast makes this *Eurybates* another from him mentioned l. i. who belonged to *Agamemnon*; this being of *Ulysses* his Retinue, and of *Ithaca*.

The Virgin's Heav'nly Voice *Ulysses* knew,
And, straight obeying, off his Mantle threw,
Which up ^(m) *Eurybates* his Herald took,
Who still attending ne'r his Charge forsook.
He first with troubled *Agamemnon* met;
And did from him his Father's Sceptre get;
Then visited the Camp, where when he found
Any that for their Prowess were renown'd,
Him mildly he in gentle Terms did blame;

What can be, Friend, to thee a greater Shame,
Then in Confusion thus to run away?
First stay thy self, and then make others stay.
Thou dost not well the King's Intentions sift,
Who tries thee, when to punish is his Drift.
All did not hear what he in Council said.
A Prince's Wrath is oft with Bloud allay'd.

(n) *Ἀριστὺματι γὰρ ὡσεὶ θεὸς ἐδούκει*
οἱ βασιλεῖς, a King being a Representation and Effigies, as it were, of God. *Enstark*.

Those ⁽ⁿ⁾ who by *Jove's* Commission Sceptres sway,
Subjects must fear, must honour and obey.

But when some private Souldier he did note,
Who like a bellowing Bull set up his Throat,
Athwart his Shoulders he his Truncheon felt,
And thus with him in rougher Language dealt:

Stay, Wretch, and hear those who thy Betters are.
Thou stand'st but as a Cypher in this War,
Hadst ne'r esteem for Valour, Strength, or Wit:
The *Gracians* must not all be Princes yet:

Many

Many Commanders never Good did bring.
Let One be Lord, in *Jove's* Name, One be ^(o) King,
To whom unbounded Pow'r he doth afford
Laws to enact, and punish with the Sword.

Thus with fresh Hopes their fainting Bosoms burn.
Back to the Council thronging they return
With clamorous Noise, as when the Ocean roars,
And thundering Billows beat re-echoing Shores.
Whilst all the rest in Order silent sat,
Lavish ^(p) *Thersites* stirr'd up fresh Debate,
And fondly ^(q) vented incoherent things
'Gainst Sovereign Power and Majesty of Kings.
What he suppos'd he well and wisely spoke,
For Drollery the graver Persons took.
The most ^(r) deform'd Piece he of all who came ^(s) lame:
To ^(t) th' *Ilian* Siege, ^(u) squint-ey'd, ^(v) crook-back'd, and
His Breast bunch'd out, ^(z) round was his Head a ^(z) thin
And callow Down vested his meagre Chin.
Him did ^(a) *Ulysses* and *Achilles* hate,
Who oft their Actions did calumniate.

monly inhabited by as distorted Souls; the Soul not conforming to the Temperament onely and Constitution of the Body, but, in some fort, to its very Lineaments also, Colour and Features. Hence that of *Marzial* concerning *Zoilus*, a crooked and distorted piece:

Crine ruler, niger Ore, brevis Pede, Lumine luscus;
Rem magnam prestat, Zoile, si bonus es.

Squint-ey'd, Splay-footed, Tallow-fac'd, red Hair;
If, *Zoilus*, thou be good, 'tis wondrous rare.

(^o) *Homer* hath it, *ὑπὸ Τροίῳ*, under *Troy*, to note its situation, it being seated upon an advantage or rising ground; hence said to be *ὑπερῶς*, subject to the Winds, and in the Tragedy styled *συνωμή*, a Watch-tower, both from its height.

(^p) *Φωκὸς* denotes such a Deformity as attracts the Eyes of Spectators, provoking them to Mirth, or else to Commiseration. Such as these were anciently called *βλασφημιοειδής*, as though this Distortion of their Sight had been occasioned by some evil *Genius* or Spirit; though *Pausanias* adds, that those of *Socrates* his Sect were so called as introducing the Doctrine of Demons.

(^q) That is, *βουπύργον*, such an one as draws up his Shoulders to his Head. Such as these *Aristotle* observes to be of a perfidious and proditorious nature.

(^r) To improve the Merriment, *Homer* makes his *Thersites* *κωλοποδία*, lame but of one Foot onely, like *Vulcan*; to be lame of both, a Cripple, being liker to move Pity then Laughter. That his Shoulders also met before, or at his Breast, augmented the Scene of Mirth; *μᾶλλον δὲ γέλωτος ποικίλον τὸ ἐν τῶν ὤμων κωπὴν*. Besides, this Deformity being before, is in his eye still that hath it.

(^s) *Φοῖβος* is such an one as hath *Caput turbinatum*, whose Head is round and sharp in form of a Cone or Sugar-loaf. Those whose Heads are this way round are observed by Physiognomists to be ever of an unquiet and restless disposition, inclin'd to innovate, Rebels and raisers of Sedition. *Pollux* saith, that a People of *Africk* had all such Heads, *ὡς ομοειδὸς τῶν πυφάρων ὀρέων*, like those *Shell-fish* which the *Greeks* call *φοῖβος*. *Eust.* *Pericles* suffer'd from his Adversaries for having his Head of such a Block. For the Features of his Face, *Lycophron* saith he was *ἰσοκυβητοειδής*, that he resembled an *Ape*.

(^z) The Hair being not onely an Ornament to the Head, being thence denominated *κόμης*, *παρὰ τὸ καμνῆν*, but covering withall τὸ *ἄκρον* *ἀνθρώπου*, what-ever in that part might offend the sight, *Homer*, to render *Thersites* the more ridiculous, makes his Head as well bald as deformed, that so his Ugliness might be the more obvious to the eye, the more conspicuous. Thus, never shew'd *Zeuxis* more Art in limning his Old woman, which was so exquisitely done and to the life, that surveying it finished, he deceased laughing, then hath *Homer* here in describing his *Thersites*; our Poet's Pen being no whit inferior to that Painter's Pencil. Such indeed was the perfection of this piece in the opinion of great *Alexander*, that he professed he had much rather be *Homer's Thersites* then *Chærilus* (a Poet minor) his *Achilles*.

(^a) He decyphers his base and insufferable Nature by this, that *Achilles* and *Ulysses*, persons of Honour and Eminencie, hate none more, *ὁ γὰρ τοῖς ἀεὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις, χεῖνός* he that is distast'd by the best, being in himself most detestable.

(^o) There being three kinds of regular Government, Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy, the Degenerations of these are Tyranny, Oligarchy, and Ochloarchy.

(^p) *Thersites* was allied to *Diomedes*. Being of a turbulent Disposition, it was not held convenient to leave him at home. His Deformity was not natural, but acquiste and accidental, he being thrown by *Meleager*, at his hunting the *Calydonian Boar*, from off a Rock or Precipice, for withdrawing himself in the pursuit and chase out of Cowardise. He was after buffeted to death by *Achilles*, for taxing him with Effeminacy, when, having slain *Penthesilea* the Queen of the *Amazons*, and viewing her beautifull Corps, he commiserated her condition and wept over her. *Eustath.*

(^q) His Discourse was both profuse and confused, as without end, so artless and immethodicall; he wanting, as *Ennodius* styles it, *Trutinam eloquentia*, the Balance of speech: so that, according to *Epicharmus* his character cited by *Gellius*, *l. 1. c. 15. ὁ λέγων δεινός, ἀλλὰ οὐκ ἂν δίδωται*, he neither knew well how to speak, nor yet to be silent. *Hesiod*, the sagest (so *Gellius*) of Poets, saith, That Speech is a Treasure, and accordingly to be used; that is, kept in and concealed, not divulged or made common.

Ἦλκωνος τὰς ἀποστολὰς ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἀνὲρ ὁ φειδωλὸς, πλεῖστον δὲ χάρις καὶ μέγιστον ἰόνος.
The Tongue is man's chief Treasure not abus'd,
And Ornament, if with Discretion us'd.

(^r) It is no idle Caveat, That we beware of those *quos Natura notavit*, upon whom Nature hath set her Signature; misshapen Bodies being common.

Then

He hath abus'd, and took that dear Reward
From him which more then Life he did regard.

Pelides Character is sure mistook,

He hath no Gall, but Injuries can brook;

Else this thy late, had prov'd thy last, Offence.

(^m) Thus base *Thersites* rail'd against his (ⁿ) Prince:

Whom straight *Ulysses* thus did undertake,

And, frowning on him, this harsh Language spake:

Leave, Fool, vain Noise and Babbling to no end:

Dar'st thou with Sceptred Princes thus contend,

That art the most unworthy Wretch by far

Who is commission'd for this *Trojan* War?

Let me not hear from those blaspheming Lips

Ought which the Glory may of Kings eclipse;

Nor their Designs with base Aspersions thwart,

That so the People may their Prince desert,

And take occasion Homeward to repair.

We cannot evidently yet declare,

Whether 'twill prove or no for our Avail,

Back to our Countrey in such Hast to fail.

Thou (^o) sitting thus thy Breath in vain dost spend,

Reckoning what Gifts we *Agamemnon* send.

What now I promise thee, I will not fail;

If e're thou tak'st like Licence thus to rail,

Let not *Ulysses* Head these Shoulders bear,

Nor yet *Telemachus* be styl'd my Heir,

If thee I naked strip not, strip and whip,

And through the Army lash unto thy Ship.

Then with his ponderous Sceptre, as he spake,

(^p) He took the measure of his crooked Back.

He smarting stoop'd, nor could from (^q) Tears refrain,

His Shoulders purpled with an azure Blain;

But, (^r) looking round, repining took his place,

And, his Eyes drying, writh'd his shrivel'd Face.

G

You

(^m) *Agamemnon* neither interrupts *Thersites* in his Speech, nor replies unto it; either as conscious to himself of being instrumental to the present Distraction in the Camp, and the cause of *Achilles*'s withdrawing himself and his Forces; or that *ἄλ' οὐδὲν βασιλικόν*, out of a Prince-like and Heroick Generosity, he scorn'd to take notice of so abject and contemptible a Companion: like *Alexander*'s Mastiff, or the Dogs of *India*, begot by Tigers, which *Themistius* tells us fasten onely upon Lions, scorn'g to encounter either Stag or wild Boar, as not their equals. *Aelian de Animal.* l. 8. c. 1.

(ⁿ) He calls *Agamemnon* ποιμένα λαόν, the Shepherd of the People, (for so the Greek hath it) not so much to shew the Power or Care of the Prince, as the Tractableness of the People. Good Subjects should not be tearing and ravenous Wolves, but meek and peaceable like Sheep, then which no creature is more submissive to them that rule them: *ἰδὲν τὸν ἄδαν οὐμθὺς ὡς τὸ πῶν τῷ ἄρην*, saith *Eusebius*. Thus *Horace* calls *Augustus* *Custodem populi*, the People's Keeper, *lib. 4. Od. 5.*

Divis orte bonis, optime Romule

Custos gentis—

O thou born by auspicious Fate,
Conserver of the Roman State.

(^o) Not that *Thersites* sate when he declaim'd against *Agamemnon*, but because by reason of his contracted Neck and distorted Body he seem'd to sit even when he was standing. *Eusebius*.

(^p) *ὡς εἶδ' ἡμεῖς μαστίαν*, as if he had been a Slave. Where also observe, how that *πολλὰ τῶν κοινῶν αἱ ἰδίαι ἐχθραὶ ἐπαρροῦσιν*, that many wreak their private Spleen, under the pretence of the Publick Service; Crimes committed against the Publick being many times punished to serve onely mens private Ends, for the satisfaction merely of some particular Grudge. See before, where *Ulysses* is said to hate *Thersites*.

(^q) The Ancients observe, that *καλὸν πένθος ἐν ἀρετῇ παύσεται*, that a grave and sober personage is no way disparag'd by his Tears, nor by them becomes contemptible; whereas *Thersites*, being *αἰσῆς* and *ἐχθρῆς* both, both the least deserving and most loathed man in the Leaguer, his very Tears provoked Laughter, and rendred him the more ridiculous. He saith, *ἰδὲ γέλασαν*, they laughed sweetly, to distinguish it from that *Risus Sardonius* mentioned in the *Odyssey*.

(^r) He looked upon the Greeks, to see who resented his Suffering, and to implore their Assistance, but in vain. Others interpret, *ἀγχοῖν ἰδὲν*, of a sour Face.

(1) *Homer* makes the People speak this by *Thersites*, intending that hereafter he should be *κῆρυξ ἀνέστηναι*, a Mute, and not trouble his Poem any more: for which cause also he brings in *Ulysses* making present tender of that payment which was menaced one-ly for the future, that so all possible Indignity might be done him both in word and deed.

(2) He resembles them to Women, *οἷς μὲν φόβον*, for their Timorousness and Cowardise; to Children, *οἷς ἀσθενείαν καὶ οἷς ἀνικητότητα*, for their Tender-ness and inability to undergo Labour: To Women that are Widows, because, having none to govern their Families, they mind nothing more then Home; to Children that are Infants, because, being never so little a time abroad, they are never quiet till they return.

(1) You Gods, who can *Ulysses* Parts recite,
So admirable and so infinite?
The Counsel which he gives doth never fail,
And all his warlike Stratagems prevail.
How hath he made this sawcy Railer mute,
Nor more will suffer that with vain Dispute
In contumelious Language he upbraid
The Sacred Majesty of Kings! This said,
The City-Sacker up (*Ulysses*) stands,
Wielding a Golden Sceptre in his Hands.
Near him *Minerva*, like a Herald, came,
And Silence through th' Assembly did proclaim,
That all the *Græcians* both far off and near
His Speech might understand as well as hear.
Then thus he said; Great King, the People strive
To render thee th' unworthiest Prince alive,
To whom in every Promise they have fail'd,
And solemn Vow, (when they from *Argos* sail'd)
In this their Expedition to destroy,
Or ne'r return, the haughty Tow'rs of *Troy*.
But now, (2) like Boys or Widows, (Men no more)
They hancker to review their Native Shore.
Nor is it strange they should so much complain.
Should any from his Wife a Moneth remain,
Toft with rough Billows and tempestuous Wind,
Sure he would be afflicted in his Mind.
But since Nine Years are in this War expir'd,
I cannot blame the Army to be tir'd.
But to stay long, our Labour for our Pain,
And so return, were an eternall Stain.
Stay out your time, then 'twill be known to you
If *Calchas* Prophecy be false or true.
For all here know, (who not deceased are
By severall Chances in this lingring War)

And

And can as well as I remember yet,
 When our invincible Armado met
 At ^(u) *Aulis* ^(v) late, preparing to destroy
 King *Priam* and the Walls of perjur'd *Troy*,
 We sacred ^(y) Altars near a Crystill Floud
 Imbu'd to Heav'n's Inhabitants with Bloud;
 A compleat Hecatomb of Cattel slain
 Dy'd neighbouring Streams o're-shaded with a ^(z) Plane.
 There we beheld that horrible Ostent:
 A scaley ^(a) Dragon, which by *Jove* was sent,
 Up from the Altar to the Plane-tree sprung,
 Where kept a Sparrow and her callow Young,
 'Mongst shady Leaves, whose Branches did combine:
^(b) Twice four they were, the Mother made up nine.
 The Monster, hissing direly, these devour'd;
 And last the Dam, as she complaining tow'r'd,
 Caught by the Wing, compleating so his Feast
 With the sad Mother and her rifled Nest.
 Great *Jove*, by whom this Prodigie was shown,
 The satiated Monster turn'd to ^(c) Stone.
 Whilst at these Wonders we stood all dismay'd,
 Our Offerings thus with dire Ostents repay'd,
 A Revelation did to *Calchas* come,
 Who said; Why stand you thus like Statues dumb?
 This is *Jove's* own immediate Expres, s,
 In which to us he dictates our Success.
 For as this Serpent, which from th' Altar sprung,
 Devour'd the wofull Mother and her young,
 Which with her tender Issue make up Nine:
 So many Years the Destinies design

their being on the top of a Tree implies the greatest and usuallest measure and dimension of Time, that is, not Days or Moneths, but Years: the Nest on the top, *Troy* itself, situate on a Hill.

(b) They that write of the Nature of Birds say that the Sparrow lays seven Eggs, whereof one constantly is addle. *Eustath.* thinks it to be that Bird more especially called *σποδιστις*, for which consult *Aristotle* in his *Hist. Animal.*

(c) The petrifying of the Serpent denoted τὸ δυσδαιμόδιον τῶ ἀγῶνι, ἢ τὴν τῷ πολέμῳ σκληρότητα, the length and tediousness of the Expedition, with the hardness of the duty and service; or the lasting and durable Peace they should after enjoy, with their everlasting Renown. Others say, That the *Gracians* made a Serpent in Stone in memory of that at *Aulis*, which might occasion the Fable, that *Jupiter* metamorphosed it to Stone.

(u) *Aulis* was so called, for that the *Gracian* Fleet had there their Rendezvous, or from their long stay in that place. It was a City and Haven in *Boeotia*, over against *Eubœa*, bordering upon Mount *Helicon*.

(v) ἄρ' ἔτι καὶ παλαιῶν, Yesterday, or two days since: He contracts the time, mentioning it as lately done, that so he might mitigate their Sorrow, which the true Computation had augmented rather.

(y) The Altars whereon they sacrificed taking a Voyage or Journey were commonly *sub dio*, in the open Air, and built *ex tempore*, for the present occasion. *Lycophron* saith that this was *Saturn's* Altar; that he sent this Prodigie, and, transforming himself into a Serpent, devour'd the Sparrow with her young.

Οἱ δ' ἀμφὶ βωμῶν τῷ σεραμάντιος Κεῖνε,
 Σὺν μιντεῖ τέκνον ἡπιῶν κρατερῆμα,
 Ὀκνον τὸ δειπνέον ἀσπντὶς ζυγόν,
 Σπέρβαν ἐνοπλίζουσι ὀλέαναι πλάτων.
 They near prophetick *Saturn's* Altar:

swore,
 (When with the Dam a hungry Serpent
 tore
 Her callow Young) a second Covenant
 made;

Then with tough Oars the swelling Seas
 invade.

(z) A Tree shady, but fruitless, so called from its spreading and height. It thrives best planted by the Water; is most friendly of all Birds to the Sparrow. *Xerxes* is said to have been so far enamour'd with one of these Trees, that he adorn'd it as a Nymph with Chains and Bracelets, spending his vacant hours constantly under it; and, casting its Counterfeit in Gold, carried it with him when-ever he removed, to re-mind him of the other by which it was made. *Ælian Hist. l. 2. c. 14.* adds, that he left a Guardian to look to it, and defend it as his Mistress.

(a) The *Genius* of a Place or Country was worshipped in the form of a Serpent, as was also the *Lar familiaris*, their Household-god. This Dragon *Porphyrius* calls *Sthenius*. By the Dragon, sacred to *Minerva*, some understand the *Gracians*, as being highly favoured by that Deity: by *Jupiter*, *Δία ξένιον*, the President of Hospitality, whose Rights *Paris* infring'd by his Rape of *Helen*: by the Sparrows, consecrate to *Venus*, διὰ τὸ πολυγόνον, ἢ ἐπὶ δεξιῶν αἰς μῦθον, for its Salacity, and frequent Breeding, for which the Dove also is sacred to her, the *Trojans* or *Troy* itself: their Number denotes so many Years, Πεννὸν γὰρ ὁ χρόνος, ἢ διὰ τὸ τὸ καὶ τὰ πέντε αἰς σημεῖον χρόνον λαμβάνοντα, for Time it self being still on the Wing, winged creatures best decypher it:

(d) *Ulysses*, apologizing in part for the People's desire of returning to their Native Soil, is by the People cried up and commended: whereas *Nestor*, discovering himself *φιλοκαλέα*, a lover of his Prince, siding with *Agamemnon*, and falling sadly upon the Greeks, taxing them with Perjury and breach of Promise, is magnified only by *Agamemnon*. Besides, as *Dion Halicarnassensis* observes, *Ulysses* pleading with the People only to stay, *Nestor* moves them, notwithstanding *Achilles* were withdrawn, to fight; and so, as more serving *Agamemnon's* ends, is more highly by him commended.

(e) *Nestor*, being brought up in *Gerania*, escaped the fury of *Hercules*, who destroy'd his Father *Neleus* and his eleven Sons, being incens'd against them for refusing to purify him after the Slaughter of *Iphitus*. *Ælian* relates that *Hercules* spar'd *Nestor*, and confer'd on him his Father's Throne, for that he alone was for his Reception, dissenting herein from his Father and Brothers, who were all against it.

(f) The *Gracians* entred into a solemn Association and League concerning *Helen* twice; once to her Father *Tindarus*, and a second time at *Aulis*. Of the former thus *Pausanias* in *Lacœnicis*; *Tindarus*, sacrificing a Horse, summon'd all *Helen's* Suitors, and, setting them amidst his Quarters, caused them to take an Oath, that they should assist her and who-ever should enjoy her, and revenge all Injuries that should be done them: which they taking, he there buried the Horse, the place being thence ever after called *μῦμα ἵππου*, the Sepulchre of the Horse. Of the second, see Note (g) above.

(g) That is, consum'd in the Fire of the Sacrifice at *Aulis*. Of Injustice, breach of Promise and Perjury, thus *Hesiod*, "Εργ."

Ὁ Πέρσης, σὺ δὲ ταῦτα μετὰ φρεσὶ βάλλας σῆσιν,
καὶ νῦν δίκης ἐπ' αὖτις, βίης δ' ἀπὸ δόλοιο πάμπαν.
Τὸν δὲ δὴ ἀνδρῶπιος νόμον δόταξεν Κρονίων·
Ἰθὺς μὲν καὶ θηρῶν καὶ οἰωνοῖς περὶ τρεῖς,
"Ἔσθην ἀλλήλους, ἑπεί οἱ δίκην ἔστιν ἴσα' αὐτοῖς·"
Ἀνδρῶπιος δ' ἔδωκε δίκην, ἣ πολλὰν ἀείρει
Γίνεται· εἰ γὰρ τις κ' ἐδὶ λῆν τὰ δίκην ἀρεῖται
Γινώσκων, πρὸ μὲν τ' ἔλκεον δίδδῃ εὐρύστον Ζεὺς·
Ὅς δὲ καὶ μαρτυρεῖται ἑὸν ἐπὶ ὄρκον ὁμόωντας
Ψεύσεται, ἐν δὲ δίκην βλάψας, νύκτεον ἀείδει·
Τὸ δὲ τ' ἀμαυροτέρῃ γυνεὶ μετὰ πῶδε λέλειπται.
Ἀνδρὲς δ' εὐόρκου γυνεὶ μετὰ πῶδε αἰμύων.

The perillous consequence of which Crime is thus farther dilated by the same Authour thus, *Θεογ.*

Ὁρκον δ' ὅς δὲ πλεον ἐπαρθεῖνός ἀνδρῶπιος
Πημάνει, ὅτε κινῇ τις ἑκὼν ἐπὶ ὄρκον ὁμόων.

As also by that Oracle in *Herodotus*;

Ἄλλ' "Ὁρκος πῶς ἔστιν ἀνόνημος, ἐδ' ἐπὶ χεῖρας,
Οὐδὲ πῆδες, χριπῶς δὲ μετέρχεται, εἰσὶν αἶσαν
Συμμερῆας ὁλίσθη γυνεὶ καὶ οἶκον ἀπαντα.

(h) In making any League they drank Wine unmixed, intimating thereby τὸ τῆς γυναικὸς αἰμύης τεύχεος καὶ ἀδολοῦ, the Sincerity and singleness of their Intentions: when after we read of any Mixture, it is to be understood of several Wines, not Water. They drunk also, who-ever were present, of the same Cup, to attest *Vita & mortis communionem*, that they would live and die together, adhering to what they had sworn. They also took each other by the Right hand, this being *συνεῖον φιλίας*, an Embleme of Unity and Friendship. Hence the *Triumviri* at *Rome* stamp'd a Medall with three Hands conjoyned in one, whose Inscription was this, *Salus generis humani*. Others had this, *Concordia Legionum*; and others again, *Gloria Exercitus*. (i) *Nestor* shews the tractable disposition of the Army, by the paucity of those that were opposite and averse, in that there was but one onely disaffected, (*Thersites*) or but two at most, he and *Achilles*, whom *Nestor*, as being *φιλοκαλέας*, forbears not to reprove: And these also he slights and vilifies, in that he deigns not to name them.

This War shall last, and we the Tenth destroy
The lofty Bulwarks of well-built Troy.

This was th' Interpretation which he made,
And all things yet have hapned as he said.

Come, let us now unanimously stay,
Till *Ilian* Tow'rs in dust we levell lay.

This said, the Fleet (d) with Acclamations rung,
Admiring wife *Ulysses* fluent Tongue.

(e) *Geranian Nestor* then; We talk as far
From Sense as Children unexpert in War.
Where are our solemn (f) Oaths and Covenants gone?
What (g) burnt, and we no more that Interest own?
Are all our Counsels crost with Countermands?

Is (h) Wine no Sanction, nor conjoyn'd right Hands?

Here we dispute, and vainly thus contend,

And Time, that is irreparable, spend.

Atrides, to thy first Intention stand;

To draw the Army forth give straight Command.

Let (i) one or two, who envie thee, repine,

And by themselves contrive a vain Design:

Which e're they shall effect, and homewards sail,

We'll know if *Jove* doth Promise keep, or fail.

My Persa, as a *Maxime* this receive,
Be just, and no man of his Right bereave.
Jove gave's this Law, commanding's to obey.
But greedy Fish, wild Beasts and Birds of prey
Each other may devour, they Justice want;
Which supreme Virtue he in us did plant.
For whoe'er in publick Justice does,
Wealth in abundance Jove on him bestows:
But who his cause by Subornation bears,
Bribes, or false Witness, or himself forswears,
His meaner Off-spring hardly shall be found;
When just mens Children shall be more renown'd.
An Oath, which brings so many Mischiefs, when
It violated is by perjur'd men.

But "Ὁρκος" hath a Son without a Name,
Or Hands, or Feet, who secretly, though lame,
Houses destroys, and those that from them came.

I say,

I say, the God confirm'd the Grant he made,
 When all aboard with Joy we Anchors weigh'd,
 Freight'd for Priam and the Phrygian State
 With War, Death, and inexorable Fate.
 That ^(k) right-hand Lightning he at us discharg'd
 Both sealed our Commission and enlarg'd.
 Be not so eager to return, for Shame,
 Till every one enjoy a Trojan ^(l) Dame;
 Revenging so those Tears fair Helen shed,
 Too late repenting her lost Husband's Bed.
 But if that any here so much desire
 Back to his Native Country to retire,
 Let him, so ill advjs'd, his Ship ascend,
 By that means ^(m) hastning his untimely End.
⁽ⁿ⁾ Consult, great King, and other Princes here,
 And to my Counsel give no careless Ear:
 Let a Division of our Force be made,
^(o) That Tribes may Tribes, and Nations Nations aid.
 If this be done according as enjoyn'd,
 Who best perform their Duties thou shalt find;
 And who thy Orders and Commands do slight:
 For every Squadron shall distinctly fight.
 And this will clear, if Ilium Jove protects,
 Or Troy holds out made strong by our Defects.

Οὗτος ὁ μὲν πᾶσι δεικνύει δὲ αὐτὸν πάντα νοῦνται,
 Θεωρεῖ μὲν τὰ καὶ ἑπειτα καὶ ἵς τέλος ἵπεν ἀμείνω.
 * Ἐδιδόκει δ' αὖ κακῆϊνος δὲ εὖ εἰπόντι πειθῆναι.
 * Οὐκ ἦ καὶ μὲν αὐτὸν νοῦν, καὶ τ' ἄλλα ἀκούων
 * Ἐν θυμῷ βάλλεται, ὅδ' αὖτ' ἀρχήϊος ἀνὴρ.

He ablest is can best himself advise,
 And finds Conclusions without others Eyes:
 He next takes place whom Counsellors can rule.
 Who can nor lead nor follow, is a Fool.

Yet in persons entrusted with the publick, he is much the wiser man who submits to hear and to be advised by others: whence they that came after him inverted thus his Verse,

Οὗτος ὁ μὲν πᾶσι δεικνύει δὲ εὖ εἰπόντι πειθῆναι
 * Ἐδιδόκει δ' αὖ κακῆϊνος δὲ αὐτὸν πάντα νοῦνται.

Who follows able Counsel is most wise;
 And he is next can best himself advise.

Hence Herodotus, Ὀμηροεικέστατος, a great admirer and exact imitator of Homer, borrowed that saying of his, ἴστω, ὦ βασιλεῦ, κακῆϊνω φρονέειν τι εὖ, καὶ πρὸς λόγον τι χρῆσθαι ἐδάειν παίδιδου, To be able, O King, to advise a man's self, and to take such their Counsel as advise for the best, are accounted one and the same thing.

^(p) The Athenians were divided into four Tribes, and every Tribe into three Phratræ, so that φράτρις was the τρίτος, the third part of a Tribe. Now Nestor adviseth to order them thus, because, as saith Leo in his *Taeticks*, ἡ ἀγάπη συγκαταστήσκει ἀνδράσι καὶ ἀεικελίαν παρστανάζει, Love makes men expose their Lives for one another, and to engage with greater resolution. Besides, men will be ashamed of their Cowardliness, when it cannot (they know) be hid, which yet, presuming on Secrecie, they will not the least blush at. Lastly, as the Athenians were divided into four Tribes, answerable to the four Quarters or Seasons of the Year, and every Tribe subdivided again into three Phratræ, which made up twelve, corresponding to the twelve Moneths; so every Phratræ consisted of thirty Families: all which added together make up 360, suitable to the number of Days in a Year. Again, every Family, or γένος, was to consist of thirty persons.

Then

^(k) Cicero de Divinat. citing that Verse of Eennius,
Quom conuit lacum bene tempestate serenâ,
 When, th' Air serene, it thunders from the left,
 observes this difference between the Roman way of Augury and the Gracian; That whereas the Romans accounted no Thunder lucky but what came from their left hand, the Greeks held none auspicious but such as proceeded from the right: Ἐν τοῖς ἀσπαρῶσι τὰ ἐκ δεξιῶν αἶσα, Thunder from the right denotes Prosperity and good Success, from the left the contrary. Hence that Gracian Proverb, Ἀσπιδίη δὲ Ἀκουατοῦ, that it thunder'd at Harma, a City on the left hand of Boeotia. And indeed what-ever they heard from the right hand of them, they deemed fortunate. Thus παρὰ τοὺς δεξιῶν, Sneezing from the right, and παρὰ τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς, the Palpitation of the right eye, portended some good, they conceived, towards them: so Plautus, *Nisi quis futurum est, ita supercilium salit.*

^(l) He persuaded the Souldiery to continue the Siege, using this Argument to induce them to it, that so they should every one enjoy a Trojan Matron; the Multitude indulging themselves in nothing more then carnal Pleasures, such as affect the Sense, especially when they may do it without Punishment or Reproach. Where observe that Homer makes not Ulysses, the younger by much of the two, to urge this Argument, but old Nestor, one who could not justly be suspected to propound any such pleasure to himself; whereas Ulysses might well be thought to have minded as much in it the serving τὸ πάρος οὐκ ἔσται, his own ends and Passion, as the common good. Nestor thinks it just the Trojans thus suffer *lege talionis*, for what they had done to Menelaus.

^(m) Ὡς καὶ τὸ δαδάσει εἰς αὐτὸν ἐλθόντι, καὶ αὐτὸν καταδιδάσει, καὶ ἐν ὧσιν αὐτὸν such an one not expecting till Death seize him, but tempting and pulling it upon himself before his time. *Enst.*

⁽ⁿ⁾ Albeit what Hesiod hath in his *Ergy.* be true respecting private persons;

(p) That is, as eloquent and able to deliver themselves, *ὡς ἡ αὐτὴ ἔξῃς τὰ λόγῳ*, as excellent speakers; he preferring the Endowments of the Mind before all corporeall Atchievements and performances what-ever: whence, nor doubting to carry *Troy* had he but ten such as *Nestor*, he wisheth the whole Army as resolute and courageous as *Ajax*, they being all little enough, even though so qualify'd, to master the place. So true is that of *Euripides*,

Σοφὸν ἂν ἑκάστω τὰς πολλὰς χεῖρας νικᾷ.

One well-lay'd Plot o're many Hands prevails.

Like this is the Apophthegm of the *Persian King* in *Herodotus*, who, cutting a *Pomegranat*, and being asked what he wish'd equal with the number of its Kernells, answered, So many like *Megabyzus*, one he most favour'd and honour'd of all about him.

(q) *Ἐν πενθεῖσι καὶ θεῶ οἱ ἀνθρώποι*, Men in Misery are ever querulous and complaining, even against God himself.

(r) Before they fought, they ate somewhat, drinking usually their Wine unmixt, so to comfort and strengthen their Spirits, that they might not faint.

• (s) *Horace lib. 1. Od. 15.*
Eheu quantum equis, quantum adest
viris
Sador! quanta mores funera Dardanæ
Genti!

What Siveats to Men and Horses come!
What Massacre to *Ilium*,
And *Priam's* Race!

(t) *Gr. ἀσπίδες*, their Shields anciently being of that largeness as to cover their whole Body, and of an Orbicular form. Hence *Empedocles* in *Plutarch* calls the Body *ἀσπίδες* τῷ σώματι, for its encompassing and containing the Soul.

(u) *Esthathius* saith, That this Supper was conjoyned with a Sacrifice, the People sacrificing for themselves no less than the King. These Sacrifices he observes to be *εὐτελεῖν* mean, and so evidenced both their present Hastē, and their Parsimony and Frugality. After the *Greeks* grew so addicted to Luxury and Excess, insomuch as *Antiphanes*, deriding them for it, demanded, *Τί δ' ἂν Ἑλλήνες μακροτέρω χρόνῳ ζήσωσι;* *What can the Greeks, those good Trencher-men and great Eaters, do?* *Plato* observes that *Homer* makes his *Hero's* feed onely upon Flesh, and that of Beeves, never on Fish, albeit they encamped by the Sea, and the *Hellepont* abounded with them; Flesh being the delicater Fare by far, insomuch as it hath ingrossed the name of *Meat*, nothing being properly *fish* but it. Hence *Homer* calls their Feast—*σπονδία δαῖτα*, as increasing their Strength, *Iliad. v. 90.*

Then said the King; So well thou dost design,
That all our Reasons vanquish'd are by thine.

O that great *Jove*, *Phæbus* and *Pallas* now
Would ten (p) such Counsellours to us allow!
Then *Priam's* City soon we should destroy,
And Spoils of wealthy *Ilium* enjoy.

But (q) *Jove* on me doth worser Fates impose,
Tangled in Strife and intricate Woes.

I and *Achilles* at high Words have been
About a Woman; I did first begin.

But whensoever we close this dangerous Breach,
Troy we shall sack, and soon the War dispatch.

But now (r) refresh, that we may take the Field;
Sharpen your Spears, each fortifie his Shield.

Let every one be carefull that he feeds
With purest Bread and plenteously his Steeds;
And let them see their Chariots nothing lack,
Lest something wanting should the Business slack:

That we all Day incessantly may fight,
Till we are parted with th' approaching Night.

One (s) sweating shall his (t) ample Target bear,
And grasp with weary Hands his ponderous Spear;
Another's Horses shall be all on Foam.

But if I know of any sculk at Home,
(Though for his Stay he may Excuses shape)
He never shall from Dogs and Vulturs scape.

Loud Shouts, this said, broke from applauding Ranks,
Thundring like Waves that wash th' opposed Banks;
As 'gainst a Rock when Winds and Seas conjoyn,
And Southern Tempests plot some new Design.

Straight all dispersing to their Quarters hast,
Their Cabins smoke, preparing fresh Repast.

Some (u) offer to the Gods, and humbly crave
That in the Battel they their Lives would save.

Atrides

Atrides to the Ruler of the Skies

(^a) A fat Ox, (^x) five years old, did sacrifice,
And bade the *Græcian* Princes to the Rites :
First (^c) *Nestor*, then *Idomenæus* invites,
Both (^z) *Ajaxes*, and *Diomedes* next ;
And, wise as *Jove*, *Ulysses* made the sixth.
(^a) Stout *Menelaus* (^b) of himself repairs,
Knowing his Brother full of pressing Cares.
The Ox surrounding, they the Leven take ;
When thus the King to *Jove* his Prayer did make :

O thou the great Commander of the (^c) Skies,
Let not the Sun go down, nor Darknesse rise,
(^d) Before that I King *Priam's* Court destroy,
And burn with hostile Flames the Gates of *Troy* :
And Strength, Almighty Thunderer, me afford
To cleave great *Hector's* Corset with my Sword :
And let his Friends hewn down his Corps surround,
(^e) Biting in Death's Convulsions the Ground.

Thus pray'd the King : but he that rules the Skies
Slighted his Suit, but took his Sacrifice,
And augmentation to his Sufferings made.
After that all had their Devotions pay'd,
* On the Beast's Front they Salt and Barley threw,
The Victim then, his Head erecting, slew,
Then flay, and to the Thighs lopp'd off affix
A double Caul, and Lean with Fat commix :
Next thinner Steaks from parts extremer cut,
And round the Thighs upon the Altar put ;

But for this *Athenæus* justifies him against *Plato*, affirming *Menelaus* to be very valorous, however by his Adversaries aspersed with Timidity; all we meet with in Poets being neither the genuine sense of the Authour himself, nor yet the due Character of the Person. The Ancients observe that Parents, Brethren, Wives and Children, and who else we equally respect, *ὃ δὲν καλεῖσθαι συμποσίῳ, ἀλλ' αὐτομάτως ἵσταται*, are not to expect till they be invited to a Feast, but to come of themselves : and this was the reason why *Menelaus* came un- sent for. *Homer* makes seven onely admitted to *Agamemnon's* Sacrifice or Feast, according to the old Adage, *Septem convivium, novem convivium*, Seven makes a Banquet, nine a Fray. *Demetr. Phalerens* rejects the ensuing Verses as spurious. Spond. (^c) Of that part of the Air which, being highest, is free from Clouds : for this notes still *αἰθήρ* in *Homer*. (^d) The common Souldiers petitioning onely for the preservation of their Lives, *Agamemnon* prays not but for some accession of Honour, that he might carry and sack *Troy* ; Honour by generous spirits being higher prized than Life : *ὃ δὲ ἀπὸ βασιλῆος ζῆν, εἰ μὴ καὶ δούλωσεν*, it being nothing satisfactory to a Prince to live, if he live ingloriously. (^e) Which they did either evidencing thereby their Indignation ; or else out of Design, that they might utter any such Cries as would unbecome them, and so disparage their former Prowess. Thus *Livie* relates it of some *Romans* Souldiers at the Battel of *Canus*, that they were found dead having their Heads covered over with Mold, as was conceived, by themselves, that so their Grooms might not be heard to their own discredit or the discouraging of others. * See *Iliad* the first Book.

Which

(^a) He offers an Ox, far, and five years old. An Ox, *ὃς βασιλῆος ἐστὶν ζῶν βασιλικόν*, as a King to a King a Kingly Beast ; *ὃς τέλει τέλει*, what was perfect to him that was most perfect : he offers a Male onely, an Ox, which at that age is in his prime, *ὃς δουλοῦ ἀμύνει*, to him that excelled in Strength one of the strongest creatures. *Agamemnon* offering but one to *Jupiter*, the Kings of *Persia* sacrificed daily a thousand.

(^x) *Hesiod* makes an Ox to attain to perfection at nine years old, as appears by these Verses of his, *Ἔργ. lib. 2. v. 54.*

βία δ' ἐννεατῆρον
*Ἀρσεν καλῆδος, (ἢ γὰρ δίνῃ ἢ ἀλ-
τῆρον)*

Ἦντε μῆτερον ἔχοντε τὸ ἐργάσασθαι δέισιν.
of nine years old procure
A yoke of Oxen, which to plough inure ;
For at that age they Labour left indure.

Albeit some, conceiving him to speak of rude Bores, unwrought Oxen, will have these nine years divided betwixt them, as being neither to be younger then four, nor elder then five. With whom agrees *Columella*, who adviseth not to yoke draught-Oxen before they be between four and five years old ; as being too tender before that age, and too stubborn after.

(^y) With the *Lacedæmonians*, he that was the Senior was honoured in all Feasts *σπονδικία*, with the highest place ; unless the King pleased to confer it upon some other.

(^z) *Homer* links still the *Ajaxes* together, as being not severed in their Exploits, and united in Affection.

(^a) The words, *βῆν ἀγῶνι*, denote properly one that hath a strong Voice ; and by consequence is used for Fight or Battell ; either for that, when they engaged, they gave the Onset with Shouts and Acclamations ; or that they pursued the flying Enemy with Noise and Clamour, the sound of Trumpet being a more novel invention. Besides, a strong and able Voice is a sign of Courage and Resolution ; for Fear, contracting the passages of the Breath, renders the Breath small and weak, nay many times strikes men speechless, causing their Teeth to move faster then their Tongues. *Enstath.*

(^b) It being an antique Adage, *Ἀγῶν ὅτι δούτος ἵσταν Ἀντιμαχίου ἀγῶνι*. *Socrates* in *Plato's* *Sympos.* blames *Homer* for making *Menelaus*, who was every way inferior to his Brother, to come to *Agamemnon's* Table uninvited.

Which with cleft Wood he burns, then pours out Wine.
 Next Spits they brought which five in one conjoyn.
 The Thighs consum'd, they on the Inwards feast,
 And what remain'd in pieces cut and drest :
 Of which well roasted, taken up, and laid
 In Dishes, he a hasty Banquet made.
 All of the frugal Treatment had a share.
 When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
 Then *Nestor* thus to *Agamemnon* said ;

(f) It is an old Military Maxime, τὸ χρόνον ἐκείνου τοῦ husband Time, ἀνυπαρκτόν ἀνάλωμα τὸ κατὰ, no loss being so costly and irreparable, as to lose an opportunity: whence *Alexander*, being asked how he achieved so great things in so short a time, answered, μὴν ἀνακαλλέμεθα, by not delaying.

No longer must our Business be (f) delay'd :
 What *Jove* hath hinted, what God puts us on,
 Must both with Speed and Chearfulness be done.
 Straight bid your Heralds summon to the Strands,
 And muster there, the well-arm'd *Græcian* Bands.
 Then let us view the Squadrons, raising so
 Their Animosities against the Foe.

This Counsel *Agamemnon* pleas'd, who all
 His shrill-voic'd Heralds order'd straight to call
 The *Greeks* together. They Obedience yield,
 And cover, gathering from all parts, the Field.

The *Jove*-lov'd Kings about *Atrides* went,
 Each leading his distinguish'd Regiment :
 Amongst them *Pallas*, wielding that so large,
 And ever-fresh, and ne'r-decaying Targe,
 Grac'd with a hundred Fringes all of Gold ;
 Each for a (g) hundred Oxen might be sold.
 Thus she encourag'd them to take the Field,
 Persuading she would all Assistance yield ;
 Then with such Force and Fury them inspir'd,
 They could not be with Martial Labours tir'd.
 Now cruel Wars to them more gratefull are,
 Then to their Native Country to repair.
 As when a spacious Forest shines in Fire,
 Which long hath crown'd a Mountain's lofty Spire,
 Far

(g) That is, worth an hundred Oxen or more, a certain or definite number being used for an indefinite and uncertain, and Oxen put for all four-footed Cattell; all Commerce anciently and Traffick being onely by Commutation and Exchange, especially by Beasts, amongst which the Ox was the highliest prized, and held also sacred. From whence the first Golden Coin being impress'd with his Effigies on the one side, and the Prince's on the other, (the invention of *Thesens*) the Pieces themselves by the *Athenians* were called Oxen: whence came that Proverb, ὅτι ἐπὶ γλώτῃς ἐίπται, that he hath an Ox upon his Tongue, applied to one that is brib'd to be silent. Lastly, the Wealth of the Ancients consisting in Cattell, Oxen especially, as being of greatest value, *Hom*er calls fair Women εὐραίστριας, as finding many Oxen, that is, getting the richest Husbands.

Far off the Burnings cast a dreadful Light;
 And all the Horizontick Hills are bright :
 So shone their glittering Armour in their March,
 Scaling with darted Beams Heav'n's gloomy Arch.
 (b) Thick as or Geefe, or (c) long-neck'd Swans, or (k) Cranes,
 Near to Cayster's Streams on (l) Asia's Plains ;
 (Who sporting towr on large expanded Wings,
 Whilst with (m) loud Cackling all the Meadow rings)
 So from their Tents and Ships the numerous Bands
 Came (n) pouring down on sweet (o) Scamandrian Strands.
 Earth groans loaden with Bodies drawn in Ranks,
 Which cover all the Rivers florid Banks .
 Thick as the Spring produceth Leaves or Flowers,
 Or Flies, who (p) busie muster all their Powers,
 Preparing in some Cottage to assail,
 Chear'd with warm Weather, the warm Milking-pail:
 So did the Greeks draw out, and ready stood,
 Hoping to dye the Trojans Streets with Bloud.
 As Goat-herds their own (q) scattering Charges know,
 Though through vast Plains their Herds commixed go:

(m) Gr. πρὸς ἀνὰ πτερὰ. Birds that fly in company, those of quicker Wing stay usually for such of their Retinue as cannot make that wing and speed, calling on them to make hast, and encouraging them by their Cries. Did.

(n) A Metaphor taken from Water ; by which he implies their Activity and Agility of body, called hence by the Greeks ὑγρῆς.

(o) Scamander was a River near Troy, between which and Simois was this Field where both Armies were drawn up. It ariseth out of the Mountain Ida.

(p) Gr. ἡλάττω. He useth this word of Flies, that they stray or wander, because they seldom fly in a direct line.

(q) He calls the Herds of Goats πᾶσις ἀνὰ πτερὰ, broad Herds, πᾶσις ἀνὰ πτερὰ ἵππων, because they feed at a greater distance one from another than Sheep, which from their feeding close he styles ἀδύα and πικνὰς.

(r) It was none of the least of the Heathenish Superstitions, to appropriate all Parts of humane Bodies to their peculiar Deities, they conceiving them to have contributed and clubb'd each his part to the Composition of Man ; which parts have been ever since sacred to them, and, as it were, their peculiars. Thus dedicated they the Head to Jupiter, the Breast to Neptune, the Cinchus or Waist to Mars, the Brows to Juno, thence styled Lucina, from the Sight there seated ; the Eyes themselves to Cupid, Love ever residing there, and standing as it were Sentinell ; the Tip of the Ear to Memoria ; the Hollow behind the right Ear to Nemesis, (they applying the annular Finger first to their Mouths, and thence removing it to this place, as a Preservative and Amulet against suffering for what they spake) the Right hand to Faith and Fidelity ; the Back and parts adjacent to Pluto ; the Reins and Thighs to Venus : the Knees were consigned to Mercurie, the Ancles and Soles of the feet to Thetis, and the Fingers consecrate to Minerva. Of which thus a Greek Epigrammatist :

Ὀμμάτων ἔχεις Ἥγευς, Μελίτη, τὰς χεῖρας Ἀθηνᾶς,
 Τὴν μὲν Πάριος, τὰ πόδας Ἰθυσσέως.

Juno's thy Eyes, thy Breast is Venus sweet,
 Pallas thy Hands, Thetis thy silver Feet.

Here sembles Agamemnon for his Head and Eyes to Jupiter, διὰ τὸ ἡγεμονικὸν, ὃ ἐποφθαλμὸν, ὃ ὑπερανατολὸν, to evidence his Authority, Prudence, and Sovereignty ; to Mars, διὰ τὸ ἐκ πύργου καὶ κλέων, for the beauty and strength of his Arms ; to Neptune, for his broad Breast, quod γαστήρ, this noting Honour and Veneration, as also no contemptible Strength. Neptune is said to be εὐρυπλάτης, broad-chested, ob immensitatem Aquarum, for the immense latitude of the Ocean. The Girdle, as it was the costliest Ornament about Women, in which they most prided themselves, and wherein they expressed their utmost skill and art, and thence is commonly put pro toto mundo Muliebri, for all their Attire ; (whence the Kings of Egypt and Persia are said to have assigned their Queens the whole Customs and Revenue of Ankylla, a Town near Alexandria, πρὸς ὧρας, to find them Girdles. Athen.) so with Souldiers, no part of their Arms being of more especiall note, it is used for the whole, and by the taking off this alone, they were dismissed the Militia and cashier'd. Plutarch reprehends this passage, De fort. Alexandri lib. 2.

This Note (r) refers to the ensuing Page.

H

The

(c) Scaliger, as partial as he is to Homer, acknowledgeth yet this Simile replete with Nectar.

(i) The Swan hath the longest Neck of any Fowl of his bulk and body, which serves him in the water ἀνὰ ὀψάριον, instead of a Line and Hook, whereby to take Fish. They are also observed to be εὐκτατοὶ ὑγρῶν, very fruitfull and addicted to fighting, so as many times they kill one another. Aristotle makes them also ἀδύα, and saith, that they fly over the Sea singing. He adds, that they often encounter with the Eagles, ἀντιπρὸς γὰρ αὐτοῖς, ἀπὸ ἐν ἀγρῶν ἀσπίων, which they do onely to return and revenge Injuries, not to begin them. See *Alian Hist.* l. 1. c. 12.

(k) The Crane is one of those Birds which the Latins call *Advena*, as coming from foreign parts.

(l) This Lake was so called, either from Asia the Son of Corys, King of Lydia ; or from ἀνὰ, which notes τὴν ἰσὺν, Mud, the River Cayster being observed to be replenished with Mud and Slime, especially in its Ostia or Outlets. Cayster was the Son of Penelopea ; it is here a River of Ionia in Asia the less. Achilles Alexandrinus making the Parrot hanging from a Bough, the Peacock displaying her Train amidst the Flowers, placeth the Swan at a Brook or River, as his proper place.

The Officers their Men with ease dispose,
To take the best Advantage of their Foes.
Atrides did their Diligence approve,
In his Majestick ^(r) Look resembling *Jove*,
When he his dreadfull Lightning doth discharge;
Like *Mars* his Waste, his Breast like *Neptune's* large.
So shews a ^(s) Bull amongst the bellowing Herd,
For Valour, Strength and Excellence prefer'd;
As he amongst th' illustrious Hero's shew'd.
Such Honour ^(t) *Jove* that day on him bestow'd.

Say, ^(u) *Muses*, who in Heav'nly Mansions dwell,
Since you are Goddeses, and best can tell,
(We onely hear Reports from flying Fame)
What Princes to the *Trojan* Leaguer came.
^(x) I cannot reckon up the numerous Throngs,
Had I a hundred Mouths, as many Tongues,
A ^(y) brazen Throat, and Lungs of solid Steel;
Unless *Jove's* Seed, the Heav'nly *Muses*, will
Assist me to recount what Ships did come,
And who conducted them to *Ilium*.

(r) He resembles *Agamemnon* to the Bull, *στεινὸν βόων δὲ ὕμνωνιν*, a goodly and majestick creature, not, as elsewhere, to a Lion; his present design being to express not so much his Proveys and Valour, as his Conduct and Command. Besides, as *Dion Chrysostome* observes, *τιμὴν μὲν τῷ λέοντι ἀντιπαρὶ τὴν ἀντιπαρὶ τὸν ἄνθρωπον*, *τὴν δὲ τῷ βόει βασιλικὴν*, The Lion being the Character of that Power which is arbitrary and Tyrannicall, he makes the Bull an Embleme of Kingly Authority rather, and such as is legal. Of this passage of our Poet thus the fore-cited Author: He likens *Agamemnon* (saith he) to the Bull, not so much to express his Valour and Strength, having sufficiently done this elsewhere, resembling him to the Lion; as to evidence *τὴν ἐν τῷ βόει φέρειαν*, his peaceable Disposition, with his Care and provision for those under his charge. For though the Bull be one of the stoutest creatures, yet exerciseth he his Strength, not as do the Lion, Boar, or Eagle, which, pursuing and persecuting other creatures, fall upon them and devour them, being thence an apter Type of Tyrannicall then Kingly Government; but in defending and protecting his Herd, being herein a perfect Representation of Kingly Power. First, his Fare being moderate and not far to seek, he injures not any for it in their Lives or Properties; and being sufficiently stored with Provisions for his necessary sustenance and support, as well as the most powerfull Potentate and Monarch of the Earth, he pastures peaceably and by himself, not disturbing others in their natural Rights and Possessions. Secondly, he governs and commands those of his own kind, and that are under his Tuition, with much Tenderneſs, Care, and Love, leading them forth to feed, and when any ravenous Beast appears, not deserting them, but exposing himself for their preservation, defending the infirm against the Insolence and Usurpation of such as are more potent. Lastly, meeting with a stranger Herd, he challengeth and combats their Leader, and that out of a design of Honour merely and Reputation, that so the Victory may determine which is the redoubtless Commander of the two, and whose Herd the worthiest. Thus he in his Oration *De Regna*. Of which last Property of the Bull, to endure no Rival or Competitor, thus *Virgil Georg. 3. v. 224*.

*Nec mos bellantum unâ stabulare, sed alter
Victus abit.*

No more these Warriours pasture in one ground,
The vanquished departs.

(s) *Novum & mirabile Deo ascribit, asperitatem rei potentiâ Numinis emolliens*; What exceeded the ordinary rate he ascribes to *Jupiter*, mollifying the harshness or improbability of the thing with the Potency of the Deity. So *Minerva* makes *Ulysses* in the *Odyſſes* to appear *Membris grandioribus*, in Bulk and Stature larger then natural.

(u) *Homer*, who being to describe the Passion of a single person, *Achilles*, invokes a single Muse onely, the Queen of that Quire, *Calliope*, being about to recount the prime Commanders in that Host, calls to his Assistance the whole Company. Besides, he delivers his Catalogue of them as *extraduce* from the *Muses*, so to prevent all Exceptions, and decline the *Odium* might be laid upon him, as not giving any of them (as some might conceive) their due Character and Commendation.

(x) *Eustathius* observes, that though *Homer* professeth not to enumerate or give any perfect Catalogue of the Commanders of the *Græcian* Camp, yet he doth it tacitely, and hints it upon the bye. For if we follow *Thucydides* his rule and direction, that is, take the middle proportion of Souldiers transported in the greatest and smallest Bottoms, which is eighty five, (the Ships of the first Rate and Burthen, those of the *Bæotians*, carrying 120, and those that were poorliest mann'd no fewer then fifty, as those which came with *Philoteetes*) and multiply it according to the number of Vessels in the *Græcian* Fleet, which exceeded a thousand, according to this Calculation we shall find the *Greek* Army to consist of about ten Myriads of men.

(y) What was strong the *Latines* call *Ferream*, of Iron, the *Greeks* *χαλκον*, of Brass; hence *Sophocles* calls one with a strong voice *χαλκισσων*. Thus *Didymus* the Grammarian, for his incessant, indefatigable and prodigious Labour, was styled *χαλκισσων*, as if his *entrails* and *Vitals* had been of Brass.

Penelopeus,

(^a) **P***Eneleus*, (^b) *Leitus*, *Prothenor* command,
Arcefilans, *Clonius*, the *Bæotian* Band :
 Whom stony (^c) *Aulin*, and whom (^d) *Hyrie* fed ;
 Whom (^e) *Schænnus*, (^f) *Scolus*, (^g) *Eteonns* bred ;
 Who (^b) *Thespia*, (ⁱ) *Græa*, (^k) *Mycaleffus* plant ;
 Who (^l) *Harmæ*, (^m) *Erythræ*, (ⁿ) *Ilesum* vaunt ;
 Who *Eleon*, *Hyle*, and (^o) *Peteon* till'd ;
 (^p) *Ocalea* who and strong (^q) *Medeon* held,
 (^r) *Copæ*, (^s) *Eutresis*, (^t) *Thisbe* that abounds
 With Doves, and (^u) *Haliartus* Meadow-grounds ;

(4) Such was the reverend estimation Antiquity had of this Poem of *Homer's*, that all Controversies de *Finibus*, concerning the Boundaries of their Cities and Territories, they submitted to be decided by his Verses alone, making his Works the Tribunal of their Suits and Differences: whence their authority being so irrefragable and authentick, many counterfeited some Verses, so to obtain their Ends, and foisted them into this his *Rhapsodie*, as is more then once related by *Strabo*. *Cerdia*, a Law-giver of his Country, enjoyed young Scholars to get this part without-book. *Porphyr.* *Homer.* *Quest.* He begins with *Boeotia*, either, as *Aristarchus*, *ἢ τὸ ἀναρχόν*, by *Infinis*, or as it came or was put into his mind; or to gratifie the Muses, whose *Helicon* was in that Region; or in honour of *Aulis*, the greatest Mart of those parts, as being the *Umbilicus* or Navel of all *Greece*, having a commodious and capacious Haven, memorable for that the

Navy fitted for the Expedition of *Troy* had there their first Rendezvous, where they lay long wind-bound. Here was the Arsenal of the *Greeks*. It was also well stor'd with Mariners, as being a Colony of the *Phœnicians*. *Bæotia* was so called either *Βαῖ* ἢ *Καλαὶ Βοτῆς*, from *Cadmus his Heifer*, or his Mother's covering him newly born with Ox-dung; or *αἰμί ὄντα τῆς θαλάσσης ἀπὸ δυνάμεως*, for their dullness of apprehension, (whence that Proverb of *Bæotia* 'tis a *Bæotian Sow*) which some impute to the thicknefs of the Air; or from *Bæotus*, the Son of *Neptune* and *Arne*, so denominated from his Education *ὑπὸ Γοῶν*.

(b) Of these five Leaders of the Boeotians, *Leitus* only return'd safe to his Country, saith *Pausanias*.

(c) *Aulis*, is called from the long Stay there of the *Gracians*, who lay there wind-bound; or from *Aulis* the Daughter of *Eunonymus*, the Son of *Cepheissus*.

(d) *Hyrie* was near *Aulis*, so called from *Hyriens* its Founder.

(c) *Schiennus*, a City in the Theban Territories, fifty Furlongs (so *Strabo*) from *Thebes*; so called ~~and~~ *gelyuuv*, from *Fiagi*, of which the River *Apodis* is very fruitful: or from a man of that name. It is watered by the River *Schœnnus*.

(f) *Scolus*, a City beneath *Placca*, upon the bank of *Afops*: of which Town *Sirabo* cites this Proverbial Adage,

Εἰς Σχῶλον μὴτ' αὐτὸς ἵνα, μὴτ' ἄλλω ἵπταται. *Go not to School alone, nor with thy Friend.*

It lay under the Hill *Citharon*, in a rough and barren Soil, in the Region called *Parafopia*, where the *Manades* tore *Pentheus* in pieces.

(c) *Eteonus*, a Town of *Eubæa*, afterwards *Scaphia*, situate on a Hill or rising ground; such Ascents being styled, as here, *ἄνωδος*, these being the *Knees* as it were of the Mountains to such as travell them upward: the Poet proportioning the parts of a Mountain to these of man's Body, stying the lowest *πόδα*, the *Foot*, the next *ἄνωδος*, the *Knee*, and the top or supreme *ῥομφαία*, the *Crown* or *Head*. Or else he calls it *μαύροκισσος* for that it abounded *ἀνέμω*, with wild Marjoram, which the *Argives* call *ἄνωδος*. *East*.

(b) *Thespia*, seated under *Helicon*, a Town famous for the Statue of *Cupid*, presented by *Glyceras*, as *Serabo*. But of this *Athenaeus* thus: *Phryne* at a publick Convention and Festival of *Nepione* at *Eleusis* throwing off her Veil, and devesting her self, with her Hair dishevelled, cast her self naked, all *Greece* being Spectators, into the Ocean: whereupon *Apelles* the Painter made her his Original for his *Venus Anadyomene*, and *Praxiteles*, the famous Statuary, for his *Venus Gnidia*. This *Praxiteles*, being a great Servant of *Phryne's*, gave her the election of his two most exquisite Pieces, his *Satyr* and *Cupid*; which last she making choice of, dedicated it to *Cupid* at *Thespia*, her native Town.

(i) *Graea*, by an *Aphereſis*, for *Tanagraea*, ſo called from *Tanagra* the Daughter of *Aeolus*, or, as others, *Aſopus*; from her living long called *Graya*. So the *Greeks*; being firſt called *Γραιοί*; for their *Antiquity*, were after ſtyled *Γραινοί*. Here was the Temple of *Amphiaranus*, and the Sepulchre of *Narciſſus*. With *Ptolemy* *Γραινοί* are put for the *Alpes*.

(k) The miserable devastation of this Town *Thucydides* describes lib. 3. It was so called, ἀπὸ τοῦ αὐτοῦ τὰς Γοργόνας μολύνουσαν, *for* *that the Gorgons howled here first*: or from the *bellowing of Cadmus his Cow*, which conducted him and his Colony to *Thebes*.

(1) *Hæmon*, a Town near *Euripus*; on the left hand of *Aulis*; so called, either from *Adrastus*, his *Chariot*, here broke, or from that of *Ambiarans* swallowed up here by the Earth, *Jupiter* cleaving it with a Thunderbolt, to save him from a dishonourable Wound, i. e. in his Back-parts, as he was flying. So *Pindar*;

Εν γὰρ
 Δαμμονίῳ καὶ Φόβῳ
 Κρόνῳ καὶ Πανδρῳ Νικῶν.

—For where
God's men possess with Panick Fear,
Hero's themselves are startled there.

(m) *Erythra*, under the Mountain *Cytheron*, near *Hysia*, or, as *Euripides*, the same with it; from *Erythrus* the Son of *Neptune*.

(n) *Ilesium, Eleon* and *Hyle*, so called as situate in a Maroffe, many Towns in *Bacotia* being destroyed by Inundations, nothing remaining but their Rivers, which upon it altered their Chanells. *Hyle* was the Daughter of *Thespiens*; *Eleon* the Son of *Eleonment*.

(c) *Pateon*, a Village of *Thebes*, so called from one of that name.

(p) *Ocalea*, a Town between *Haliarsus* and *Alalcomena*, *Strabo*; so called from its little distance from *Thebes*,] or from its River.

(q) *Medeon*, a Town near *Onchestus*, *Sirabo*; from *Medeon* the Son of *Pylades* and *Electra*.

(r) *Cope*, situate near the *Copœan* Lake, so called and named from *Oars* or *rowing*; (like as *Platæa*, and the *αδαιτις*, upon the like account) called also *Cephibidae*, from the River *Cephibissus*, named of the Ancients for excellent Eels.

(c) *Eurepis*, a Town between *Theffia* and *Plataea*; so called, *διὰ τὴν εὐρείαν*, for the many waies to it. Here *Apollo Ευρηπίσσιος* had his Temple and Oracle. Of this place was that famous Piper *Ismenias*.

(c) *Thiabe*, or, as after, *Thiabe*, a maritime Town, whose Haven was *ἰσθμὸς ἀγέλας πέτρης* *isthmós agélas petrís*, rocky and full of the Doves called *ἰσθαί*, and *τῶν πέτρων*, from their Fear.

(u) *Haliartus*, from one of the like name, the Son of *Tbersander*.

(x) *Coronea*, a Town upon an Hill near *Helicon*, whose Inhabitants are called *Κορωνεοί*, as the other in *Cyprus* *Κορωνεὶς*, now *Famagosta*. Here Moles neither breed, nor will live transported. From *Coronus* the Son of *Thersander*. *Steph.* αὐτὸν πάλ. Here was celebrated the Feast called *Παμκοῖνα*, sacred upon a mystical account to *Minerva* and *Plutus*. *Strabo*.

(y) *Platea*, or *Plataea*, an in-land Town of *Boeotia*, so called ἀπὸ πτελάτης, from the *Palm* or flat-end of the *Oar*; or for that they acquired their living by rowing or plying the *Oar*. It was famous for the Victory the *Greeks* here obtained against the *Persians*, who, overthrowing *Mardonius* with thirty *Myriads*, erected here the Temple ἱερὸν αἰεὶς αἰεὶς, and burying the Dead at the publick charge, celebrated there the Games called ἑλδύσια. *Pausanias* derives it from *Platea* the Daughter of *Asopus*.

(z) *Gliffa*, upon the Mount *Hypatus*, seven furlongs from *Thebes*, of which they were a Colony. Here was fought that memorable Battell between the *Thebans* and the *Epigoni*, the Posterity or *Post-nati* of them who fell at *Thebes* under *Adrastus*, the Father-in-law of *Polynices*. These *Agialus* the Son of *Adrastus* commanded, who alone of the many Captains that fought that Field was slain, as his Father on the contrary in the former Battell alone escaped with life, the other six dying upon the place. It took its name from one *Gliffon* or *Gliffus*. *Steph.*

(a) *Greek* ἀπὸ θάλας, or, as some, Πόντου. *Thebes* it self being not re-edified at the time of the *Trojan War*, being laid wast by the *Epigoni*. Here *Glaucus* was devoured by *Diomedes* his Horses, which from this Town *Enripides* calls Ποντιάδας ἵππους. *Artemidorus* seems to contradict this passage of *Homer's*, affirming that μόνοι οἱ Θηβαῖοι τῷ Βοιωτῷ ἐν ἐπιδόκῳ οἱ ἄλλοι, the *Thebans* alone of all the *Boeotians* served not at the *Siege* of *Troy*.

(b) *Oncheftus*, a Town of *Boeotia*, where was a Grove sacred to *Neptune*, so called from *Oncheftus* the Son of *Baeus*. All Groves were deemed holy. *Strabo* saith *Neptune* had onely a Temple here, no Grove; the Poets, for the greater grace, calling all Consecrated places Groves, albeit not shaded with any Trees.

(c) *Arne*, after *Charonae*; from *Arne* the Daughter of *Aeolus*, so called by her Father, ἀπὸ ἀρνέων ἀρνῶν, from his abounding in Sheep; as she her self called her Son she had by *Neptune* *Bæotus*, from *Oxen*. Others read it *Tarne*. *Zenodotus* (so *Strabo*) reads it *Ascrea*, forgetting the *Encomium* *Hesiod* gives that his Countrey, *Erga* v. 637.

Νόστον δ' ἄγχι' Ἑλικῶντι οἴζυρ' ἐν κόμῃ,
ἄσκη, χεῖμα χαλὴ, δίχες ἀργαλέας, ἰδέσθαι ἰδάλῃ.

In miserable *Ascrea* his Abode,
In Summer bad, in Winter worse; ne'r good.

(d) *Midea*, a Town in *Boeotia*, formerly *Persepolis*, whence *Alcmena* Μειδανὸς ἡγοῖται.

(e) *Niffa*, called also *Aicathoe* and *Megara*. *Apollodorus* denies there was any such Town in *Boeotia*, whence some read it here *Ἰνῃ*, others *Νέωμ*. So called from *Nissus* one of the *Hero's*.

(f) *Anthedon*, a Sea-town. Of this place was *Glaucus*, who, by tasting of an Herb, was metamorphosed into a Whale. So called from *Anthedon* the Grand-child of *Neptune*. It was inhabited by the *Thracians*.

(g) *Aspledon*, a River in *Boeotia*, near to *Orchomenus*, which it waters. It was called ἑδύσατο, for that the Weather there, even in Winter, was temperate and less cold, in regard of its situation towards the South.

(h) From *Orchomenus*, the Son of *Minyas*, the Son of *Chryses*, the Son of *Neptune* and *Chrysogenia* the Daughter of *Almus*, the Son of *Sisyphus*. These *Orchomenians* were very opulent and potent. This *Minyas* gave the name both to the Country and City. There was another River of the same name in *Thessaly*. *Eteocles* King of *Orchomenus* first founded a Temple to the *Graces*, saith *Strabo*, who tells us that some of them removed to *Colchis*.

(i) That is, foreparted by her Parents and others.

(k) *Gr.* ὑψηλόν, i. ὑψίον, that is, the upper Contignation, or second Story of the House. Hence *Helena* was said to be excluded ἐκ αὐτοῦ of an *Esge*, because her Mother was delivered of her ἐν ὑψηλῷ in the uppermost part of the House. *Clearchus* in *Athenaus*. Others say that the *Esge* dropped from the Skie, and that the Lunny Women sit upon such, and that the Issue hatched from them five times exceeds the usual stature. This Conclave was called γυναικῶν or γυναικῶν, the Ancients building such for their Wives and Daughters, ὥστε τὸ δουτυνέμεν αὐτὰς ἵδ, that so men might not easily have access unto them. *Schol.*

(l) From *Phocus*, the Son of *Aecus* and *Psema* he one of the *Nereides*; or, as others, of *Neptune* and *Pronoe* the Daughter of *Asopus*; or, as *Pausanias*, the Son of *Ornytion*.

Who

Who (x) *Coronea* and (y) *Platea's* Glebes,
With (z) *Gliffa*, planted, and (a) the neather *Thebes*,
(b) *Oncheftus* Groves, great *Neptune's* sacred Grounds;
Who (c) *Arne* held, where purple Grapes abound,
(d) *Midea*, (e) *Niffa* (f) *Anthedon's* far Shore.

These fifty Vessels brought, in each six-score.

Who plant (g) *Aspledon*, th' (h) *Orchomenian* Land,
These *Ascalaph* and *Ialmen* command,
Both Sons of *Mars*, got on the modest (i) Maid
Astyocbe, in *Aetor's* Court betray'd
Ascending to (k) an upper Room. These brought
Thirty good Ships with well-arm'd Souldiers fraught.

Epistrophus and *Schedius* did command
(l) *Iphitus* valiant Sons the (l) *Phocean* Band:

Who ^(m) *Cypariss* and ⁽ⁿ⁾ *Pytho* till'd ; who blest

^(o) *Crissa*, and ^(p) *Daulis*, ^(q) *Panope* possest ;

Whom ^(r) *Anemoria* and ^(s) *Hyampol* bred ;

Who bordered near ^(t) divine *Cepheissus* Bed ;

Who plant ^(u) *Lilæa* nigh *Cepheissus* Spring.

These with them forty well-rigg'd Vessells bring.

These in good Order the bold *Phoceans* led,

And their left Hand the arm'd *Bæotians* had.

The *Locrians* *Ajax* led, *Oileus* Son,

Nothing ^(x) so tall as *Ajax Telamon*,

(Who quilted ^(y) Linen on his Breast did wear,

And like him could no *Græcian* cast a Spear)

Who ^(z) *Cynians*, ^(a) *Opoens*, and ^(b) *Calliarans* led ;

Those ^(c) *Bessa* and ^(d) *Tarphe* inhabited ;

With these he ^(e) *Scarpheians* and bold ^(f) *Augians* brings,

And ^(g) *Thronians* planted near ^(h) *Boagrius* Springs.

He forty Sail of *Locrians* did command,

Who dwelt beyond ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Eubæa's* sacred Land.

(m) *Cyparissus*, so called from the multitude of Cypress-trees there growing, or from *Cyparissus* the Brother of *Orchomenus*. *Pausanias* makes it the same with *Anticyra*, and *Crissa* with *Cirra* : but *Strabo* distinguisheth either.

(n) *Pytho*, anciently called *Parnassia Nape* : called *Pytho* from *πύθω*, *πύθω*, from that Serpent slain by *Apollo*, whose Bones rotted in that place ; according to that of *Homer* in his Hymn to *Apollo*, v. 371. & seq.

Τὴν δ' ἀπὸ κατέπυρ' ἱμαρὲν μέγ' ἠελίοιο
ἔξ' ἔνν' Πυθὸν καλλιχάμου
Who there consum'd by Phoebus piercing flame,
The place e're since of *Pytho* bears the name.

Whence the Feasts and Games in memory of it were called *Pythia* : or rather, as *Camerarius*, *ἄν' τὸ πύθιδαι*, from mens consulting that Oracle ; or from *Pytho* the Son of *Delphus*, from whom after it was called *Delphos*.

(o) *Crissa*, so named from *Crissus* its King, or from the Son of *Phocus*.

(p) *Daulis* was so called *ἐν δαυλίᾳ* *σύνου*, because well planted and woody. Here *Philomel* changed (as the *Phoceans* conceived) into a *Swallow* never appears, for fear of *Tereus*. Others conceive her turned into a *Nightingale* ; which *Marshall* admires, viz. that so sober and silent a *Virgin* should prove so vocal a Bird. Some say it was so called from *Daulis* its King.

(q) From *Panopeus* the Son of *Phocus*. Some make the City *Panope*, and *Panopeus* the Citizen. Near this place the Vultures tired upon *Titius* his Liver for his intended Force upon *Latona*.

(r) *Anemoria*, or *Anemolia*, so called for that, being founded upon a Hill, it was assaulted by all Winds that blew, or those that issued from a neighbouring Rock called *Calantrion*.

(s) *Hyampolis*, a City inhabited by the *Hyantes*, a Nation of *Thrace*, forced out of *Bæotia* by *Cadmus*.

(t) Divine, either from *Ceres* her Temple there, or for that it was holy to *Apollo*. These highly exacted of them that resorted to *Apollo's* Temple.

(u) A City of *Phocis*. Here is the Head of the River *Cepheissus*, according to that of *Hesiod*,

Ὅς τε Λιλαίνδεν ἀργαῖες καλλιῆρον ὕδαρ.

Whose gentle Streams glide from *Lilæan* Springs.

(x) *Homer Iliad*. v. v. 701. making both the *Ajaxes* equal, *Didymus* supposes these three Verses supposititious. But for this we must know, that as there he speaks of their associating and keeping close to one another, so here he compares not their Statures and Bodies so much as their Actions and Achievements, in consideration whereof he calls the other (*Iliad* v. v. 910.) *μείζων*, the great.

(y) Linen was anciently of great esteem and value, whence all consecrated things were veiled with it : Archers also wore linen Corsets. *Did.* *Eustath.* collecteth hence, from the lightness of his Arms, that he served on Foot, not in a Chariot.

(z) *Cynus*, the Mart of *Locris*, and the Arsenal of the *Opuntini*, so called from *Cynus* the Son of *Locrus*. The *Locrians* used Slings and Bows.

(a) *Opois*, *Opus*, or *Opuntis*, the Country of *Patroclus*, *ἐν ὀπίῳ*, because it abounded with Milk.

(b) *Calliaros*, named so of a Son of *Locrus* ; or from its Fruitfulness and aptness for Tillage, *ὡς ἐνὶ γῆν' ἄν'* or from *Calliarnus* the Son of *Oedædocus* and *Laonome*.

(c) *Bessa*. Mountainous Regions, especially if Woody, are called *βῆσαι*.

(d) A City of *Locris*, so called *ἐν πυθῶν*, i. *δαρ*, a place thick or woody.

(e) *Scarphe*, from the Mother of *Asopus*, called after *Pharyga*. Here *Juno* had a Temple.

(f) *Augia*, called so from a Nymph of that Country.

(g) *Thronium*, from the Nymph *Thronia*.

(h) *Boagrius*, a River passing by *Thronium*, called also *Manes* ; *χειμαῖος*, a Brook flowing in Winter, but dry in Summer, and fordable on foot. The *Locrians* *Ajax* *Oileus* led were called *Ἐμμημίδαι*, from the Rock *Cnemis*, in distinction to those called *Hesperii* or *Ozola*, inhabiting the Confines of *Ætolia*, so called from the River *Ozolus*, so named because made of the poisonous Blood of the Centaur *Nessus*, slain by *Hercules*, that attempted to ravish *Deianira* by the River *Euenus* ; or for that the people, being Goat-herds, were clothed usually with the Skins of stinking Goats, untanned or undressed. There were other *Locrians*, an extract of those, styled *Epizephyrii*, from the Promontory *Zephyrium* in *Italy*, where they planted.

(i) *Eubæa*, an Island in the *Ægean* Sea, at this day *Negropont*, of old *Macris*, *Abantis*, *Chalcis*, and *Asopis* : so called from *Eubæa*, the Daughter of *Asopus*.

Next

(k) The *Abantines* were a valorous People of the *Eubæans*, according to the Oracle concerning them,

"Αὐτὰρ δ' αἱ τῖνον ὕδωρ ἱερὸν Ἀπαδίωνε.
They stoutest are who Arethusa drink.

Losing a Battell, and their Enemies seizing them by the Hair, they after wore a Lock onely behind, as the *Thracians* upon their Crowns, being thence called *ἡκερόμυα*. *Dion Chrys.* saith, that *Homer* *παιδάσκειν ἀνδρά, καὶ ὅταν ἀπεί,* thus ridiculously crows the *Eubæans* like little Children, so to revenge himself for an Affront they had done him. *Statius* calls them in *terga comantes*.

(l) *Eretria* was the Metropolis of all *Eubæa*: its Inhabitants were accounted barbarous, for their frequent iteration of the Letter *R*. So named from *Eretrius* the Son of *Phaethon*, one of the *Titani*. Hence were the *Eretrii*, *Philosophica familia Menedemi*, *Menedemus* his Philosophicall Sect.

(m) *Histiæa*, afterwards *Oreæ*, before *Talenia*; from *Istiaia*, the Daughter of *Hyreus*.

(n) *Chalcis*, whose Inhabitants were infamous for Sordidness and Baseness; *ἡ ἐπὶ χαλκῷ ἐκκομδύντο καὶ εὐχόιας χαλκίδες* so called *ἐπὶ τῇ χαλκουργίᾳ*, for that working in Brass was there first invented. *Steph.* reckons eight Cities so named.

(o) *Cerintbus*, whence that Herb *Virg. Georg. 4.* —
—*Et cerintha ignobile gramin.*
So called from the Honey-comb, it affording much Honey to Bees.

(p) *Τῶν Δίων πόντος*, the Seat of the Posterity of *Dios* the Son of *Pandorus*. It was situate on the Brow of a Hill, near whereunto were *Athene Diades*. There was another of the same name in *Calesyria* built by *Alexander*. But *Diospolis* was a City in *Ægypt*. The waters of this place, being very grateful to the Palate, were fatal and deadly to such as drunk them, according to the Epigram,

Νῆμα τὸ Διονῶν, γλυκερὸν ποτὶν ὦ δὲ γὰ πῆς,
Παῖον μὲν δέχεται, εὐδὲ δὲ καὶ βίον.

Who drinks of *Dion's* Spring, delights his Sense;
But his Thirst quenches with his Life's expence.

(q) *Carystus*, a City of *Eubæa*, ennobled by its Quarrie, which had excellent Veins of Marble. Here also is that Stone which they spin and weave, then use like Linen, whose soil is taken out, not by Water, but Fire. *Sirabo*. The other *Carystus*, whose Wine is so highly commended by *Athenæus*, was in *Laconia*. These Stone-pits of *Carystus* were called *Styra*. It had its name from *Carystus* the Son of *Chiron*.

(r) That is, of *Mars* his Lineage, *Ἔρεχθης* in Greek, and *Stirps* with the *Latines*, being used of Genealogies and Descents.
(s) The *Curetes* fighting courageously, their Enemies seizing them by the Hair, which they wore long before, overcame them; whence ever after they cut their Foretop short, permitting their Hair to grow long onely behind. *Eust.* They were called *Curetes*, *ἐπὶ τῇ κούρῃ*, from this kind of *Cut*, invented by *Theseus*, whence it bore the name of *κούρῃ Θησέως*. Thus *Alexander* is reported by *Plutarch* to have caused his Souldiers upon the same account to shave their Beards.

(t) They fighting *εὐσύνῳ* and *communis*, hand to hand, cast not their Spears from them, but used them *ἐπὶ σῶν*, pushing with them: hence that Inscription upon a Column erected in memory of a Victory so got by them, *καὶ χεῖρας πλάσσοις*, they re-minding their Posterity thereby not to use Slings or Darts, or any other instrument of War that wounds at distance.

(u) *Erechtheus*, King of *Athens*, the Son of *Neptune*; called also *Erichthonius*, a prudent Prince, and thence said to be brought up by *Minerva*, and born of the Earth, as being *αὐτόχθων*, originally of that Country, and not *ἑμιπλῆς*, as *Cecrops*, a Stranger or Alien; placed in her Temple as her Priest, (so *Eust.*) the Regal and Sacerdotal Power being anciently invested in one person, according to that of *Virgil, Æn. 3.*

Rex Anius, Rex idem hominum, Phœbique Sacerdos, King *Anius*, *Phœbus* Priest, and King of men.
She entrusted the Daughters of *Cecrops* with his Tuition. *Augustine* saith that he was exposed in the Temple of *Vulcan* and *Minerva*, which they two had common in *Athens*, and thence said to be their Son. He was found inwrapped in the Spires of a Serpent, which portended his future Greatness. Obscure Births were ascribed of old unto the Gods. So *Plutarch* of *Theseus* and *Remulus*. So *Erechtheus* was supposed the Son of *Vulcan* and *Minerva*; which last being worshipped as ever a Virgin, he was reputed the Son of the Earth, the last refuge of clandestine Off-springs: hence *Herodotus* calls him *γυνῶν*.

(x) Whom, that is, *Erechtheus*: and thus *Tully de Nat. deor. l. 3.* brings in *Cotta* affirming that he had seen *Erechtheus* Temple and Priest. This others understand of *Minerva* herself.

(y) The *Panathenæa*, celebrated every *Lustrum* or fifth year in honour of *Pallas*, called of the *Romans* *Quinquatria*. They had an annual Feast also in honour of her, but less famous.

Next these, *Eubæan* (k) *Abantines* did joyn,
(l) *Eretrians*, (m) *Histiæans* stor'd with Wine;
Those who in (n) *Chalcis* and (o) *Cerintbus* dwelt,
And stately Walls by ancient (p) *Dios* built;
Who *Styra* 'nd (q) *Carystus* inhabited:
Chalcodon's Son, *Elphenor* (r) stout, these led.
These all with the *Abantine* Squadrons joyn'd,
Whose Hair (s) grew short before, but long behind;
Who Javelins bore, but them ne'r us'd (t) to throw,
Yet pierc'd both Breast and Breast-plate of their Foe.
In forty Ships these through the Ocean glide.

Next, those in stately *Athens* did reside;
(Whom noble (u) *Erechtheus* there did place
By *Pallas* foster'd, *Jove's* illustrious Race,
(For him blest *Tellus* suffer'd Child-bed Pain)
And left at *Athens* in her stately Fane;
(x) T' whom every (y) *Lustrum* young *Athenians* bring
Of Bulls and Lambs a plenteous Offering)
These *Peteus* Off-spring, Prince *Meneſtheus*, led.
Not all the World a better Souldier bred,

To draw up Horse and Foot into the Field :
 Old Nestor equall'd him, but not excell'd.
 These Nations fifty lusty Vessells fraught ;
 And twelve from ^(z) *Salamis* bold *Ajax* brought,
 Joyning his Forces to th' *Athenian* Band.

Who ⁽¹⁾ *Argos*, who ^(b) *Tiryntha's* Towr's command,
^(c) *Hermione*, ^(d) *Træzen*, ^(e) *Asine's* Bay profound,
^(f) *Eion*, and ^(g) *Epidaur* for Vines renown'd,
 Those of ^(h) *Ægina* and *Maset*, were led
 By *Tydeus* Off-spring, warlike *Diomed*,
 And ^(b) *Stbenelus*, both *Capaneus* Descent :
 With these the third, renown'd *Euryalus*, went,
 Royall *Mecesteus* Son. *Tydid* these
 In fourscore Vessells brought through briny Seas.

Who in ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Mycenæ* did and ^(k) *Corinth* dwell,
^(l) *Cleonæ*, which for Structures did excell ;
 Whom ^(m) *Ornian*, ⁽ⁿ⁾ *Arathyrean* Coasts contain'd,
 And ^(o) *Sicyon*, where first bold *Adrastus* reign'd ;
 Who ^(p) *Hyperefa* 'nd ^(q) *Gonoessa* till'd,
 And Coasts near rich and ^(r) ample ^(s) *Helice's* Field ;

as had been cured : it was ever full of infirm people. It was called also *Αἰγινάδαι*, *αἰγινάδαι* *διὰ τὸ εἶναι ἐν αἰγίνῃ*, for the frequent Sacrifices there slaughtered. (g) *Ægina*, an Island against *Attica*, anciently *Oenopia* ; so called from *Ægina* the Daughter of *Asopus*, and the Mother of *Æacus*. *Pindar* gives it this Elogy, that it had the name for Hospitality above all other places, *Nem. Od. 4.*

— *Αἰγινάδαι*

Εὐ πύργον ἴδ' οὐκ ἴδ' οὐκ

Σαυακτὴν κοινὸν

ὄψ' οὐκ

— Of *Æacus* his Race

Ægina the well-fenced Place

For Entertainment hath the Grace.

Here first *Phidias* wrought in Silver. The *Æginæan Obolus* was also famous amongst Coins, *ἡ ἀργύριον τὸ ἐν ἀργείῃς ὁ ἀἰγινάδαις ὄβολος*.

(h) Of whom thus *Euripides*, *Οὐκ ἔλασσε' Ἀχαιοὶ εἰς μάχην θρονόων.*

He boasted he would sack *Thebes* in despite of *Jupiter*.

(i) *Mycenæ*, the Seat of *Agamemnon* ; so called from a *Lacedæmonian* Nymph named *Mycenæ* ; or *ἀπὸ μύκης* *τῆς ἐξ ἧς* from the Hilt of *Perseus* his Sword, which here dropping off, he was enjoined by *Mercury* in the place where it fell to found a City ; or *ἀπὸ τῆς μύκης* *δαμνὴν τὴν ἰσθμὸν ἐκείνην*, from *Io's* first bellowing here being transformed to a Cow.

(k) *Corinth* was rich in its Metalls and great Commerce. Here *Venus* had her Temple, having no fewer then a thousand Curtesans for her Priests. It was called also *Heliopolis*, or the City of the Sun, for its dry situation. Named from *Corinthus* the Son of *Marathon* ; of old *Ephyre*, from the Daughter of *Oceanus*.

(l) *Cleonæ*, from a Daughter of *Asopus*. Near this small City was the *Nemean Grove*, where the *Nemean Games* were celebrated. He calls it *ὠκεανίαν*, well-built, as being fortified both by Art and Nature.

(m) *Orneia*, a Village, so called from the River running by it, or its high situation, or *Orneus* the Son of *Erechtheus*, or else of the Nymph *Orneia*. *Priapus* was here worshipped, and hence called *Orneates*. (n) *Arathyrea*, the Gate of *Mars* ; after *Phlius*, from the Son of *Dionysius*. (o) *Sicyon*, before *Mecone*, the Country of *Aratus* the Poet. Hence *Calcei Sicyonei*, this Town being noted for Shoes of exquisite work and art. A wealthy place, of which they had anciently this saying,

Βί' οὐ μὲν τὴν μὲν ἐν Κορίνθῳ καὶ Σικυονίῳ.

May I mixt *Sicyon* and rich *Corinth* live.

Homer saith *Adrastus* reigned first here ; not that *Adrastus* was not a King before, he ruling before he was driven thence by *Talaus*, but because none reigned in *Argos* before him. He first founded a Temple to *Nemesis*, that vindicative Deity, who from him was called *Adrastia*. (p) *Hyperefa*, from *Hypereus* the Son of *Lycaon*. (q) *Gonoessa*, a Promontory of *Pellene* ; *Donussa*, so *Pausanias* ; *Pisistratus* or his Friend, entrusted with the collecting *Homer's* Verses, corrupting the true name through Ignorance. (r) *Gr. Αἰγινάδαι*, this some make a City of that *Achaia* called after *Ionia*, the *Athenians* having sent thither a Colony. Others by it understand onely the Sea-coast between *Sicyon* and *Elis*. (s) *Helice*, so called from *Helix* the Son of *Lycaon*, or an *Ionian* Woman so called. Here *Nephele* had a Temple, which together with the Town was overthrown with an Earthquake and Inundation. In this Temple the *Ionians* celebrated their *Panlonia*, offering a Sacrifice, in which they did not, they conceived, propitiate the Deity, unless the Oxen brought to the Altar bellowed.

Who

(z) By this Verse, inserted, as is conceived, by *Saton* or *Pisistratus*, the *Athenians*, co-acting with the *Megarenses* for this Island *Salamis*, obtained their Cause. Here *Themistocles* overthrew the *Persian Fleet*.

(a) *Argos* is sometime used for all *Greece*, sometime thus distinguished ; *Argos Παλαγγιον* being put for *Thessaly*, *Ἀχαϊον* for *Peloponnesus*. Here it is taken for a City of this last, so called from *Argos*, the Grand-child of *Phoroneus* by his Daughter, it being formerly called *ἄστυ Φορωνιον*. *Clisthenes*, the Tyrant of *Sicyon*, subduing it, interdicted *ἄστυ* *ἰσθμῶς* to recite there, envying them the Commendation *Homer* here gives it, with its Refinements.

(b) *Tiryntha*, a City of *Argos*, environed with a Wall by the *Cyclops*, called *ἑγγεγυρσπες*, for that they wrought for their living ; it was so called from *Tiryns* the Niece of *Amphitryo*.

(c) *Hermione*, sacred to *Proserpine*, a City near the Bay of *Argos*. Hence they went to *Elysium* without paying any Freight ; and therefore here alone they buried *sine Naulo*, without Passage-money. *Strabo*.

(d) *Træzen*, from *Træzenus* the Son of *Pelops* ; whose Haven was called *ἡμεον*, i. *πύργον*, a *Beard*, whence the Proverb of such as wanted it, *πυλίσσας ἡν Τρεζίνα*, that they should sail to *Træzen*. The Wine of this place drunk disabled Men, and made Women miscary. It was sacred to *Nephele*, whom they stamped on their Coin with his Trident. The Inhabitants wore the Hair of their Heads and Beards long.

(e) *Asine*, a City of *Argia* ; called also *Hermionica*.

(f) *Epidaurus*, formerly *Epitaurus*, famous for *Æsculapius* and his Temple, hung with the votive Tables of such

(i) *Pellene*, a City of *Achaia*; *Pallene* of *Thrace*, where *Hercules* overthrew the Giants.

(u) *Ægion*. Of this Town was that Proverb,

Ἡμεῖς δ' Ἀχαιοὶ οὐτ' ἑρτοὶ οὐτ' ἑταῖροι.
Neither the third nor fourth you *Ægians* are.

This Town with *Bura* and *Helice* were devoured by a Deluge and Earthquake two years before the Battell of *Lendra*. *Strabo*. So called ἄρ' ἄλγος, from the Goat that here nursed *Jupiter*.

(x) *Gr.* ἰδύσατο ὑάσματα χαλκῶν, i. was armed in shining or glittering Brass: or from *Noracus*, a City in *Pæonia*, where were the best Iron-mines, the Iron whereof whetted did exceed in Brightness; whence *Homer* calls shining Brass *υἱάσματα*. *Epaphroditus* in τῶν Ὀπαστικῶν cited by *Steph. Byzantius*. Of which thus *Disarius* in *Macrob. Saturnal.* l. 7. c. ult. *Est in Ære vis acrior, quam Mediei stipticam vocant; unde squamas ejus adjuvantis Remediis que contra perniciem Putredinis advocantur. Deinde, qui in metallo Æris morantur semper Oculorum sanitate pollent; & quibus antequam Palpebra nudata fuerant, illic convalescunt.*

*Aura enim que ex Ære procedit, in oculos incidens, baurit & exsiccat quod malè influit. Unde & Homerus modò ὑλῶος, modò ὑάσμα χαλκῶν, has causas secutus, appellat. Aristoteles verò author est, Vulnera que ex areo *Adocrone* sunt minùs esse noxia quàm quæ ex ferro, facilisq; curari: quia inest, inquit, Æri vis quadam remedialis & siccifica, quam demittit in Vulnerè. Pari ergo ratione infirmo corpori pecudis *Lunari* repugnat humori.* There being, saith he, in Brass a kind of vigorous Sharpness, styled by Physicians *Stiptick*, they administer it in all Medicaments that they prescribe for the prevention of Putrefaction. Besides, those that are conversant much in Mines of Brass are alwaies strong-sighted; they whose Eye-brows have been formerly denuded of Hair, vesting here, for that the Steam and fume of this Metall, getting into the Eyes, draws and dries up what-ever noxious Humour is injurious to them. Inasmuch as *Homer* hence calls it sometime ὑλῶος χαλκῶν, sometime ὑάσμα. *Aristotle* also affirms the Hurts made by Weapons of Brass to be less perillous and sooner cured then those made with Iron; this Metall having a kind of medicinal and healing quality which it impresteth and leaves in the Wound. For the like reason, a pin of Brass being put into any dead flesh preserves it, being an Antidote against Lunary moisture, from Putrefaction.

(y) *Gr.* ὑάλην *Hollow*, because it was invironed with the Hills *Taygetus* and *Paribenus*, whence the City had no Walls. So *Cæsyria*, or *Cava Syria*, because encompassed by the Mountains *Livanus* and *Antilibanus*.

(z) *Lacedæmon*, styled here κητόεσσαν for its Circuit or great Compass, from κῆτος a Whale. Some read it κητίσσαν, understanding it of *Calamint*, (quia *Nepeta ferax regio*) an Herb of a hot quality wherewith that Country abounded, the *Boeotians* calling it κητίσσαν, which others call κηλαμίνδην. *Camerar.* Or from its many Holes and Caverns occasioned by Earth-quakes, which *Hiatus* they call κηλάται. *Lacedæmon* left his own name to the Country, his Mother's *Taygete* to the adjoining Mountain, and his Wife's *Sparta* to the City. Others say that the *Heracidae* agreeing to divide their Country by Lot, they whose Lot came out first elected this part, calling it *Lacedæmon* from that occasion, γ. λαβέδαιμον, or λαχιδάιμον, διὸν ἀγαθὸν δαίμονι, τῷ τῷ πύχρῳ πάντῃ ἐλαβὼν ὁ λαβὼν, ἢ ἐλαχὼν ὁ λαβὼν. And that *Sparta* had that name either from the *Leleges*, qui prius sparsi & palantes, who lived dispersed before and scattered; or ἄρ' ἑκάδην σπάρτων, from the Serpent's Teeth sowed by *Cadmus*. The *Lacedæmonians* used to have a Λ engraven upon their Spears, as the *Messenians* their Neighbours, but Enemies, the Letter M. It had anciently a hundred Cities under its Jurisdiction, in token whereof they sacrificed yearly an He-catomb.

(a) Some make *Lacedæmon* the name of the Country, and *Sparta* of the City: others again the contrary.

(l) *Messe*, i. *Messene*, *Siral.* and *Did.* the name of a Country, not a City.

(c) *Amyclæ*, at the Foot of *Taygetus*, from *Amyclæus* the Son of *Lacedæmon*; he was the Father of *Hyacinthus*, loved by *Apollo*, and casu-ly slain by him. A Colony of these were those of *Cajeta*.

(d) *Angiæ*, a City of *Laconia*, after *Ægia*.

(e) *Brysiæ*, a Town beyond the Hill *Taygetus*.

(f) *Laas*, a Town taken by *Castor* and *Pollux*, and laid wast by them, whence it was after called *Laperfa*. Hither *Thesens* carried *Helen*, and was pursued by her Brothers. It was called *Læas*, ἄρ' ἑλᾶς, for that it was founded upon a Rock.

(g) *Helos*, a *Lacynick* City, from *Helios* the Son of *Perseus*. These associating with the *Messenians* much infested the *Spartans*, but at last were vanquished and made Slaves, inasmuch as *Helotes* was with them a common name for Slaves ever after, such especially as were taken in War. Such were the *Penestæ* or She-slaves in *Thessaly*, the *Callicurii* in *Crete*, the *Mariandyni* in *Heraclea Pontica*, the *Arotræ* in *Syracuse*. *Eust.* Thus with the *Romans* the Slaves were named from their Countries, *Syri*, *Davi*, &c.

(h) *Eust.* observes, that *Homer* making *Agamemnon* truly valourous, represents *Menelaus* onely as busie, forward and bold; whence he after resembles him to a Fly.

And

Who plant (i) *Pellene* and th' (u) *Ægian* Land;
In five-score Ships *Atrides* did command.
To him the stoutest and the strongest swarm'd;
He fuller Squadrons rul'd, (x) compleatly arm'd
And all the mighty Hero's did precede,
Because he strongest was and most did lead.

Who the large (y) Vales of (z) *Lacedæmon* held,
(a) *Sparta*, *Pbare*, (b) *Messe* which for Doves excell'd;
Who (c) *Amyclæ*, (d) *Angiæ*, (e) *Brysiæ* keep,
(f) *Laas*, *Oetylos*, (g) *Helos* near the Deep;
His Brother *Menelaus* did prepare
In sixty Ships, who bravely armed were.
(h) He confident amongst his Troups did goe,
Encouraging to fight against the Foe,

And to revenge those Tears fair *Helen* shed,
Inforc'd so basely from her Husband's Bed.

Who dwelt in ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Pyle*, and those *Arene* ^(k) stor'd,
And ^(l) *Thryos*, where ^(m) *Alpheus* you may ford ;
Who did in ⁽ⁿ⁾ *Æpy*'s lofty Walls reside,
In ^(o) *Cypariss* and ^(p) *Amphigen* abide;
In *Helos*, ^(q) *Pteleos*, ^(r) *Dorion*, where the Throng
Of Muses silenc'd ^(s) *Thracian* ^(t) *Thamyris* Tongue,
Who, coming from ^(u) *Oechalia*, made his Vaunt,
Better then he *Jove*'s Daughters could not chant,
(They struck him blind, nor could he with his Hand
Touch his sweet Lyre, nor's ^(x) divine Voice command :)
These did old *Nestor* their Obedience pay,
In ninety Ships conducted through the Sea.

^(y) *Arcadians* who from high ^(z) *Cyllene* come,
Those valiant Nations near ^(a) *Æpytus* Tombe;
Whom *Pheneus*, *Orchomenus* stor'd with Sheep,
Ripe, and ^(b) *Stratia*, and *Enispe* steep,
Lovely ^(c) *Mantineæ*, and ^(d) *Tegea*'s Plain,
^(e) *Stymphalus*, and ^(f) *Parrhasian* Fields contain ;

(i) *Thamyris*, a *Thracian* Poet and Musician, who challenging the Muses, (upon condition to use them as he pleased, having the better, or to suffer at their discretion, being worsted) lost his Instrument, Eyes and other Senses by such his Insolency. He was the first Inventor of *Pederastie*, or Love of Boys.

(n) *Eurytus* was King of *Oechalia* in *Thessaly*. He being of a haughty Disposition and proud, by reason whereof he perished, *Homer* makes *Thamyris* his Associate altogether as arrogant: Hence *Eustathius* observes, that *τὴν δὲ αὐτὴν τὴν ὀργὴν αὐτῶν*, Skill without Discretion but puffs men up. *Theocritus* saith that *Eurytus* taught *Hercules* Archery.

(x) Divine, either as the Gift of God ; or for that his Skill was such as might have become a Deity. What he had natural, they took from him ; and what he had acquired by Industry and art, they caused him to forget.

(y) The *Arcadians* were the ancientest people of *Greece*, hence said to be *γεννημένοι before the Moon* : the reason whereof see in the Scholiast of *Apollonius Rhod.* The Country was so called from *Arcaus* the Son of *Jupiter*.

(z) *Cyllene*, a steep Mountain and City in *Arcadia*, where *Mercury* was born of *Maia* the Daughter of *Atlas*, and from thence called *Cyllenius*. On this Mountain are found white *κόττινες*, which they hunt by Moon-shine.

(a) From *Æpytus*, an ancient Hero, of the *Arcadian* Race. The Worthies were of old interr'd upon some Mountain, or at the Foot of some Hill ; in after-times in *Puteolis*, in Grots and Caves. The Hill was called *Sepia*, because there *Æpytus* the Son of *Elatus* was slain by a Serpent, which the *Greeks* call *ὄφις*, whose Sting being incurable is mortal.

(b) *Stratia*, so called from an Hero of that name.

(c) *Mantineæ*, memorable for the Battell fought there by *Epaminondas* against the *Lacedæmonians*, wherein he fell : so called from *Mantinius* the Son of *Lycaon*. It was peopled by five *Athenian* *δῆμοι*, as *Tegea* by ten.

(d) A fruitfull and happy place, whence that Adage, *Εὐδαίμων ὁ Κορινθίος*, *ὅπου δὲ αὖν τὰ γὰρ μέγιστα*, The *Corinthian* is happy, yet may I be of *Tegea*. Here was *Orestes* his Tomb, and hence was *Pan* called *Tegeus*.

(e) Near *Stymphalus* was a great Fen, where harboured those men-devouring Fowls called thence *Avæ Stymphalides*, slain or forced away by *Hercules*, and accounted one of his Labours.

(f) *Parrhasia*, from *Parrhasius* the Son of *Lycaon* ; called also *Παργαία*, from *Lycaon*'s Attempt upon *Jupiter*.

(i) There were two other Towns of the same name, one in *Arcadia*, another in *Elis*. This here was styled *Triphylia* in opposition to the two other, *Elisaca* and *Messenia*, and was the Command and Country of *Nestor*.

(k) *Arene*, so called from the Daughter of *Oebalus*, watered with the River *Anigrus*.

(l) So called from the Herb *ἄλφειον*.

(m) *Alpheus*, so called for that its Water helps *αλφειὸς* and *Vitiliginis*, all Morpew, Scabs, and Leprosie. It is said to run under the Sea, and to vent it self again in *Sicily*, mingling with the pleasant Springs of *Arethusa*.

(n) *Gr. ἱὸν πῶν ἄλφειον*. Of these two words some make one the City, others the other ; it being very questionable which of the two is the Epithet, either Opinion not wanting its Assertors. *Herodian* the Grammarian makes *ἄλφειον* the Place, writing it *ἄλφειον*, not *αἰπὸν*, which is the Epithet.

(o) *Cyparissus*, a City in *Messenia* ; *Cyparissus*, in *Parnassus*.

(p) *Amphigeneia*. Here had *Latona* a Temple, being here delivered of *Apollo*.

(q) *Pteleos*, so called from the Tree that bears that name ; or *Pteleus* the *Thracian*.

(r) Hence the *Dorick* way of Musick invented by this *Thamyris*, as also the *Dorian* Pillar in Architecture.

(s) The *Thracians* were much devoted anciently to Musick and Poetry, as appears by *Orpheus*, *Museus*, and this *Thamyris*, who were all of this Country.

(e) *Ancæus* was one of the *Argonautæ*.

(b) Living in the midst of the Continent or *Terra firma*, they were altogether ignorant of Navigation.

(i) *Buprasium*, from *Buprasius* its Prince, a River, Town and Region also so called.

(k) *Elis*. Here were celebrated the Olympick Games instituted by *Hercules* in honour of *Jupiter*, so called from *Elens* the Son of *Tantalus*.

(l) *Olenia*, from *Olenus* the Son of *Jupiter*.

(m) *Alisum*, so called of *ἄλῳ* to congregate, the Neighbourhood meeting at *Alisum* every Month; or from *Alisus*, one of *Hippodamia's* Suitors.

(n) The *Epeians*, from *Epeus* the son of *Endymion*, the King of the *Epeians*.

(o) The Poets make *Cteatus* and *Eurytus* to have four Hands, and as many Feet: to intimate their great Amity and conjunction of Affection.

(p) The *Echinades* were Islands of *Acarmania*, in the *Ionian Sea*, near the Outlets or *Ostia* of the River *Achelous*, inhabited by the *Epeians*; so called from the multitude of *ἰχθύων*, of the Sea Hedge-hogs; Islands being commonly denominated *ἀπὸ τοῦ καὶ αὐτὰς ἀλεοναζόντων*, from those things wherein they abounded. Of these *Dulichium* was one, so called *καθὼς τὸ δολιχόν*, from its Length.

(*) Some make him the Son of *Climene*, the Sister of *Ulysses*. Others say, that forcing *Timandra*, the Sister of *Helena* and *Clytemnestra*, he carried her into *Dulichium*, which was one of the *Echinades*, so called from *Dulichius* the Son of *Triptolemus*.

(q) *Gr. ἰωνίαι*, which is used of such as fly their Country; as *Phyleus* here, and before *Nestor*.

(r) *Phyleus*, incurring his Father *Augeas* Displeasure, as dis-relishing his falsifying his word with *Hercules*, in not giving what he indentured for with him for cleansing his Stables fraught with the Dung of Oxen, fled to *Dulichium*.

(s) *Cephalenia*, an Island in the *Ionian Sea*, so called from *Cephalus*, one of the Progenitors of *Ulysses*.

(t) *Ithaca*, from a Hero of that name.

(u) *Neritus*, a Mountain of *Ithaca*, so thick with Trees, that the Wind could pierce no farther into it than to move the Leaves onely.

(x) *Crocylia*, a City of *Cephalenia*.

(y) *Gr. ἄλῳ* καὶ *τρυχίαν*. *Enst.* makes *τρυχίαν*, which signifies rough, the name of the Place, and *ἀλῳ*, made by others the proper name of a Place, the Epithet or Adjective; the word importing such a Pasture wherein Goats thrive and grow fat, or a place by reason of its Steepness inaccessible even to Goats.

(z) *Zacynthus*, so called from a Son of *Dardanius*.

(e) *Ancæus* Son, King *Agapenor*, bore

In sixty Vessels to the *Phrygian Shore*:

Each Ship did many bold *Arcadians* bring;

Whom *Agamemnon*, the *Mycenian King*,

(b) Supply'd with all things fit to pass the Floud,

Because they Sea-Affairs not understood.

Who in (i) *Buprasium* and fair (k) *Elis* dwell,

Who *Hyrmin* and the *Myrsin Plains* did till,

Th' (l) *Olenian Rock*, and who (m) *Alisum* sent;

In forty Sail (with whom th' (n) *Epeians* went)

These bold *Amphimachus* and *Thalpius* led;

(o) *Cteatus* one, *Eurytus* th' other bred)

Diores was the third that bore Command,

And *Polyxenus* closed up the Band.

Who left *Dulichium* and th' (p) *Echinades*,

Isles against *Elis* girt with briny Seas,

These for their Leader (*) *Meges* did approve, (Jove;

Whom (q) th' Horseman *Rhyleus* got, much lov'd by

(r) *Phyleus* that whilome fled his Father's Rage:

He forty Sail did in this War engage.

Ulysses the stout (s) *Cephalenians* led.

Whom (t) *Ithaca* and steep (u) *Neritos* bred,

Who in (x) *Crocyl* and (y) *Ægilips* do dwell,

And those that *Samos* and (z) *Zacynthus* till,

And

And *Epire*, and th' ^(a) opposed Continent ;
 With *Ithacus* (like *Jove* in Prudence) went,
 And in twelve Vessels did rough Billows plow :
 Each richly painted had a ^(b) purple Prow.

^(c) *Thoas*, *Andraemon's* Son, th' ^(d) *Ætolians* led,
 In ^(e) *Pleuron*, ^(f) *Olen* and *Pylene* bred,
 In *Chalcis* and in rocky *Calydon*:

(For *Oeneus* valiant Progeny were gone,
 And long before fair *Meleager* dead)
 These he at Sea in forty Vessels led.

^(g) *Idomeneus* rul'd the ^(h) *Cretan* Bands,
 From *Gortyn* Bulwarks and the ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Gnoſſian* Strands :

^(k) *Lyctians*, *Miletians*, ^(l) white *Lycaſtians* met,
^(m) *Phaſtians* and *Rhytians*, and who in *Crete*
 Did in a ⁽ⁿ⁾ hundred famous Cities dwell.

Idomeneus, who did much excell
 In Feats of War, and ^(o) bold *Meriones*,
 In fourſcore Vessels brought these through the Seas.

^(p) *Tlepolemus*, one equal to the Gods, ^(q) *Rhodes* :
 Nine Ships with haughty *Rhodians* brought from

^(m) *Phaſtia* and *Rhytia* were Cities in the Dition of the *Gortynians*. *Strabo*. *Epimenides*, one of the Sages who cured men by Verses and Charms, was of *Phaſtia*.

⁽ⁿ⁾ He calls *Crete* *ἑξήκοντα πόλιν*, either using a definite number for an indefinite, a hundred for many ; or according to History and truth, her number of Cities being so many at first : but of these *Lencas* King of that Island demolishing ten, for Terror to the remaining, *Homer* in his *Odyssey* calls *Crete* after this *ἑξήκοντα πόλιν*. *Solinus* thinks the Epithet made good, in that her Cities were large and sumptuous : and thus this number of a hundred is elsewhere used *ἑξήκοντα* the *Lemma* of *Rome* in an ancient Coin or Medall being *Ῥώμης ἑξήκοντα πόλιν*. So the Island sacred to *Apollo* was called *Ἑξήκοντα*, and *Alexandria* *ἑξήκοντα*, for the many *Avenues* and *Ways* were to it. *Crete* was also styled *μακάριος νῆσος*, the fortunate Island ; and its people *Hesiod* calls *πλούσιον ἄνθρωπον*, a wealthy people.

^(o) *Gr.* *Ἀτάλαντος* *Ἐνυάλιος*. Two onely were properly so called, *Mars*, and *Quirinus*, or *Romulus*. *Did.* Others make him another warlike God from *Mars*, and his Mother *Enyo*.

^(p) *Hercules*, taking part with the *Ætolians* against the *Ephyreans*, *Nes* *Phylas*, the Father of *Astyocheia*, and of her begat *Tlepolemus* ; who, being a Servant carelessly handing his Uncle *Lycymnius*, *Alcumena's* Brother, throwing his Staffe at him, slew his old Uncle, and fled for it : the *Gracians* not punishing Man-slaughter with Death, but permitting the person who committed it to live in Exile, such being *Solon's* Law, which he took, say some, from this passage of our Poet. And this (saith *Enst.*) argued *πομπὴν ἡμετέστην*, the Clemency of the State. *Pindar* makes him the Son of *Astydama*, the Daughter of *Amyntor*.

^(q) *Rhodes*, an Island in the *Carpathian* Sea ; so called *ὡς ῥόδον θαλάσσης*, as being the Rose of the Sea. No Day proves so dark and cloudy, but that some time or other of it the Sun shines on it. *Pliny*. Hence it was consecrated to the Sun, and called *clara Rhodos* ; and *Aethraa*, from its clear Sky. Here was that vast Colossus erected to the honour of *Phæbus* : it was 70 Cubits high, made by *Chares* of *Lindus*, according to the Epigram,

Κολοσσὸν ἄλκιυ πῶδ' ἑστάναι δόξα
 ἔχεν ἑπταπύχον ὁ Λίνδιος.

The Brass of it when it was taken down loaded nine hundred Camels. They were very rich and excellent Artists, especially Statuaries ; the one the Gift of *Jupiter*, the other of *Minerva* : so *Pindar* *Olymp.* 7.

καίτοι μὲν ἔσαν--

δὴν ἀγαθὸν παρίσαν,
 πολλὴν ὅτε χρυσὴν αὐτὰ
 δὲ σφιν ἀποσιτίχταν
 πᾶσαν ἐπὶ χερσίν
 Γλαυκῶπις, ἀεισομένης χαρὶ κατὰν.
 ἔργα δὲ ζωῶσι ἄνθρωποι
 πᾶσιν δ' ὁμοῖα κέλευσεν
 φέρειν.

The Sun's admir'd Colossus builded I,
 Old Lindian Cares, seventy Cubits high.

They were very rich and excellent Artists, especially Statuaries ;

for which great Jove
 Forth from a burnish'd Cloud did pour
 Upon their Heads a golden Shower.
 Minerva did to them impart
 Such excellence in Mechanick Art,
 That they all mortals did outstrip :
 So lively was their Workmanship,
 That Statues which did grace the Street
 Seem'd busie Citizens to meet.

^(a) *Gr.* *ἀντιμέστη*, by which he understands the opposite Coast to *Elis* ; or, as *Strabo*, *Lencas* and *Acarnania*.

^(b) It being usual to apply the parts of humane Bodies to inanimate Creatures, to Mountains, Rivers, Trees, Caps, and Ships, *Lycophron* calls the last, as *Homer* here, *ῥοδὸν ποικίλην*, *Virgins with vermillion Cheeks*, that is, their *Prora*, called also *ῥοστῶνα*. *Hesiod* his Ships were discernible from the rest by their Painting and Colour ; which was done that, being under Sail, they might be known one to another, and to keep together. The *Greeks* placed them in the midst of their Fleet, keeping there a constant Mart and Fair. The Ancients adorned the Fore-decks of their Vessels with Vermilion.

^(c) *Thoas* was the Son of *Gorge*, the Daughter of *Oeneus*.

^(d) From hence came the Proverb, *Τὸ μὲν χεῖρ' ἐν Αἰτωλῶσι, ὃ δὲ νῦν ἐν Κλαυδίῳ*, applied to one who, pretending to beg, intends to steal ; alluding to the names of those two places.

^(e) *Pleuron* was the mountainous part of *Ætolia*, *Calydon* the Champain ; from *Calydon* the Son of *Endymion*, or *Ætolus*.

^(f) *Olenus* and *Pylene*, two Cities of the same.

^(g) *Idomeneus*, the Son of *Demicalion*, the Nephew of *Minos* : he was Uncle to *Meriones*.

^(h) The *Cretans* were skill'd in Navigation : hence the Adage of such as dissemble their Knowledge of what they are well seen in, *ὃ κῆρ δὲ θαλάσσης, ὃ κῆρ δὲ θαλάσσης, ὃ κῆρ δὲ θαλάσσης*, the *Cretan* knows not the Sea.

⁽ⁱ⁾ *Gnoſſos*, the Royal City of *Minos*.

^(k) *Lyctus*, a Colony of the *Lacedæmonians* ; from the Son of *Lycaon*, or from its Situation.

^(l) *Gr.* *ἄρρωστῶνα*, i. *White*, or *Lazie*, the *Cretans* being noted as *ῥοδοὶ ἀρρωστῶνα*.

(r) *Lindus*, a Town near *Rhodes*, of which was *Cleobolus*, one of the Sages. Here *Minerva*, hence called *Lindia*, had a magnificent Temple. This Town with the other two either *Tlepolemus* built; or the *Argives* that fled with him, he killing *Licymnius* at *Argos*, were there quartered.

(s) *Jupiter* is said to rain down upon the *Rhodians* a Shower of Gold, because they first sacrificed to *Minerva* but newly born, *Did*. Or he calls their Wealth Divine in respect of its quantity, the Riches of the *Rhodians* being incredibly great.

(*) *Jupiter* is said to love them, to shew the Duty of Kings, their Tenderness towards their Subjects. *Homer* saith of *Ulysses*, *Odys.* 5. v. 12. that

Ἀνὴρ εἰς τὴν ἀνὰ πατρίδα δ' ὅς ἑμι δ' ἔτι.

He to his People was a Parent mild.

Thus *Cambyses* being called *Deceitful*, the Lord of his people, *Darius* was called their Father; the one being four and austere, the other mild and gentle.

(u) *Syma* was an Island in the *Carpathian* Sea, famous for fighting Partridges; from *Syme* the Daughter of *Iasus*.

(x) Naming *Nireus* in three Verses successively one after the other, he never after mentions him in his whole Poem: to shew, saith *Galen*, how unprofitable and reproachfull Beauty is, not accompanied with other commendable Qualities conducing to the benefit of humane Society. Thus ἔστιν πρὸς δὲ τὰς καλὰς ἀρετὰς.

(y) *Gr. ἀλαμπύδος*, a word derived from *ἀλμπύον*, an Herb which, having a purging Property, doth *ventrem ciere* or *deicere*, rendring the Body soluble; by a Metaphor arguing Fear, which hath the like quality.

(z) Or *Carpathos*, the Letters being transposed, an high Island, denominating the neighbouring Sea. Of this Town there was this Adage, ὁ Καρπάσιος τὸ λαλοῖν, for that having no *Hares*, they furnished themselves abroad with them, to their no small prejudice.

(a) *Nisyros* was one of the *Sporades*, Islands in the *Carpathian* Sea, so called from their lying scattered in that Ocean. It was a Canton of *Cos*, cast by *Neptune* upon the Giant *Polybotes*, whom *Jupiter's* Thunder had not dispatched: it afforded rich Wines.

(b) *Eurypylus*, the Son of *Hercules* and *Chalciope*, King of *Cos*.

(c) *Cos*, so called from the Daughter of *Merops*, an Island famous for sweet Wines. Here *Asclepius* had his Temple, wherein was preserved the memory of many Receipts in writing which had wrought any extraordinary Cures, whence *Hippocrates*, being well versed in them, learnt his great Skill and Art. Hence *Augustus* removed to *Rome* that admirable piece of *Apelles*, his *Venus dyaduménē*, arising out of the Sea, dedicating it to his Father *Julius*; for which he remitted to them of the Town a Tax of a hundred Talents. It abounded with Sheep, which the Natives called *κῶς*. The Dungeon also at *Corinth* wherein they secured their fugitive Slaves was also called *κῶς* *Cos*, the word signifying any Cave or Den: whence such Beasts also as harbour in them are called *κῶς*.

(d) *Calydne*, by some taken for all the *Sporades*, but by others for a single Island, called after *Calymna*, much commended for its excellent Honey: of all insular Honey equalling that of *Attica*, as *Strabo* observes, this of *Calymna* exceeded that of any other Island; whence *Ovid Met.* 8.

—Fœcundâque melle Calymna.

—Calymna which had Honey store.

(e) *Argos Peloponnesum*, that is, *Thessalie*.

(f) *Alope*, from the Daughter of *Aster*.

In three Divisions parted were their Lands,

(r) *Lindians*, *Jelyssians*, and *Cameirin* Bands.

This valiant Prince (renowned for his Spear)

Astyoche to *Hercules* did bear,

Espos'd at *Ephyre* nigh *Selleens* Floud,

When he had Cities sack'd, and shed much Blood.

This Prince, when in his Father's Court he liv'd,

His dearest Uncle of his Life depriv'd,

(Valiant *Licymnius*, then grown old) and straight

With Friends a Squadron of tall Ships did freight;

So from the Sons of *Hercules* retir'd

Through briny Seas, who had his Death conspir'd,

And came to *Rhodes* oppress'd with mighty Want,

Where he three Tribes did in three Parties plant,

On whom great *Jove*, the King of Gods, did (s) pour

(So (t) dear were they to him) a golden Shower.

From (u) *Syma* (x) *Nireus* three stout Ships did bring,

Aglaia's Son by *Charopus* the King;

Whose Person with *Achilles* might compare:

But he was (y) weak, and few his Souldiers were.

From *Cafos*, (z) *Crapathos* and (a) *Nisyros* Soils,

(b) *Eurypylus* City (c) *Cos*, (d) *Calydnan* Isles,

Antiphus and *Phidippus* Aid did bring,

(*Thessalus* Sons, from *Herc'les* who did spring)

In thirty stately Ships in order led.

Who (e) *Argos*, (f) *Alope* inhabited,

Alos,

(^g) *Alos*, and (^b) *Trechis*, *Phthia*, (ⁱ) *Hellas*, (where
Such plenty of most beauteous Women are)
Call'd *Hellenes*, (^k) *Achives*, (^l) *Myrmidonian* Bands;
In fifty Ships *Æacides* commands.
All these their Martial Discipline forget,
Because that none their Troups in order set.
Achilles would no more himself engage,
But for the fair *Briseis* Loss did rage ;
(Whom, when he sack'd (^m) *Lyrnessus*, and destroy'd
The *Theban* Walls, he for Reward enjoy'd :
(ⁿ) *Mines* and bold *Epistrophus* he kill'd,
King *Euen's* Sons) but soon he'll take the Field.
Who (^o) *Phylace* and (^p) *Pyrrhasus* did keep,
And *Ceres* Groves, and (^q) *Iton* stock'd with Sheep,
(^r) *Antron*, and (^s) *Pteleus* rich in Pasture-ground,
(^t) *Protesilaus* led, in War renown'd
Whilst he did live; now he had lost his Life,
And left at Home his miserable Wife,
His House (^u) half built: (^v) him early a *Trojan* Hand
Slew as he leapt from Ship upon the Sand.
These had a Captain, though this Prince was dead,
Them *Mars* his valiant Branch *Podarces* led,
The Son of *Iphichus Phylacides* ,
And younger Brother of *Protesilaus*.
And though the other were more valiant,
Though him so much desired they did want,
Yet of a gallant Chief they did not fail,
Who then was Captain of their forty Sail.

Widow, Marriage being not perfect and compleat but where two are united and linked together; (whence *Hebe* is never made to attend *Juno*, but when, being friends, she cohabits with *Jupiter*; and *Juno*, the President and tutelary Deity of Marriage, is called *πλεῖα, γάμοιο*, saith *Pollux*, ὡς πρὸς τὸν εἶον τῶν ἀνδρῶν, Marriage compleating a man for life :) Or else for that he died childless, at least without a Son to succeed him, according to that of *Euripid*. in his *Iphigen. Taur*.

Στήλαι γὰρ εἰσι δῖμον πῶδες ἀρσενέας.

The generous Males are Pillars of an House.

Or because he settled not his Affairs before he engaged in this Expedition. Others understand it literally of his Buildings.

(^x) *Homer* saith onely, as *Eust.* observes, that he was slain by a *Trojan*, not deigning to name him by whom *Protesilaus* received his death, lest he might live by his Verses. As the *Athenians* made a Decree, that *Herostratus*, who fir'd that so celebrated Temple of *Diana*, (burnt when that Goddess, saith he in *Plutarch*, was at *Olympias* her Labour) purposely to get him a Name, should not be nominated in any History or Record.

(^g) *Alos*, built by *Albanus*, so called ἀπὸ ἁλὸς, from his wandering after he was possessed with a Phœne; or for that it was built near the Sea.

(^b) *Trechis*, or *Trachis*, so called from its *Roughness*, built under the Mountain *Oeta* by *Heracles*, where also he threw himself into his funeral Pile.

(ⁱ) *Hellas*, built by *Hellen*, the Son of *Phobus*; not of *Dencalion*; from whom after the *Greeks* were called *Hellenes*.

(^k) The *Thessalians* were called *Achæes* from *Achæus* the Son of *Zytus*; *Myrmidons* from the *Aginae*, who joining with *Peleus* seized those parts: for which see the Fable in *Ovid Metam.* l. 7.

(^l) *Peleus* flying from *Ægina*, for killing his Brother *Phocus*, came into *Phthia*, where *Astor* then reigned, the Son of *Myrmidon*. He seeing his Sons which he had by *Ægina* to conspire against him, forced them out of the Countrey, and matched his Daughter *Polymela* to *Peleus*, who by her had *Achilles*, and a Daughter called *Polydora*.

(^m) *Lyrnessus*, a City of the *Hypoplacian Thebes*, so called, because that Countrey lay flat and low.

(ⁿ) This *Mines* was the Husband of *Briseis*, of which see *Homer Iliad* 7.

(^o) *Phylace*, a Town not far from the *Phthian Thebes*. Of this place was *Protesilaus*.

(^p) *Pyrrhasus*, so *Steph.* a City beyond the Mountain *Othrys*, called *Demetrium* from a Temple built there to *Ceres*. It takes its name ἀπὸ πυρῶν, it being fertile in Grain, and for this onely saith *Eust.* called *Ceres* Temple.

(^q) *Itona*, called also *Sitona*, saith *Steph.* from its plenty of Corn.

(^r) *Antron*, named so from its many Caves. It bred fair Asses; whence the Adage, *Antronius Asinus*.

(^s) *Pteleus*, from *πτελέα*, an Elm.

(^t) *Protesilaus* was slain by a *Trojan*, by *Hector*, say some, others, by *Aeneas*, or his Shadow *Achates*; the Oracle having before declared, that it should be fatal for that man who first set foot on the *Trojan* ground. After his death, obtaining licence to be absent from *Elysium* for a day, he visited his Wife (*Laodamia*, as *Ovid*, as others, *Polydora*) and prevailed with her to accompany him back; which she did, killing her self. See her Epistle to him in *Ovid*. As he was the first was slain before *Troy*, so his Ship was the first was fired by *Hector*.

(^u) He is said to leave his House but half finished, either because he left a

Who

(γ) *Pheræ*, a City of *Thessaly*, from *Pheres* the Son of *Crochæus*, or from *Phera* the Daughter of *Æolus*. Its Haven was called *Pagasa*; either for that *Argo* was built there from the Stocks, or for that it had many Fountains.

(ζ) *Bæbe*, built by *Bæbus* the Son of *Glaphyras*, the Founder of *Glaphyra* also.

(α) *Iaolcus*, a City of *Magnesia*, the Palace of *Psilius*, where the *Argonauts* and *Jason* met and consulted about their Expedition for *Colchus*.

(ι) *Divine*, both for Extraction and Parts.

(c) *Pelias*, the Son of *Neptune* and *Tyro*, whose Daughter *Alceste* by her death saved her Husband's. She was rescued from *Proserpine*, and restored to her Husband, by *Hercules*. *Pelias* promising his Daughter in Marriage to him who could yoke a Lion and Goat together, *Apollo* performed it for *Admetus*, who by this means espoused her.

(d) *Medone*, so called ἀπὸ τοῦ μέδους, from *Drunkennes*, as being πολύνους, abounding with Wines; a City of *Peloponnesus*. There was another of that name in *Macedon*, at the Siege whereof *Philip* losing an Eye by an Arrow shot out of the Town with this Inscription on it,

Ἀπὸς Φιλίππου διατάσσων πέμπει βέλος,
After this Arrow doth to Philip send;

Philip returned him another thus inscribed,

Ἀπὸς Φιλίππου, ὡς λάβῃ, κρημίσσεται,
If Philip After take, a Rope's his end.

(e) *Tbaumacia*, *Melibæa*, (from a Woman so called) and *Olixon*, (from its Littleness) were Cities of *Magnesia*.

Who dwelt in (γ) *Pheræ* near th' *Bæbeian* Fen,
Glaphyræ, (ζ) *Bæbe*, (α) *Iaolcus* men,
These with *Eumelus* in eleven Ships went,
Whom great *Alceste*, of (ι) divine Descent,
Did a dear Off-spring to *Admetus* bear,
'Mongst (c) *Pelias* beauteous Daughters the most fair.
Next they who (d) *Medon* and (e) *Tbaumacia* till'd,
And *Melibæa* with *Olixon* fill'd,
With (f) *Philoctetes* (skilfull at his Bow)
Went in seven Ships, each fifty men did row:
These were good Archers, cunning, stout and strong.
But he in (g) *Lemnos* now had suffer'd long,
Where the *Greeks* left him by a Serpent bit;
E're long to be remembred by the Fleet.
Though *Philoctetes* they were loth to lose,
Medon, *Oileus* natural Son, they chose,
(Whom *Rhena* to that City-Sacker bore)
The other lame left on the *Lemnian* Shore.
Next those whom (h) *Tricca* and rough *Irbom* bred,
Who fair (i) *Oechalia* inhabited,
Two Sons of *Æsculapius*, both extoll'd
For Skill in Phyfick Art, (k) *Machaon* bold.
And *Podalir* brought in thirty Ships to *Troy*.
Who (l) *Ormen* and *Hyperian* Springs enjoy,

(f) *Hercules* left his Arrows dipt in the Bloud of *Hydra*, that *Lernean* Serpent, to *Philoctetes*, for that all else declined to set fire to that Funeral Pile in *Oeta* which *Hercules* had erected, being resolved to burn in it. After *Philoctetes*, attempting to demolish the Altar of *Golden Minerva* in *Lemnos*, was bitten by a *Hydrus* or Water-serpent, where the *Greeks* left him to be cured by a Priest of *Vulcan*'s. Others say that he was wounded in his Foot by the fall of one of these Arrows, which Wound, festering, grew so noisome and offensive, that the *Greeks* were forced to desert him and leave him upon the Island. There was a Prophecy of these Arrows of *Hercules*, that *Troy* could not be taken without them.

(g) *Lemnos* is styled ἱερὰν *Divine*, as consecrate to *Vulcan*.

(h) *Tricca*, a City of that part of *Thessaly* called *Istiaotis*, or more anciently *Doris*. Here *Æsculapius* had a most magnificent Temple, being hence called *Triceaus*. It took the name from *Tricca* the Daughter of the River *Peneus*.

(i) *Oechalia*, called also *Eurytion*. For *Iole*'s sake *Hercules* sacked this City. *Homer*, writing a Poem of the taking of this place, let *Crepsephilus* of *Samos* have the honour of being reputed its Authour, onely for his civil Treatment of him.

(k) The *Messenians* and *Thessalians* contended to have *Podalirius* and *Machaon* their Countrymen. Princes anciently knew πρὸς ἡγεμονίαν, were skilled in some Myſtery and Profession beneficial to the publick. Thus *Ulyſſes* was a Ship-wright, *Dionysius* a Grammarian, *Diocletian* a Gardener: and the grand Seignior himself at this day profeſſeth some Art or Trade; *Solyman* the Great was a Shoemaker, *Mahomet* the second an Husbandman, *Achmet* a maker of Horse-mens Rings; and many Emperours of *Constantinople* Painters.

(l) *Ormenius*, so called from the Father of *Amynor*.

Asterium

Asterium and ^(m) *Titanus* chalky Shore,

Eurypylus in forty Vessels bore:

Who in ⁽ⁿ⁾ *Argissa* liv'd, did ^(o) *Gyrton* till,

In ^(p) *Orthe*, *Elon*, ^(q) *Oloosson* dwell,

They *Polypætes* for their Chief approve,

Pirithous Son, who sprung from mighty *Jove*. IT

Him forth renown'd *Hippodamia* brought,

^(r) That day his Father with shagg'd *Centaurs* fought,

And did to *Æthica* from ^(s) *Pelion* chase.

With him *Leonteus* joyn'd, ^(t) *Coronus* Race.

These two were over forty Vessels Head.

Guneus from ^(u) *Cyphus* two and twenty led.

Eniens and *Peræbes* him their Chief approve,

Who did inhabit near cold ^(v) *Dodon's* Grove;

Who Plains nigh pleasant ^(w) *Titarefius* till'd,

Whose pleasant Waves *Penens* Margents fill'd,

^(m) *Titanus*, from the Giants called *Titans*; or for that its Cliffs resembled *Lime*, which the *Greeks* call *λίμης*. Some make it a Mountain.

⁽ⁿ⁾ *Argissa*, built by the Sons of *Larissa*. Here *Mercury* slew *Argos*. *Steph.*

^(o) *Gyrton*, from *Gyrton* its Founder, the Son of *Phlegyas*, the Father of *Ixion*.

^(p) *Orthe*, called also *Corfe*, from its Height, *ὄρη* being the *Tops* of Mountains. It was the chief City of the *Phalangiæans*.

^(q) *Oloosson*, a City of *Magneſia*, called also *Lence*, from white Clay wherewith it was built. Its Founder was *Hercules*.

^(r) The War with the *Centaurs* began upon the day of *Pirithous* his Marriage, and his Son was born that day he expelled them the Country. He calls them *κίρκαι*, *q. v. κίρκαι*, that is, *demons*, because they were part Men, part Beasts.

^(s) *Pelion*, a Mountain of *Thessaly*, the Seat of *Chiron* the *Centaur*, styl'd hence *Χειρὸν ἄκρα*, *Chiron's Cliffs*: being one continued Mountain with *Ossa*, it is dichotomized by the River *Penens*.

^(t) *Coronus* was one of the *Argonauts*.

^(u) *Cyphus*, a Mountain of *Perrhabia*, also a City, as here, from *Cyphus* the Son of *Perrhabus*.

^(v) *Dodone* was cold, bleak and stormy. Here *Jupiter* gave his Oracles,

—ἐν δρυὶς ὑψηλοῖο.

From a tall spreading Oak.

It was so called from a Sea-Nymph, or River. *Herodotus* saith, that two Women, call'd from the Noise they made *Columbae*, delivered the Oracles; which gave the hint to the Fable that they were given by Doves. Hence also the Proverb concerning such as were talkative, *Δωδωνεὺς χαλκίον*, more vocal then the *Dodonean Copper*. This Tree *Sophocles* calls *δρὺς πολὺφωνος*, the talking Oak.

^(w) *Titarefius*, a River issuing from the Mountain *Titanus*, or, as *Enopias*, from the Hill *Citarium*; whose Waters, either by reason of their Lightness, or as passing through *νιφάδα καὶ ἀσφαλτίνην τὴν γλυκὴν*, some bituminous and sulphurous vein of earth, viscous and oily substance, or, as others, being a Drain of *Stryx*, mixeth not at all with the purer Streams of *Penens*. Thus the River *Rhosne* passeth the *Lacus Lemnæus* uncorrupted.

Yet

Yet with his silver Billows will not mix,
But flows like Oyl, and is deriv'd from ⁽²⁾ Styx.

Prothons, Tenthredon's Son, the ⁽⁴⁾ Magnets led,
Near Peneus and shady Pelion bred:
In forty Ships they left their Native Coast.

THESE were the Leaders of the Græcian Host.

(2) Of Styx, how it came to have the honour for the Gods onely to swear by it, thus Hesiod Theogon.

Στυξ δὲ τίς, Ὀκεανῆς θυγάτηρ, Πάλλαντι μετῴσθη,
Ζῆλον καὶ Νίκην καλλίσφρονες ἐν μεγάροισι,
καὶ Κρόνον, ἡδὲ Βίβλιν, αἰεδόνεσσι γείνατο τέκνα.
τῶν ἑκ τῶν ἀπάνευθε διδὲ δόμοι, ἡδὲ περὶ ἴσθμιν,
οὐδ' ἴδμεν, ὅσσοι μὴ καί τοις διδὲ ἡγαιωνύειν,
'Αἰὲν αἰὲν παρ' ἑνὶ Καρυκλίῳ ἰδύσονται.
'Ὅς δ' ἐβόλῳσι Στυγὲ ἀφ' ὧν Ὀκεανὸς
'Ἡμεῖς τῶν, ὅτε πάντας Ὀλύμπῳ ἀπερσύνῃς
'Αδυστάτος ἐκείνου θεὸς ἐν μακρῶν Ὀλύμπῳ.
ἔπειθ', ἐς ἃν μὲν εἰς διὼν Τίτῃσι μέγιστον,
Μίνην ἀπερσύνῃς γέρον, πρὶν δὲ ἕσθον
'Εξέμεν ὡς ποταμὸς γὰρ μὴ ἀδυστάτοισι θεοῖσι.
τὸν δ' ἔφαδ' ὅς τις ἀποιός ἑσθ' Κρόνῳ ἡδ' ἀγέροισι,
τίμῃς καὶ γέρον ὀφεισέμεν, ἥ τίς τις ἔσθι.
'Ἡδὲ δ' ἀπὸ ποταμῶν Στυγὲ ἀφ' ὧν Ὀλύμπῳ
ζωὸν σφίον πίδακτον, φίλῃ δὲ μῆδρα περὶ.
τὴν δὲ Ζεὺς ἤμεν, σέλας δὲ δῶκε ἑδωκεν.
αὐτὰρ ὅτ' ἐβόλῃσι διὼν μέγαν ἔμεναι ἔρχον.

On th' Ocean's Daughter, Styx, Pallas did get
Zelus, and Nice fam'd for Silver feet,
And Strength and Courage, her illustrious Sons:
Those have no other Habitations
Then Jove's own Court; where-e'er he doth repair,
Him they attend, still where he is, they are,
And alwaies by the Thunderer's Throne reside.
For so their Mother did for them provide
In that great Day when high Jove summon'd all
Th' immortal Gods to his Olympick Hall,
And said, what-ever God would in his Right
Resolve against the Titans to fight,
He would reward them, and would them restore
The several Honours they enjoy'd before:
And those of meaner rank in Saturn's Reign
Should more especial Dignities obtain.
Styx with her Sons then first did mount the Skies,
Observing her dear Father's grave Advice;
Whom Jove so honour'd and rewarded there,
That all the Gods by her must onely swear.

The Punishment of them that forswore themselves upon this Lake was a year's Unrest, and, being so long put out of Commons, not to taste Nectar and Ambrosia all the while; of which the fore-cited Poet thus, describing Styx's Mansion in his Theogon.

'Ενθάδε ναυπηγὸν στυγὴ διδὲ ἀδυστάτοισι,
Διὸς Στυγὲ, θυγάτηρ ἀφ' ὧν Ὀκεανὸς
Προσέστυτον νόστον δὲ διὼν κλυτὰ δόματα γαίης
Μακρῶν πόρῃσι κατὰ γῆρας, ἀμφοῖν δὲ πάντων
κίον ἀργυρέοισι ποτὶς ἕσθον ἔσθον.
Παῦρα δὲ θανάτοισι θυγάτηρ, πίδακτον ὡς ἔστι,
'Αγλαῖας πίδακτον ἐπ' εὐρία γῆρας θαλάσσης,
'Ὅποιον ἔστι καὶ νῆκτον ἐν ἀδυστάτοισι θεοῖσι.
καὶ δ' ὅς τις ἑλθὼν δόματα δόματ' ἐχέοντων,
Ζεὺς δὲ τὴν ἑλθὼν ἐπὶ μέγαν ἔρχον ἔσθον
τὴν δὲ Ζεὺς ἔσθον ποταμὸν πίδακτον ὡς ἔστι,
Φυγῆς, ὅτ' ἐκ πόρῃσι κατὰ γῆρας πίδακτον,
'Τῆλῃς. πολλὰ δὲ ἐπὶ γῆρας εὐροδίνης
'Εξ ἑρῶ πίδακτον ἔστι δὲ νύκτα μέλας,
'Ὀκεανὸς κίον δὲ ἐπὶ μέγαν ἔρχον.
'Ενθάδε πίδακτον γῆρας καὶ εὐρία γῆρας θαλάσσης
Διὸς ἀργυρέοισι πίδακτον ἐπὶ ἀλὰ πίδακτον.
'Ἡδὲ μὲν ἐκ πόρῃσι ποταμὸν, μέγαν πίδακτον.
'Ὅς καὶ τὴν ἐπὶ γῆρας ἀπὸ γῆρας ἐπὶ γῆρας.
'Αδυστάτος, οἱ ἔχοντες κίον νύκτα Ὀλύμπῳ,
Κίον νύκτα πίδακτον ἐπὶ γῆρας ἐπὶ γῆρας,
οὐδ' ἐπὶ ἀμφοῖν καὶ νύκτα ἐπὶ γῆρας ἐπὶ γῆρας.
Βροτός, ἀλλὰ τὴν καὶ ἀνὰ γῆρας καὶ ἀνὰ γῆρας
Στυγῆς ἐπὶ γῆρας, καὶ δὲ ἐπὶ γῆρας καλὴν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπὶ γῆρας τὴν μέγαν ἐπὶ γῆρας ἐπὶ γῆρας,
'Αλλὰ δὲ ἐπὶ γῆρας καλὴν πίδακτον ἔσθον.
'Ενθάδε δὲ διὼν ἀπομείνεται αἶν ἔσθον.
οὐδ' ἐπὶ ἐπὶ γῆρας ἐπὶ γῆρας, ἐπὶ γῆρας ἐπὶ γῆρας,
'Ενθάδε πίδακτον ἐπὶ γῆρας ἐπὶ γῆρας ἐπὶ γῆρας.
Εἰς ἀλὰ ἀδυστάτος οἱ δόματα δόματ' ἔχον.
τὸν δὲ Ζεὺς ἔσθον ἐπὶ γῆρας ἐπὶ γῆρας ἐπὶ γῆρας,
'Ὀλύμπῳ.

The dreadfull Goddess Styx, whom Gods do fear,
The swelling Ocean's eldest Daughter, there
Her Dwelling bath: though glorious her Abode,
They stand remote from Mansions of the Gods.
Her Roofs of Stone with Marble Turrets rise,
Which Silver Columns fasten to the Skies.
But winged Iris, whom old Thaumias bore,
Jove's swift Embassadrest, but seldom o're
The briny Main is seen, when any Odds
Happen to rise among th' immortal Gods.
If any Power forswears himself, Heav'n's King
Sends Iris forth, commanding straight to bring
Water which cool from lofty Rocks distills;
With which the Maid her golden Laver fills.
Much from the sacred Fountain under ground
Through gloomy Night glides to the horned Sound.
The tenth part is allow'd, but nine are whirl'd
In silver Precipices round the World,
In obscure Windings to the swelling Floods.
One from the Rocks falls dreadfull to the Gods.
Who violates the Sacred Oath he took,
Of all who plant Heav'n's snowy Crown forsook,
Alone excluded a whole Year must wast,
Nor once brisk Nectar nor Ambrosia tast:
Nor lies he sleeping on an easie Bed,
But drowsie Vapours fill his heavy Head.
And when the annual Circle thus is spent,
On him th' inflict a sadder Punishment.
In nine years more the Gods him not admit
In Council nor at publick Feasts to sit;
But in the tenth they him receive again,
And in Celestiall Houses entertain.

Thus they are punish'd and disgraced both,
Who swear by Styx, and violate their Oath.

Arrianus tells of a River in Bithynia, which whosoever enters being perjur'd, it winds him into his Whirlpits, if he prevent it not by suddenly leaping out. (4) Here was the Loadstone found, called hence Magnes also, and Lapis Heracleotes.

Now

Now say, my Muse, who was most stout and strong
 Of men and Steeds t' *Atrides* did belong.
Eumelus Mares were before all preferr'd
 For Colour and ^(b) Shape, and ^(c) swift as any Bird.
 Them ^(d) *Phæbus* in *Pieria* bred; and though
 Females they were, ^(e) they were a Dread to th' Foe.
 The stoutest Prince was *Ajax Telamon*,
 Unless t' *Achilles* giving place to none,
 Who was in Strength and Prowess far before;
 And such the Horses which the Hero bore.
 He, 'gainst *Atrides* full of Discontent,
 Lay near his Navy in his Royal Tent.
 His Souldiers now, in stead of brave Exploits,
 Threw Javelins, shot at Marks, or play'd at ^(f) Coyts:
 And by their Chariots side they fed their Steeds
 With pleasant ^(g) *Lotus* and sweet fattening Weeds.
 Their Chariots cover'd in their Tents did stand,
 Expecting long *Æacides* Command,
 And drew not forth, though much they did desire.
 But th' Army march'd as th' Earth had been on fire,
 Which groan'd beneath their Feet: such was the Sound,
 As when enraged *Jove* beneath the Ground

(b) Gr. *κυρὴν ἐπὶ νῶτον ἴστας*, *quasi ad circinum descripta*, so round-bodied, as if formed by a Compass. Others by *κυρὴν* understanding *εὐθύμη*, the Carpenter's Line or Rule, expound it of being round, not Saddle-back'd. Others take it to be meant of their equal Height and Stature. *Thessalie* was most famed for its fleet race of Horses, according to the Oracle,

Γαίης ῥαδὲ πάσης τὸ Πιλαίσκιον Ἄργος
 ἄμεινον
 Ἴσπτοι Θισσαλικοῖ, Λακωνικοῖσι τε γυναι-
 χας
 Ἄνδρες δ' οἱ πῖνον ὕδωρ χαλκῆς Ἀρεθούσης.

Argos for fertile Soil all else exceeds;
 Thessalian Plains produce the swiftest
 Steeds;
 Men Arethuse, best Women Sparta
 breeds.

Hence *Homer*, making *Diomed* get the better of *Eumelus* at a Funeral Prize or Race, makes *Minerva* to assist, breaking the Pole of *Eumelus* his Chariot, and throwing him from out of it, so that he came last of all others to the Post,

ἔλκων ἄρματα καλὰ, ἐλαύνων πρόσθεν ἵππους.

Driving his Steeds, and's Chariot haling after.

For drawing, Mares were especially commended: Such was *Agamemnon's Aetha*. *Pliny* tells of a Mare that being with foal won the Race at the *Olympick Games*.

(c) Speed being the most commendable quality that belongs to a Horse, the Ancients gave them Attributes still from their Fleetness, calling them *Celeres*, *Sagitta*, *Tela*, *Coraces*, *Tigrides*, *Podargi*, and *Aquilones*; according to which last he in the *Anthology* calls one *Αἰσὼν ἵππων*, the Eagle of his kind. These here were alike for Colour, Stature, Age, Sex, and Goodness.

(d) *Apollo* serv'd *Admetus*, either as enjoyn'd it for a Penance by *Jupiter* for killing the *Cyclops*, or of his own accord, as *Callimachus*;

Θῆβον καὶ Νόμιον κελήσκειον ἐξ ἔτη κείνῃ
 ἔξῃ· ἔσ' Ἀμάρυσσιν ἑλγύνειαι ἔρπας ἵππους,
 ἥδ' ἐπ' ἔρπον καμαρύνει Ἀδμητιο.

And we're since *Apollo* *Nomius* styl'd
 That him *Admetus* Love inforc'd to yield
 To feed his fleetest Horses in the field.

(e) Gr. *φόβον Ἄρηος φορέουσας*, *fearless of War*, or *Flying*; *ἀπλότους* or, as others, branded with an Iron, *ἀρης* being sometime used for *σῆμα* which Brand or Mark they make to be a Spear, this being, they say, *ἔξῃ Ἄρηος*, the terror of Mars.

(f) *Discus* was *λίθος στρογγύλος*, a heavy Stone, flat, and round in the circumference: sometime it was of Brass; when of Iron, it was call'd *σῆμα*. At this Game he had the better who threw the *Discus* highest and farthest. Of this Game *Pausanias* makes *Perseus* the Inventour.

(g) *Lotus* was a sweet Herb, good for Horses that stood in, and were not used. A Tree also was so named, whereof mention is made in the *Odyssey*, which made those that tasted of it forgetfull.

K

With

With Lightning sent * *Typhæus*, where (they say)
His Bed is under ^(b) *Arime* to this day.

* *Typhæus*, a Giant with a hundred Heads, feigned to be buried under *Ætna*, by reason of the sulphureous Flames, Water and Vapours, which upon great Winds and Earthquakes are cast out thence. *Hesiod* makes him the authour of Winds, *Theogon*.

Ἐκ δὲ Τυφώϊδ' ἐς δ' ἄλυσιν μέγ' ὕγρην ἀντων,
Νόσφι Νότα, Βορέω τε, καὶ ἀργέτω Ζεφύρῳ·
Οἳ γὰρ μὲν οὐρανὸν ἰσχυρὸν ἔχουσιν.

From huge Typhæus moister Winds do blow,
Cept Notus, Boreas swift, and Zephyr flow;
Which heavenly race much good to Mortals do.

Of the same Giant thus *Pindar Pyth. Od. i.*

Ὅς τ' ἐς αἰνὰ παρὰ τὸν καί-
ται θεῶν πλέμῳ,
Τυφώϊδ' ἐστὶν ὁ γένος, τὸν ποτα-
μὸν αἰνέει· νῦν γὰρ μὲν
ταῖς δ' ὕψος Κύμας ἀλυσίαις ὄχθας,
Σικελία τ' αὐτὴ πύξιν
Στέγῃ λαχέοντα· κλον
δ' ἔρξιν αὖ σὺν ἔχει,
Νιφάων Αἴτῃ, πάντες
Χιόνος ὄχθας πύξιν.
Τὴν ἐνέχοντα μὲν ἀπὸ
τῆς πυρρῆς ἀνέστη
Ἐκ μυχῶν παλαιῶν ποταμῶν
δ' ἀμύρῃσι μὲν ὄχθας ὅσας ἔχουσιν
Αἰῶν· ἀλλ' ἐν ὕψος πύξιν
Φοίνικας κυλινδόμενα φέρε· ἐς βαδῶ-
ν φέρε· ποταμὸν πλάγῃ σὺν πατρίδι.
Κεῖνο δ' Ἀραίσιον κεραυνὸς ἐρπετὸν
Διανοτάτος ἀποστή-
σει. Τίρας μὲν θαυμάσιον ὄχθας
δου, θαυμάσιον δ' ὕψος
των ἀλυσιν,
Οἷον Αἴτῃς ἐν μαλαφύλ-
λοις δίδεται κορυφαίς
Καὶ πύξιν· σφοδρὰ δ' ὄχθας
οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλαν νῦν ποταμῶν καὶ ποταμῶν καὶ ποταμῶν.

Such was the horrid Giant's state
Typhæus, who the Gods did hate:
Stretch'd out he lies in torturing Hell,
Who in Cilician Caves did dwell:
His Tomb Sicilian Confiners boast,
His Residence Cumæan Coasts.
Under huge Ætna now suppress'd,
A Mountain hides his hairy Breast:
His Head beneath its Basis low
Is vex'd with constant Frost and Snow:
From whose vast Caves and Entrails dire
Fountains boil up and Floods of Fire.
By Day curl'd Clouds and waving Smoak
The Air conglomerated choke:
To Sea by Night, with dreadful Groans,
Bright Fire it pours and liquid Stones.
That Serpent then Typhæus Gorge
Doth flaming Deluges discharge.
These dire Offsets who-e're drawn near,
Are wonder-struck to see and hear.
This Monster at the Foot lies bound
Of lofty Ætna, shaded round
With leavy Groves, whose bristly Back
His hard Bed tortures like a Rack.

Some make him a Serpent, that with the Sweep of his Tail plowed up the Earth after him, making so Chanells for Rivers to run in. *Εὐνὴ* is no more then τάφος, his Bed then his Grave or place of Buriall, which also *Pindar* above calls *σφοδρὰ*. *Strabo*.

(b) *Herodotus* makes *Arime* to be in Syria, *Pindar* in Cilicia: *Virgil* seems to have read it *Arimeus*. They were Mountains about *Lydia*, so called from a King of that name, affording excellent Wines. The Superficies of the lower Grounds being covered with Ashes, and the Colour of its Hills and Rocks black and footy, occasioned by subterraneous Fires, and *Prosters*, a kind of Thunder, some hence have given *Bacchus* the Epithet of *πυρρῆς*, as though he had been born of Fire. Some place *Arime* in the parched part of *Asia*.

When *Iris* the Alarm to *Troy* did bring,
And heavy Tidings from Heav'n's mighty King,
They fate in Council in King *Priam*'s Court,
Whither both young and old did straight resort.
Where well she might be heard, her place she took,
And, like *Polites*, *Priam*'s Off-spring, spoke,
(Who at old *Æsyt*'s ⁽ⁱ⁾ Tomb a Spy did fit,
Trusting the Swiftnefs of his nimble Feet ;)

(i) *Eust.* conceives it an ill Omen, that *Polites*, the Son of *Priam*, so called from a City, should stand Sentinell upon a Bust or Monument. Thus also he makes them draw up near the Sepulchre of *Myrine*.

With

(k) With long Discourse, Sir, you delighted are,
As if'twere time of Peace, not bloody War.
I have seen many drawn into the Field,
But such an Army never yet beheld.
Thicker then falling Leaves, or fleeting Sands,
Towards the City march their numerous Bands.
Hector, take my Advice, draw out your Force;
For you have many Aids, both Foot and Horse,
Of various Tongues, sent in from severall Lands:
Let their own Leaders give them their Commands.

Hector, perceiving this no false Alarm,
Dismiss'd the Council, and prepar'd to arm.
Through^(l) open Gates both Foot and Chariots march,
Whilst Shouts and Clamour shake Heav'n's crySTALL
A^(m) Column stood without the City-Wall; (Arch.
Batia's Men, ⁽ⁿ⁾ Gods Myrin's Tomb it call.

*Principio auditur Sonus, & Vox omnis, in aures
Insinuata suo populere ubi corpore Sensum.
Corpoream quoque enim Vocem constare fatendum 'st,
Et Sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere Sensus.
Præterradit enim Vox Fauces saepe, facitque
Asperiora foras gradiens Arteria Clamor.
Quippe per angustum turbâ majore coortâ,
Ire foras ubi cœperunt primordia Vocum,
Scilicet expletis quoque janua raditur oris.
Haud igitur dubium 'st quin Voces Verbaque constent
Corporeis à principiis, ut ledere possint.
Nec te fallis item quid Corporis auferat, & quid
Detrahat ex hominum Nervis ac viribus ipsis
Perpetuus Sermo, nigra Noctis ad umbram
Aurora perductus ab exoriente nitore,
Præsertim si cum summo 'st clamore profusus.
Ergo corpoream Vocem constare necesse 'st,
Multa loquens quoniam amittit de Corpore partem.*

(l) The Scholiast takes notice of one Horse-gate only in Troy, telling us that Homer saith all the Gates were opened, because the Door of it going by Folds, either Leaf was set wide open, so to give the Army the free Passage.

(m) *Gr. σήματα, ὡς σημεῖον τοῦ κοινοῦ τάφου*, because Tombs are Signs of some there interr'd. Thus also with Christians Memoria is used in the same sense for a Grave or Monument; *Ad memoriam Martyrum* in Ecclesiasticall Story implying no more then the Martyr's Grave-stones, or Sepulchres where they lay interr'd.

(n) Myrina, an Amazon Lady, and their Queen, called also Batia, whom yet others make the Daughter of Teneer. So Menesteeus in Steph. Strabo makes not Myrina binomynous, but her Sepulchre. She was the Wife, say some, of Dardanus, by whom he had Erichthonius and Ilus. Homer often, and from him the rest of the Poets, ascribe to the Gods a particular Dialect; whereof Menesteeus almost wholly ignorant. So *Iliad* a'.
Ὁν Βριάρεων γλῶσσαν θεῶν, ἀνδρες δὲ τὰ πάρος *Ἀργείων.*

And again *Odyss.* v'. *Μῆλ' ἔμ' ἐμὲ γλῶσσαν θεῶν.*

And in imitation of him *Epicharmus*, *ἀμύας δ' ἀνδρὲς τοὶ θεοὶ*, as the learned *Casaubon* expounds it upon *Athenaeus* 3. 8. So likewise *Cicero* *Sonn. Scip.* *Ex quibus unum Globum possidet illa quam in terris Saturniam nominant*, implying that Celestials gave that Star another name. *Plato* in *Cratylus*, in which Dialogue he discourseth whether Names are by Nature or Imposition, *οὐσεί* or *δῖον*, inferreth that this Language of the Gods mentioned by Homer must necessarily be such as suiteth with the Essence of the things themselves; his words are these: *HERM.* And what, O Socrates, saith Homer concerning Names, and where? *SOCR.* Often; but most and best where he distinguisheth betwixt those Names which are given by Men, and those which are given by God: do you not think he speaketh something great and wonderfull therein, concerning rectitude of Names? For it is evident the Gods give such Names as are suitable to the Nature of the things themselves. *HERM.* I know that what they name they must name aright. *SOCR.* Do you not know; that concerning the River in Troy which fought with Vulcan he saith,
Ὁν Ζεῦδος γλῶσσαν θεῶν, ἀνδρες δ' ἐξ Ἰσχυρῶν

HERM. Yes. *SOCR.* Is it not of great weight to know how much more rightly that River is called Xanthus, then Scamander? And of a certain Bird he saith,
Χαλκίδα καλῶσιν θεοὶ, ἀνδρες δ' ἐκ Μυρινῶν.

Is it not worth observation to know how much more rightly it is called Chalcis, then Cymindis; and so of Batia and Myrine, and many other things, as well in this as the rest of the Poets? But these things are above my reach and yours. Hitherto *Plato*. Such are conceived those Names to be which *Adam Gen.* 2. gave unto all the Creatures, viz. consonant to their Essences, and (if it were possible) Definitions in simple terms.

(k) *Iris* taketh Priam for mis-spending that time in Consultation which should have been employed about Action; a Solæcism in time of War: for Peace admitting of Parlies and Discourse, being thence called *εἰρήνη*, *εἰρὴν* *εἰρην*, from speaking; War will not dispense with any such thing, and thence is called *ἔμπεδος*. *Enst.* Homer makes *Iris* to bring this Relation, giving Speech or Report a Body, as *Virgil* doth to Fame. The *Stoicks* also incorporated Speech, *δὲ τὸ σπασμὸν αὐτῆς ὡς πᾶσιν*, for its power and operation, both active and passive: of which thus *Lucretius* l. 4.

All Sounds are heard, each Voice invades the Ear,
The Sense assailing in a body there.
Nor must we question they corporeal are,
Because th' opposing parts they much impair.
Words grate our Throats, and often Clamour will
Tear the Arteriall way, if loud and shrill.
For words innumeros flocking out in throngs
Contract the airy Portall of the Lungs,
Like crowds that press the Gates, the pass bring fill'd.
Therefore it must be as a Maxime held,
Sounds are corporeal, since th' have Power to harm.
Nor need I you experienc'd inform,
How much a Sermon, a long-winded one,
Spun out from Morning to the setting Sun,
Will waite our Spirits, and consume our Strength,
If that the Loudness equallize the Length.
Then 'mongst corporealls must the Voice be plac'd,
Because so much it doth our Vigour waite.

Because so much it doth our Vigour waite.

The *Trojans* and th' Auxiliary Band
Distinguish'd here in two vast Bodies stand.

FIRST bright-helm'd *Hector*, *Priam's* valiant Son,
Led the bold *Trojans* in the Van-guard on.
Troups full and better arm'd with him advance,
And such who dextrously could throw a Launce.

Anchises Son, *Aeneas*, *Dardans* led,
Got on Mount ^(a) *Ida's* ^(b) Side in *Venus* Bed.

Archilochus and *Acamas* joyn'd with him,
Antenor's Sons, in War of great Esteem.

Who *Zelea* planted at the Foot of *Ida*,
And near ^(c) *Æsepus* ^(d) fable Brook reside,
Pandarus led, *Lycæon's* bold Descent,
To whom ^(e) *Apollo* did a Bow present.

Those who ^(f) *Adrastia* and ^(g) *Apæsus* held,
Who ^(h) *Pityea*, lofty ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Terea* till'd,
Adrastus, *Amphius*, *Merops* Sons, forth drew.
He born in ^(j) *Percos* ^(k) Destiny foreknew,
And that his Sons should arm would not consent:
But they their Disobedience did repent.

Who plow *Percote* and the ^(l) *Præctian* Field,
^(m) *Arisbe*, *Sestos* and ⁽ⁿ⁾ *Abydos* till'd,

These under *Asius* their bold Leader fought,
Hyrtacus Son, whom fiery Horses brought,
Which in *Arisba's* fertile Fields were bred,
And on great *Selleens* pleasant Margents fed.

Hippothous the ^(o) *Pelasgians* did command,
All valiant men of rich ^(p) *Larissa's* Land.

With him *Pylæus* in Commission joyn'd.
Both *Lithus* Sons, and both to War inclin'd.

But *Acamas* and *Pirous* march'd in Front
Of *Thracians* bred near stormy *Hellespont*.

Euphemus led the valiant *Cicones* on,
Renown'd *Trægenian* *Ceadus* his Son.

Pyræchmes

(a) A Hill adjacent to *Troy*: there being another of that name in *Crete*, from which last all higher Hills are so called.

(b) The middle part of Hills were called *ἄνωτοι*, as it were their *Knees*, as also *στῆθον* the *Breast*, and *ἐνθαλάσσειον* the *Navell*.

(c) *Æsepus*, a River of *Lycia*, at the Ascent of *Ida*, which *Lycia* was subject to *Pandarus*, who after is said to be of that Country, a *Lycian*, and addresseth himself *Ἀντιφῶν Ἀπὸ Λυκίας*. The *Lycians* also are called *Trojans*.

(d) That is, *deep*. Hence *Homer* calls *Neptune* *καυοχάρτιον* whence also black Oxen only are sacrificed to him, *διὰ τὸ βάθος*, for his *Profundity* and *Depth*.

(e) *Apollo* is said to give *Pandarus* a Bow, because he taught him or gave him the gift of *Archery*.

(f) *Adrastia*, from King *Adrastus*, or one of the *Oreïades*, or *Mountain-Nymphs*.

(g) a King so called gave name to the City.

(h) *Pityea*, so called from the *Pine-tree*, wherewith it was abundantly stor'd.

(i) *Tercia*, a Mountain distant forty furlongs from *Lampsacum*.

(j) A City near *Troy*, or, as others, of the *Hellepont*.

(k) Hence the Ancients observed that Prophecie could not prevent *Destiny*; *ἔσθ' ἂν εἴ τι μαντιῶν τις μοῖρας ἀντιπαύσεται*.

(l) *Strabo* makes *Præctium* a River, not a City.

(m) *Arisbe*, from a Daughter of *Tæncer*. It was the Palace of *Asius*, thence here called *ἱερά*, *divine*. He calls *Asius* his *Arisban* Horses *ἄδωρες* fiery, either for their *Mettle*, or *Colour*, which was black, or *forrell*.

(n) *Amydos*, after called *Abydos*.

(o) The *Pelægi*, by the *Athenians* called *παραγῆς*, that is, *Storks*, for their unfetled condition, these *Argives* or *Arcadians* overrunning many Countries. Of this Nation *Pisus* was Prince, who, having committed a Force upon his Daughter, was by her drowned in a Butt of Wine, standing on its head, as he was looking into it; *ὡς πινὺν ἀδιδύτα παραγῆς ὁ βίαιος ἔπει, τὸν λοιπὸν οὐδὲν ἐκπῖν, ἔχ' ἵλατος ἀλμυρῆ, ἀλλ' οἷον καταμύσωντος αὐτὸν εἰς θάλασσαν*. *Eust.*

(p) *Larissa*, a City near *Cyma*. *Steph.* makes it a City of *Troas*.



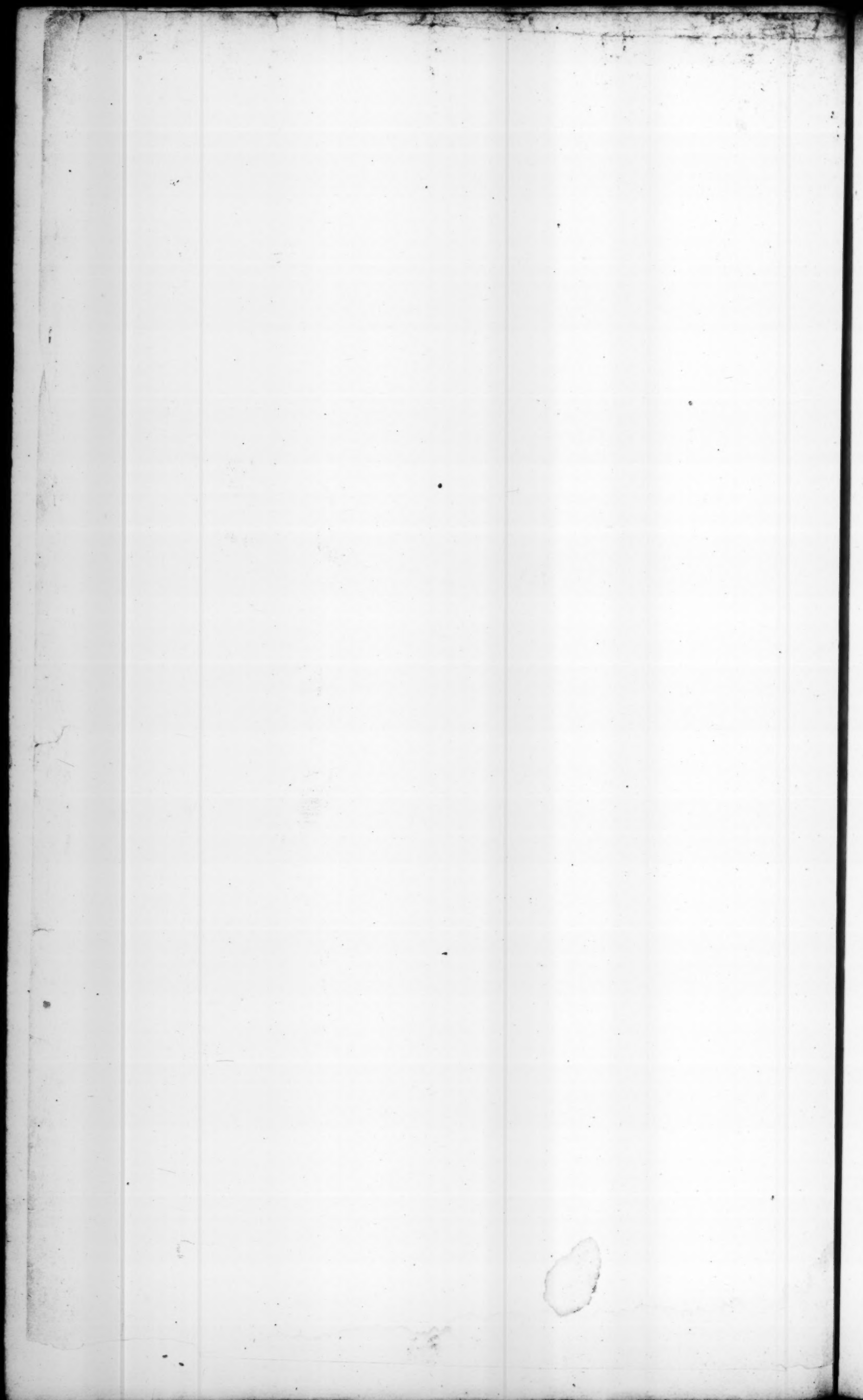
68

Johanni Doddington
Somerset Armigero.



de Barrow in Comit:
Tabulam hanc. I. M. D. D.
10

Lib. 4. Ver. 329.



Pyræchmes the^(g) *Pæonians*, using Bows,
Brought from *Anydon* where sweet *Axius* ^(h) flows.

The *Paphlagonians* ⁽ⁱ⁾ wife *Pylemen* led
From ^(k) *Enet*, where the stateliest Mules are bred;
Who plant sweet ^(l) *Sesam* and ^(m) *Cytarus* Woods,
Who built fair Houses near ⁽ⁿ⁾ *Parthenian* Flouds,
Who *Cromna* till, *Ægialus*, ^(o) *Erythine*!

Dius and *Epistroph* ^(p) th' *Halizon*'s joyan,
From ^(q) *Alybe*, which Mines of Silver boasts.

Cromis and *Ennomus* from ^(r) *Myſian* Coasts

Their Forces led; the last in *Augurie*

Well skill'd, yet his own Death could not fore-see;

For great *Achilles* Spear did shed his Blood,

When many more he slew near *Xanthus* Floud.

But *Phorcys* and divine *Ascanius* led

The ^(s) *Phrygians*, whom remote ^(t) *Ascania* bred.

Mestbles and *Antiphus* ^(u) *Meonians* take

(These two were born in the ^(v) *Gygean* Lake)

(g) The *Pæonians* bordered upon the *Thracians*, near the River *Strymon*, being a Colony of the *Phrygians*, as the *Cicones* again of them. These *Cicones* inhabited the Mountain *Gargarus*. There were other *Pæonians* which came to assist the *Trojans* after the death of *Pyræchmes*, commanded by *Asteropæus*. They used long Spears.

(h) Gr. ἐμυδιναται, which notes both the Breadth of the River, as also its long Course before it exonerates it self into the Ocean.

(i) Gr. Ἀλόν κῆρ, an hairy Heart; that is, fable, dark, and replenished with deep and profound Notions. Some *Pythagoreans* pervert it to a worse sense, ἐν πυρναὶ καὶ λίαναι λόγους καὶ τὰς σφύρας καὶ τὰς καρδίας παύσαντες τῇ μὴ καθαρώς τοῖς μαθήμασι δεμαδύσαν, πᾶν τὸ ἥμισυ καὶ σφῶν καὶ λογιστῶν τῆς ψυχῆς ἐπισκιάζουσαι, understanding it of such whose Minds and Intellects are clouded, as not being purely instructed in the severer Sciences; conceiving it a Metaphor from Trees, which unprun'd grow wild, and suffer not any thing to thrive that grows within their Shadow.

(k) In *Enet* Mules were first found; or Mules not generated by a Horse and an Ass, but *sui generis*, by one another, as they are, saith *Theophrastus*, in *Cappadocia*. He calls them wild, either because hard to be broken; or for that they were not kept within, but for their great number permitted to run wild, and feed in Companies. Some here observe an *Anachronism*, the *Enet* race of Steeds being not known till *Leon* the *Lacedæmonian* wone the Prize with them at the *Olympick* Games, *Olympiad*. 85.

(l) *Sesamos*, one of the Cities which made up *Amazis*.

(m) *Cytarus*, so called from the Son of *Phryxus*, the Emporium or Mart of the *Sinopeans*. Here Box-trees abounded.

(n) *Parthenius*, a River, so called διὰ σφαιρῶν τὸ πύματος, from the stillness of its Streams, as *Apollon*. l. 2. or from *Diana*'s washing there.

(o) *Erythinus*, or *Erythini*, a Mountain and City of *Paphlagonia*, so called from its Colour.

(p) The *Halizones* were so denominated because begirt round with the Sea; or for that they gloried in their Wealth, q. ἀλαζόνες.

(q) *Alybe*, a Country of *Bithynia*, where were good Silver-Mines.

(r) *Myſis*, so called either from *Myſus* the Son of *Jupiter*, or of *Arganthone* the Daughter of *Oreſelins*, or from μύον the *Beech-tree*, which their Hill *Olympus* abounded in. *Ultimus Myſorum* was used proverbially of such as were good for nothing.

(s) That is, of *Phrygia* the less.

(t) *Ascania*, the name both of a City in *Phrygia* and of a Lake.

(u) *Strabo* makes the *Meonians* the same with the *Lydians*.

(v) He makes *Mestbles* and *Antiphus* born in the *Gygean* Fen, either to intimate their Riotous and luxurious course of life, αἰς ὕδασι, ἢ διαψυκόμενοι καὶ βίον, or that αἱ αὐτὰς ἐργασίαι ηἴχον, they delighted much in it, either swimming or feasting upon it. Near this Lake was that Temple of *Diana Gygea*, where upon her Festivals the *Calathi* or sacred Baskets danced. Some make *Gygea* to be their Mother, and the Lake the place of their Birth.

From

(γ) *Tmolus*, a Mountain of *Lydia*, whence ariseth *Pactolus*, which washed down much golden Ore.

(ζ) The *Carians* being Enemies to the *Ionians*, of whom *Homer* is conceived to descend, he calls them *Barbarians*, putting this Abuse upon them only, albeit the *Phrygians* were more vulgarly called *barbarous* than they. **Ev Kaei δ' αὖδ' αὖτος* was used concerning *barbarizing* any thing, that lost was not worth the finding. The *Greeks* called other Nations *barbarous*, for their frequent repetition of the word *Barbar*, when they first attempted to speak that Language, a thing incident to all that learn'd it. They mistook also the Sexes of Creatures, altering their Gender and Terminations. *Schol. Cassiodore* derives it a *Barbar* & *Rure*, from a Beard and the Country.

(α) Either for that it was a Hold *ἐδρυμένον*, that is, *ἐδρυμένον δρυῶν*, of such Thieves as still murdered whom they robb'd; or else a Covert *δρυῶν*, of wild Beasts. Others conceive it so call'd from its multitude of Pine-trees, whose Fruit the *Greeks* call *ἐδρύες*, for its likeness to Lice. Or from *Phibiron* the Son of *Demalion*.

(b) *Meander*, formerly *Ἀνακταρῶν*, for that its Streams ran back to their Head or Fountain. This River winding still, and never observing a constant Course, all things which are intricate and implicate are hence termed *Meanders*. Of which thus *Ovid Met. l. 8*.

*Non secus ac liquidis Phrygius Mæander in undis
Ludit in ambiguo fluxum, refluxumque fluentem,
Occursumque sibi venturas adspicit Undas;
Et nunc ad Fontes, nunc ad Mare versus apertum,
Incertas exercet aquas.*

*As Phrygian Mæander sports about
The flowry Vales, now winding in, now out,
Himself encounters, sees what follows, guides
His Streams unto their Springs, and doubling slides
To long-mock'd Seas. Mr. Sandys.*

(c) *Mycale*, a Mountain and City of *Caria*, so called, *ἐν τῇ πυρρῇ καὶ τῇ καρυῖτι ἀλδί*, because it stood in the bottom of the *Carian Sea*; or for that here the *Gorgons*, *μυκάωνες* howling, invok'd the Head of *Medusa*.

(d) *Miletus*, formerly *Lelegeis*, from the *Leleges*, who inhabited it; as also *Pityusa*, from the *Pine-tree*, which first grew here; more anciently *Anactoria*. Of this Town was *Thales* the Philosopher, *Phocylides* the Poet, and *Timotheus* the Musician, who compos'd eighteen Books of Musickall Canons, consisting of eight thousand Verses; of whom thus the *Epigrammatist*:

Πάτερ Μίλητος τίλῃς μέγιστον ποσειδῶν

Miletus bred Timotheus, who, belov'd

Τιμόθεον, κισθῆς δέξιν ἡνίοχον.

Of all the Muses, much the Harp improv'd.

(e) He derides him both for his Effeminacy and want of Judgement, in that he took the Field so neatly and so richly armed, *ἐν τῇς πολεμικῆς ἔθλῃ ἐκδυλῆς τῷ δαμάτῃ*, as bearing about him what might tempt a *Foe*, and reward him for killing him; (*Dion Chrysost.*) as many Beasts are persecuted merely for their Furs.

(f) *Glaucus*, the Son of *Hippolochus*.

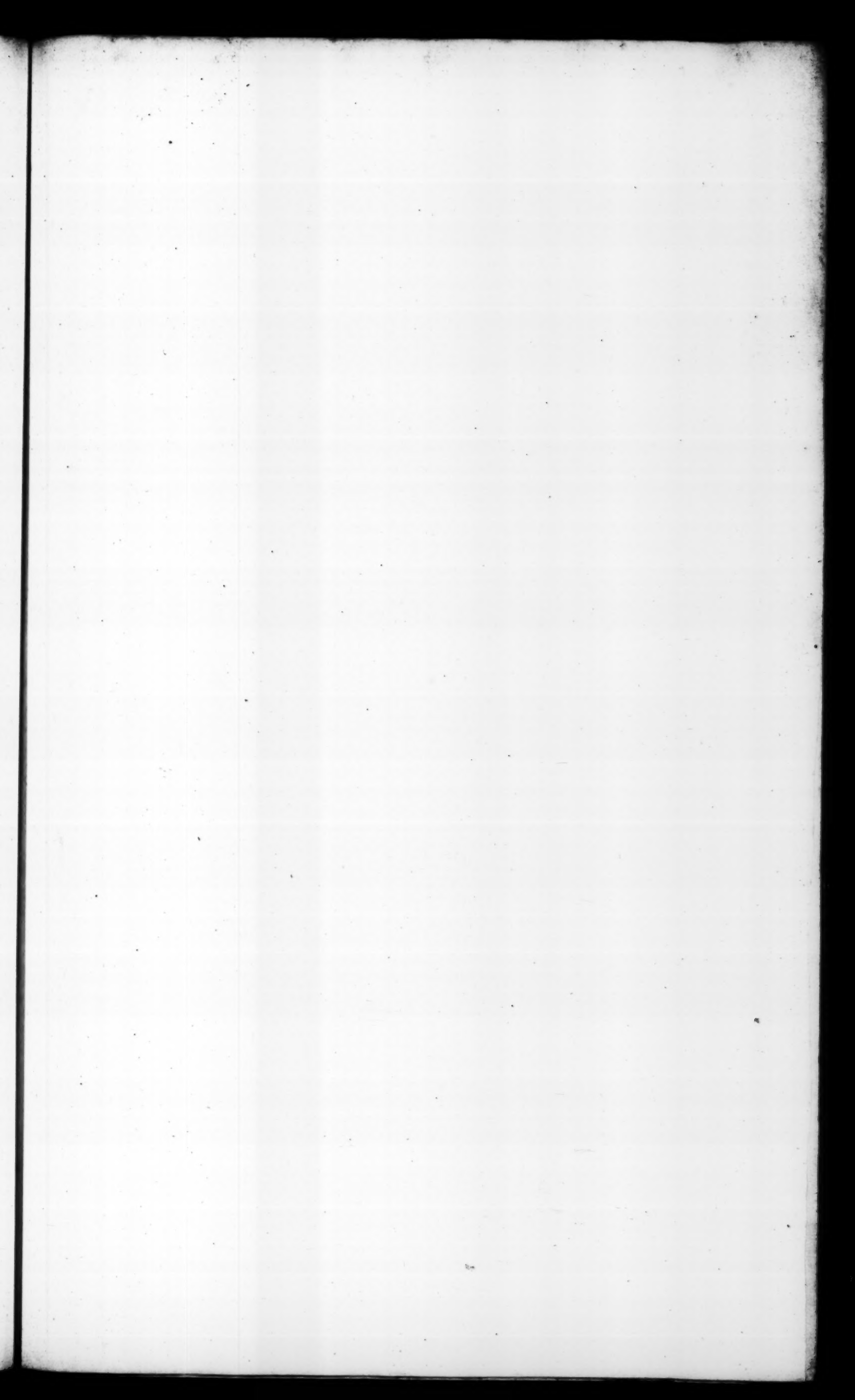
(g) *Sarpedon*, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Europa*, Brother to *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*.

(h) From *Lycus*, the Son of *Pandion*, expuls'd *Athens* by his Brother *Egeus*.

(i) *Xanthus*, a River which brake out when *Latona* was delivered; of which thus *Q. Calaber*:

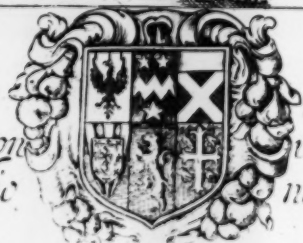
*Ὅ περ' ἱερὸς ἑσπέρῳ Διὶ δάμαρ ἀνδρόπαιον
Ἀντὶ δὲ ἀνέπνευεν, ἀναρρῆζατα χερσὶν
Τρηχὺ πίδαρ Λυκίης ἱερουδός, ἐπ' αὐτῇ τοῖο
Δάμαρθ' ὅτ' ὠδύνατο παυλίστην ἀνίη.*

*Which Stream the Thunderer's Love Latona found,
Tearing with fair Hands up the rougher Ground
Of fertile Lycia, when she felt the Woes
Afflict her Sex in Child-bed's painful Throes.*





*Caroli Ottonis de Conington
 et Ottoni Baronelli filii*



*in Com: Huntingdon Armis
 natu Maximo Tabulam hanc
 L.M.D.D.D. 10*



HOMER'S ILLIADS.

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Paris his Boast : The Challenger retreats.
Bold Hector his effeminate Brother rates.
Again encourag'd he enters the Lists.
Venus her worsted Favourite assists,
And fits for Love's encounter. Helen storms,
Yet straight (indulgent) takes him in her Arms.

Soon as the numerous Armies were array'd,
A Noise, like cackling Fowl, the Trojans made :

So ^(a) clamouring Cranes on Wings expanded march
Through unpath'd Regions of Heav'n's glittering
From ^(b) biting cold and Deluges of Rain, (Arch,
To warmer Margents of the Southern Main,
Where the plum'd Squadrons on the ^(c) Pygmies set,
And with great Slaughter up their Quarters beat.

τὰ δειλότατα τῶν ζώων φωνητικώτερα τῶν ἀνδρῶν, that those Creatures which are timorous are more vocal even than those that are resolute and stout.

^(b) *Εὐαιδωτότερον ἢ γένος ἔχει, the Crane, being very sensible and tender, removes from colder parts to the Southern Sea and warmer Coasts; that is, as saith Aristotle, ἐκ τῆς ἐσχάτης εἰς τὴν ἐγγυατέραν, from one extreme unto another, from the Scythian Plains, to the moorish or Fen-country about Nilus in Egypt.*

^(c) So called *ἀπὸ τῆς πυγμῆς, ἰ. πύχους, quasi pygmæi*, for that in Stature they exceeded not the length of the *Ulna* or *Radius*, the space between our Elbow and Little finger's end. They inhabited those parts of *Egypt* that bordered upon the Sea, and were much devoted to Husbandry; whence with the Cranes, who devoured their Seed, they were constantly at War. This *Arist.* in the eighth of his History of Animals vindicates as a Truth, and far from Fiction. *Hecataeus* saith, they wore Goats Horns, and with them worsted the Cranes. That they fell'd their Corn with Axes *Enstath.* esteems fabulous. *Athenæus* mounts them on Partridges, a Bird of that Heart and Spirit, that many times, like Cocks of the Game, they kill one another. He adds, that their Spears were no bigger than Needles.

But

^(a) *Ælian* saith that the Cranes, being about to desert *Thrace*, which they do in Winter, declining the piercing Cold of that Climate, rendezvous at the River *Hebrus*, where every one swallows a Stone, which serves them both for Meat, and Ballast to defend them against the Wind; providing for *Nile*, a warmer Climate, better provided with Winter Provisions. Before they take their Flight, the oldest Bird in the company, surrounding thrice the whole Flight, dies, and is carefully interred by the rest: which done, they make presently toward *Egypt*, making no Bait nor staying by the way; where finding the Natives busied in sowing, and to a Table plentifully furnished before-hand, ἀλλήτοι ξυνίον μεταλαμβάνουσι, they *uninvited fall to*, as having a right to it by the Laws of *Hospitality*. If in their Passage they make back again, the Mariner puts into Harbour, being admonished of an ensuing Tempest. Returning to *Thrace*, they repair all to their own Nests, which they as perfectly know as men their Houses. Thus he. The Crane is a clamorous Fowl, according to that observation of *Enst.*

But the bold *Greeks* with settled Courage went,
Nor did in empty Shouts their Fury vent :

Unanimously silent on they go,
To meet in their Advance the daring Foe.

As when black ^(d) *Auster*, big with Tempests, throwds
Some lofty Mountain's Crown in dusky Clouds,
To ^(e) fearfull ^(f) Shepherds an unwelcome Sight,
Since Thieves it shelters like the Veil of Night :

A man his Eye-sight can no farther trust
Then one may throw a Stone : So great a Dust
Foot, Horse and Chariots rais'd, whose well-arm'd
Beat into Atomes *Xanthus* sandie Banks. (Ranks

The drawn-up Armies ready to engage,
Longing with Blood to satiate their Rage,
Paris, a ^(g) God resembling, stept between,
Athwart his Shoulders ^(h) a Pard's dappled Skin,
His Bow and Quiver hanging *A-la-mode* ;
Well mounted on his Thigh his Faulchion rode.

⁽ⁱ⁾ Two Spears, sharp pointed, vigorously he shook,
And boldly did the valiant'st *Greek* provoke,

(d) He makes the South-wind the cause of Mists, as being of the moistest Constitution, Mists arising naturally from Moisture as their material cause, as being no other then *δρις* *ἀνέμῳ*, an undigested Dew.

(e) For that Sheep being folded and watch'd by Night are not so easily stoln as by Day, when they either stray as they feed, or feed at a greater distance, especially a Mist arising.

(f) Or rather, as *Eustathius*, Goat-herds : both for that this Creature, loving to climb, affects to feed upon Rocks and Mountains ; as also for that, feeding at a greater distance, farther asunder then other Cattell, they are thence more apt to be stoln without fear of Discovery, *διὰ τὸ ἀφύλακτον*.

(g) He calls *Paris* God-like, or divine, *καὶ τὸ ἐὼς αὐτοῦ καὶ τὸ εὖ ποιεῖν ἀνθρώπων*, for his noble Extraction, and his Skill in Archery. Of *Paris*'s goodly Personage, who had nothing answerable to it, *Eustath.* hath this Observation ; *Ὅτι δὲ εὖ καὶ ἔχον ἔχει δμοιότητος ἰσχυρῆς*, that a comely Feature, not accompanied with a suitable Soul, is a Reproach rather then a Commendation.

(h) *Paris* was but lightly arm'd, *ὡς εἰς ἔχει τὰ χαλκὰ ὀλίγα ἐλαφρύτερα*, that so, if occasion serv'd, he might fly the lighter. *Eust.* Homer still cloaths his Hero's in the Spoils of wild Beasts, as exemplifying the primitive Vest or Habit, Skins ; according to that of *Lucretius*, lib. 5. who conceives the first that invented that kind of Covering to have been murdered for his Cloaths.

*Nam quod adest praesto (nisi quid cognovimus ante
Suavius) in primis placet, & pollere videtur.
Posteriorque ferè melior res illa reperta
Perdit, & immutat sensus ad pristina quaque.
Sic odium coepit glandis : sic illa relicta
Strata cubilia sunt herbis & frondibus aucta.
Pellis item cecidit, vestis contempta ferina :
Quam reor invidia tali tunc esse repertam,
Ite lethum insidiis qui gessit primus obire :
Et tandem inter eos distractam sanguine multo
Dispersisse, neque in fructum convertere quisse.*

Arnobius seems to insinuate, that men first suited themselves with the Bark of Trees, *contra Gent. l. 2. Παρθένω ἐνδύειν λέγουσι ὁ πολὺς ὁ τεσσόν, καὶ ὁ πολὺς τοὺς τοὺς καὶ τὸν πᾶν δένδρον*, Such are proverbially said to be clad in a Panther's Skin who are of a changeable and unconstant Disposition, their nature being as various as the Skin of that Creature. That men first clad themselves with the Pelts or Skins of Beasts, slain either in Pursuit or for Sacrifice, appears not onely from sacred Records, but also from profane : of which thus *Lucretius*, lib. 5.

*Nec dum res igni scibant tractare, nec ui
Pelibus, & spoliis corpus vestire Ferarum :
Sed Nemora atque cavos Monteis Sylvasque colebant,
Et Frutices inter condebant squalida membra,
Verbera Ventorum vitare Imbreisque coacti.*

And the they us'd both for a defence against Weather, and also in

Od. 4.

*Ἀμφὶ δὲ παρθένω
Στρίγτι περὶ στήθεσσι ὄμβρος.*

Xenophon hath an observation concerning Children, *ἱματισμοῦ διαφύλαξιν*, that Cloaths make them tender ; and therefore adviseth *ματρίω δὲ ἑταῖς αἰετίζεσθαι*, to accustom them to Skins for a twelve-month : consonant whereunto is that of *Philostatus*, who in his *Herculis* tells us, that great *Ajax*, who had the ablest Body of any in his time, was wrapt being yet an Infant *τῇ λεοτῇ* *τῷ Ἡρακλῆϊ*, in *Hercules* his Lion's Skin. (i) He arms *Paris* with two Spears, to imply his Skill in that Weapon, *ὡς ἀμφοτερόχειος*, as using both hands alike. Thus *Homer* gives *Hector* and *Sarpedon* two Javelins a-piece. *Q. Calaber* instanteth the like in *Penthesilea* ; and *Herodotus* in his seventh Muse in the *Cilicians*, to whom he allows *δύο δόρυα*, two Darts. Thus *Artemidorus*, amongst the severall kinds of Gladiators, reckons one which he styles *δυσόχαιρος*, from their fighting with two Swords at once ; and *Polybius*, in his description of the Roman Soldier, speaks of *δύο δόρυα*, two Spears.

What is in use seems best, unless before
Some antiquated Fashion pleased more.
If ought convenient be after found,
Judgement reform'd brings changing Fancy round.
So Acorns flighted were, and Beds seem'd base
Stuff'd thinly with fawn Leaves and wither'd Grass.
Then Skins, those bestial Raiments, were condemn'd,
And as a dangerous Weed, I think, condemn'd ;
Since the first Wearers of them were mistook,
And for the Prey by lurking Hunts-men struck ;
Which rent and bruis'd, defil'd with clotted gore,
Lost their first value, and were us'd no more.

As yet they knew not Fire, nor had the Wiles
To catch wild Beasts, and wear their warmer Spoils.
Their naked Limbs, in stead of Towns and Towers,
Groves, Grotts and Caves preserv'd, and shady Bowers,
From piercing Tempests and invading Showrs.

Of the first thus *Pindar*, speaking of *Jason*, *Pyth.*
A Pard's thick Fur about him cast,
'Gainst soaking Showrs and piercing Blasts.

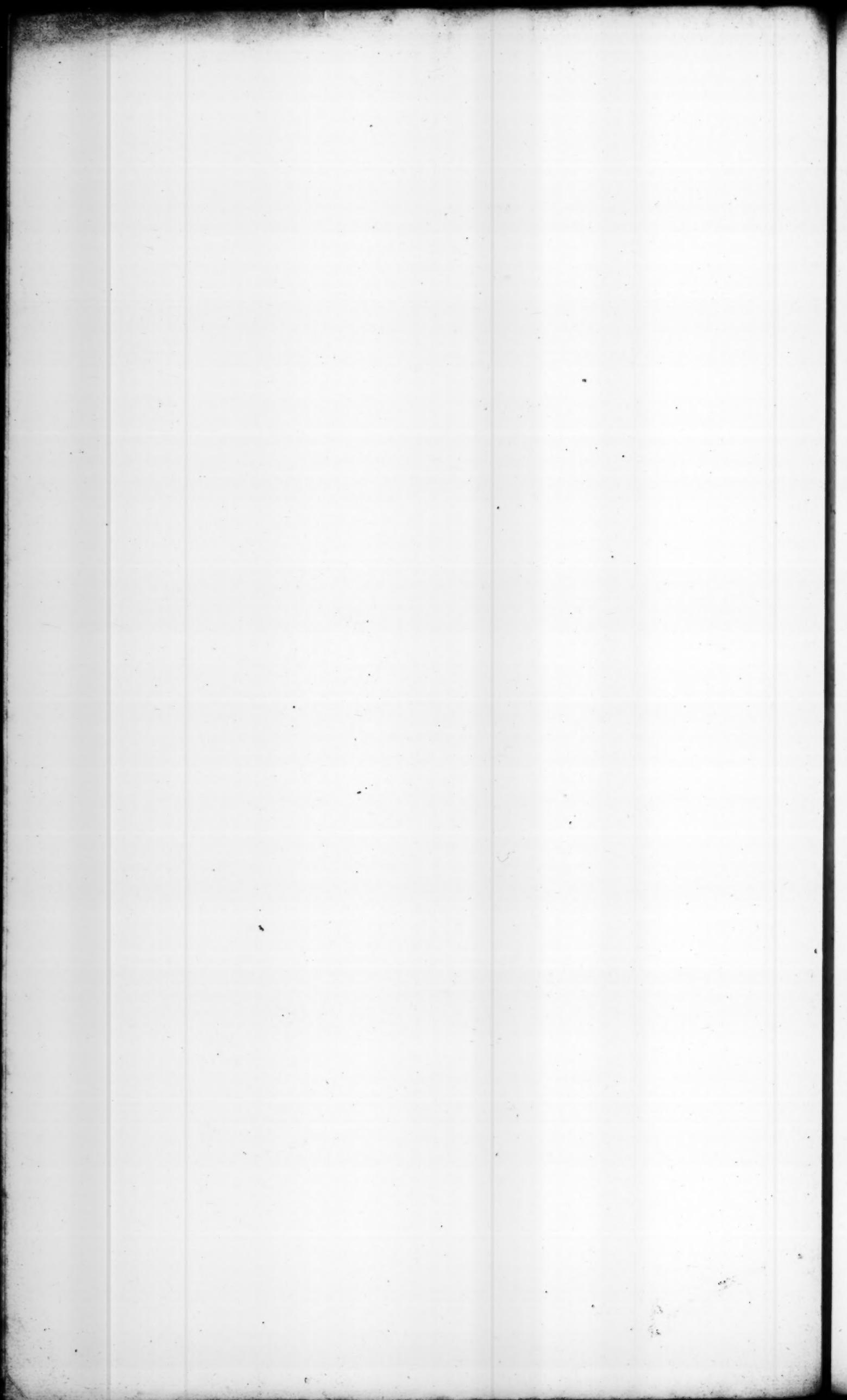
Before



Do: Johanni Warner de
Baronetto. Tabulam



Parham, Com: Suffolke.
hanc. L.M. D.D.D.
1750.



Before both Armies, to a single Fight.
 When *Menelaus*, *Mars* his chief Delight,
 Betwixt the *Greeks* and *Trojans* him espy'd
 Stalking about with such majestick Pride.
 So glad's a ^(k) Lion, when some well-fed Steer
 He ^(l) seizeth, or wild ^(m) Goat, or crested ⁽ⁿ⁾ Deer,
 (Straight are his ravenous Jaws with Bloud imbu'd;
 Although by Dogs and Hunts-men close pursu'd)
 As *Atreus* injur'd Son, when he beheld
Paris insulting thus in open Field.

His Bosome with fresh Hopes of Vengeance warm'd,
 He from his Chariot leaps compleatly arm'd.

Soon as the *Trojan* his Corrivall saw
 Forth from the Files betwixt the Armies draw,
 Surpris'd with Fear he made no slow Retreat,
 Not daring stand inevitable Fate.

As he, who in a Mountain's Thicket spies
 A dreadfull Serpent, back affrighted flies
 For Preservation to the safer Vale;
 Panting he trembles, and his Cheeks grow pale:
 So *Paris* did amongst his Friends retire,
 Fearing the *Spartan* King's revengefull Ire.

When *Hector* saw how he the Fight declin'd,
 Thus in rough Terms he eas'd his troubled Mind:

Unworthy *Paris*! Thou whose comely Parts
 Serve onely to intangle Womens Hearts!
 O would, Impostor, ^(o) thou hadst never been,
 Or perish'd ere thy Nuptials we had seen!
 Untimely Death had prov'd a kinder Fate,
 Then t' live the Scorn of all and pointed at.
 The curled *Greeks* mistaking thee will say,
 Thou valiant'st art in *Priam's* Court, when they
 A Person ^(p) so much promising behold:
 But thou art neither expert, strong, nor bold.

L

Art

(k) Resembling *Paris* to a pusillanimous and fugitive Creature, the Deer, he likens *Menelaus* to a Lion, and him hungry; no Beast being more voracious when full, none more fierce when famished: *καλὸς δὲ ὁ λέων πεινῶν, ὅταν ἕμεται βιβώσῃ. Schol.* The Lion feeds not upon any Beast but what he hunts and kills himself, not any that is killed before-hand, or dies of it self: *καὶ δὲ σφύσσῃ ἐχέσται ὁ λέων. Id.*

(l) *Eustathius* observes that in this Similitude of the Lion *Homer* uses three Participles within one Period without any copulative Particle intervening between them, *ὣς τὸ ποιντὶ τῷ αὐτῷ τῷ λέοντι*, so making his Verse to comply with the Lion's Speed.

(m) He resembles *Paris* to the Goat, *διὰ τὸ ὄχλυναι τὸ ζῷον*, for his Effeminacy and Incontinence, the Goat being a lustfull and salacious Creature. For which reason *Lycophron* calls *Helen* *πηνόνα* a Dove, for her Lasciviousness; *ἡ δὲ πηνόνα μόνη τ' ἀνθρώπων δι' ἅλα ἔσται ὄχληται καὶ νεοτὸς ποιεῖ*, this Bird alone having young every month of the year, being thence sacred to *Venus*, and called by *Aeschylus* *πηνόνα*, as being ever a Nurse. *Tzetzes* in *Lycoph.*

(n) He likens him to a Deer, both *διὰ τὸ δειλόν*, for his Cowardise, *καὶ τὸ φιλοῦν τὸ ἀνδρῶν*, and for his Skill in Musick, the Deer also (so *Aristotle*) delighting in Melody. The Deer hath its name *καρπός* from his drawing forth of Serpents, by eating whereof he cleanseth his body, *καρπὸς γὰρ ὄν* for, chafing his Head against a Rock, his Horns emit a warm Vapour, which being perceived by the Snakes, they desert their Holes, and are so seized by him. *Schol.*

(o) *Gr. ἀγενής*, that is, unborn, or else Childless. *Dionysius* ὁ *Χρωσθεύων*, making *Dardan* the Son of *Paris* by *Helen*, adds here this Verse, not extant now in any Copy, *Μὴ δὲ π' ἔγνων εἶναι ἐξ ἐμοῦ φίλον υἱόν, Δάσδαρον.*

And never thy lov'd *Dardan* thou hadst for
 From thy Knee.

(p) *Πᾶν τὸ σωματικὸν πλεονέκτημα δίχα ψυχῆς ἀρετῆς ἀχρεῖον*, All corporall Accomplishments without answerable Endowments of the Mind are vain and fruitless. *Eust.*

(9) Gr. ἔξ Ἀνις, that is, either ἐκ τῆς μακρᾶν ἀποχέουσι γῆς, from far remote parts; or from Ἀπία, a place in Peloponnesus, so call'd from Ἀπὶς the Son of Phoroneus. Schol.

(7) Τὰ ἰσθὺν ἡλεον. This Passage Enst. observes to be very artificial and exquisite; Homer huddling here many Members of Speech together without any Ligature or Copulative to conjoyn and unite them, κομματαὶ ῥήματα, as Hermogenes styles them: dissolute Figures and disjoyned Sentences being ever aptest to express Passions; he that is in Choler conceiving he can never vent his Mind too soon. Ἀσυνέκτων ῥήματων ἡ ἀγνοία, ὁρῶντων ἃ μὲν ἑκάστην ἑξ ἑαυτῶν ἔχει, ὡς ἐν τῷ ἑκάστῳ, as Enstath.

(1) So Horace, lib. 1. Od. 15.

*Nequicquam Veneris praesidio serox
Pellēs Casariem, gratiāque Fœminis
Imbelli Citharā Carmina divides.*

*Nequicquam Thalamo graves
Hastās & calami spicula Gnosii
Visabis, strépituque, & celerem sequi
Ajacem: iamēn, heu! serus adulteros
Crines pulvere collinēs.*

In vain thou trusting Venus Care
Shalt touch thy Harp, and crisp thy
Hair;

Arts which to Women gratefull are.
For when that thou account'st for
Lust,

Thou shalt not scape a Shaft or Spear;
Or Ajax thee pursuing near,
Threatning thy adulterous Hair
To powder trampled in the Dust.

Ἡ δὲ Πάρις ὁ μωμῶν, ὃν τὸ Ἀχιλλεύς ἐ-
παυεῖν. Paris his Harp being a Dispa-
ragement to him, as singing to it Love-
songs onely and wanton Sonnets, Alex-
ander the Great, being presented with
it at *Sium*, refused so much as to see it,
desiring rather to behold the Harp of
Achilles, (*Ælian. lib. Var. Hist. 9. c. 38.*)

— ἀντὶ δ' ἄρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν.

— To which the Hero's Acts
he sung.

(1) Beauty is made Venus's Gift, δὲ
τὸ ἐν αὐτῇ ἐκπεφθῶς, in respect of its
tendency that way. Others by Venus
Gift understand Helen.

(9) Gr. λαῖνον ἔων ῥήματα, thou hadst
had a Coat of Stone, that is, been interred
in a Stone-Coffin or Monument: whence
one calls the Walls the City's Vest, or
Garment. Others understand it of be-
ing stoned to death.

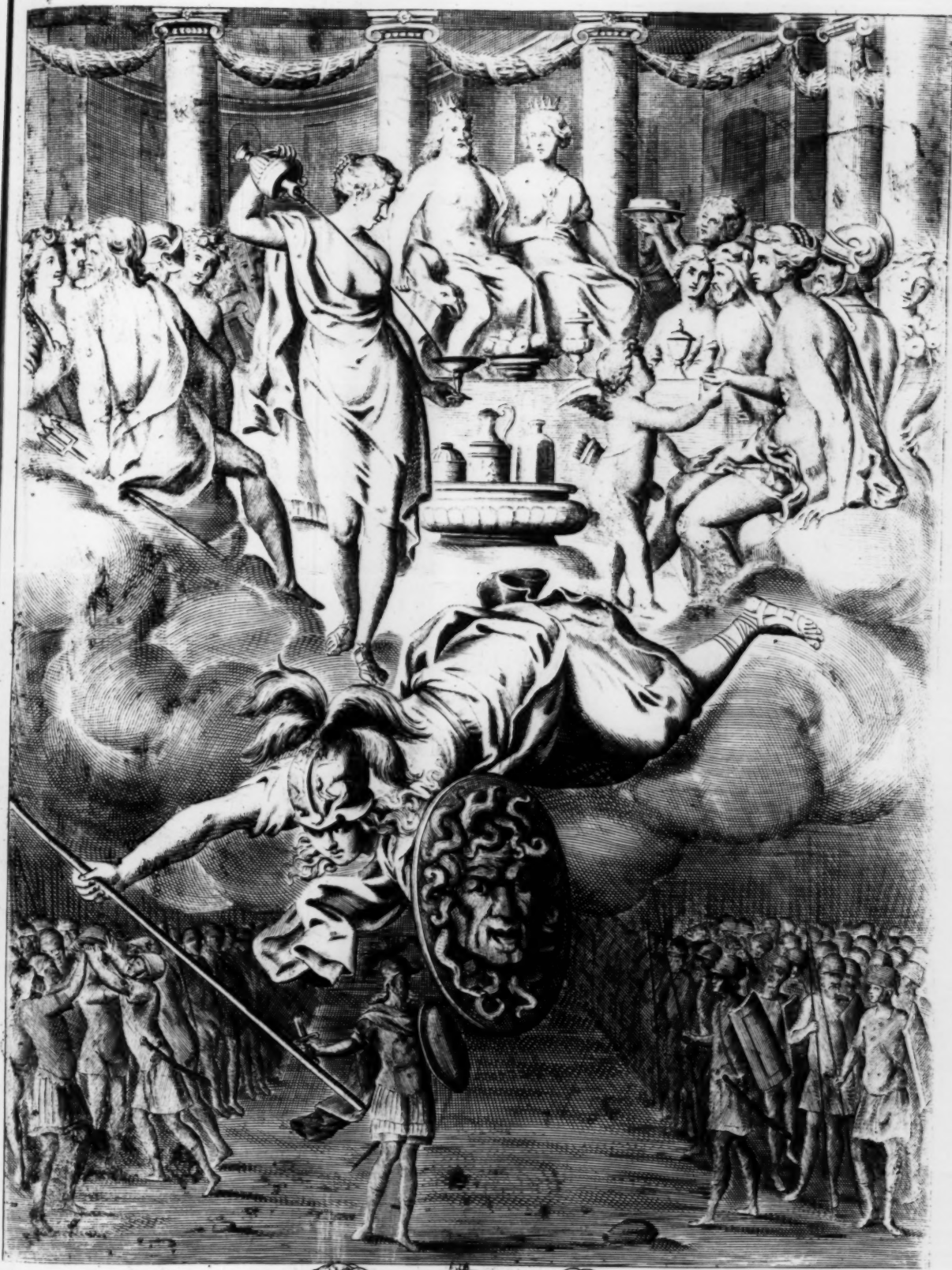
(x) Golden Venus, i. e. fair. Others
say that Venus under the Epithet of Au-
rea, golden, had her Temple at Paphos,
or, as others, at Lesbos. *Istian* tells of
a Golden Plain where Venus was honou-
red, and thence styled χρυσή. Enst.

(7) Enstathius observes hence the power and energie of Speech, ὅς τις ἑστὶν ἡ δὲ φωνή. Hector's Oration alone prevailing with Paris to challenge Menelaus, a thing he had little mind to, and formerly declined. Thus History tells of *Tyrtaeus*, that his vein in Verse was f. ch. ὅς τις ἐν δυνάμει τοῦ λόγου ἐνέργηται, as to encourage even Cowards to fight.

Art thou that *Paris* who in Ships well mann'd
Through swelling Waves explor'dst a (9) forein Land,
(7) Conducting home a matchless Beauty thence,
The Royall Spouse of a renowned Prince,
To ruine *Priam* and the *Trojan* Race?
Scorn'd by thy Foes, wilt thou thy Friends disgrace,
With him not daring to exchange a Spear?
So to thy Cost it plainly would appear
Whose Wife thou hast detain'd. Little at sharp
Will your (1) curl'd Tresses help, your curious Harp,
Or (1) Beauty, *Venus* Gifts, provoking Lust,
When thou o're-thrown ly'st weltring in the Dust.
The willing *Trojans*, durst they, had long since
(9) Ston'd thee to Death for thy so high Offence.

Then *Paris* thus; Me justly thou dost tax,
Who hast a Spirit like a well-steel'd Axe,
Whose Edge rebates not with the ponderous Strokes
Of the strong Ship-wright cleaving knotty Oaks,
Whilst he by Labour gains more Strength and Art:
Such is thy Courage and undaunted Heart.
But cast not on me greater Disrespect
For (x) golden *Venus* Gifts; none should reject
Blessings from Heav'n, nor Shape and Beauty slight,
Which humane Industry could ne'r invite.
But if you please, I shall your Champion be,
(Let both the *Greeks* and *Trojans* sit and see)
And (7) I will here with *Menelaus* fight.
Whom Fortune doth entitle to that Right,
And undisputed Victory allows,
Let him fair *Helen* and her Wealth espouse.
A solemn Covenant by both Nations sign'd,
In Bands of lasting Amity combin'd,

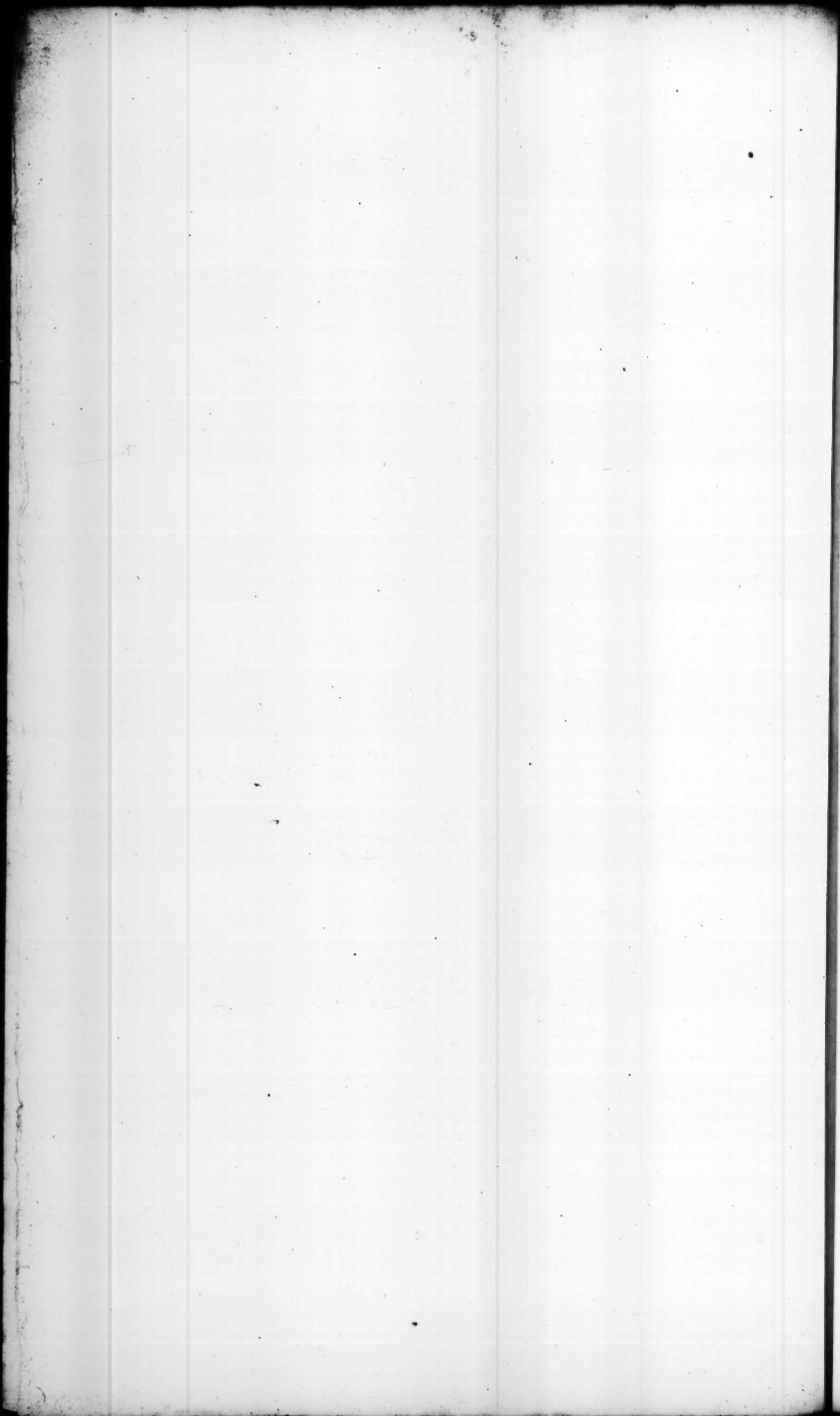
Of



Dom: Henric Howard
Herrara Comitis Arundel

filio natu secundo Henri.
Tabulam hanc

LM.DDD.
I.O.



Of our own Tillage we'll resume the Toil,
And they plow Billows to their native Soil,
Argos, through all the World for Steeds renown'd,
Or *Sparta*, with admired Beauties crown'd.

This pliant Answer *Hector* well resents,
And, stepping in before his Regiments,
Their Fury stops by holding up his Spear;
At which they farther to engage forbear.
But Rage and Hope the *Græcians* more inflam'd,
Who furiously at him their Javelins aim'd,
Which mixt with Stones like Tempests dim the Skies,
When thus to stop their Rage *Atrides* cries;

Your Hands, bold *Greeks* and fierce *Achivans*, stay:
Something of great Concern would *Hector* say.

All silent did offensive Arms forbear,
When *Hector* thus the Business did declare:

Bold *Greeks* and *Trojans*, now so long involv'd
In wofull War, know *Paris* hath resolv'd,
(Whose Quarrell hath our Swords so often dy'd,)
You laying all your glittering Arms aside,
That here he will with *Menelaus* fight.

Whom Fortune doth entitle to the Right,
And undisputed Victory allows,
Let him fair *Helen* and her Wealth espouse.
A solemn Covenant let both Nations sign,
In Bands of lasting Amity combine.

These just Proposals silent all admir'd:
When thus the *Spartan* with Revenge inspir'd;

Hear me, whose Bowells with Compassion yern,
Whom these sad Differences most concern.

This day my Sword both Nations shall release,
And change long Sorrows to more lasting Peace.
Since you for me and him thus turmoil'd are
Who by his Crime stirr'd up this deadly War;

Let one of us, on whom his Fate attends,
'Twixt th' Armies die, and make the Nations Friends.

(2) One white, one black bring from the bleating Dam,
For Earth and Sun, (a) for Jove another Lamb.

Priam in person must confirm the League,
Whose (b) perjur'd Sons are custom'd to renegue.
Their Cavills may foment a second War.

Young mens ambitious Bosoms (c) fickle are:
But th' Old man will before and after view,
And what for both is most expedient doe.

Their Joys both Parties could not comprehend,
That wofull War should find so fair an End.
Betwixt the Armies small was the Extent.

Hector two Heralds to the City sent,
To fetch the Lambs, and call the Trojan King:
But Agamemnon bids Talthybius bring
From the tall Fleet their expiating Lamb.
The sacred Heralds went with speed and came.

Meanwhile to beauteous Helen (d) Iris went,
(She Helicaon's Spouse did represent,
Laodice, her Cousin: none so fair
Of all her Sisters, Priam's Daughters, were)
Whom in the Palace at her Web she found;
The Woof of Silk, of twisted Gold the Ground:
Where she those Battells to the Life exprest,
So variously and with such hot Contest
For her betwixt the Greeks and Trojans fought.
When thus the Spartan Princess she besought;

(2) The Trojans, οἷς ἐκινδυνῶσιν, whose City and Lives both lay at stake, bring two Lambs, one white, for the Sun, another black, for the Earth; the one Male, the other Female. Thus οἰκεῖα ἑκάστῳ θεῷ ἱερουργήσας, he presents each Deity with a suitable Sacrifice. Schol. And that ἐμὸν καὶ ὁμοίωτα χρώματι, not for Colour sake only, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐνεργείας, but their Energies also and Operations, offering a Male to the Sun, who generates Vegetatives upon the Earth, ὡς οἷα γυναικί, as his Wife, or Woman, and a Female to the Earth, ὡς οἷα μητρὶ καὶ ἐξ αὐτῆς καὶ ἅλυσ, as the indulgent Mother of all such Fruits as are produc'd by her impregnated by the kindly Heat and Influence of the Sun. The Earth was esteemed one of the Dii inferi, the Infernall Deities, to whom, together with the Dii noxii, Hecate and such other, they sacrificed black Cattell only; according to that of Virgil,

Nigram Hyemi Pecudem, Zephyris fellicibus albam.

To Storms a black, to favouring Gales a white.

(a) To Jupiter they sacrific'd a single Lamb, of whose colour our Poet is silent; this being indifferent, and at the discretion of the person presenting it, or not so certain as the former. The Greeks sacrific'd δὲ ἐνίῳ, that Menelaus might worst Paris ἀδικήσαντα εἰς ἐνίαν, who had transgressed the Laws of Hospitality, or ὡς ξένον, as being themselves Strangers.

(b) Gr. ὑπερφιάλοι. Leagues and Oaths made and taken at the Altar being performed with this Ceremony, with pouring Wine out of a φιάλη, or lesser Vial, those that violated either were call'd ὑπερφιάλοι. The word is also applied to such as are proud and haughty, and such also whose Stature and bulk of body exceeds the ordinary Standard.

(c) Gr. ἠερόδωτοι, a Metaphor from things hanging in the Air, which are still ἠερόν, light, changeable, and unconstant; whereas things on Earth are otherwise. A Resemblance which well expresth the Unsteadiness and Levity of Youth.

(d) Iris is used either for that παραβάς σύστημα, that cloudy or airy System, vulgarly called the Rainbow; or that θεῖον χρυσοπτερόν, the Goddess with golden Wings, being so termed from ἵρω, to foretell: the one declaring τὰ θεῶν, the Pleasure of the Gods, the other τὴν μετέωρον ὕλην, the alteration of Weather.

Draw

Draw near, great Queen, and see a wond'rous Sight.
 Those Armies which so late did yonder fight,
 Pleas'd with dire Sports of War and bloody Fields,
 In quiet lean upon their glittering Shields;
 Each Party all Hostility forbears,
 And at their Fleet stand fixt their ponderous Spears.
 But *Paris* must with *Menelaus* fight.
 Whom Providence entitles to the Right,
 And undisputed Victory allows,
 Fair *Helen* and her Riches shall espouse.

Thus *Iris* up her old Affection stirr'd
 To *Greece*, her Parents, and her former Lord.
 She straight her Sun-eclipsing Beauty veil'd,
 And going forth her Fate with Tears bewail'd.
 With her bright ^(e) *Clymene* and ^(f) *Æthra* went,
 Both her Attendants, both of high Descent.
 Straight she repairs unto the ^(g) *Scæan* Gate,
 Where *Priam*, *Panthous*, and *Thymætes* sat,
Lampus, *Antenor*, *Clytius*, and old
Ucalegon, and *Hycetaon* the bold,
 Patriots that here accustomed to sit,
 Now by declining Age for Arms unfit:
 But well they could advise, with chearfull Voice,
 Like ^(h) Grasshoppers which in the Groves rejoice.

ground. *Enst.* thinks them resembled to Grasshoppers, *περὶ τῶν ἀνδρῶν λαλῶν, καὶ τοῦτον ἀνδρῶν, καὶ εὐφραν ἄνθρωποι καὶ φωνῆς ποιεῖν, for their indefatigable talking and volubility of Tongue, which also gave, he conceives, the rise to Tithonus his Fable, ὡς αὖτε γῆρας λαλῶν, as being more vocal in his Age. Alian observes, Hist. Anim. lib. I. c. 20. that other Birds making Melody with their Mouths, the Grasshoppers καὶ τῶν ἰσχυρῶν εἰσι λαλῶντες, deliver their Note from forth their Loins, by the repercussion of a Membrane; and that this τὸ φιλόμυτον, to be thus vocal, is a Gift that Nature hath conferred upon the Male onely. These Males *Hesiod* calls ἀρχῆται the Females, which are ἄφωνοι, mute, τῆς γῆρας. The τὸ ἀμυλὸν of this Creature, together with that of the Female Nightingale, *Enst.* makes an Emblem of that every-way rare Ornament of the Female Sex, Silence, according to that of *Euripides*;*

Γύναι, γυναῖξὶ κόσμον ἢ στυγὴ φέρει.

O Woman, Women Silence most doth grace.

Contrary to the Etymology of Man, who is called φῶς, καὶ τὸ φῶς, τὸ λαλῶν, from φῶ, which signifies to speak. The Observation also of *Alian* before him, who, speaking of the Female Grasshopper, saith she is ever mute, *ἡ δὲ γυνὴ σιωπῶσα, as a modest Virgin.* Others say that he likens them to Grasshoppers, *ὅτι ἀναμῶν καὶ ἄφρων τῶν ἀνδρῶν, καὶ οἱ γῆρας, because those Creatures are blindless, and, like old men, of a cold Constitution.* Or lastly, *ὅτι ἀφ' ὧν ἡ γῆρας, for that they sing* (not that kind which is the greater, and hath Wings, but) *from an high, not onely ἡ δὲ ἀφ' ὧν τῆς ἀκμῆς, the Sun being in his Zenith, in the Heat of the day, but themselves also singing from Trees most commonly, seldom on the Ground: whence one, Enigmatically menacing his Enemies, sent them word, that he would cause their Grasshoppers χαλῶναι τὸν αἶαντα, to sing on the Earth; meaning, that he would ἀνδοπομπήσαντων αὐτοῖς τὸν γῆρας, fell all their Timber, and depopulate their Land. Their Note or Voice *Homer* calls λειριόφωνον, which some render florid, or sweet, from λείων the Lily; but *Hesychius* much better ἀμυλῶν, the tone of the Grasshopper being nothing pleasant, but shrill and small. For this also he resembles the Discourse of *Priam* and his aged Assessors to the Voice of this Creature.*

(e) *Clymene* is called here *σοῶσα*, for her acute Sight or Fore-knowledge; *ὅτι τῶν ἐκείνη ἐνέβλεψεν, the prognosticating long before the Rape of Helen by Paris.*

(f) Some make this *Æthra* the Mother of *Theseus*.

(g) So called either from its Builder, or Situation on the left or South-side of the City, *καὶ δὲ ἡ ἀκμῆς, ἡ τὸ δυνάμει* or, as others, because it was unlikely to the Trojans, who by this Port admitted the Trojan Horse. It is elsewhere called *Dardania*.

(h) The Goddess *Hemera*, or the Morning, wedded *Tithonus*, the Brother of *Laomedon*, whom much impaired by his Age she metamorphosed to a Grasshopper; whence *Homer* resembles one of that Lineage, *Priam*, now also in years, to the same Creature; this being *μυθὸν ἰσχυρῶν, a Fable* to which *Priam's Country* and Kindred gave the

(i) *Eustathius* tells here of one of the Sages who was rewarded by a Prince with a considerable Summe for but repeating these Verses at the Sight of his beautilous Queen. *Aristotle* wissheth men to use these Verses to Pleasure, suing to be received, and therewith to dismiss her.

(k) By Friends *Homer* means such as were allied to her by Bloud.

(l) *Homer* makes *Priam* not to enquire after the Commanders of the *Gracian* Host till this ninth Year of the Siege, (which to some seems absurd) because knowing them formerly by their Arms they had on, he saw them not till now dis-arraid. Secondly, because never drawing them up into a Body till now, *Homer* could not properly before make *Priam* inquisitive after them.

(m) What *Arist.* saith of Women in general, τὰς γυναῖδας εὖσεν φιλολοῖσθαι καὶ μεμνέσθαι, that they be ever querulous and complaining of their sad Destiny and Mis-fortune, *Helen* here makes good by her self.

(n) *Hermione*. Others say *Helen* had two Sons by *Menelaus*, *Nicostratus* and *Antiphatas*, to whom some adde *Dianthus* and *Maraphius*. She calls her Daughter πολυμήνη, which notes one that is born the Father from home, or else the Parents old, and so past hope of farther Issue. Now because οὐκ ἐν τῇ μετ' ἀπέρωσεν τὴν παιδείαν συνίσταται μάλλον ἀγαπᾶς, the Children that be born when their Parents despair of having any more be most tenderly affected by them, the word is used of those Children which men most love.

As soon as thither her Approach she made,
Thus whispering they to one another said ;

(i) I nor the *Greeks* nor yet the *Trojans* blame,
Who have so many Years for such a Dame
(Bright and as beautilous as the Morning-Star)
Suffer'd all Pressures of a tedious War.

But though Earth's fainter Beauties she out-vies,
And emulates the Glory of the Skies ;
Rather then she an endless War entail
Upon our Sons and Nephews, let her fail.

Thus they discours'd, by graver Judgment sway'd :
When *Priam* to the *Spartan* Lady said ;

Draw near, my dearest Daughter, sit by me ;
Thy former Husband, (k) Friends and Kindred see ;
(For thou of this art clear, Heav'n's vengefull Hand
Pour'd for my sake this Tempest on our Land.)

(l) Instruct me who those *Gracian* Princes are.
What's he who looks so like the God of War,
So large his Breast, so well his Shoulders spread,
Yet not so tall as others by the Head ?
His Prefence strikes a reverentiall Awe :
I ne'r a more majestick Person saw.

When thus her Sexe's Queen ; Illustrious Sire,
Whom most I love, most honour and admire,
Would I (m) Death's wittiest Tortures had endur'd,
E're, by the Flatteries of thy Son allur'd,
From my dear Husband and my (n) onely Child,
Brethren and Kindred, I my self exil'd.

Thus I transgress, and now to wash that Stain
I labour with repentant Tears in vain.

But to obey, great Sir, what you enjoyn,
That *Agamemnon* is, of *Atreus* Line,

(c) An expert Warriour and a valiant Prince :
To call him Brother now were (d) Insolence.

Him Priam strictly viewing thus admir'd ;
(e) O blest Atrides ! all the Fates conspir'd
To make thee happy in thy Mother's Womb.
How vast an Army hast thou brought from Home !
When I to (f) Phrygia came, whose pregnant Lap

Swells with plump Issues of the purple Grape,
Renown'd Commanders many I beheld,

(g) Otrens and Mygdon ; both in Arms excell'd.
These lay incamp'd on (h) Sangar's flowry Shore :

To whose full Regiments I added more,
And a Brigade of stout Assistents brought,
When 'gainst th' invading (i) Amazons we fought.
Yet all the Musters which we there could boast
Were but a Handfull to this numerous Host.

Ulysses spying next, Daughter, said he,
(x) Who may that Leader near Atrides be,
Lower then Agamemnon by the Head,
But more his Breast and manly Shoulders spread ?
His Arms lie by on the all-fostering Ground.
How like a Ram his Troups he marcheth round,
A shaggy Ram with a majestick Pace
Ord'ring his Flock and Silver-fleeced Race?

Jove's beauteous Daughter, Sparta's Queen, replies;
That is Ulysses Laertiades.

Though (y) barren Ithaca may boast his Birth,
His (z) Wisedome is renown'd through all the Earth.

(y) Οὐδὲν ἑμπεδὸν εἰς ἀνδρὸς ἀγαθὸν γένειον παλῆδος πατεῖδ', The Obscurity of a man's Countrey is no Prejudice or Obstacle to his Perfection and Parts. Rude Scythia brought forth sage Anacharsis, little Pella great Alexander, and rough Ithaca terse Ulysses. So Juvenal Satyr 10. speaking of Anacharsis,

Vervacum in Patria crassoque sub aëre nasci
Magnos sepe Viros, & magna Exempla daturus.

Off from the Sheep-coat and the rustick Field
Brave Men descend, which great Examples yield.

(z) Helen's Encomium of Ulysses is not, as Eustathius observes, ἀνεστ', sincere, but admitting as well a Tense tending to his Derogation; some of his Designs, for which alone she here praiseth him, being not justifiable: such was the Trick put by him upon good Palamedes, which cannot be excused.

(c) This Alexander most admired of all the Verses in Homer, propounding it to himself for Imitation.

(p) As she here owns Impudence, the Property of a Dog; so Lycophron (Cassandra in him) gives her the Appellation or name:

Δόκω θύοντα γυνὴν ἰσχυρομένην
Τρῶων & εἰς ἀργύρεα, πηλείας κούρης.

I see a Griffin which doth chase
A lustfull Dove of cursed Race.

(q) Eustathius observes, that Homer making Priam πᾶσι τοῖς ἑταίροις, copious and large in his Oratory, makes Helen ὀλίμην & ἡμεῖς αἰς Λίγυρα, as a Spartan, brief and pertinent.

(r) Phrygia the great, or the parts about Apamea, those onely abounding with Vines; the other, the less, near Troy, being more proper for Corn.

(s) Otrens was the Son of Dymas, Mygdon of Acmon.

(t) Sangarius was a River of Phrygia.

(u) The Amazons were so called, for that they cut off their left Breast, that it might not hinder them in drawing their Bow, γ. μανμαζοί or for that they used not to feed upon μᾶζα, but on Flesh; nay, sometimes, saith Strabo, χαλάναι & οὐραὶς & ὀρεν. They cut off a Leg and the right Arm of their Male-children. Menalippe and Hippolyte, the Daughters of Mars and Harmonia, commanded the Amazon Forces in this Phrygian Expedition.

(x) Priam knew not Ulysses, though he had been formerly at Troy; either his Memory failing him, or his Eyesight.

(a) *Antenor* was the *πρῆξας*, or Host, of *Menelaus* and *Ulysses*, when they came in Embassy to *Troy* to demand *He'len*, and require Justice to be done upon the Ravisher. These *πρῆξας*, or Entertainers of Ambassadors, were elected either by the People or Prince; and they upon whom the place was contr'd accounted it the greatest Honour that could possibly be done them. It is said that the Sons of *Priam* entering into a Conspiracy to make away privately *Menelaus* and *Ulysses*, the Plot was discovered and disappointed by *Antenor*: whence *He'len* being well affected to *Antenor's* Family, as he that was the Preserver of her Lord, *Iris* the rather assumed the Shape of *Laodice*, *Antenor's* Son's Wife; and *Agamemnon* after remembering these Civilities, *Troy* being taken, by hanging a Pard's Skin before the House, preserved it from Spoil and Plunder.

(b) *Antenor* gives *Menelaus*, as a young man and a Spartan, *ἰσὺν λόγῳ* *καὶ ῥητῇ*, τὰ καὶ ἐν μὲν ἐν βραχέϊ *ἐπὶ λέγειν*, a curt kind of Elocution, but apposite and to the purpose; but to *Ulysses* *πᾶν ἄρδν* καὶ *πικρότην νομμάτων* *ἐκπαινωμένων* *ῥαεσκέας*, a more full and different kind of Rhetorick, enlarging and dilating it self through the Copiousness of the matter.

(c) His fixing his Eyes upon the ground speaks him *μελετῶντα ἐνμαέμενος* *διὰ ῥεδιασμῶν*, his Thoughtfulness and study what to speak; his holding his Sceptre steady, *ἀγωνιῶντα* καὶ *ἐκπαινωμένων*, his Anxiety and Perplexity of mind. *Demosthenes* much affecting ever the motion of the hand, *Aschines* his Adversary ever eschewed it. *Ovid* gives us the like Character of *Ulysses*, *Metam.* l. 13.

Adstruit, atque Oculos pariter tellure moratos
Sustulit——
He stood, and on the Floor held fix'd his Eyes
A while.

(d) *Gr. ἔκρυπτο*, the word signifying such an one as sadly conceals his Wrath till he can wreak it.

(e) *Homer* resembles *Ulysses* his Eloquence to Drifts of Snow, *διὰ τὸ πᾶν* *ἔπ' νομμάτων*, for the quickness of his Conception; *διὰ τὸ πικρόν*, for that his matter was well and closely couched; *διὰ τὸ τῆς σαφεινῆς δίδουσαν*, for its Perspicuity and Clearness; and lastly, *διὰ τὸ φοβερὸν ἡμῶν*, for the Fear and Consternation it produced in its Auditors.

(f) He calls *He'len* *ταυροπικρον*, not onely as *ἐπιστρέφω* *ἔστω*, drawing her Veil after her, as was the Roman Mode; but also *ὡς αὐστηρον* *ἔκ' ἔχ' ἡ*, as being full-bodied, and so bearing out and filling her Garment.

Best Queen, replies discreet^(a) *Antenor*, you
Have drawn his Character exactly true.
When this admir'd *Ulysses* hither came
With *Menelaus*, (of as great Worth as Fame)
Joyn'd in Commission from the *Græcian* State,
On your Concern to settle all Debate,
My mean, yet not unhospitalable, Roof,
How I affected stood, gave ample Proof:
There, with my homely Treatments pleas'd, I knew
Their God-like Persons and grave Counsels too.
When at the Royal Palace old and young
To gaze upon the forein Kings did throng,
Bold *Menelaus* then appear'd so tall,
By Head and Shoulders he surmounted all.
Both sitting, *Ithacus* was more admir'd.
When their Opinions they in Words attir'd,
(b) Succinct was *Menelaus*, yet profound;
Though less in Years, no less in Judgment found.
When prudent *Ithacus* to speak did rise,
(c) Down on the Ground he cast his fixed Eyes,
Nor once his Sceptre mov'd: you would have thought
Him Fool, or Mad, or with (d) blind Rage distraught.
But when he spake, forth from his Breast did flow
(e) A Torrent swift as Winter's feather'd Snow.
Not any with *Ulysses* durst contend,
Though we his Gesture could not much commend.
Priam, Great *Ajax* spying, Daughter, said,
Who may that Leader be, so strongly made,
By Head and Shoulders higher then the rest?
Then spake (f) the fairest Lady and the best;
That valiant *Ajax* is, their sole Defence:
Idomeneus that, the *Cretan* Prince,

Who

Who 'fore his Troups, a God resembling, stands;
Bold Leaders round attending his Commands.

Him oft my Husband treated in our Court,
When he from *Crete* to *Sparta* did resort.

Now all their Chiefs I see, and could declare

Their Names and Characters, who-e're they are.

But ^(c) *Castor* I and ^(b) *Pollux* don't behold,

(*Greece* boasts no Princes are more strong and bold)

who was presently thunder-struck by *Jupiter*; who upon it putting *Pollux* to his election, whether he would be immortal by himself, or communicate Life to his deceased Brother; *Pollux* made choice of the latter: after which they lived by turns, six months a-piece. Of which thus *Pindar*.

*Alternately they set and rise,
Copartners of the starry Skies.
This one day lives with glory crown'd;
The other dead lies under ground,
Mongst silent Ghosts and Shadows pale,
In Caves beneath Thetapne's Vale:
They are by turns from Death redeem'd.
Pollux Castor so esteem'd,
That rather he'd restore to breath
His Brother by alternate Death,
Than be immortal; and the Skies
Inhabit mongst the Deities.
Martial Castor in the Field
Idas with his Javelin kill'd.
Lynceus and he extremely wroth,
Because the Maids they did begeth
Castor and Pollux stole away;
And ravish'd on the Wedding-day;
From high Taygeta Lynceus spied
(No mortal e're had clearer Eyes)
Castor sitting 'gainst an Oak.
Revenge their Fury did provoke.
The Brothers from the Hill descend,
Their course with speed to Castor bend,
And basely their Corridor stem;
Which Jove reveng'd and Pollux too.
They saw him close pursuing come,
And standing by their Father's Tomb,
Black Pluto's Statue up they snatch,
That Marble might the Hero match;
Which they at him, as on he press'd,
Threw, and hit him on the Breast.
The ponderous Stone with mighty force
Threw hurt him not, nor stopp'd his course;
But straight his Javelin's Point he dy'd
In forward Lynceus naked Side,
And Jove from Heaven Thunder threw,
Which wing'd with Lightning Idas flew.*

*The Brothers, who so much presum'd,
Unpitied were by Fire consum'd.
Let all beware of such great Odds,
To strive or meddle with the Gods.
When Pollux his dear Brother found,
Not cold, though mortal was his Wound,
Perceiv'd him draw a dying Breath,
Stiff with approaches of cold Death,
He, pouring forth a flood of Tears,
Thus to great Jove his Grief declares.
Father Saturnius, what Relief
Remains for my tormenting Grief?
Be kind, Heaven's King, and quickly send
To me the like untimely End.
With loss of Friends our Honours fly,
And few but their Affections die
To those that want: a woful state
None willingly participate.
To him complaining Jove appear'd,
And him with words of Comfort cheer'd:
Thou art my Son, but Tyndarus did
Castor begot of mortal Seed.
That Hero did his Mother wed,
And got him in the Nuptial Bed.
But take thy choice; wilt thou be free
From Age and Death, and live with me,
And 'mongst the Gods in Heaven reside,
Like Mars and Pallas glorifi'd?
Or if thou Castor so esteem,
And rather wouldst from Death redeem;
Then let him share, by turns resort
To Heaven and our Celestial Court,
And thou for him in Caves profound
As long conceal'd ly under-ground.
Thus Jove propos'd. He studied not,
But glad accepted of the lot,
And opening Castor's Eyes, from Death
Restor'd him with recruited Breath.*

The *Latine* Epigrammatist exemplifying the like Affection, or greater, in two Brothers of his time, *Tullus* and *Lucan*, of which also *Pliny* is not silent, thus describes it, lib. 1. Epigram.

*Si, Lucane, tibi, vel si tibi, Tulle, darentur
Qualia Ledzi Fata Lacones habent;
Nobilis hac esset Pietatis Rixa duobus,
Dum pro Fratre mori vellet uterque prior:
Diceret ad Stygias & qui prior esset ad undas,
Vive tuo, Frater, tempore, vive meo.*

Thou, *Lucan*, or thou, *Tully*, would be glad,
To have that Fate the *Spartan* Brothers had.
Then 'twixt you two would be a pious Strife,
One Brother for the other offering Life.
And who first ferried fable *Styx* would say,
For both our Lives let my Life, Brother, pay.

(b) *Pollux* was good at the *Cassus*, at which Exercise he overcame *Amymus* the Son of *Apollo*, ἀμύμων πύκτωρ, whom none else could ever deal with: which Duell is described by *Theocritus* in his *Idyll*.

M

My

(i) The Issue of the same *Venter* love likely better than such as have the same Father onely; the Mother's side being ever the surest.

My dearest Brothers; us⁽ⁱ⁾ one Mother bore.
Sail'd they not hither from the *Spartan* Shore?

Ah! no; they fear'd to venture in their Ships,
Lest my foul Crime their Glory should eclipse.

Thus she complain'd, but them one Funeral Pile
Did serve together in their native Soil.

Now through that City which the Gods did frame
In state two Heralds sacred Peace proclaim.

Wine, th' Earths rich Product, born to glad mens Souls,
In Goat-skin Bottles kept, with golden Bowls,

And Lambs a Pair, carefull *Idæus* brought,
Who thus the King perswaded and befought;

Be pleas'd, illustrious *Priam*, to descend:
The *Greeks* and *Trojans* both in Field attend
Your coming, and your Confirmation beg
Of this ner'-to-be-violated League.

But *Paris* must with *Menelaus* fight.

Whom Fortune shall intitle to the Right,
And undisputed Victory allows,
Shall beauteous *Helen* and her Wealth espouse;
A solemn Covenant by both Nations sign'd,
In Bands of lasting Amity combin'd:

Of our own Tillage we'll resume the Toil,
And they plow Billows to their native Soil,
Argos, for generous Steeds so much renown'd,
Or *Sparta*, with illustrious Beauties crown'd.

At this strange News *Priam* his Servants bids
His Chariot straight prepare, and joyn his Steeds.
Ready Obedience answers his Command.
Old^(k) *Priam* mounts, and^(l) reins with steady Hand:

Up next^(m) *Antenor* gets: no time they slip,
But through the *Scean* Gates their Horses whip.

Soon as they came where both the Armies were,
On th'Earth, which all things fosters and doth bear,
They

(k) *Priam*, being the Son of *Laomedon*, had for his Mother *Zenxispe*, or, as others, *Trymo*, or *Theasa*.

(l) *Homer's* Kings are still *αὐτοδίδακτοι*: thus *Priam* drives his own Chariot, and *Agamemnon* slays the Sacrifice himself.

(m) He takes *Antenor* along with him in the same Chariot, he being a grave Counsellor, a Friend and Favourer of the *Greeks*, and lastly *ἀντιπαιστής*, one that could well deliver himself when occasion required. Their Chariots held two, *ἄντιον* and *πυγὴν*, him that rode, and another that held the Reins; being thence called *ἀντιπαιστής*, as carrying a couple.

They both alight, and walk on Foot between
Trojans and Greeks, where best they might be seen.
Straight Agamemnon and Ulysses rise.

The Heralds in rich Habits (as the Guise)
The Rites prepare, and⁽ⁿ⁾ Wine commix'd with Wine
Pour on the Princes Hands, which they conjoyn.
His Knife Atrides drawing, (which well strung
Always behind his Sword's broad Scabbard hung)
From both the Lambs curl'd Foreheads cuts the Hair,
Which both the Greek and Trojan Princes share.
Just Distribution by the Heralds made,
He with his Hands to Heav'n erected^(o) pray'd :

^(p) O Jove, in whom both Gods and Men confide,
Who crown'st the Sky-saluting Tow'rs of Ide ;
And thou, O Sun, who dart'st these glorious Beams,
Who all things seest and hear'st ; you Earth, and
And Fiends who punish guilty Souls beneath, (Streams,
Tormenting perjur'd Mortals after Death ;
Be Witnesse, and these Articles record.
If Menelaus fall by Paris Sword,
He Helen and her Riches still shall keep,
And we for Greece plough up the briny Deep.
If Paris fall by Menelaus Sword,
Then Helen and her Wealth shall be restor'd :
And they, what is but just, ^(q) a Mulct shall pay,
Which may remembred be another day.
Which if King Priam and his Sons detain,
Their Champion conquer'd, here I shall remain,

Earth ; the one as the original *τῆς ὑγρῆς γῆς*, of all moister. Food ; the other *τῆς ξηρῆς*, of dry. Summoning all the Elements, *πάντας τοὺς θεοὺς καὶ ἀνθρώπων*, all where-ever residing Deities, *καὶ ἐν ὑγρῇ, καὶ ἐν ξηρῇ, καὶ ἐν ἀέρι, καὶ ἐν ὕδατι*, nay, *καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἀστέροις*, in the Air, Sea, Earth, and under the Earth ; as if all the Universe were too little to punish Perjury.

^(q) Agamemnon adds this more to what was agreed on by Paris and Menelaus, viz. That in case Paris fell by the hand of Menelaus, the Trojans, over and above the Articles agreed on, should pay a Mulct or Fine, which, saith the Scholiast, was half their Goods, *ἀεὶ μὴ δίστασθαι ὅτι τοῖς ἰσίοις ἀπαλαγνύουσι καὶ τὴν κακὴν κατὰξέμεναι*, as not conceiving it fit that those that had offered the Injury should be bound up to no harder Conditions than those that were merely passive. Again ; whereas Paris and Menelaus had accorded that the Victor should carry Helen and her Wealth, Agamemnon saith he onely should enjoy her who slew the other. Hence that Controversie amongst the Ancients which of the two, the Greeks or Trojans, violated their Oath : most of them giving their Verdict in favour of the Trojans, those being to be accounted the Articles, not which the two Duellists discoursed of amongst themselves, but what Agamemnon solemnly proclaimed when the Ceremonies were performed, which was, that he who kill'd the other should carry her.

⁽ⁿ⁾ They mingled the Wine, as also the Sacrifices of either party, (in other Sacrifices *ἀνεστὶ ἐλεῖσθαι αἱ ἀποδίδαι*, their Libations were of Wine unmixed) to intimate *ἑνωσιν ἐπαλδιμάτων τῷ ἀγῶνι βλαπτικῶν*, *ὡς ὁ ἀδικήσας ἐπορεύεται πάντως*, the present Unity and Accord of the Armies, which whosoever violated was guilty of Perjury. For which intent the most eminent of either Side had part of the Fleece of the Sacrifices given them, *ἵνα ἕτω πάντες διώκοντες σωμασθέντες τῆς θυσιᾶς*, that so by touching the Beast they might become parties to the Covenant, and so liable to Punishment, in case they broke it. This Wool was plucked from the Head of the Beast to be slain ; in token *τὸ οὐ κεφαλῶν τραπέσθαι τὰ κατὰ τοῖς ἐπορεύουσιν*, of the Mischief, which should fall upon such their Heads as should falsifie their Faith ; they saying in effect by so doing that of Sophocles, and imprecating against themselves,

*Καὶ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ἀδελφὸς ἐμὸς καὶ υἱός,
Γένος ἀπαρτὸν ἐλπίσας ἐξημερῶν,
Οὐτως ὅπως ἐπὶ τὸν δὲ ἔργον τίμωμαι πάλιν.*

Thus let the False unburi'd lie,
Both he and his Posterity
Cut off, as is this Lock by me.

The cutting the Locks of Wool was, saith Eustathius, *ἀνάμνησις τῆς παλαιᾶς ἐνέτης*, to preserve the memory of the antique Cloathing, *ἐν ταῖς αἰσῶν*, of Hair and Pelts ; to remind them (saith La Cerda) to whom it was given, to observe with as much Integrity their Oaths as the men of the Primitive ages.

^(o) Homer throughout all this Poem makes no just Prayer to be put up in vain. Eustath.

^(p) He invokes the Sun, as he that is privy to all things. The Bithynians kept their Courts of Judicature still *sub dio*, and *ἀντὶ τοῦ ἡλίου*, in the open Air, and in sight of the Sun. He attests Jupiter, *ὡς τὸ ζῆν ἀνὴρ*, as the author of Life, being the same with the Air, according to that of Aristotle, *Ἄνερ δὲ τὸ ζῆν ἀνὴρ ὡς ἀρχὴ ἀνερώμενος, καὶ ζῶν ὡς ζῶν ἀνὴρ ὢν*. The Rivers and

For Breach of Promise my Designs pursue,
Untill I end this War, and *Troy* subdue.

This said, the expiating Lambs he kill'd,
And left their panting Bodies in the Field :
The Knife releas'd to Air their harmless Souls.
Rich Wine from Bottles pour'd in golden Bowls,
Vows to th' immortal Deities they made,
Whilst some amongst the *Greeks* and *Trojans* pray'd ;
You Gods, Who first shall break this sacred Oath,
May their warm Brains, their Sons and Nephews both,
Run as this Wine ; their Wives by worse Mates
Produce foul Issues for their fair Estates.

But no Return they had to their Request :
When *Priam* thus the *Greeks* and *Trojans* prest ;
I from both Nations would so much procure,
Straight to return. I never shall endure
A Scene so tragick, such a horrid Sight,
To see my Son and *Menelaus* fight.

Jove and the Gods know which of them must die,
And here conclude by Death their Destiny.

Then in his Chariot he the ^(r) Lambs bestow'd,
And mounting rein'd his Horses like a God.

Antenor next him did his Seat ascend,
And straight together they to *Ilium* bend.

⁽ⁱ⁾ *Priam's* bold Issue, *Hector*, and renown'd
Ulysses measure the ⁽ⁱ⁾ inlisted Ground.

Next ^(u) Lots they shuffle in a Helm, whom Chance
Should grant Priority to throw his Launce :

Whilst some of either Nation did declare
Their Love to Peace by this conceived Prayer ;

O *Jove*, in whom both Men and Gods confide,
Who crown'st the Tow'rs of Sky-saluting ^(x) *Ida*,
Which of these two first did the other wrong,
Causing a War so bloody and so long,

(r) *Priamus*, as being a Native of that place, takes the Beasts slain at their entering into Covenant into his Chariot, and buries them in the Earth : the *Grecians*, as Aliens, cast theirs into the Ocean, it being accounted piacular to eat the Beasts slain upon any the like occasion.

(i) *Lycophron* and others make *Hector* the Son of *Apollo*.

(u) In the Duell between *Hector* and *Ajax*, the Danger being the Combatants onely, they fighting upon a private score onely, not upon any publick account, we finde not the Lists set out, or the Ground measured ; but either Army being interess'd in this Duell, the Ground is set out, he being to be accounted conquered who transcended the Lists.

(x) These Lots were either *Σακκῶναι*, Rings ; or, as *Sophocles*, *βῶν & ἀγῶναι*, a Clod of Earth.

(x) *Jupiter* was worshipped upon *Ida*, and had there his Temple.

May he descend to *Pluto's* dismal Shade:

But ratifie the Peace which we have made.

Plume-waving *Hector* straight performs his Task,
And looking backwards ⁽¹⁾ shakes the brazen Cask.

⁽²⁾ The Lot to *Paris* fell. Straight all the Ranks
Sit down, and lay their Armour on the Banks.

Paris, whom beautiful *Helen's* Bosome warms,
Claps on his spreading Shoulders glorious Arms;

His Brother weak ⁽³⁾ *Lycaon's* Breastplate gets,
And it to's softer Chest compleatly fits;

On his white Ancles purple Buskins ty'd,
Adorn'd with ⁽⁴⁾ silver Buttons on the Side:

Next on his Thigh a silver Faulchion plac'd,

And on his Arm an ⁽⁵⁾ ample Target brac'd:

Then with a glitt'ring ⁽⁶⁾ Helm his Brows impales,

The horrid Crest adorn'd with Horfes Tails,

Which with each Wind or smallest Motion shook.

Thus being arm'd, up he his Javelin took.

So *Menelaus*, *Mars* his chief Delight,

Himself accoutred fitting for the Fight.

Thus being arm'd, from their own Parties they

March'd 'twixt the Armies, which expecting lay,

Viewing each other with a deadly Look,

(Whilst *Greeks* and *Trojans* were with Terrour struck:)

Then in the Lists oppos'd Stations take,

And, highly mov'd, their ponderous ⁽⁷⁾ Javelins shake.

First *Paris* bravely did his Spear discharge,

Which hit, but did not pierce, his Foe's orb'd Targe;

The Point rebating hardly Entrance made:

When to Heav'n's King thus *Menelaus* ⁽⁸⁾ pray'd:

Jove, let thy Justice and my Vengeance meet,

And lay injurious *Paris* at my Feet;

That after-times such Punishment may fear,

And breach of Hospitality forbear.

(1) *Hector* looking back shakes his Cask or Helmet, *ἵνα μὴ δέξῃ χαλεπὴν μάχην*, that they should not think he used any foul play in drawing forth the Lots.

(2) The Lot fell to *Paris*, he being still favoured by Fortune, as *Menelaus* by Vertue.

(3) *Eustathius* observes it as ominous, that his Corset was his Brother *Lycaon's*, one as poor-spirited as himself, *ὡς ἑαυτοῦ ἀνδρὸς*, being not able to endure any Hardship.

(4) *Paris* being noted for Effeminacy, *γυναικίαιος δὲ ὁ Ἀλέξανδρος*, he makes his buskins to have silver Buttons, a Female Ornament, from which *Thetis* is called *ἀργυροπόδα*, Silver-footed.

(5) He makes his Shield thick and strong, to set forth the more the strength of *Menelaus*, who pierced it with his Javelin.

(6) Their Helmets were made anciently of the Skin of the Dog-fish; and thence ever after, of what-ever made, called still *κωκίν*, from their first Materials.

(7) He makes *Paris* and *Menelaus* their Spears to be of such Wood as grows in the Shade, calling them thence *σκυλαρία*, those being apter for use, though those that grow in the Sun be stronger, *κρᾶται δὲ τὰ ἐκ τῆς ἡλίου*, *ἐν-κουσσεύ τὰ ἀνὰ τὴν σκιάδα*. *Eustath.*

(8) *Menelaus*, presuming what he should petition the Gods for to be but just, addresseth his Prayer to *Jupiter Xenius*; but *Paris*, conscious he could ask nothing against *Menelaus* but what was unhandsome, puts up no Prayer at all: upon the like account, haply, with that wicked Passenger, who in a Tempest was desired by the Ship's company not to pray, lest the Gods taking notice of his being there, for his sake they should fate all the worse.

Rage

Rage gave his earnest Pray'r a sudden Close.
 Then's well-pois'd Javelin, taking Aim, he throws,
 Which with such Violence he did discharge,
 It forc'd a way through *Paris* glittering Targe,
 And through his Breast-plate fought the Seat of Breath.
 Yet stooping he avoided sudden Death.
 But soon his biting Sword *Atrides* drew,
 And at him like a winged Tempest flew,
 Raifing his Arm to cleave him at a Stroke :
 When on his Cask the faithless Weapon ^(c) broke;
 In th' Air the brittle Pieces whirling fly.

Atrides groaning view'd the ample Sky,

And said ; O *Jove*, ^(b) no God with more Despight
 Then thee in plotting Mischief takes Delight.

⁽ⁱ⁾ I hop'd just Vengeance me thou wouldst afford
 For all my Wrongs : but thou hast broke my Sword,
 And mad'st my well-aim'd Javelin fly in vain ;
 He hath no Hurt. Thus did the King complain,
 And in great Fury seiz'd the *Horses* Tails
 Deck'd *Paris* Crest, and him by th' Helmet hales
 Towards the *Greeks*. There he had strangled been
 With his ^(k) strong Lacc which stuck beneath his Chin,
 And there *Atrides* wone eternall Fame,

But that bright *Venus* to his Rescue came,
 And ^(l) broke the String, and whom she lov'd releast ;
 Whilst *Menelaus* grasp'd an empty Crest,
 Which whirling round amongst his ^(m) Friends he threw.
 Then at him once more furiously he flew,
 To kill him with his Spear ; but from the Fight
 Fair *Venus* him (as well a Goddess might)
 Brought off concealed in a hollow Shade,
 And to his aromattick Bed convey'd :
 Next sh' *Helen* sought, whom on a Tow'r she found,
 Attended with a World of Beauties round.

Then

^(c) *Eustathius* observes that in this Verie of *Homer's*, in *τεχθῆ ἡ δὲ περὶ* *χθῆ*, a man understands not onely *Menelaus* his Sword to be broke, from the Sense of the words, but imagines he hears it breaking, from their Sound : such being *Homer's* Artifice in this Description, that *εἴποις ἂν σήπῃ σπρωγόμεν* *ἀκούειν*, *τοῦτον γὰρ πρὸς ἡμᾶς ἢ ἔστ' ἀκούειν* *ὕπνῃ τεσσάρῃ*, the Roughness and harshness of the Composition representing the Sound of its snapping aloud ; he adding *χ* to either word, *διὰ τεσσάρων* *πλῆθος*, so to give them the harsher Accent.

^(b) Here the Hero ὁ *Βλασφημῶν*, saith the Scholiast, *ἀλλὰ νηυσὶν*, blasphemes not, only takes it as an Indignity, delivering himself, so *Eust.* *ἐν ἀποδείξει, ἀλλ' ἐν οὐδυν, ὡς γὰρ οὐδὲν οὐδὲν ἐν οὐδυν, it being but just that the wicked should not prosper.* Besides, *ἀρετῇ οὐκ ἐστὶν νίκη, εἰ δὲ πρὸς ἀρετῇ ἐν ὕμνῳ*, Indignation is incident to *Verue*, which often undergoes what it ought not.

⁽ⁱ⁾ To repine or bequarrell Providence for not encountering what we conceive we deserve, at least promise and propound to our selves, *ἀφ' αὐτῆς δὲ δὴ ἐν ἀποδείξει ἡδύς*, argues much Weakness and want of good nature and Nurture.

^(k) He makes the Strap or Stay of *Paris* his Helmet to be of an Ox-hide *ἰσχυρὰ*, that is, strongly slain, or that dies of a violent and preternatural death : i. either *δυστοκῶς ἐν νύκτι* *ἢ ἰσχυρῶς*, of a Beast kill'd in his prime and full Strength, and so enduring more and abler Blows e're he fall ; or else slain here is opposed to what dies of it self, by Age or Disease, it being observed, *τὸ δὲ δυνάμειον ζῶν δὲ πρὸς ἀδυνάμειον εἶναι, ὡς ἂν διαφανέστερον ὅτι ὁ δὲ ζῶν, that Mort Hides are nothing so strong as the other.*

^(l) Making *Venus* *ἐξ οὐνοῦ*, presently to resent the Danger *Paris* was then in, he makes her also to break, not loose, the Stay of his Helmet ; the Exigent he was in requiring it to be done with expedition.

^(m) He casts the empty Helmet amongst the *Greeks*, not onely as a Spoil of his Enemy, but as an Embleme and Effigies of its Owner.

Thenlike an ancient Matron, which did cull
And spin for her in *Sparta* purest Wooll,
She shook with gentle Touch her perfum'd Vest,
And, softly whispering, thus her self exprest ;

Madam, your *Paris* calls, now Home return'd,
Who in his Chamber, sumptuously ⁽ⁿ⁾ adorn'd,
Sits on your Ivory Bed ; nor can you say,
By his rich Habit, he has fought to day.

A Reveller or Masker so comes drest,
From splendid Sports returning to his Rest.

Thus did Love's Queen warmer Desires prepare :
Whose Neck when *Helen* saw, so heav'nly fair,
Her lovely Bosome, and celestiall Eyes,
Amazed to the Goddess she replies ;

And wilt thou hapless me once more betray,
And to another wealthy Town convey,
Where some new Favourite must, as now at *Troy*,
With utter loss of Honour me enjoy ?

For *Menelaus*, if he hath o'recome,
Though I despised am, will take me Home.

Now with some new Device thou wouldst intrap
Me and my Honour. Go, sit in his Lap,
Renounce the Habitations of the Gods,
And never set thy Feet in their Aboads ;
But share his Woes, and him in Danger save,
Untill his Wife he makes thee, or his Slave.

No more will I his Bed to my own Shame
Adorn, lest me the *Trojan* Ladies blame,
And in this sad Breast worlds of Woes reside.
Venus, incens'd with this her Answer, cry'd ;

Provoke me not, nor thus my Anger move,
Lest I should hate thee more then now I love,
And *Greeks* and *Trojans* Rage exasperate ;
And so thou perish by thy own cross Fate.

(n) *Greek, perfumed.* Homer anoints none of his Hero's save *Paris* onely :
Ὀμήρῳ, τὴν τῷ μύρῳ φέρων εἰδὼς, ὡς εἰσὶ γὰρ
μύρῳ ἀλειφόμενος τὸν ἥρωα πάλιν ἢ Πάριον,
ἐν οἷς φησὶ, Κάλιδαι γὰρ εἰλβων· for that by
κάλιδαι, *Beauty*, the Poet means μύρῳ,
Ointment, he makes good by this paral-
lel place in his *Ulysses*, l. 18. v. 192.
ἔ· seq.

Κάλιδαι γὰρ οἱ φησὶν ἐν οἷς γὰρ καὶ κέ-
δηεν
Ἀμύροισι, οἷον πρὸς εὐσεβίῳ Κούρῳ
Κέλεται, αὐτὸν ἂν ἢ χαίτων χροὸν ἱμερεύου.

She with a heav'nly Fucus slick'd her
Face,
Such as fair *Venus* beauteous Cheeks
doth grace,
When she her Maskers leads with stately
pace.

This

This touch'd *Jove's* beauteous Daughter to the
 And silent she from th' *Ilian* Ladies stole, (Soul,
 Covering her Beauty with a silver Veil,
 Whom *Venus* thence conducting did conceal.
 Soon as they entred *Paris* stately Hall,
 Her Virgins to their severall Businests fall ;
 But *Helen* to the Royal Chamber goes,
 Whom to her Seat the smiling Goddess shews,
 And against *Paris* plac'd. Him when she spy'd,
 Extremely vext, she roundly thus did chide : (there
 Com'st thou from Battell? would th' hadst perish'd
 By him whom I more honour, love, and fear.

(o) Of *Paris* Boasting, thus *Nereus*
 in *Horace* l. I. *Od.* 15.

—Exce furit te repere aspo:
 Tydides, melior Patre.
*Quem tu, Cervus uti Vallis in altera,
 Visum parte lupum, Graminis immemor,
 Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
 Non hoc pollicitus tua.*

See, *Diomedes*, stronger then his Sire,
 Is at thy Heels spurr'd on with Ire :
 From whom thou fleeter then a Stag
 Shalt hasten, who a Woolf hath spy'd,
 Out of breath and terrifi'd,
 Not mindfull of thy former Brag.

(p) A yellow Hair was anciently ac-
 counted an Ornament, and that in
 either Sex; onely to *Jupiter* and *Nep-*
tune the Poets assign to ἡλίου κναιον,
 a black Head of Hair, making *Jupiter's*
 also parted before.

(o) Thou before his thy Prowess didst advance,
 Thy Skill, thy Strength preferring, and thy Launce :
 But try him once again, once more invite

(p) Fair *Menelaus* to a single Fight.

But I am sure small Rhetorick would suffice
 Thee to persuade from such an Enterprize,
 Left for thy Folly, in th' unequal Strife,
 Thou on his vengefull Spear give up thy Life.

Paris replies ; Dear Princess, with such tart
 And bitter Terms break not your Servant's Heart.

(q) *Pallas* help'd him: I next may Victor be,
 Aided by favouring Gods, as well as he.
 But come, let us to Love's Delights retire.
 Not more I wasted in his secret Fire,
 When thee from *Sparta* through the briny Sea
 I did to (r) *Cranæ's* fertile Shore convey ;
 Where you in sweet Imbraces did comply:
 Nor dy'd I more for thee then now I die.

Thus charm'd she follows, by her *Paris* led,
 Where they repos'd upon their Royal Bed:

(q) *Paris* being, as the rest of his
 brethren, Ἰδωνες, a Liar, (for so *Homer*
 makes them, *Il.* ω. v. 261.

ἡλίου κναιον, ἡλίου κναιον, to lessen his Disgrace makes *Menelaus* not otherwise to conquer him then by the Assistance
 of *Minerva*.

(r) Some making this onely an Epithet, make the Island it self either *Cythera*, or *Helena*, so called from such their Meeting
 upon it.

Whilst

Whilst *Menelaus* like a Lion goes,
Seeking his vanquish'd Foe amongst his Foes.
But neither *Trojans* nor their Aids could tell
How he escap'd, nor what to him befell.
Nor did their Favour from untimely Fate
Preserve his Life, whom more then Death they hate.
When thus aloud great *Agamemnon* said ;
 Bold *Trojans*, hear, and all who *Trojans* aid :
Since to my Brother Victory *Jove* allows,
He *Helen* and her Wealth must re-espouse,
And a considerable Mulct be pay'd.
The *Greeks* applaud what *Agamemnon* said.

N

HOMER'S

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HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Gods, quaffing Nectar in Celestiall Courts,
Look down on humane Actions as their Sports.
Juno and Jove in Contestation hot.
Pallas descends. The Græcians Champion shot.
The Truce is broke. The Armies both ingage
With various Fortunes and commutual Rage.*

Meanwhile great Jove and all the Gods
in State
On ^(a) Golden Thrones in Heav'n's Star-
chamber fate:

Bright ^(b) Hebe serv'd brisk Nectar through the House,
Which freely they in massie Bowls carouse;
Amidst their Cups at pleasure looking down
Upon the Fleet, both Armies, and the Town.

Quia conscia Sidera Fati:

— Since Stars our Fates foretell.

κατὰ τὸ ποιεῖν ὅσων τῶν ἀνθρώπων διὰ τῶν ἀστέρων τὰ τῆς εἰμαρμένης σωτηρίαι καὶ ἐσθλαίαι, διὰ καὶ κατὰ τὰς παρὰ τοῦ Διὸς λέγονται, Fate being nothing else, say some, then a certain Position of the Stars, which portending infallibly future Events, they are said to be Jupiter's Assessors. Women skinking likely at Banquets, the other Services were performed by Men. The golden Bowls wherein they entertain one another intimate τὰς συμπυκνίας τῶν ἀστρον, that Correspondence and Sympathy that is between the Stars: by which yet others understand the Sun, ὅς τις ὑγρότητας ἀνάγει, he exhaling and drawing up all terrene Moisture. This some make to be the Ambrosia of the Gods, as being no other then ἀναβαίνουσα ῥοή, καὶ τῶν ἀστρον, ἡμεῖς δὲ μὴ κατὰ τὴν φύσιν, ἀλλὰ διαπαντὶ ἀνω, ὅς τις οἱ ἀστέρες τροφὴν διακρίνεται, an Evaporation or Flux ascending from the Earth, not refunded, but spent above, as the Nutriment of the Stars, their Fuell or Food. Thus the Greeks making Nectar ἀναδυμένη ἀκατάταυσιν καὶ ἀει νέεσθαι, an Exhalation never to be exhausted, still recruiting and having fresh Supplies, make it πρὸς τῶν ἀστρον, their Drink.

N 2

When

(a) Homer, speaking of the Strength and Solidity of Heaven, calls it *παύ-
ρανον*, as if it were compact of solid
Brass; but treating of its Beauty, he
styles it *χρυσόν*, as though it were made
of burnish'd or massie Gold. By this
golden Pavement he means τὸ ἀνίστατον τῷ
ἀνω τέρτι, the upper Region of the Air,
which is free from Clouds.

(b) Hebe was the Daughter of Juno,
and Wife of Hercules. She is said never
to attend Juno, but when her Father
and she are Friends. She is feigned to
minister unto the Gods, *διὰ τὴν καὶ ἀει
νέεσθαι τῇ τῶν θεῶν, καὶ οὐ νέεσθαι*, for
that all Divine things are ever in their
vigour and *ἀκατάταυσιν*, their Nature being un-
capable of any Decline: a thing im-
plied in their Fare and Diet, Nectar be-
ing so called *διὰ τὸ νῆον ἀει κτρίαν τῇ*, for
that it is ever fresh and never wastes; or
κατὰ τὸ νέεσθαι, from its renewing na-
ture: and Ambrosia, *γ. ἀβροσία*, for
that the Gods need no Food at all, or
none but that. Ganyমে (who is made
to retain to Jupiter, as the *τῶν ἀστρον* τῶν
the prime Mind, it being the property
of that onely *τῶν μὴδον γάρουδαι*, to be
delighted with Meditation) ministr'd
not here to the vulgar Gods, as being
Jove's peculiar. Others say, he was
not permitted to be present at this Con-
ference concerning the Affairs of
Troy, lest the Sight and Favour of him
might have inclined Jupiter to milder
Thoughts. By the Gods here some un-
derstand the Stars, the Planets especi-
ally, *διὰ τὸ νέον*, for their rapid and
fleeter Motion; and by Hebe, (*ἀει νέ-
εσθαι*, who is said to be ever youthful)
their never-impairing Nature. *Παροδ-
ουσι Διὶ, καὶ τῇ τῶν ἀστρον*, They are made
Assistants to Jupiter, as being of the
Counsel to Destiny,

(c) He derides *Juno* and *Minerva*, that being two, and looking on, they should suffer *Venus* to convey away *Paris*.

(d) She was so called, either from *Alalcomeneus*, one of the Hero's, who erected the Statue of *Minerva* in a Town of *Boeotia* built by him, and called by his Name; or from a Mountain of like name in *Africa*. *Tzetzes* relates, that anciently they pourtrayed *Minerva* upon the Gates both of their Cities and Houses, and *Mars* in their Suburbs; to intimate that the way to keep the Enemy from their Gates, was to take good Advice and Counsel at home. Hence *Lycophron* calls *Minerva* *πυλαίη*, from her being pourtrayed upon their *Portals*. Thus the *Romans*, erecting a Temple to *Mars*, as he was *Quirinus*, that is, quiet and peaceable, within their Walls, *ad Tranquillitatem Urbis custodiendam*; to preserve the Peace of the People; erected another to him without their Gates, as he was *Gradivus*, that is, turbulent and cruel, *ad summovendos Hostes*, to keep off their Foes.

(e) Greek, *ἰμῖν*, which notes properly that inarticulate Noise which is made through the Nose when the Lips are shut, a Sound proper to such as mourn. Others expound it by *ἰμῖν* *ἰμῖν*, to *mutter* and make a confused sound by the collision of one Lip against the other, *ἢ μάχης οἱ ἰμῖν*, *ἢ μὲν τοῖς θυμῶσι*, a thing incident to those who are angry, and unable to revenge themselves. In the Comedian it signifies *τὸ τὴν φωνὴν τὸ μὴ σαφὲς ἐκφέρειν*, often to iterate the letter *μ*, of which the word principally consists. Thus the *Greeks*, the better to express any rattling Sound, have purposely formed the word *ἰμῖν*, borrowing it from the Letter *μ* as by *ἰμῖν* they express any hissing or whistling Noise, like that of a red-hot Iron quenched in a Smith's Forge, imitating in it the Sound of the Letter *σ*.

(f) Greek, *συνζυγῶν*, a Metaphor either *ἀπὸ τοῦ κυνὸς συνζυγῶν*, from a snarling Dog, which, grumbling onely, barks not out; or *ἀπὸ τοῦ λέοντος*, a Lion's Whelp; or *ἀπὸ τοῦ ζυγίου*, from them of *Scythia*, *ὅστις ἀνελκόμενος ὄντας τὸ ἐπιθυμῶν καὶ ἀδύνατος*, who being very much inclined to *Choler*, being in Passion, drew up their Eye-brows.

(g) Greek, *ἐκ χειρὸς*, a Metaphor from Vessells running over.

(h) Gr. *πῖνον ὕδωρ*, a word borrowed from the Sea, whose Water was useless before the invention of Navigation and Fishing; or because *τὸ δαλῶδες ὕδωρ ἀγχυσεν εἰς πόντον*, its water is not potable; or, lastly, it is a Metaphor *ἀπὸ τοῦ εἰς δαλῶδες μεταβαίνει καὶ ἀφανίζεται*, from a thing cast into the Sea, which presently disappears without hope of recovery.

(i) Greek, *ἐκ χειρὸς*, a Metaphor from a River, which, swollen by the occasion of Land-waters, is not contained within its Channell and Banks.

When *Saturn's* Off-spring, *Juno* to provoke,
Thus glancingly in nipping Language spoke;

(c) Two Goddesses did *Menelaus* aid,
The *Argive* Queen and (d) *Alalcomenian* Maid,
Who full of Joy beheld a bloudless Fight,
Sitting apart; but, maugre all their Spight,
Venus at ease her Favourite affixts,
And carries off in Safety from the Lifts,
No lesse then Death expecting on the Spot.
But yet the better *Menelaus* got.

Let us more seriously this Point debate,
And nearer view, as a Concern of State.
Shall we deplored War and deadly Feud
Stir up again, or happy Peace conclude?
If so both Sides were pleas'd, *Priam* might *Troy*,
And *Menelaus* his fair Queen, enjoy.

Thus *Jove*: whilst *Juno* and the warlike Maid,
(e) Muttering dire Plots against the *Trojans* lay'd.
Pallas, though (f) vex'd, her Answer did suspend,
Nor durst her Father with harsh Words offend:
When *Juno* swelling Passion (g) not contains,
But, venting her Displeasure, straight complains;
Why thus, most cruel *Jove*, dost thou declare?
Must all my Labour (h) vanish into Air?
My Steeds are tir'd in mustering up a Foe
Should *Priam* and his Off-spring overthrow.
Doe; disappoint the Vengeance I intend:
Yet all the Gods will never condescend.
When much (i) incens'd cloud-gathering *Jove* begun;
What with a Mischief hath King *Priam* done?

How

How did his warlike Off-spring thee incense,
 That thou must ruine *Troy* for their Offence?
 If now thou wert within the *Dardan* Wall,
 To quench the ^(k)bitter Risings of thy Gall,
 Nor *Priam* nor his Issue should survive,
^(l) But King and People thou wouldst eat alive.
 Well, take your Course, and that no more there be
 Such loud Dissension betwixt thee and me,
 Mark what I say, and lock't up in thy Heart:
 When I resolve some City to subvert
 Much priz'd by thee, be sure not to ingage,
 Nor interpose to pacifie my Rage;
 Let me their Cup of Indignation fill,
^(m) Since I, against my own, grant thee thy Will.
 Under the Sun and constellated Sky
 There is no City in the World that I
 More love then ⁽ⁿ⁾sacred *Troy*, none more in Grace
 With me then ^(o)warlike *Priam* and his Race;
 My ^(p)Altars there with frequent Offerings smoak:
 So Mortals us still honour and invoke.

Then *Juno* thus; Three Cities me observe,
 Which I before all others would preserve,
Argos, fair *Sparta*, and *Mycene* built
 With spacious Streets: ^(q)ruine them when thou wilt,
 I shall not intercede, nor yet repine
 When waste they lie, nor hinder thy Design.
 And should I, 'twere in vain, since thou the Odds
 Hast both of me and all immortal Gods.
 But it behoves me to preserve my Fame,
 And work my Ends out, who a Goddess am,
 Deriv'd with thee from one illustrious House,
 Great *Saturn's* Race, thy Sister and thy Spouse,
 Whom all great Heav'n's Inhabitants obey.
 So you and I reciprocally may

Grant

(k) Νίστερ οὖν τὸ χαλεπὸν, τὸ ὃ παύσατο
 τὸ χαλεπὸν, ἀλλ' αὖτις, Passion being no other
 then a Disease or Malady, its proper
 Remedy and Cure is Patience. *Enst.*

(l) *Persius*, in his Satyrs, falling up-
 on a Poet minor, one *Labeo*, blaming
 him for turning *Homer* verbatim into
 Verse, instanceth in this;

Ὁ μὲν βασιλεὺς Πριάμου, Πριάμου τὸ
 πῦρ.
 Thus rendred by him,
Crudum manduces Priamum Priamique
pisonas.

(m) *Jupiter* condescends to *Juno's*
 Desire, as the Merchant, *ἔκω ἀκρον γὰρ*
δοῦναι, in a Storm consents to the light-
 ning of the Ship, because he could not
 help it, there being no Quiet otherwise
 to be expected; that is, *nolens volens*,
 partly willingly, as yielding to his Wife
 and Sister; partly against his will, as de-
 livering up a People by whom he was
 so much honoured.

(n) *Troy* is styled here *sacred*, not
 onely in the common notion of other
 Cities, but for the frequent Feasts and
 Sacrifices; an instance whereof, amongst
 others, was that National or Provinci-
 al Festival, called after the name of the
 City it self, *Ilieia*. The Scholiast saith
 that *Troy* was called *sacred* in regard of
 its great Extent, and Multitude of
 people.

(o) *Gr.* ἐνυμνία, that is, εὖ δεῖ τῶν
 μυσίων ἱερουργεῖν, expert at his Spear,
μυσία being that Tree (the *Ash*) where-
 of they were usually made.

(p) Sacrifices were ever accompani-
 ed with a Feast, which was eaten in
 common, and called *Visceratio*. Hence
 that of *Seneca*, *Visceratio sine Amicis*,
Leonis & Lupi vita est, a full Table
 without a Friend becomes Beasts rather
 then Men. Onely when the *Prodiga*
Hestia were offered there was no Col-
 lation.

(q) *Spondanus* observes here the
 Stomach of *Juno*, the Disposition in-
 deed of all revergefull natures, who
 stick not to give up their dearest
 Friends, that they may have their wills
 upon their Enemies. Thus the *Trium-*
viri delivered up their nearest Relati-
 ons to each other to be slaughtered,
Augustus, *Tully*, *Antony*, *C. Caesar*
 his Uncle, and *Lepidus*, *Paulus* his own
 Brother; contrary to the Caution of
Menander, whose Advice it is,

Ἐχθρὸς ἀμύνε, μὴ τὸ τῆ σῶντος βλάψῃ.
 Taking Revenge, be sure thy self thou
 save.

Grant to each other what and when we please,
And be Exemplars to the Deities.

But *Pallas* straight down to the Armies send,
(Who full of Expectation attend)

The *Trojans* to provoke, that they, though loath,
May break this Peace, and violate their Oath.

The Father both of Men and Gods obey'd,
And thus to his illustrious Daughter said :

Go, make the *Trojans* first their ^(r) Oath renegue,
And by some treacherous Act infringe the League.

Glad of the wish'd Imployment, down she flies
From lofty Turrets of the ample Skies. (Lamps,

So shoots a ^(s) Star amongst Night's glimmering
Portending Storms at Sea or bloody Camps ;

The falling Meteor dusky Regions marks,
Silv'ring a purple Path with dying Sparks :

So she descended through Heav'n's vaulted Rounds,
And, lighting, from the yielding Earth rebounds.

Whilst on the Goddesses *Greeks* and *Trojans* gaz'd,
At the stupendious Miracle amaz'd ;

Some one or other, standing much dismay'd,
Prognosticating to his Fellows said ;

This dire Ostent portends a second War
And bloody Fights ; or *Jove*, ⁽ⁱ⁾ the Arbiter
Of humane Actions, sent her from the Sky,
Our solemn Covenant to ratifie.

Thus either Party to each other said,
Whilst 'mong the *Trojans* she her self convey'd,
(Like to the boldest of *Antenor's* Sons,

Laodocus) and through each Quarter runs

In quest of ^(u) God-like *Pandar*. Straight she found

^(x) *Lycaon's* Off-spring, much in War renown'd,
Standing environ'd with well-armed Ranks,

Which he had rais'd near sweet ^(y) *Æsepus* Banks.

(r) *Socrat.* in *Plato* blames *Homer* for making his Gods the Authours of Evil, as here of Perjury: Τὸν δὲ θεῶν καὶ ἀνθρώπων ἐκείνων, ὃν Πάνδαρος σὺν ἑσέτι, ἐν τῇ φῶνι δὲ Ἀχιλλεύς τε καὶ Διὶς ἠγορεύει, ἐκ ἐπαρρησιασμένης. If any shall say that the Violation of the solemn Oath and Engagement committed by Pandarus was done by the instigation of Jupiter and Minerva, we shall not commend him. Parallel to this is that of *Æschylus*, cited by the same Authour, lib. de *Repub.*

— Οὐδὲ γὰρ αἰτίας φύει θεοὶ τοῖς,
Ὅταν κακῶς τι δύναι παμπόδην δέλει.

Jove makes men commit a Sin,
To punish them and all their Kin.

(s) Some fiery Meteors are auspicious and lucky, as *Castor* and *Pollux* appearing together in a Storm.

(i) In this he seems to allude to the two Tubs which *Jupiter* hath constantly standing by him, and whereon he measures both good and evil Accidents to Mortals.

(u) *Plutarch* observes that *Homer* makes his Gods not to force men contrary to their Genius, but to apply themselves to every man in his own Art and way. Thus *Minerva* knowing *Pandarus* to be weak, and no great Master of Reason, and yet withall expert in Archery, she applies her self to him, as the likeliest person to effect her Design, as being shallow, and so likeliest to be persuaded, and skilfull, and so ablest to wound *Menelaus*. *Plut. de Pyth. Oraculo*; where also he faults *Pindar* for saying, (if that Verse were his)

Οὐδὲ φίλον τ', καὶ οὐκ ἐπὶ φίλῳ μέλει.

Is Jove thy Friend? then on a Hurdle sail.

(x) *Antiqui Anglorum*, (so *Aristotle*) the *Lycaonians* were a perfidious people. Amongst those she makes choice of *Lycaon's* Son, not onely as an Alien, no *Trojan* being likely to doe any such act in favour of *Paris*, whom they all hated to the death; but also as φιλοχρήματος, one basely avaricious, he leaving his Horse behind him, as himself professeth, onely to save Charges.

(y) *Æsepus*, a River of *Lycia*, arising out of *Ida*.

To whom she thus ; Wilt thou refuse, dear Friend,
And scruple a Service I shall recommend ?

Wouldst thou adventure at yon Mark to shoot,
Great Favour, thou might'st purchase and Repute.

(c) Prince *Paris* highly would the Act resent,
And thee inestimable Gifts present,
Could he but see the *Spartan* King expire,
Sent by thy Hand unto his Funeral Fire.

Take me that Champion there who stands so fair :
But first to (c) *Lycian Phæbus* make thy Prayer,
Renowned for his Bow ; If e're thou come
To (b) sacred *Zelia*, say, a Hecatomb
Of early Lambs his Altar shall distain.

Thus did she on his (c) easie Nature gain ;
And up he stole his Bow of polish'd Horn,
(Frontlets which did a * Mountain-Goat adorn,
Whom on the Bosome from his Stand he struck,
Upon the cliffie Forehead of a Rock :

The bleeding Quarry on the Stone lay dead,
(d) Full sixteen Handfulls long his stately Head ;
Which the rare Artift cunningly did mould
Into a Bow, and tipp'd the Ends with Gold :)

This having bent, he crouch'd to be unseen,
Whom his bold Squadron with their Targets screen,
Left him the wary *Græcians* out should finde,
E're he could perfect what he had design'd.

His Quiver opening, a new Shaft he draws,
(Of all insuing Miseries the Cause)

Next on the String his deadly Arrow nocks,
And *Phæbus*, famous for his Bow, invokes :

doe an unwarrantable act. Thus *Omnis peccans ignorans*, No man offends but for lack of Consideration, there being in every Sin a spice of Ignorance. Thus, as saith the Tragœdian,

Τὸ καλὸν δὲ καὶ πῶς ἔστιν ὃ τοῖσι,
Ὅτι θεὸς φέρει ἀγὰρ πρὸς ἄνθρωπον.

Who chuse for good the thing that's ill,
Them God intends to ruine still.

(d) Both together were five Spans and a Hand's breadth long, δῶρον being the third part of the ἀνταρῶν, or Span. It was called δῶρον, because Gifts, signified by the same word also, are not given but *expansâ manû*, with an expanded Hand. So *Varronius*.

To

(c) She gives *Paris* the Title of a King or Prince, that so by crying up his Liberality she might the more probably prevail. *Dion Prætorius*, Orat. 74. telling us that *Philip* of *Macedon* took Cities by two Stratagems especially, by Perjury and Treachery, tells us also that he most frequently used the first, as the least chargeable; for whereas he was necessitated to gratifie his Traitors, the Gods, by whom he swore himself, cost him nothing.

(d) He calls *Apollo* Ἰσχυρῶν, because *Læona*, after her Delivery, was metamorphos'd into a *Wolf*, the better to elude the Jealousie of *Juno*; or from a Bear's appearing at her Labour, whence the Bear, as sacred to *Apollo*, was impress'd upon Coins. Others say, that as the Swan is consecrate to the Sun for its Whiteness, wherein it resembles the Day, and the Crow, which in its colour represents the Night; so the Bear is dedicated also to him, as symbolizing for Colour with them both. Others say he was so called, ὡς ἡνῶν τὴν ἀνέμω, as the author of that Light which precedes his Rising, which Light the *Græks* call ἀνέμω or lastly, ὅτι ἀνέβη βαρὺ ἡνῶν, because he is the Father of the Year.

(b) All Cities were deemed ἱερὰ, holy or sacred, ὡς φυλακτὰ τῶν ἐποδίων, as protecting its Inhabitants; whence their Walls also were esteemed sacred.

(*) *Gr. ἱεὶς αἰὶς*, (commonly, but corruptly, though of long standing, ἱεὶς αἰς) which some understand of the Salacity of the Goat, as being of a hot nature; others of their going in Winter εἰς ἅλας, πειθόμενοι ὕμῳ, ἵνα μὴ λυγρὰ πάλῃ, the Goat-herds driving them to Sea to prevent the Scab. *Porphyrius* understands it of a Goat that is emasculated, the Males (being hunted) often losing their Genitals, and that either κατὰ πρᾶξιν, by frequent attrition; or by biting them purposely off that they may fly the lighter. The *Grammarians* expound αἰὶς ἱεὶς αἰς by αἰὶς τελευτῶν.

(c) *Homer* makes *Pandarus* yield to *Minerva's* Motion δι' ἀπολύτῃς, for want of due and mature Deliberation; implying that no sober man, any that was himself and in his Senses, would

(c) The ancient Archers drew the String of their Bows, not, as we now, to the right Ear, but Breath.

(r) Gr. *ἀνδρῶν ἀγῶναι*. *Aspirant* being called *ἀγῶναι*, either *πᾶσι τοῖς ἀνδράσι*, from her hunting her Prey; or, *πᾶσι τοῖς ἀνδράσι ὡς ἡμιονοῖς*, as drawing men into Companies and Societies, as learning men *Cellularia artes*, all Handicrafts and Manufactures; and thence also by *Lycophron* styled *Βασίλει* and *Αἰθῶ*, from *Oxen*, and the Bird called *Fulica*, teaching men the Arts both of Husbandry or Tillage, and Navigation. *Lucret.*

Instituit Fulicarum assu volitare per Aequor.

Teaching, like Fowl, to cross the surging Main.

(g) Gr. *μύσα*: it was a kind of Boustroph or Rowler of Linen which they wore next them over the lower Venter, having a Plate of Brass upon the outward part, and quilted inwardly with Wool or Cotton, that so the weight of their heavier Arms might not offend those tender parts.

(b) *Lydia*, a Province of the lesser Asia, before called *Meonia*.

(i) The Ancients affected not ought that was white; *ἁλίστιον δὲ τὸ λευκόν, ὑπερβαίνει δὲ τὰ μαλαγγέστα ἢ σωματίων*, whiter bodies being more porous and passible then such as are sadder; besides, *ἡλευπερία ἐστὶν ἡνικαὶ ἡ λευκότης*, a white colour of the Countenance was accounted amongst the Hero's a Symptom of Effeminacy, *ὅτι λευκοὶ οἱ δυνάται*, because those that are pale are commonly timorous: whence *Cygnus* the Trojan being of such a Complexion, *Theocritus* calls him *ἡλίκων ἡνικαὶ χεῖρας*, for his Colour a Woman. Hence the Adage, *οὐδὲν λευκὸν ἀνδρῶν ὄφελος*, that White men are good for nothing; yet amongst the *Spartans* a whiter Skin and redder Hair was a sign of Valour.

(k) The word signifies both Purple and the Palm or Date-tree, being so called from *φύλον*, Blood, which the Juice of the Fruit of that Tree much resembles, as Purple again that; or from the Blood of the Fish called the Purple, which makes that most orient Colour, being found out by *Hercules*, whose Dog having kill'd one of that kind, his Claws were distained with that richer Colour. They of *Trazen* gather much of that wherewith they dye Purple from the Fruit *τῷ πεύκῳ*.

(l) Gr. *μύρη*. He calls the dying Ivory with Purple a staining or infecting; *τὸ δὲ ἐν εὐκρίνῃς καὶ καθαῖν, ἡμέτερον μύρῃ πεύκῳ ἡμετέρον ὁ μαυρῶν, ὡς πεύκῳ ὅταν ἐκλεῖται πᾶσι φοινισσόμενον τῷ βαφῇ μύριναις ἐπὶ καὶ τῷ μύριναις τῶν χρομάτων οἱ βαφῆς φθιπέδου, καὶ φθορὰν τὸ μύριναις ὀνομαζόμενον*. What is single (saith *Plutarch*) being sincere, what is mixed with another is corrupted; whence *Homer* speaking of *Ivory* dyed into Purple calls it stained, &c. *Plus. ἀπὸ τοῦ εὐκρίνου*.

(m) *Thalamos* notes any part of the House that is backward or private, especially where the Women reside or lodge; or where any thing is laid up.

To thee, when I to sacred *Zelia* come,
Of first-born Lambs I'll pay an Hecatomb.

The plumed Head drawn to his manly (c) Breast,
The long Bow's Handle and the sharp Point kist;
Round came the yielding Horn, so strong and true,
The smart String twang'd, the deadly Arrow flew,
As if desire of Blood transported it.

Nor did th' immortal Deities forget
Thee, *Menelaus*; (f) *Pallas* dull'd the Force,
And, interposing, alter'd th' Arrow's Course.
So from her Child a carefull Mother keeps
The busie Fly, whilst he securely sleeps.
She to his Belt, with golden Buckles deckt,
And high-proof'd Arms the Arrow did direct,
Which through his Breast-plate, through his (g) Coat of
(Which like a brazen Castle did impale (Mail,
His Body from all Weapons) passage found
To pierce his Skin: Blood issued from the Wound.

As when some *Carian* makes, or (b) *Lydian* Dame,
(i) An ivory Curb with (k) Purple Luster (l) flame,
Then in (m) her Chamber locks the well-stain'd Bit;
Nobles at any Price would purchase it;
But for the King she keeps this Gift so dear,
To grace his Horse, and glad his Charioteer:
O *Menelaus*, such a Crimson Floud
Thy Leg and manly Thigh distain'd with Blood.
Stout *Agamemnon* fear'd, when he beheld
So great a Flux in purple Drops distill'd;
And *Menelaus* too was terrifi'd.
But when the Nerve and Steel without he spy'd,
Those Spirits return'd his Bosome had forlook.
Then with a Sigh sad *Agamemnon* took

His

His Brother by the Hand, and thus bemoans;
(Loud Vollies answering of sad Princes Groans)

Peace with thy Death, dear Brother, I did make,
And thee alone for all our Army stake,
Singly engaged with the Foe to fight.
So thou art hurt, whilst they their Covenant slight.
But Oaths, and Bloud, and Wine with Hands con-
(W^{ch} Sanction we believ'd would firmly bind) (joyn'd
Will signifie: though *Jove* Revenge delaies,
Treason and Murther he at last repays.

Not onely they this treacherous Act shall ⁽ⁿ⁾ rue;
Their Children and their Wives shall suffer too.
I know the Day draws near, when Fire shall ^(o) Troy,
The *Trojans*, *Priam*, and his Sons destroy.

^(p) Just *Jove* from Heav'n, with Indignation fill'd,
Shall (threatning *Ilium*) shake his sable Shield,
And, hearing our Complaints, will us relieve.
But more for thee I, *Menelaus*, grieve,
Thus here untimely to conclude thy Fate,
Whilst forc'd to ^(q) sandy *Argos* I retreat,
Our Camp broke up, and, to our lasting Shame,
To *Priam* we deliver up our Fame,

Which *Virgil* thus transfers to *Aeneas* and *Turnus*, *Æn.* 12.

Jupiter ipse duas equato Examine Lances
Sustinet, & Fata imponit diversa duorum,
Quem damnet Labor, & quo vergat pondere Letum.

Thus also *Æschylus* in *Supplicib.*

Δαίμων τίλ' αὖτις θέλει δὲ ἐκ τῶν πόλεων.

The same Poet also in an Interlude of his, saith *Plutarch*, brings in *Thetis* and *Aurora* assisting at *Jupiter's* Beam, and interceding each for her Son, *Achilles* and *Memnon*. Which Fiction *Q. Calabrus* represents, treating of the two last recited persons, in two contrary Fates or *Parce*, thus;

Κρίσις ἱερὰ μὲν, ἢ δὲ ἔστι ποτὶ Μάμονος ἔργον,
Θαυρὸν δ' ἀμφοτέρωτ' Ἀχίλλης δαΐφρονος.

Hence, as *Homer* calls *Jupiter* here (so *Turnebus*) ὁ ψίζων, ὡς ἀπὸ συμβίβων τὰ κατ' ἀνθρώπους, as weighing above the Affairs and Fortunes of men; so others call him *ψυροτάτω*, from his ordering this Balance.

(g) He calls *Argos* πολυψύων, either because it was a very delectable Country, and therefore much desired; or for that, being formerly much afflicted for the want of Water, *Neptune*, for the Love he bare the Nymph *Amymon*, let into it the Fountains of *Lerna*. But this *Sirabo* makes a Fiction, πάλαι αὖτ' Ἀργὸν ἀνύδρον.

—Θεοὶ δ' αὖθις Ἀργὸν ἀνύδρον.

That *Argos* was punished by the Gods with *Thirst*, is, saith that Authour, but a poetical Fancy, occasioned by mis-sensing this Word in *Homer*, where πολυψύων, is no more then πολυψιδων, *Thirst* being figuratively used for *Desire*; or else put for πολυψύων, δ, for sound sake, to hinder the Coalition of two Vowels, inserted, and so imports that long Series of *Misadventures* that befell that Family, according to that of *Sophocles*,

Πολύφρονος τε δόμα Πελοπονδῶν τόδε.

Others make y here a local particle, the same with *eis*. Besides, it was not the City *Argos* to which *Agamemnon* returned, but the Country *Peloponnesus*, which also was well watered. *Apollodorus* lib. 2. de *Deorum origine*, relates how that being formerly well stored with Springs, *Neptune* drain'd the Country, and dry'd up its Fountains, being offended with *Inachus*, son of *Zeus* *Ἀδωνίς* ἱμαγόμενος ἱδρὸς, for adjudging the Country to belong to *Minerva*, in the difference between him and her concerning the Patronage or Title. *Pliny* also writes that *Argos* anciently was called *Dipsum*.

(n) *Greek*, ἀμύνω have rued, in the Aorist, which notes the time elapsed, to intimate the Infallibility and Proximity of the Event. So *Chryses*, imprecating and invoking *Apollo* against the *Greeks*, doth it in no other Tense; the Aorist implying still Speed and Expedition.

(o) Old *Ilium* was totally ruined in *Sirabo's* Age, that that bore the name being somewhat distant from the ancient Situation. This Town had many Privileges and Immunities indulged it first by *Alexander* the Great, and, in imitation of him, by the first great *Cæsar, Julius*. Refusing to admit *Fimbria*, a Roman General, for that he plundered and wasted the Country, it was beleaguere'd and carried by him in ten days, whereupon he boasted, τὴν πόλιν ἡν Ἀγαμέμνων δῖος ἐπὶ μάλιστα χαλκιδεύουσαν ἔχον, αὐτὸς ἐν δέκα ἡμέραις ῥηραίνοντο, That what Town *Agamemnon* had been with a Fleet of a thousand Sail ten whole years reducing, he had mastered in so many daies. And no marvell, replied a Towns-man, since it had no *Hector* to defend it, ἡ πόλις ἔστιν ἄμαρ ἡν τὸς πόλεως. Some endeavouring to re-edifie the old Town, consulting the *Augurs* about it, desisted; either deterr'd by some independent Danger, or out of Fear of *Agamemnon's* Imprecation at the demolishing of it; it being an ancient use at the laying waste any place, to curse all such as should attempt to rebuild it. This *Cæsar* laying *Sardiana* levell with the ground, did it with a heavy Denunciation of ensuing Mischief upon all such as should offer ever after to encompass it with a Wall. An instance of which practice we find also in Sacred Story.

(p) *Homer*, as he makes *Jupiter* weigh out the Destinies of *Hector* and *Achilles* in a Balance l. 22. so he brings in the same God doing the like between the two Armies, the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, lib. 8.

Jove holds the Balances with equal Beam,
And puts their several Fates in each of them:
To whom his Valour shall grant fair Success,
And whom should weight of heavy Death oppress.

Jove holds the Beam with an unequal Scale.

To *Memnon* fell the darker Lot,
The brighter great *Achilles* got.

The Gods made *Argos* dry.

And *Pelops* most unhappy house.

The carefull Herald Prince *Machaon* seeks
Amongst the Regiments of well-arm'd *Greeks*.

(u) Of *Asculapius* his insight in
Physick and Chirurgery thus *Pindar*,
Pyth. Od. 3.

Of Wisdom most profound
Up in his Cave he Jason brought,
And after Æsculapius taught
To apply what heals or draws,
By Surgery's soft-banded Laws.

And

And soon he found him, not far to be fought,
Amidst bold Squadrons he from *Trice* brought.
Then to the Hero did *Talthybius* say ;

Æsculapiades, make no Delay,
The King straight bids thee break through all the Press,
That thou mayst *Menelaus* see and dress,
Wounded by one too skilfull at his Bow,
To his great Glory, but our greater Woe.

Thus startled, he tarries not to lament,
But through the Ranks to ease the Patient went.
Soon as the wounded Prince *Machaon* found,
Hemm'd in with all the prime Commanders round,
Undanted standing in a godlike Garb,
He drew the Arrow from the broken Barb,
Took off his Belt, Corset, and Coat of Mail,
Which did his Body (like a Tower) impale.
As soon as he the Orifice beheld,
He staunch'd and dry'd the Bloud, and next instill'd
Rich ^(x) Balsam ; then applies a healing Salve,
Which learned ^(y) *Chiron Æsculapius* gave.

Whilst busie thus they with their Champion were,
The *Trojans* for a bloody Fight prepare.
Nor were the valiant *Græcians* lesser keen ;
Nor sleeping hadst thou *Agamemnon* seen,
Nor trifling time, nor trembling in a Fright,
But hasting to the Glory-gaining Fight.
His Steeds, and Chariot rich with Cost and Art,
Eurymedon his Servant held apart ;
Whom he incharg'd to keep his Horses near,
Lest he should tire, whilst others he did chear,
And faintly Orders give with Spirits spent.
So he on Foot through all his Squadrons went:
When any he beheld who earnest made
Hast to their Arms, to them he kindly said ;

O 2

Dear

(x) *Homer* mentions three kinds of *Pharmaca* ; 1. ἐπίπασα, such as are infused, 2. χρίσας, by *Unction*, and lastly πλάσας, that is, ποτὰ or πότημα, such as are drunk or taken inward. He takes notice also of three ways βλάστηας, of extracting *Darts* out of the Body : 1. δι' ἐκτομῆς, by Incision, as in *Eurypylus* ; 2. διὰ προεκτάσεως, by Protrusion, as in *Diomedes* ; and lastly, δι' ἐξάγωγῆς, by Extraction, or drawing it forth that way it entered, as here.

(y) *Chiron* was a *Centaur*, the Son of *Saturn* and *Philyra*, the Father of *Physick*, and Founder of the Musick of the Harp. *Lucian* in *Mort. Dialogis* saith he might have been immortal, had he so pleased. Of whose Parentage and Command thus *Pindar*, *Pyth. Od. 3.*

Ἥδιον Χείρωνά κα θεοὺς ἐσθλούς,
Εἰ χρεὼν τῷδ' ἀμείψας σὸν γλαῖος
σας κοῖνῃ δόξασαι ἔπ' ὅ,
Ζῶεν τὸν ἀνιχνεύων,
Οὐρανίδῃ γόνον δὲ
συμείδοντα Κρόνῳ,
Βλάσται τ' ὄσ' ἔχει Παλίο.

I (though such Wishes are in vain)
Could Chiron wish alive again,
Whom Saturn on Philyra got,
Uranus Grandchild, and his Lot
Were to return, for our Avail,
Once more from Ghosts and Shadows
paies
To reign in Pelion's ample Vale.

From him ἔλκν τὰ δουλεύοντα, Wounds and Ulcers deemed incurable, are called *Chironia*.

(c) *Violata Religio Jurisjurandi Deum ultorem habet. l. 2. Cod. De reb. cred.* The Religion of an Oath being violated hath God for its Revenger. Anciently those that were perjured were either cast in *Perjuratorium*, or else exposed to the fury of wild Beasts.

Dear Country-men, no Force let's now neglect ;
For *Jove* ne'r ^(c) Traitors did nor will protect.
Who swear, and make no Scruple to forswear,
Devouring Vulturs shall their Bodies tear ;
Whilst we their Wives and Children shall convey
From their sack'd City through the briny Sea.

Who slowly to Wars bloody Work repair'd,
His Mind to them he roughly thus declar'd ;

Blush ye not, Sirs ? why thus, surpriz'd with Fear,
Gaze you about like Herds of frightened Deer
Cours'd o're vast Plains, who, weary, panting stand,
Nor locomotive Faculties command ?

Such you appear, and so you would resist.
Shall the advancing Foe march where he list ?
Delight you to behold a playd-out Game,
And all our Navy blaze with *Trojan* Flame,
Expecting *Jove* should lend his aiding Hand ?

Thus did he chide, encourage, and command.
Advancing, he *Idomeneus* found,

Whom well-arm'd *Cretan* ^(a) Squadrons did surround,
Who like a Boar did in the Front appear :

Meriones brought up the valiant ^(b) Rear.
Whom when *Atrides* saw, extremely glad,
He kindly to the Royal *Cretan* said ;

Idomeneus, thee I honour most
Of all the skilfull Riders of our Host,
Either in Field, in Council, or at Feasts.

When ^(c) richest Wine makes glad our Princely Guests,
They sip their stinted Bowls ; thy Goblet still
With flowing *Bacchus* we a Brimmer fill,
To drink at pleasure. Now thy Valour show,
And, as thou oft didst boast, so charge the Foe.

Then thus replied the stout *Cretan* Prince ;
What I, *Atrides*, promis'd thee long since,

Answering

(a) *Ὀπλάμους* was a Band of men consisting of 44, *Φάλαγγς* of an hundred and twenty. *Xenophon* opposeth *ἐπὶ φάλαγγος ἄγων*, and τὸ εἶναι κίρας ἐν πηλοῦσιν. (b) He that brought up the Rear the Greeks call *ὕστατος*, *ὑστάς*, saith *Xenophon*, being the Tail of an Army. *Homer* calls the place of him that leads the Van *σῆμα*, the mouth.

(c) This Wine he calls *πρεσβύτερον*, for that it was given to the grave *Seniors*, as a *Premium* or Present, in acknowledgment of the Honour they owed them, and the Benefits they by their means received, *καὶ πλεονεκτήματα δίδωμιον ἔχουσιν*. *Schol.* Men were honoured by the ancients in their Feasts, 1. *σεσιπία*, in Place, 2. in their Diet, 3. in their Drink.

Answering thy Favour, I'll perform this day :
 But make the other Regiments array,
 That for the On-set we no time protract.
 For since they have by this perjurious Fact
 Infring'd their League, and sacred Peace reject,
 They Death and utter Ruine must expect.

Chear'd with these Words, no more *Atrides* droops,
 But through the well-arm'd Ranks and glittering
 Went, where now either *Ajax* ready stood ; (Troups
 Whose Foot shew'd like a Storm or swallowing Floud.
 As when some Shepherd from a Prospect spies
 Blacker then Pitch a fable Cloud arise,
 With Night and Tempest fraighted from the Deep,
 He troubled hasts, and houses all his Sheep :

So thick the *Ajaxes* bold Squadrons march ; (Arch,
 Their bright ^(d) Arms dim Heav'n's faint reflecting
 And, drawing up, they th' Earth's great Body shade.
 Then, much rejoycing, *Agamemnon* said ;

(d) Before they ingaged they held
 their Shields and Lances upright ;
 whence *Enstathius* expounds *ἄσπετος*
 here by *ἀσπίς, ἄλυστος*.

You Princes whom these well-arm'd Troups attend,
 I come not to advise you, but commend ;
 So well you order and encourage too.
 Ah ! would to Heav'n that all were like to you ;
 Then soon this War we should dispatch, and *Troy*,
 Took by our Prowess, utterly destroy.

This said, he left them, and old *Nestor* found
 (Through all the World for Eloquence renown'd)
 Ordering his Squadrons, and with powerfull Words
 Chearing them up, whetting anew their Swords.

Alastor, *Pelagon* and *Chromius* there,

Bold *Hæmon*, and illustrious *Bias* were.

The ^(e) Chariots in the Front stood all along,

The Foot behind, innumerable and strong.

These the main Bulwark were ; amidst he thrust

The weak, and those who fight but when they must.

First,

(e) *Nestor* drew up his Bodie *ἐν*
μύκῳ, all in Front or a-breast, not
ἐν *πλάτῳ*, or *βαθῳ*, not into deep
 Files. *Herodotus* and *Appian* say that
 he divided it *ἐν* *σὶν* *ἀντιπύλαις*, into
 two deep Bodies or Wings, either con-
 sisting of an equal number ; between
 which they left a vacant Space, or In-
 tervall, through which men might freely
 march up, or retreat, as occasion re-
 quired. These Avenues they called
παύσαι.

And that some ^(b) Squadron would in readier plight,
Charging the *Trojans*, first begin the Fight.

Whom thus, displeas'd, *Atrides* did reprove ;
Bold *Petens* Progeny, so dear to *Jove*,
And you who Mischiefs Master-pieces forge,
Why shrink you back, and stay till others charge ?
It would become you better to have set
First on the Foe, and them advancing met.

I never of your Tardiness complain'd,
When we at Feasts the Princes entertain'd ;
Where, highly treated, you in massie Gold
Drank richest Wines as long as e're you could.
Now you'd look on, (your Stomacks well asswag'd)
Though twice five Troups before you were engag'd.

When thus *Ulysses* ; Sir, you might have spar'd
What now hath scap'd your Teeth, that Ivory Guard,
Why say you that we shrink, whilst others go
So chearfully to entertain the Foe ?
If that will please you, soon you shall behold
The Father of *Telemachus* as bold
As any Leader fighting in the Front,
And thou these vain Aspersions shalt recant.

When *Agamemnon* him offended spy'd,
Thus he recanting with a Smile reply'd ;

O thou unwearied in Wars endless Toil,
I neither did command thee, nor revile.
Mature Advice restrains thy hotter Bloud.
We tender both alike the common Good.
Said I amiss ? I'll make Amends again ;
So shall such Piques forgotten be as vain.

This said, the King departing marched on,
Where valiant *Diomed*, bold *Tydeus* Son,
Guarded with Horse and stately Chariots round,
With *Sthenelus*, *Capaneus* Son, he found,

And

(b) *Gr. πύσς* is a Body of Souldiers consisting of three hundred and sixty, *πυγμαρχίας πύσς*, so called from its quadrangular form. Hence the word *Burgum*, which, being first used by the *Germans* for any well-fenced Place, whether by Art or Nature, is since taken vulgarly for any Town.

(i) That is, *χωρὶς πολέμου*, *Scilicet sine*, without an Army, or any greater Force. Oedipus, divorcing Jocasta, espoused *Alcimede*; who falsely accusing his former Children as attempting her, he settled the Succession upon his Sons alternatively, that so he might imbue the Country in Blood. Eteocles, as being the elder, after his Year, ejects his Brother Polynices, who, repairing to Argos, meets there with Tydeus, who also fled his Country, for having slain his Kinsman, in Arms against his Father. Adrastus observing how they were habited, Tydeus in the Skin of a wild Boar, Polynices of a Lion, re-minding the Oracle, that he should wed his Daughters to a Boar and a Lion, married Deiphile to the one, Tydeus, and Argia to the other, sending his Sons-in-law to Mycenæ, to desire Succours against Thebes: which was readily yielded to by Orestes, but disappointed by some dismall Omens. Being returned *ἡττημένοι*, the Argives send Tydeus on an Embassy to Thebes; where challenging many *Cadmeans*, by the Assistance of *Athena* he subdues all who ever entered the Lists against him, together with fifty select stout men who lay in Ambush to intercept him in his Return. *Schol.* He was called Tydeus, *τύδης*, ὅτι *τύδης* ὡς τῆς *τύδης*, because he was low of Stature.

(k) He was so call'd from his love of Contention: as the Philosopher *Alexinus* was called *ἰσχυρὸς*, *διὰ τὸ πολέμους*, as being of a quarrelsome and litigious nature; and the Historian *Timæus*, *ἰσχυρὸς*, for his carping and censuring. *Hesych.* *ἰσχυρὸς*.

(l) The Dislike was attested by Thunder and Lightning, which happening in the Day was ascribed to Jupiter, called thence *Diurnus*; by Night, to *Summanus*: whence we find Jupiter styl'd *τὸν ἐστὶν*.

(m) Hence Rivers are usually portrayed, their Temples bound with Sedge and Reeds: whence *Symposium* brings in the Reed thus speaking to and of himself,

Dulcis amica Dei, semper vicina profundis.
Th: God's dear Friend, still near his pleasant Stream.

(n) Some conceive *Maon* to have been an Herald, and therefore spared; such being esteemed Sacred by the Law of Nations, and their persons not to be violated or injured.

(o) *Diomed* and *Sthenelus* onely of all the *Epigoni* and *Post-nati* (so were they called who descended of those *ἑπτὰ ἐπὶ οὐβῶν*, the seven Captains that fought before Thebes) serv'd in the Trojan War. Some reckon nine of these *Epigoni*: *Agialeus* the Son of *Adrastus*, *Thersander* the Son of *Polynices*, *Diomed* the Son of *Tydeus*, *Sthenelus* the Son of *Capaneus*, *Alcmaon* and *Amphilochus* the Sons of *Amphiaraus*, *Stratolamus*, or *Promachus*, the Son of *Parthenopæus*, *Polydorus* the Son of *Hippomedon*, and *Meion* the Son of *Eteocles*. When the *Epigoni* sack'd Thebes, *Laodamas* the Son of *Eteocles* reigned there, who was slain in the War. *Apollodorus* makes *Eurypylos*, the Son of *Meletheus*, one of the *Epigoni*.

And, much displeas'd, thus boldly us'd his Tongue;

Why stand'st thou here, who art from Tydeus sprung,
Expecting other Princes should begin?

Thy Sire ne'r guilty was of such a Sin.

He far before the rest would still engage,

As they report who saw him in his Rage:

For I that famous Hero ne'r beheld,

Whose Strength and Valour was unparallel'd.

(i) In peacefull manner to the Mycenæ Court

With (k) Polynices he did once resort,

Who then against the Thebans War maintain'd,

Desiring Aid; and had Assistance gain'd,

But that with dreadful Omens (l) Jove withstood.

Thence they departed to Asopus Floud, (defend.

Whose Streams green (m) Sedge and Osier Shades

Tydeus to Thebes the Argives after send:

He went, and many Thebans at a Feast

Found with Eteocles. No bashfull Guest,

Hemm'd in with hostile Faces on each side,

The proudest at the Table he def'd,

And darr'd them all to Combate, whom he lists

Worshipping with ease: so Pallas him assists.

But a Revenge th'incens'd Cadmeans plot:

Bold Lycophon and Godlike Maon got

Fifty stout Youth, all which in Ambush lay,

At his Return to kill him in the Way.

But (n) Maon all he slew; him he let 'scape

To make Relation of their sad Mishap,

Obeying so the Pleasure of the Gods.

Such Tydeus was, and conquer'd at such odds.

But his degenerate Son's not half so stout,

Onely in vap'ring Language carrys't out.

Honoring the King, he took his royal Checks, (speaks;

And nought replies: when thus rough (o) Sthenelus;

Better

(p) Better you may b' inform'd, Sir, in these Wars
 How far we have (q) out-gone our Ancestors.
 With lesser Force we took the fertile Glebes
 And (r) *Mars* his Bulwarks of seven-ported *Thebes*,
 Trusting in Omens and Celestial Aid:
 When dearly for their Wilfulness they pay'd.
 Then don't with us our Ancestors compare.

When thus bold *Diomed*; Dear Friend, forbear,
 At my Request; for I against our Prince
 Chearing the valiant *Greeks* take no Offence.
 Great Glory him attends, could we destroy
 These perjur'd Troups, and sack perfidious *Troy*;
 But utter Ruine, should we get a Blow.
 Come, let us end this Difference on the Foe.

Then he from's Chariot leapt compleatly arm'd;
 His Curafs, Mail and Breast-plate fresh alarm'd
 His stoutest Foes, new Terroures them confound;
 So loud did they and dreadfully resound.

As when 'gainst murmuring Shores a Western Breez
 Drives frequent Billows on, which, by Degrees,
 At Sea first mustering, quickly after reach
 The Land, wind-driven, with a thundring Breach;
 The trending Bays congested Waters charge,
 And briny Mountains troubled Foam disgorge:
 So thick the *Greeks* were up in Bodies drawn,
 Each Captain leading his own Squadron on.
 So silent were they, you would say, among
 Such numerous Bands not any had a Tongue.
 Their Officers obeying, on they march
 In Arms which emulate Heav'n's glittering Arch.
 The clamorous *Trojans* shout: like fleecy Flocks,
 Which within Folds the wealthy Shepherd locks,
 At Milking, from their Young, when wofull Dams
 Answer the Bleatings of their tender Lambs.

P

With

(p) He makes *Sthenelus* patrifare, his Father's Son; the Son of *Mecistheus*, one of the *Epigoni*, whom *Statinus* brings in insulting against *Jupiter* himself, and spitting against Heaven; whence he is said to be slain by Thunder, his being beat from the Wall of *Thebes* by a huge Pile of Stones giving the rise unto that Fable.

(q) He prefers himself and his Friend *Diomed* before their Fathers. First, for that they took *Thebes* with much smaller Force. Secondly, that their Fathers perishing in the Attempt, (all the seven but *Adrastus*) they carried the place, none miscarrying in the second Expedition, save his Son onely who alone survived in the first, *Aegialeus* the Son of *Adrastus*. Thirdly, in that whereas no Gods were favourable to their Progenitors save *Minerva* onely, who assisted *Tydeus*, the *Epigoni* were aided and befriended by the whole Company of Gods, and by *Jupiter* himself.

(r) *Τειχε* & *Ἀκρω*, that is, consecrate to *Mars*: or, for that the Walls were stronger either then those before them, those of *Troy*, or those former Walls of *Thebes*, when their Fathers besieg'd it.

With such a Noise their numerous Army rung.
Nor were their Voices all alike, nor Tongue;
Languages mixt, with various Shouts and Cries
Of Aids from several Countries deaf'd the Skies.
The Trojans ⁽¹⁾ Mars, Pallas the Greeks led on.

⁽¹⁾ Terroure and Fright, and wilde Contention,
The dreadfull Sister of the slaughtering God,
Joyn'd in Commission, in his Chariot rode.

⁽²⁾ Little at first, she swiftly growing shrouds,
Stalking on Earth, her Head amongst the Clouds.
To both destructive, through the Ranks and Files
She runs, augmenting both their Groans and Toils.
When both the Armies their Battalia's clos'd,
Then mighty men compleatly arm'd oppos'd.
So near they drawing deadly Javelins flung,
That their boss'd Targets interclashing rung.
Through all the Field commixed Clamour runs,
Shouts of insulting Victors, and the Groans
Of those that fell. From Wounds red Rivers glide,
Till Earth's pale Face a purple Deluge dy'd.

As when rough Torrents, falling from the Hill,
The fertile Vale with swallowing Waters fill;
Riv'lets and Gutters big with sudden Rain
In one great Chanell tumble to the Main;
The Shepherd hears loud Fragors from a Height:
So in the Medley Clamour rag'd and Fright.
And first Antilochus slaughter'd in the Van
Trojan Echepolus, a mighty man:

Nor could his Cask, adorn'd with Horses Manes,
Keep Steel's cold Visitation from his Brains.
The Spear his Forehead pierc'd, Night feels his Eyes,
And like a Tow'r o'rethrown by Storm he lies.

⁽³⁾ Elephenor, who the bold Abantians led,
By the Heels dragg'd him from the Conflict dead,

To

⁽¹⁾ Mars, that θυμὸς ἀλόγος, inconsiderate Fury and Rage; to which he constantly opposeth Minerva, that is, Consideration and Judgement. Hence the Trojans suffering much in this Incounter, he makes Apollo after to encourage them.

⁽²⁾ Δαίμων and πόρος some make the Issue of Mars and Venus; others his Horses, and so Enstatb.

⁽³⁾ Dion. Longinus saith of this Verse, ὅτι ἀνέπει τοῖς ἐμάλλον ἢ ἐνδὲ ἡ ὀμύρε μύτες, that we may more aptly take it of the dimension of Homer's Perfections then Eris her Stature. Aristides in his Orat. de Concord. ad Civit. Attic. blames Homer for admitting Eris or Contention into Heaven. Ἐγὼ δ' ἔγωγε μὴ φαίην ἔειν ἐν ἔχθρῳ ὅπως ἀγχιῶν, this he cannot, he saith, concede; because Jupiter's Gates exclude all Strife. Scaliger, after his custom, cavilling at this passage, conceives it highly absurd, that Strife and Contention should finde any Sanctuary in Heaven; as if it were not equally improbable for a common Fame to be receiv'd or harbour'd there, as for Strife and Debate. Now whereas he saves Virgil for making his Fame take covert in the Clouds, when he says that Fame hides her Head in Heaven, because the Grounds and Authours of many Reports are commonly unknown; this Plaiter is large enough (were it any) for this Sore also, the Cause and Origin of many high Differences and Contests being oft no lesse obscure and secret then the Raisers of Reports and Rumours. Lastly, he makes use of this expression, not to instance so much the ubi or Residence of Contention, as her mighty Magnitude, many Differences growing excessive great and high from small beginnings.

⁽⁴⁾ He was, so called (saith the Etymologist) παρὰ τὴν ἐχέαντα it being the Custome of the Greeks, when they would improve the signification of any word, to prefix the name of some greater Creature. So Sophocles calls greater Dogs or Mastiffs ἰσχυρόμυς, saith Demetrius, ἰ. μεγάλους νομῶς χυφύλακας, as greatly watching and defending the Folds. Thus Aristophanes calls a very libidinous person ἰσχυρόμυς, and a great Boy they name βίπαις, and a great Faun βίπαις, the name of the Horse being added to the former, and of the Oxe to the other.

To strip him of his Arms! But whilst he try'd,
Agenor rushing thrust him through the Side,
 Which wanted the Protection of his Shield.
 The sharp Point left him gasping in the Field.
 Whom to revenge the Battell they renew :
 Like ravenous Wolves on *Greeks* and *Trojans* flew.
Ajax a Spear at lov'd *Simoisius* flung,
Anthemion's Off-spring, beautifull and young;
 Whose Mother did from lofty ⁽¹⁾ *Ida* descend,
 Her Parents Flocks on *Simois* Banks t' attend :
 There this fair Issue did the pregnant Dame
 Produce, and call'd him by the River's Name.
 He made his carefull Parents no ⁽²⁾ Return
 For all his Breeding, but his Loss to mourn.
 Short was his Life, infortunate his Chance,
 Slain by bold *Ajax*, who his cruel Lance
 Quite through his Bosome and right Shoulder thrust.
 Dead he fell down, and groveling lay in Dust.
⁽³⁾ Like a tall Poplar, which in Fenny Ground
 Shot to the Stars, with tufted Branches crown'd,

Τὸς παῖσι δὲ,
 Δύστω, δὲς μὲν ἀντιδιδόντες τὸν ἄνθρωπον.
 Κέλυσον ἑαυτὸν δὲ δὲ, ἀντιδιδόντες
 Παιδὸν πρὸς αὐτὴν τοῦ δὲ, ἀντιδιδόντες δὲ.

(1) This *Simile* *Virgil* thus cloaths :

Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus Ornum
 Cum ferro accisam crebrisque Bipennibus instans
 Ervare Agricola certatim, illa usque minatur,
 Et tremefacta Comam concusso Vertice nutat;
 Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta supremum
 Congemuit, traxitque Jugis avulsa Ruinam.

Eustathius in *Macrobius*, comparing these two Passages, prefers this latter ; for that whereas *Virgil* makes his Husbandmen cut down their Tree not but with soar Pains and many redoubled Strokes, describing it with a great deal of Grace and Art, *Homer's* Wheelwright lays his along with little or no Labour at all : *Magno cultu vester difficultatem abscindenda arborea molis expressit, verum nullo negotio Homerica Arbor absconditur*. So he, making his Poet to exceed his Copy. *Scaliger* yet higher ; *Non si Jupiter ipse Poeta fiat, melius loqueretur*, telling us, that if *Jupiter* himself would turn Poet, he could not mend it. But *Homer* compares the killing here of *Simoisius* to the felling of a wild Ash growing in some moister Soil, to set forth his goodly Person and Features, Trees growing in Fenny places being more corpulent, straight and towering, then such as grow on Mountains, which are nothing so clean-grain'd and tall, though more durable and lasting. Thus he made *Echepolus* above fall like a Tower, respecting therein his great Strength and Prowess. *Eust.* adds, that his Mother being delivered of him by a River's side, *Homer* likens him falling to such a Tree as likes and thrives best in aqueous places. This Tree was sacred to *Hercules*, who, spent with his Journey to *Elysium*, begirting his Temples with a Wreath of it, the Leaves of that side which were next him growing white with the Sweat of his Brows and Head, that which was outward contracted a sooty Complexion from the fuliginous Steam of the place ; whence *Virgil* calls it *Bicolor* : which yet others understand of the two kinds of the Poplar, *alba* & *nigra*. Lastly, whether *Jupiter* might not as well own these of *Seneca*, as the before-recited Verses of *Virgil*, this I refer to the judicious Reader.

Stat vasta late Quercus, & Phœbum vetat,
 Miraque totos porrigit Ramos Nemus :
 Gemis illa multo vulnere impresso minax,
 Frangitque Cuneos, resilit excussus Chalybis,
 Vulnerisque Ferrum patitur, & Truncum fugit.
 Commota tandem est, tunc cedens lenta morâ
 Ducit ruinam.

Who Parents Duty have not shown
 Shall be slighted by their own :
 But who their Parents don't neglect
 May from their Race the like expect.

As when rough Swains with many a sturdy Streak
 Hew in high Mountains down some aged Oak,
 Cut round with cruel Steel, she threatens now,
 Shaking her Tresses with a palsy'd Brow ;
 Vanquish'd with Wounds at last she gives a Groan,
 And brings a Ruine being overthrown.

A stately Oak, defying *Phœbus* Beams,
 Vast Arms extending to the Groves extremes,
 Groaning with frequent Axes Mischief threatens,
 Sharp Wedges breaking, blunted Steel defeats ;
 From whose hard Trunk the bated Weapon shrinks.
 But by degrees at last she yielding sinks,
 And Ruine brings

(1) *Ida* was a general name for all Mountains, as *Achelous* for Rivers.

(2) It was the great study and endeavour of the Heathens, when they came to Man's estate, to retaliate and make some Amends to their Parents for their Care and Charge in their Education. This Return they called *ὑποθήκη*, or *ὑπόθεσις*. Very Animals are not wanting in this Vertue and Duty : The Lions, carrying their Parents along with them, through age grown infirm, leave them in the middle way when they go a-hunting ; and when they encounter ought, or seize any Prey, give them a Signal of it by their generous Roaring ; so inviting them, as it were, to it, not falling to or breaking it up but in their presence. And this they doe, saith *Alian*, not enjoined it by any Law of *Solon*, who compelled Children to it, but by natural Instinct ; *Legē non datā, sed natā*, by a Law indeleibly impressed in the Digest of their Nature, not transcribed out of the Code or Institutes. Amongst Fowls the Stork is so memorable for this quality, for tending his Parents grown old, that the *Greeks* by its name expresse that Vertue, *ἀντιπατρὸν* with them signifying to requite one's Parents. But the creature most commendable for this Property is the Bird called *Meleops*, who provides much earlier for them then the Stork, as soon as ever their Pinions being strong they are able to fly, *ἡνὰ τὸ πρῶτον τὰ οὐκ ἔχοντες*. So *Alian. de Animal. l. ii. c. 30*. The Stork, as being *pietaticultrix*, (so *Petronius* for this cause calls it) is highly cherished and respected in *Aegypt*. *Euripides* saith, (*Theseus* in him) that such as are unthankfull to their Parents must expect an answerable Return from their own Children.

Fell'd by some Artist with relentless Steel,
 Hewing out Fellies for a Chariot-wheel;
 Upon the Bank the Trunk remaining dries:
 So slain by *Ajax* tall *Simoisius* lies.
Antiphus, *Priam*'s Son, 'gainst *Ajax* draws,
 And throws a Javelin to revenge his Cause.
 Him missing, *Leucus* Groin the Point went through,
Ulysses Friend, as off the Corps he drew.
 He from the Body drops, and it from him.
 To see one slain so much in his Esteem
Ulysses rag'd; then foremost did advance
 In glittering Arms, and threw a pondrous Lance.
 The *Trojans* shrink when they beheld him there,
 For he threw no unsignifying Spear.
 It lighted on King *Priam*'s natural ^(b) Son,
 Who from *Abydos* came, *Democoon*.
 Incens'd *Ulysses* for his dearest Friend
 Quite through his Temples did his Javelin send.
 Death's sable Curtains did his Eyes surround:
 He falls, Earth thunders, and his Arms resound;
 At this the *Trojans* shrunk and *Hector* too:
 The *Græcians* shout, and off the Bodies drew,
 And, Ground recovering, up they boldly draw.
 When *Phæbus* this from lofty *Pergam* saw,
 Inrag'd, aloud the *Trojans* thus he chear'd;
 Shrink not for Shame, why are you so afraid?
 They are not Steel, nor made of solid Flint:
 Wounds on their Breasts your Javelins will imprint.
 Nor will *Achilles*, *Thetis* Son, engage:
 He lies tormented at his Fleet with Rage.
 Thus spake *Apollo* from the *Ilian* Tow'r.
 But *Pallas* brought up all the *Græcian* Flow'r,
 Who chidden or encouraged came on.
 Here Fate destroy'd *Diores* with a Stone

(b) The Scholiast observes that *Homer* makes mention of four kinds of Births or Issues: *γυναικῶς*, the legitimate, born in lawfull Wedlock; *νόθος*, illegitimate, or natural, begot of a Concubine; *κρυπτός*, clandestine, or secret, who is ignorant of his Father, *Iliad* ζ. v. 24.

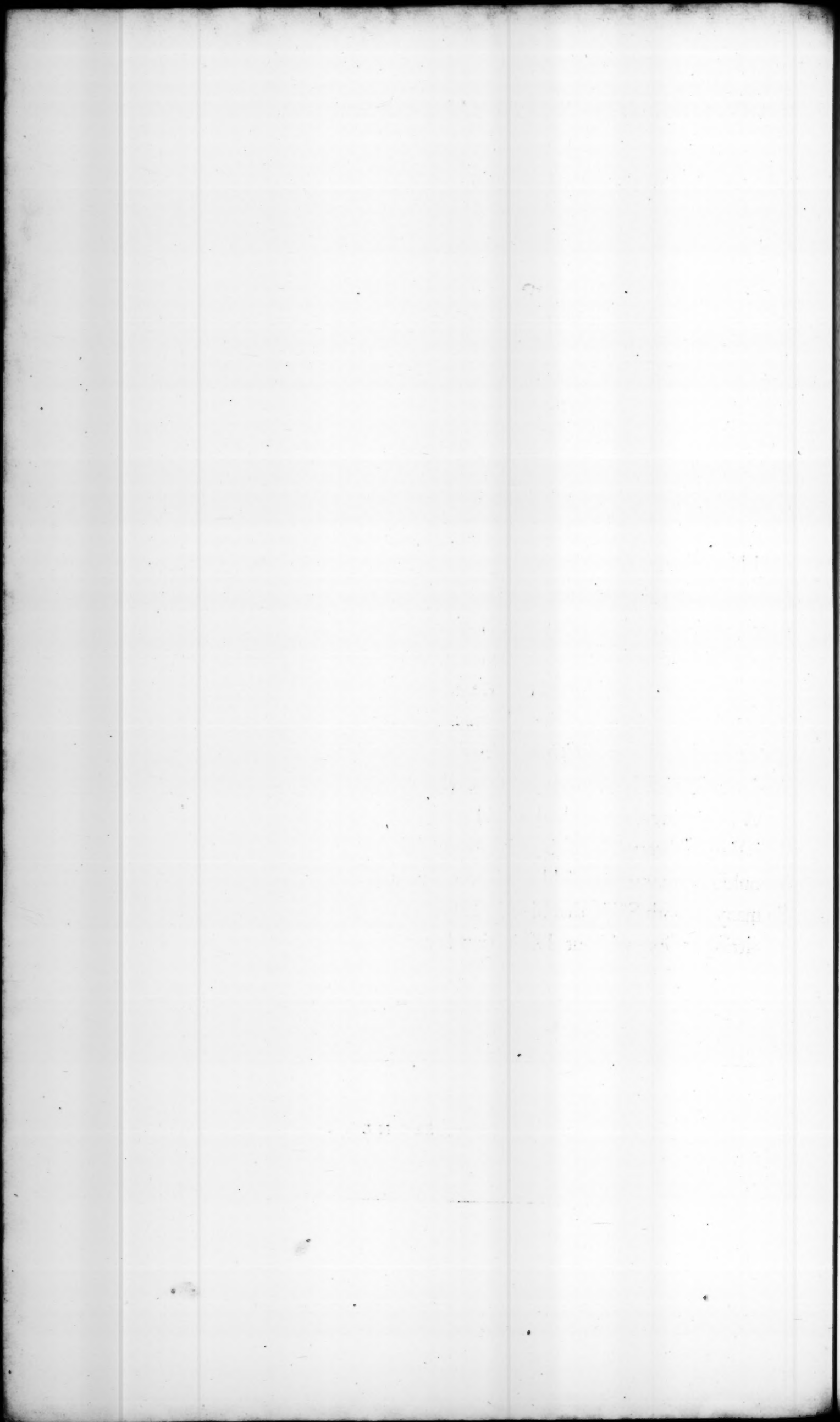
— *Εὐκλείης δὲ γένετο μήνη*
 and *μαρτυρῶς*, born of one reputed a Virgin, *Iliad* π. v. 180.

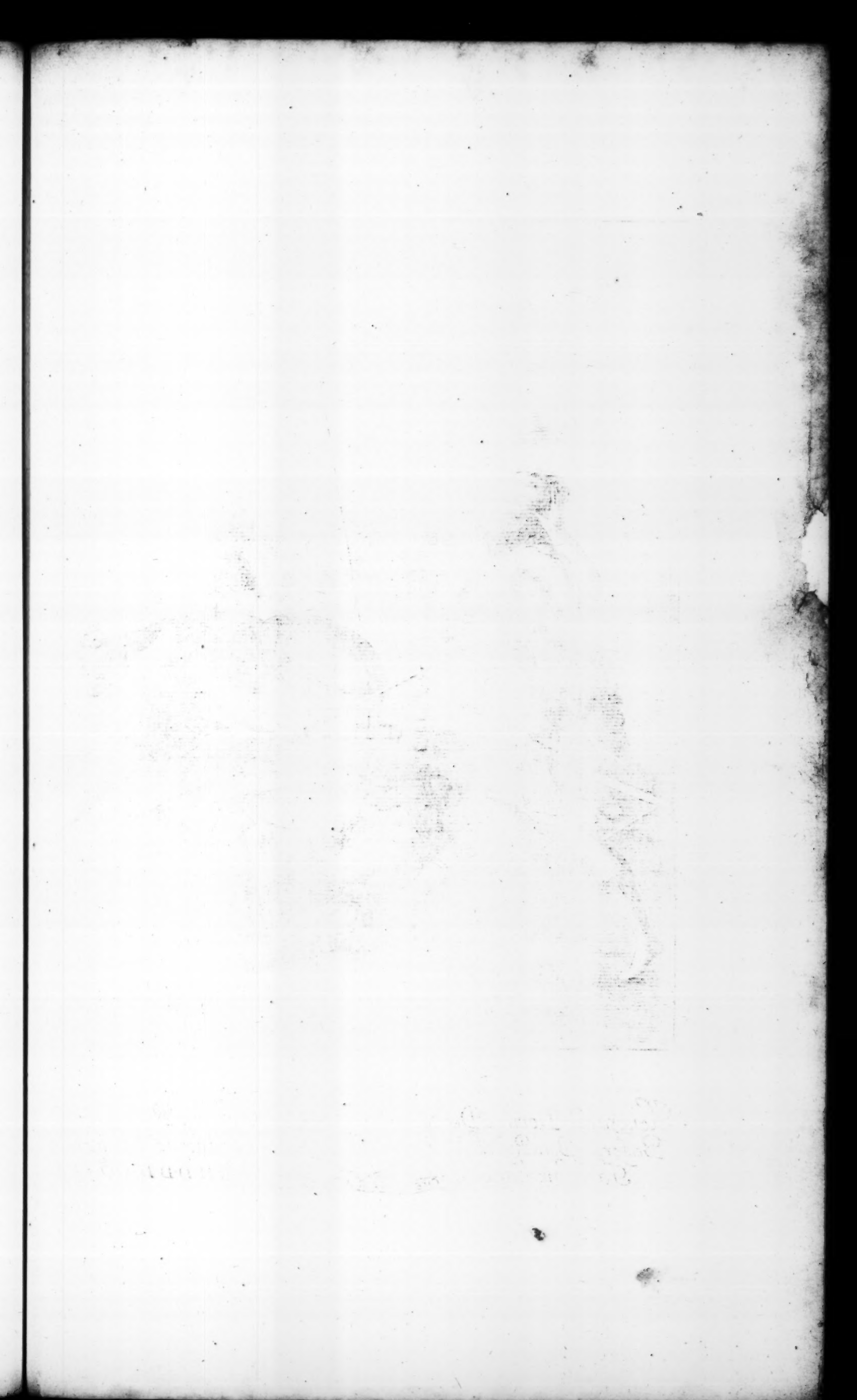
Παρθένῳ, τὸν ἔκλεβεν ἄλλος Πόλεως
μήνη.

Thrown

Thrown by stout *Pirus*, who from *Ænus* came ;
Which hitting his right Ankle struck him lame.
His Sinews were contused with the Stroke,
And the disjoynted Bones in Splinters broke.
He falling back lay gasping on the Sands,
For Aid extending to his Friends his Hands.
But *Pirus*, who his well-aim'd Flint had watch'd,
Runs in, and him there suddenly dispatch'd,
Ripping his Belly : out his Bowels fell,
And lasting Darkness up his Eyes did seal.
At him his Spear *Thoas* advancing cast,
Which, his Breast piercing, in his Lungs stuck fast ;
Which plucking back, his Faulchion straight he drew,
And him athwart the Belly cut in two ;
But could not gain his Arms, because the stout
Thracians did guard his Body round about :
Arm'd with long Spears, *Thoas*, though strong and
They over-powr'd, and forced to retreat. (great,
Thus fell two Princes ; one the *Thracians* sway'd,
Th' other the well-arm'd *Epirots* obey'd :
And many Chiefs lay round about them kill'd.

Who-e're invulnerable had beheld
This Battel, through it safe by *Pallas* brought,
Would say, that never Field was better fought :
So many on both Sides, that bloody Day,
Weltring in Gore without Distinction lay.







111

Honoratiss: Domino Do
Bedfordiae Baro. Russell
Tabulam hanc



Guilermo Russell Comiti
de Thorne-Haugh
L.M.D.D.D.I.O. Lib. 8.
Vers. 263



HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Diomed's great Exploits our Poet sings,
'Bove Trojan Princes and the Græcian Kings:
How he, inspir'd by Pallas, scorns all Odds
Of Men, of Hero's, and immortal Gods.
Pand'rus he kill'd, Æneas hurt, and shed
Fair Venus Bloud: Mars from his Fury fled
Roaring to Heav'n, where no Redress he found,
But that fair Hebe straight should heal his Wound.

Pallas the valiant ^(a) Diomed's Bosom
warms,
And with strange Courage and fresh
^(b) Vigour arms,

That he from all the Greeks might bear the name,
By Prowess purchasing immortal Fame.
Such dazzling ^(c) Beams dart from his Helm and Shield,
As from ^(d) that Star whose Rays in Autumn gild

in his *Atticks* adds, that *Selenus* his succeeding great Success and Felicity was prefigured by a Fire proceeding out of Logs, which appeared to burn of their own accord. Thus *Bacchus* his Cradle seem'd to burn, his Body untouch'd; *Plut.* 1. *Sympos.* Thus *Aristides* *Orat.* 5. saith, it was accounted *αιωνιον σημειον*, a *luckie Omen*, when Lightning pass'd by one's Head, not injuring the least his Hair. *Enripides* in his *Medea*, describing a fatal Disaster, makes it to be portended by a devouring Fire.

Χρυσὸς ὡδὶ ἀμυρὴ κατὰ κεφαλὴν πλάσθαι
Θαιμαζόντες ἴσιν τὰμὲν παμπόρην πύρρην.

Some say *Diomed* had some such device of Glass upon his Crest and Shield as dazzled their Eyes who looked upon him against the Sun; such as that of *Archimedes*, whereby, as with Lightning, he fir'd, and that at a great distance, the *Roman Fleet* riding in the *Syracusan Bay*. *Eusebius* tells of one *Anthemius*, who, being molested with a wicked Neighbour, by such another Invention as this forc'd him to remove.

(4) The Summer Dog-Star which ariseth a little before Autumn. The *Orion Heliacus* of this Star happening about that Season occasioneth many Cautons or Fevers, whence elsewhere he styles it *ἄλσιν*, II. 7.

(1) *Plat. de Pyth. Orac.* observes that the Gods make choice of such Instruments still as are likeliest to effect what they propound to themselves; and that they force not any contrary to their Genius and Inclination. Hence as *Minerva*, designing the Breach of the new-made League, applies her self to *Pandarus*, one of a treacherous Disposition, and that by Descent, the whole Nation of the *Lycæonians* being infamous for it; so, intending the Slaughter of the *Trojans*, she singles out *Diomed* for the effecting of it, one of noble Extraction, and so by his Prowess the most probable person to perform it. *Spond.*

(b) *Gr. δαρεθ, i. Courage: δαρεθ* δὲ τὸ εὐλογον παρὰ φύσιν ἔχον, *δάρειος δὲ τὸ αὐτοῦ*, *Courage* being a rational temper of the Soul, *Boldness* but an irrational Heat.

(c) This was no material or culinary Fire, but a Phantasm merely and Apparition, to render *Diomed* the more formidable. Thus *Alexander*, being in danger of his Life in his *Indian Expedition*, by a Flame streaming from his Arms, as the Enemy conceived, eluded their Fury, they being astonished at it, and so desisting their Pursuit. Thus *Tiberius* his Horse, breathing forth Sparks of Fire from his Mouth and Nostrils, portended, as was told him, his future Rule and Dignity. The like is related of *Belimer*, the Father of *Theodericus*, who conquered *Italy*, that he darted Fire from his Body. That that Fire which is *lambens* onely, and so harmless, portends future Prosperity and Success, appears from sundry instances in Story. So *Virg.* of *Ascanius* *An. 2.* which is thus described by *Claudian de 4. Conf. Honorii*,
—ventura Potestas

Clarus *Ascanio*, *subitâ cum luce Comarum*

Innocens fulgeret Apex, *Phrygiôque volutus*

Vertice fatalis redimiret Tempora Candor.

The like fortunate Condition was prefigured to *Servius Tullus* by the same Accident. So to *Æsculapius*, whilst he was yet a Child, *Pausanias* ascribes *ἀπὸ τοῦ ἰαλίου πυρρῆς*. The same Authour

From golden Tresses grac'd his Head
Streams of devouring Flames he shed.

The

(e) *Homer* makes *Oceanus* to be that River which incircles the Earth, and the Father of all Waters. *Eust.* makes it the *Aequator*, which divides the *Arctic* and *Antarctic* Poles.

(f) So called from his *flaying* the Sacrifices, the Office properly of the Priest.

(g) *Gr.* περιβύει, go round him: a Metaphor from Lions and Dogs, who defend their young ones by encompassing them.

(h) *Ἄρης, Ἄρης, ὀροπόρογος, &c.* This Verie the Emperor *Constantius* applied to *Arius*, accosting him with it when he gave him a Visit.

(i) He makes *Minerva* lead forth *Mars*, τὴν ἀλογίαν φρασίνην ἀποβύουσαν καὶ βίαν τοῖς Τρώεσσιν, the Trojans irrational Heat and Fury beginning to abate. *Eust.* saith, that *Homer* makes *Mars* to desert the Trojans, and wave that Side, to exemplifie incertam *Marsis* aleam, the inconstant or fickle Fortune of a pitch Field or Battell. φασκὴν ἱκανάαν πλέμιν μιμῆσθαι, ὅς ἐστιν ἀπὸ τῆς πολλῆς καὶ μακρῆς συντομῆς ὑπεροχῆς ἀπὸ τῆς ἐξ ἑαυτοῦ συντομῆς. So he.

The (e) Ocean's briny Paths with glimmering Light.
Thus him she sends where hottest was the Fight.

Old (f) *Dares*, *Vulcan's* Priest, who did abound
In Riches, was for Piety renown'd,
Two Sons had, *Phlegens* and *Idæus*, who,
In Arms experienc'd well, as well could doe.
These left their Party, and pickeer'd at large,
Their Chariot driving, *Diomed* to charge.
But he alighting did on Foot advance,
And ran within the danger of the Launce.
Bold *Phlegens* first his ponderous Javelin cast,
Which o're *Tydidēs* Shoulder singing past.
Then *Diomed* ran back, and fiercely threw:
(From him no Spear unsignifying flew)
The Javelin through his Bosome Passage found,
And from his Horses flung him on the Ground.
Idæus, leaping from his Chariot, fled,

Not staying to (g) protect his Brother dead.
Nor had he 'scap'd, if *Vulcan* in a Mist
Had not him veil'd, pitying his aged Priest.
But stout *Tydidēs* did their Horses get,
And gave Command to drive them to the Fleet.
Soon as the *Trojans Dares* Sons beheld,
Th' one flying, th' other by his Chariot kill'd,
They, troubled at their Fall, were much dismay'd.
To bloody *Mars* then bright-ey'd *Pallas* said ;

(b) Scourge of Man-kind, with Bloud imbu'd, whose
Are Cities Ruines and great Princes Courts, (Sports
Why strive we thus, who rather should delight
To sit and see the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fight?
Let *Jove* bestow the Glory of the Day
On whom he please, and let us him obey.

This said, (i) she led him from th' engaged Ranks,
Placed in Quiet on *Scamander's* Banks.

The

Then *Trojans* fly, and slaughtering *Greeks* pursue.

First *Agamemnon* from his Chariot threw
Odus, who brought the ^(k) *Halizonians* on.

Betwixt his Shoulders he his Javelin ran :

The deadly Point way through his Bosome found.

Falling the Corps and ponderous Arms resound.

Idomeneus Phæstus slaughter'd, born

Where ^(l) *Tarne's* fertile Glebe abounds with Corn.

The *Cretan* Leader, for his Spear renown'd,

Him mounting tumbled headlong to the Ground,

Through the right Shoulder run: Night seals his Eyes;

His Arms became the greedy Souldiers prize.

Scamandrius, Strophius Off-spring, who excell'd

In th' Art of Hunting, *Menelaus* kill'd.

So much *Diana* did his Bow improve,

Wild Beasts inhabiting the shady Grove

He never mist; but now the Goddess fail'd,

And all the Arts she taught him nought avail'd.

Him the bold King pursuing overtook,

And 'twixt his Shoulders with his Javelin struck.

Through Back and Breast the Point a passage found.

He falls, Earth thunders, and his Arms resound.

Phereclus next *Meriones* did kill,

Who in Mechanick Sciences had skill,

^(m) By *Pallas* dearly lov'd: the Fleet he built

Which *Paris* launch'd, and freighted home with Guilt,

That him both ruin'd and his Native Land,

Because ⁽ⁿ⁾ the God he did not understand.

Through his right Hip in the Sciatick Joynt,

Close by his Bladder, stuck the deadly Point.

Whom roaring on his Knee cold Death did seize,

And from all Anguish gave him sudden Ease.

Τῶν δὲ βασιλῆων, ὃ μὲν Τρώων, ὃ δ' Ἀχαιῶν,
οὐκ ἔδ' ὁμᾶ φέρειντες ἑμὸν δόμον εἰσέβητε;
ἦτοι ὃ μὲν πῶλοιο γόνον δὴ δέχομαι δέειν,
αὐτὰρ ὃ πῶλον ἔειν. τί νῦν μέγα, ὦ μεγάλα Ζεῦ;

The *Trojans* had another Oracle given them, which was this, *Ναυτιλίας ἀπὶ χερσὶν, γαυρία θοοτέρων*, that *naving Navigation*, they should apply themselves to *Husbandry*, otherwise they should ruine their Countrey and Nation; which they did.

Q

Antenor's

(k) The *Halizonians* were a People of *Thrace*: so the *Scholias*t. They were so called, because begirt round with the Sea; they inhabited between *Mysia*, *Caria*, and *Lydia*: so *Euphorius* cited, by *Steph. Byzant.* who thinks them so called for their excessive Wealth, *quasi ἀναζήτας*, as priding themselves in it.

(l) A City of *Lydia*, called afterward *Sardis*.

(m) *Minerva* sticks not to deliver up a Friend, to have her Will of those she disaffected; according to that saying of *Tullius*, and the Usage of men; *Pereant Amici, dum una Inimici inereant*, Let my Friends perish, so my Enemies perish with them.

(n) *Apollo* advising the *Lacedaemonians*, the Pestilence raging amongst them, to atone the Gods of *Ilium*, *Menelaus* was elected for that Service; which performed, he returned with *Paris* in his Company. Being after both together at *Delphos*; *Menelaus* consulting the Oracle concerning *Issue*, but *Paris* concerning his Wife; they had this Response given them by the *Pythian Virgin*:

Why *Sparta's* King, and Prince of *Ilium*,
Do you to us with cross Intentions come?
This begs a Foal, and That would steal the Mare:
What thou intend'st by this, great *Jove*, declare.

(o) This Homer observes in *Theano* as a thing admirable, it not being usual for Step-mothers to tender their Husbands Children by another *Venter* equally with their own, which yet *Theano* doth here; contrary to that of *Euripides* in his *Alceſtis*,

Ἐχθρὰ δὲ ἢ ἐμῶν μνηστῆρά τίνοισ
Τοῖς οὐκ ἴδ' ἔχθρ' ἔχθρ' ἔχθρ' ἔχθρ'.

A Step-dame to her Husband's Child
May truly be a Viper styl'd.

Plutarch instanceth the like in *Niceria* and *Firmus*, her Husband *Tolux* his Bastard Issue.

(p) Gr. *πορφύρεος θάνατος*, purple Death, that is, ὁ δὲ αἵματός, by effusion or loss of Blood, oppos'd *sicca mortis*, to a dry death, as *Juvenal Satyr* 15.

Ad generum Cereris sine Cade & sanguine pauci
Descendunt Reges, & sicca morte Tyranni.

Few Tyrant Princes cross the Stygian Flood
By a dry Death, not weltring in their Blood.

Others conceive he alludes herein to the Opinion of *Critias* and his Followers, who affirmed the Soul to be in the Blood. He calls it purple death, say others, because the most approved Purple was that which nearest resembled the colour of Blood, which was *instar Sanguinis conereti, nigricans aspectu, idemque respectu refulgens*. So *Pliny lib. 9. c. 38*. Others by purple Death understand such a Death as is inflicted by a single Stroke: τὸ ἀποθνήσκειν ἀδελφὸς μὲν πολλὸν, τὸ τῆς πορφύρας θανάτου καταλαμβάνεσθαι φασὶν. *Quamp*, those that are kill'd at one blow are by Homer said to die a purple death, or the death of the Fish called the Purple, which, if not kill'd at one Stroke, becomes unsefull for Dying; ἴδ' ὃ καποτὶς ἢ πολλὰ ζῆναι, καταλειπὸν δὲ τὸ ζῶον ἐν ἡμέταις, ἀχρεὶς εἶναι εἰς τὸ βαρὺν ἢ δέδιγτον βαλόντων τὸ λίθον πορφύρεον. ἴδ' ὃ τῆς ἰδίας ἐξαρῆται τὸ βαρὺν, ἀναποδῆσαι εἰς τὸ τῆς σαρκὸς ὄγκον, ἢ ἄλλως ἐκκεῖσθαι. For being but lightly hurt, so that it is yet living, the second Wound renders it unfit for the Dyer's purpose, the Humour that makes that Oriens Colour being spent with the Pain, either dispersed into the Habit of the Body, or otherwise evacuated. So *Alian, Hist. Animal. lib. 16. c. 1*. A Purpler being sentenced to die for adulterating that Colour, one ingeniously to that accident applied this Verse of Homer,

Ἐλαβε πορφύρεος θάνατος ὃ μοῖρα κραταῖα.

Him purple Death and violent Fate did seize.

(q) This Simile is excellently thus imitated, or rendred, by *Lucretius de Rerum Nat. lib. 1*. treating of the impetuous nature of the Wind.

Nec ratione fluunt aliâ, stragemque propagant,
Quam quom mollis Aqua fertur natura repente
Flumine abundanti, quod largis Imbribus augeat
Montibus ex altis magnus decursus Aquarum,
Fragmina conjiciens Sylvarum Arbutaque tota:
Nec validi possunt Pontes venientis Aquarum
Vim subitam tolerare: ita magno turbidus Imbri
Molibus incurrens validis cum viribus amnis,
Dat sonitu magno Siragem, volutisque sub Indis
Grendia Saxa, ruit quâ quicquid Fluvitibus obstat.

Such is their Fury and outrageous Force,
As Water's in precipitated course
Must'rd from sudden Showrs, when from the Hills
An Host of Streams the River's Bosom fills:
Wearing the Ground, whole Woods it overthrows,
Nor Bridges can such Violence oppose;
Banks, Dams and Piles the Torrent over-powers,
And with a swelling Cataract devours,
Rowling whole Rocks down: all with horrid Noise
The much-resisted Leveller destroys.

When

Antenor's Race, Pedans, Meges kill'd,
Whom, (o) though a natural Son, *Theano* held
In great Esteem, and Breeding did afford
With her own Children, to content her Lord.
But strong *Phylides Meges* overtook,
And through the Skull as him he slaughter'd struck.
Quite through his Tongue and Teeth the Javelin thrust,
Cold Iron he bites, and tumbles in the Dust.

Eurypylus Euemon's Off-spring run
At bold *Hypsenor*, stout *Dolopion's* Son,
(Priest consecrated to *Scamander's* Flood,
Whom all the People honour'd like a God)
And with his Sword him on the Shoulder took,
Which, glancing off, his Hand advancing struck.
Bloudy it trembling on the Champain lies,
Whilst (p) Death and purple Fate clos'd up his Eyes.

Thus flesh'd with Blood in cruel Fight they rav'd:
But bold *Tydides* so himself behav'd,
That none could tell on whether Side he fought,
Or Foes amongst the *Greeks* or *Trojans* fought.
As (q) a swift Torrent, hastning to the Deeps,
Down strongest Bridges with strange Fury sweeps;
No Vineyard-Fence nor well-lay'd Marble Arch
Stops his swoln Waves in their impetuous March,

When *Jove* descends in Deluges of Rain,
Undoing all th' ^(r) Endeavours of the Swain :
So breaks *Tydidēs* through, whose single Hand
The *Trojans* clos'd-up Ranks could not withstand.

When the bold Prince, *Lycaon's* high Descent,
Saw how he levell'd all where-e're he went,
A Shaft at him he did in Rage discharge,
Hitting's right Shoulder near his bossie Targe.
The Arrow piercing to his other Side,
A Crimson Stream his glittering Breast-plate dy'd.

Then *Pandarus* calls ; *Trojans* in War renown'd,
Your Honour now recover with your Ground.
The valiant'st of the *Greeks* I have not mist,
And, if *Apollo* did this Hand assist,
He will not long endure the bitter Pain.

Thus boasted he, yet *Diomed* was not slain :
Who, when withdrawn where he more Safety got,
Standing before his Steeds and Chariot,
Thus *Sthenelus* calls ; Straight, dearest Friend, alight,
And from my Shoulder draw this cruel Flight.
Down leaps the Prince, and, skilfull in his Craft.
Straight from his Body drew the barbed Shaft.
A purple Stream distains his plaited Vests ;
When thus *Minerva* humbly he requests ;

Unconquered Maid, to my Petition list :
If e're my Sire or me thou didst assist,
Favour me now, nor these my Prayers reject ;
Strengthen my Arm, and this my Spear direct,
To kill him wounded me, who boasts that I
Shall not, e're long, behold the glorious Skie.

Thus pray'd he, and the Goddess heard his Prayer,
And with fresh Vigour did his Limbs repair ;
Then drawing near him said ; *Tydidēs*, go,
And boldly spend thy Fury on the Foe.

(r) *Gr. ἔργα, Works*, that is, of the Husbandmen, these being primarily and in propriety of speech so styled : whence *Hesiod's* Inscription of his first Piece, whose Subject and Argument is onely concerning Tillage and Husbandry, *Ἔργα καὶ ἡμάρταν, Opera & Dies*. This *Virgil* renders by — *Bonæque labores*, the Works or Labours of the Oxen ; whom consult *Georg.* 1. v. 322. as also *Æn.* 2. v. 325. where we find the like Resemblance, or Simile. But *Homer* by these *Works* understands those of Men still, not of Oxen, as do others, and amongst them *Hesiod* 1. *Ἔργ.*

Ἔργα βοῶν δ' ἀπόλοισι καὶ ἡμιόων ταλαεργῶν.

The Tails of Oxen and labouring Mules destroy.

(i) *Tydeus* being wounded before *Thebes* by *Menalippus* the Son of *Astacus*, was so enrag'd upon it, that *Menalippus* being presently slain by *Amphiarauus*, and his Head presented him, opening it, he supp'd up his Brains. Which *Minerva* seeing, who intended to make him immortal, took such Distant at, that she altered her Resolution, and retracted her Grant. Upon which *Tydeus* besought her to confer it at least upon his Son *Diomed*. Schol.

(i) This Mist was removed for a season, for after we find he knows not *Glaucus*. *Aristides* in his *Panathenæus* saith, that none frequented *Athens* at that Feast of *Minerva*, were it onely for Curiosity sake, to see it, or else upon occasion of Business, Merchandize or other, but they received so great good by so doing, as none would believe or could expresse besides themselves: after instancing in particulars, he adds, ἡ ψυχὴ καθαρίζεται, καὶ μύσας καὶ χύβητες, Their Souls, saith he, are purified and fitted for the ensuing Ceremonies and Solemnities, being much raised and refined. Ἐπειδὴ δὲ καὶ τοῖς ἑσθαιμένοις πλεονεκτήματα τὸ πᾶν ἐγγινομένην, ἀκαίρως ἦν τὸ πᾶν ἀχλὺς, ὡς ἀλκίως καὶ οὐκ ὀμνέον ἐπὶ τῇ Ἀθλῳ, ἐν τῇ χοίρα στυγερῶν. It is evident also, that such as came hither at this time return quickersighted then they came, a greater Light being conferred upon them then formerly they had, *Minerva* her self, so speak according both to *Homer* and truth, taking away the Mist from before their Eyes, and clearing up their Sight. Thus he, as though what she bestowed here upon *Diomed* as a special Favour and peculiar Prerogative, had been her common Courtesie after to all her Servants and Votaries.

(u) This she speaks stomaching the Frump put upon her and Juno by *Jupiter*, concerning *Venus* her bringing off her Favourite *Paris*.

(x) Greek, τοῖς ἀνέχουμένοις ὁ γὰρ ἐκείναις ἐνείκευ, i. e. He found by his Dreams, and so he told them, that they should not return, but die in the Expedition. Others thus understand it, viz. that having expounded some Dreams to them, he could not perfect his Prediction, by reason of their hasty and speedy Departure.

I'll through thy Breast diffuse such vigorous Fire
 (i) Asonce thy Father *Tydeus* did inspire;
 And (i) take from thee that Mist so dims thy Eyes,
 That thou may'st know Mortals from Deities.
 What-ever Gods the *Trojans* shall assist,
 Wave their Encounter, do'nt their Power resist:
 Onely *Jove's* Daughter, (u) *Venus*, let her feel,
 If she shall interpose, thy vengefull Steel.

This said, the Virgin vanish'd from his Sight,
 And he return'd where hottest was the Fight.
 Though *Diomed* was wonderous strong before,
 Thrice as much Strength he now enjoy'd and more.
 A Lion slightly wounded by a Swain,
 Scaling full Coats, so charges fresh again:
 The Shepherd up himself in Safety locks,
 With Terrour struck; whilst his deserted Flocks
 Crouch close together trembling in their Hold,
 And the shagg'd Monster leaps into the Fold.
 So stout *Tydidēs* on the *Trojans* flew,
 And first *Astynous*, next *Hypenor* slew:
 This through the Bosome with his Spear he struck;
 The other 'twixt the Neck and Shoulders took
 With a broad Sword, his Collar-bone he cleft,
 And with a deadly Gash his Life bereft.

Next he on *Abas* and *Polydus* fell,
 Whose Father Fortune could by Dreams foretell;
 (x) But did not theirs going to War explain:
 So they were both by stern *Tydidēs* slain.
 Then *Xanthus* he and *Thoon* did engage,
 Old *Phenops* Sons, begotten in his Age,
 Who, much decay'd with Years, and spent with Care,
 Griev'd he had left (these gone) no other Heir,
 To take possession of his great Estate,
 Since these from *Diomed* receiv'd their Fate,

Who

Who both at once of dearest Life bereft,
And for his Sons the Father Sorrow left,
Since they alive should ne'r return from *Troy*,
And ⁽¹⁾ those who scarce claim'd Kin his Wealth enjoy.

Next shed he *Chromius* and *Echemon's* Bloud,
Both *Priam's* Sons, who in one Chariot rode.
As leaps a Lion in the Grove to break
A grazing Heifer's or a Bullock's Neck :
So seiz'd he them, and off their Armour strips,
Sending their fiery Horses to the Ships.

Whom when *Aeneas* routing Squadrons spy'd,
He through the Fight and rattling Spears did ride,
Pandrus to seek, sprung from *Lycan's* Loyns ;
Whom finding thus he puts on new Designs :

Where is thy Bow, thy Shafts, and Honour wone?
None here can boast to doe as thou hast done ;
Nor any *Lycian* in Expertness will
Compare with thee: then shoot, and shew thy Skill,
Imploring *Jove*, that him (who-e're he be)
Who makes such Havock which you yonder see,
Thou mayst of Life bereave, since he deprives
So many valiant *Trojans* of their Lives :
Unless some God his Wrath will not assuage,
⁽²⁾ Mov'd by our Crimes: So great is Heav'nly Rage.

Who thus reply'd ; Renown'd *Aeneas*, he
That's yonder seems bold *Diomed* to be :
His Shield, his Steeds and triple Crest I know ;
But cannot say if 'tis a God or no.
If that *Tydidēs* be sheds so much Bloud,
No doubt he is assisted by some God,
Who, standing near him, in a gloomy Shade
Mantling his Shoulders, grants concealed Aid,
And took the Force from our directed Point.
I shot, and through his Corset found a Joynt,

(1) *Gr. πρισμαί.* These were such Magistrates as in Cities were intrusted with the managing the Estates of those that died not having any Heirs to inherit them, or such onely as were far off a-kin : These had also the Tuition of Widows and Orphans, and divided the Inheritance amongst the Kindred. Goods which had no Heirs to claim them the *Greeks* called *ἀναγκισμαία*, and *ἀσέματα* the *Latins*, *Bona caduca*.

(2) *Gr. ἱερὴ μωρία*, being offended for our Sacrifices. The Heathens chiefest Devotion and Service of their Gods consisted in these, insomuch that when any Disaster befell them, they imputed it to the undue Performance of them. Thus the *Egyptians*, offering a red Ox, thought they incens'd rather the Deity then aton'd him, had he but one Hair onely white or black. The *Greeks* were of the like persuasion, accounting it ominous to present *Jupiter* with an Ox, this being the peculiar Sacrifice of *Neptune*.

And

And durst have sworn to *Pluto* I had him sent ;
 Yet still he lives. Some Power is discontent.
 I have no Horse and Chariot here to charge :
Lycaon hath eleven, new, rich and large,
 Each by two Horses drawn of generous Breed,
 Who on pure Oats and whiter Barley feed.
 The stout old Souldier gave me grave Advice,
 Departing from his Royall Edifice,
 I Horse and Chariot should my self provide,
 And 'mongst ^(a) the *Trojans* to the Battell ride.
 I (which I now repent) did not regard
 His Precepts, but those pamper'd Horses spar'd,
 Lest they should in so streight a Leaguer need,
 Who were accustom'd liberally to feed ;
 And march'd on Foot, confiding in my Bow,
 Which useles proves, and onely serves for Show.

(a) That is, the *Trojans* that inhabited in *Zelia* : or, for that *Zelia* was a *Trojan* City.

(b) The *Lacedamonians* in their Wars wore Garments of a Purple dye, that what Bloud they lost might not appear outwardly, to the discouraging themselves or others.

(c) Passion spares nothing, nor is any thing sacred, saith *Plutarch*, to Choler ; this flying upon Friends as well as Enemies, upon Children, Parents ; nay the Gods themselves, nay very Brutes and inanimate Creatures cannot escape it. *Thamyris* breaking his golden Horn and Harp ; and *Xerxes* threatening to stigmatize and lash the Ocean, and sending menacing Letters to the Mountain *Athos*, to dig him down and cast him into the Sea, if he afforded him not Stones and Materials to compleat his Works and Fortifications.

(d) These were of the Race of the Horses of *Tros*, which were given him in Recompence for the Rape of *Ganymede*. These Horses were said to be immortal. *Anchises*, getting some Mares to be covered by stealth by these Horses, by that means got some of the Breed. Of which thus *Virgil*, l. 7.

*Alfenti Aeneæ Currum geminósque fugeles,
 Semine ab æthereo, spirantes naribus
 Ignem,
 Illorum de gente Patri quos. Dædala
 Circe*

Supposita de matre notos furata creavit.

For these Steeds *Hercules* sack'd *Troy*, *Laomedon* having promised them to him, upon condition he should free his Daughter *Hesione* exposed to a Sea-monster. Horses memorable in Story are these: *Pegasus*; the Horses of *Baſiris*, *Diomedes* and *Glaucus*, which last devoured their Master ; the twelve Colts begot by *Boreas* amongst *Dardanus* three thousand Mares ; *Arion*, begot by *Neptune*, transform'd to a Horse of *Erynné*, which given *Adrastus* by *Hercules*, brought him off alive at the Battel before *Thebes* ; *Phlegon* and *Harpagus*, given the *Diſcari* (*Castor* and *Pollux*) by *Mercurie*, and *Exaltheus* and *Cyllarus* by *Juno* ; *Deimos* and *Phobos*, the Horses of *Mars* ; *Enceladus*, *Erioles*, *Glaucus*, and *Stenon*, of *Neptune* ; *Aleſtor*, *Athen*, *Nyctus*, and *Orpheus*, *Pluto's* ; *Pyrus*, *Eoni*, *Phlegon*, and *Lampon*, the Sun's. It is reported of *Xanthus*, the Horse of *Achilles*, that he spake to his Master.

The *Trojan* Prince *Æneas* then reply'd ;
 Come, say not so, before that we have try'd
 That Prince's Valour, and Experience show
 Whether he be a Deity or no.
 Ascend my Chariot straight, that thou may'st see
 How well our *Trojan* Horses ^(d) manag'd be ;

How

How here and there they wheel, and through the Plains
Or fly, or follow, with ejected Reins.

They will in Safety us to *Troy* convey,
Should *Jove* grant him the Honour of the Day.
Take thou this Whip, these supple Reins, and mount;
And I will call yon Champion to account:
Or else take thou my place, and charge the Foe,
And I my Skill in Horsemanship will show.

Then thus *Lycaon's* valiant Son reply'd;

Renown'd *Aeneas*, thy own Chariot guide;
Thy^(c) Steeds accustom'd are to thy Command:
Should we retreat, not *Diomed* withstand,
And they once boggling stop, surpriz'd with Fear,
Wanting thy Voice, which they were wont to hear,
Tydidēs then would us of Life deprive,
And them so purchas'd to the Navy drive.
Take thou the Steeds and Chariot to thy Care,
And I will entertain him with this Spear.

Their Seats, this said, together they ascend,
And fiercely both against *Tydidēs* bend.
First *Sthenelus* perceiv'd th' approaching Storm,
And thus his bold Associate did inform;

Yonder, dear Friend, two Princes I behold
Will charge thee straight, both Hero's young and bold.
That skilfull Archer *Pandarus* is one,
Who styles himself the bold *Lycaon's* Son:
Th' other *Aeneas*, whom fair *Venus* bore
To great *Anchises* near swift *Simois* shore.
On Horse let us retreat from th' Front awhile,
Lest purchas'd Fame thou hazard by the Foil.

Then, frowning, valiant *Diomed* replies;
Against thy Judgment sure thou dost advise.
I scorn to fear, will ne'r to thee consent:
With Toil my Strength and Spirits are not spent:

I scorn

(c) Thus *Caesar's* Horse would suffer none to back him but that Emperour, as *Suetonius* reports: as *Bucephalus* would admit none to ride him but *Alexander*. The like *Vincennes* Bellow, relates of the Steed of one *Rodamus*, who served against the *Saracens* after the death of *Carolus Magnus*, being before a Monk professed.

I scorn to mount my Horses, undismay'd
 I'll meet them thus, trusting *Minerva's* Aid:
 Their fleeter Steeds shall not from us convey
 Them both in Safety; one perhaps they may.
 But if it be the bright *Minerva's* Will,
 That to my Glory both of them I kill,
 Be sure their generous Horses then you get,
 And them with Speed conduct unto the Fleet.
 They are ^(f) the Race of that Celestiall Breed
 Which *Jove* presented *Tros* for *Ganymede*,
 The best that e're beheld the glorious Sun.
 Which Prince *Anchises* from *Laomedon*,
 Getting his Mares in private cover'd, stole.
 In his high Stables six of them did Foal;
 Four he reserv'd, these two *Aeneas* gave,
 Which are so swift, and so much Beauty have.
 If these we get, great Honour we shall gain.

(c) See Note (d) before.

Thus they discours'd, whilst those come up amain.
 Then to *Tydidēs* thus *Lycaon's* Son;

Thou who in Arms so great Repute hast wone,
 Whom no plum'd Shaft nor winged Steel can kill,
 Now I'll make Triall if this Javelin will.

This said, at him a ponderous Spear he threw,
 Which pierc'd his Target and his Breast-plate through.

Then *Pandarus* cry'd; Thou hast a deadly Wound,
 Soon thou wilt fall, and I shall be renown'd.

He thus replies with an undaunted Heart;

I am not hurt, and thou mistaken art:

But I suppose that one of you at least,

E're we depart, *Mars* with his Bloud shall feast.

This said, he throws; the Launce ^(g) *Minerva* guides,
 Which through his Nose and Teeth his ^(h) Tongue di-
 Out at his Chin the sharp point passage found: (vides.
 He from the Chariot falls, his Arms resound.

The frighted Horses tremble, whilst cold Death
 Arrests his Body, and dischargeth Breath.

But

(g) *Homer* makes *Minerva* direct the Weapon, it being otherwise improbable that *Diomed*, being on Foot, should so wound *Pandarus* in his Chariot, that the Point of the Spear entering at his Nose, near the great Angle of the Eye, should come out again at his Chin.

(h) *In quo quis peccat, in eodem ple-ctitur*: *Pandarus* receives his Death by a Wound in his Mouth, as having in that part principally offended, in his Tongue, by Perjury and Boasting. Thus *Phereclus*, who built *Paris* his Ship, wherein he made his lascivious Expedition, receives a dishonourable Wound in his Thigh: thus *Venus* is hurt in her Hand, which she made use of to seduce her Sex to Lewdness; and another loseth his Hand, whose Father employed him in receiving Bribes, *Paris* out-bidding *Menelaus*.

But stout *Aeneas* with his Spear and Shield,
 Fearing the Foe should drag him off the Field,
 Went round him as a Lion rounds his Charge;
 Covering his Body with his ample Targe,
 Resolv'd to kill the first durst venture on.
 At whom *Tydidēs* cast ⁽ⁱ⁾ a ponderous Stone,
 Which two such men hardly from Earth could raise
 As worn out Nature brings forth now-adaies;
 Which hit him on the ^(k) Thigh: the sharp-edg'd Point
 Dissects the Nerves knit the Sciatick Joynt.
 He fell on's Knees, his Hand upon the Ground,
 His Eyes Night's sable Curtain circling round.
 And here this *Trojan* General had dy'd,
 Had not *Jove's* Daughter, *Venus*, then espy'd
 Her belov'd Son, got in *Anchises* Bed,
 When he his Flocks near flowry *Simois* fed.
 Her snowy Arms his Body did impale,
 Protecting him with her Celestiall ^(l) Veil,
 Lest that his dearest Bloud had there been spill'd;
 And brought him off in Safety from the Field.
 But *Sthenelus*, remembring the Command
 Of *Diomed*, made his swift Horses stand.
 The Steeds he seiz'd, so beauteous, strong and large,
 And left them to *Deipylus* his Charge,
 Whom most he honoured, who best could find
 The likeliest Objects to content his Mind.

This done, his Chariot he with Speed ascends,
 And with loose Reins after *Tydidēs* bends.
 He, with his fiery Horses at his Heel,
 Pursu'd fair *Venus* with infesting Steel.
 The tender Goddess well he understood
 Detested War, nor took delight in Bloud;
 No dreadfull *Pallas* nor *Bellona*, who
 Cities destroy, and mighty Realms undoe.

R

(i) Of the like Stone thrown after by
Ajax, thus *Agathias*, lib. 1.

Μί με δ' Αἰάντιον ἀνοχμάσσεται, ὅστις
 Πάρος, ἀκορπύων στήθεσσι· Ἐκτορεῖ.
 Εἰμὶ μέλαις στήθεσσι. σὺ δ' εἶπας θεῶν ὄ-
 μνην,

Πῶς τῷ Περαιίδῳ ἀνέκυλμα πέδῳ.
 Νῦν δ' ὡλὸς βαῖον με παροχλίσσει ἀέρας
 Ἀνδρῶν, γυνὴς ἀδράα λυγρῆς.

Move me not, Passenger, but let me rest,
 Who once great Hector hit upon the
 Breast.

I'm black and rough. Ask Homer, he
 will tell,

How Priam's Off-spring I to Earth did
 fell.

Now many me with Levers scarce scan
 wag.

The Scorn of this weak Age! my self I
 brag.

Which argues the decline of Strength
 in the men of succeeding Ages: whence
Juvénal, entreating of the vast Stones
 taken up and thrown by the Hero's of
 old, concludes that Discourse with this
 observation, *Sat. 15.*

*Terra malos Homines nunc educat at-
 que pusillos.*

Earth now breeds Men in nought but
 Mischief great.

To which passage parallel is this of
Lucretius, lib. 2.

*Jamque adeo fracta est Aetas, effetaeque
 Tellus,*

*Vix Animalia parva creat, quae cuncta
 creavit*

*Sæcla, deditque Ferarum ingenia corpo-
 ra parum.*

And now this broken Age and barren
 Earth,

Which all things bred, scarce brings small
 Insects forth,

That gave wild Beasts huge Bodies at their
 birth.

Such another Stone *Enripides* in his
Phaniss. calls ἀμαζωνιά, a Cart-load;
 and speaking of that taken up and
 thrown by *Polyphemus*, he thus de-
 scribes it in his *Cyc.*

Τεισὼν ἀμαζωνίᾳ
 Ἀγχιμὼν βάεσθαι.

The ponderous Stone contains

A Bulk would load three Wains.

This excessive Strength of those of
 that Age *Corn. Celsus* imputes to their
 stirring and active life, and tem-
 perate Diet, by reason whereof our
 Poet subjects the *Greeks* to such Dis-
 eases onely as had in them ἰσχυρὰ, and
 were inflicted by some injur'd, and
 thence angry, *Deity*: whence they had
 few Physicians amongst them, and
 those vers'd more in Chirurgery then
 Medicine.

(k) *Gr. ἰσχὺς, i. Acetabulum coxae*,
 the Hollowness wherein the Huckle-
 bone runneth.

(l) Not that it was of proof to de-
 fend him from their Weapons, but one-
 ly to conceal and cover him from their
 Sight.

Her

Her (following close) at last he overtook,
 And with a Leap, his Arm advancing, ^(m) struck
 (A Mortal thus a Goddess did assail,)
 Her ⁽ⁿ⁾ softer Hand, through that *Ambrosian* Veil
 The ^(o) Graces wrought, which Heav'nly ^(p) Bloud di-
 Such as flows chanell'd in Celestiall Veins. (stains,
 Gods eat no ^(q) Bread, nor drink inflaming Wine;
 Thence Bloudless are, Immortal, and Divine.
 Casting her Burthen down, she shrieks aloud:
 Him *Phæbus* shelters in a dusky Cloud,
 Lest taken by the *Greeks* he should be kill'd.
 Then *Diomed*; *Jove's* Daughter, leave the Field.
 Is't not enough that by seducing Arts
 Thou triumph'st o're fond Womens conquer'd Hearts;
 But that in War thou studiest to be fam'd,
 Which henceforth thou shalt tremble at but nam'd?
 Thus he: but ^(r) *Iris* from the Fight convey'd
 Fair *Cytherea* vext, and much dismay'd,
 Opprest with Sorrow, and perplexed with Care,
 Her Limbs discolour'd, late so wonderous fair;
 Where on the left Wing *Mars* conceal'd she found,
 His Horses by, his Javelin on the Ground.
 She on her Knees, casting her self before
 Her dearest Brother, thus did him implore:

(m) Dion. Longinus speaking of this and such like passages of Homer, These, saith he, are formidable, and, unless Allegorically understood, plainly Atheistical, and besides all Decorum. For truly Homer, if my Opinion be anything, when he brings in his Gods wounded, siding, revenging, weeping, bound, damnified, elevates the Actors in the Trojan War into the Throne, of the Gods, and degrades again the Divinity of the Gods, and renders them mortal. *Ἡμῖν μὲν θεοὶ δαμνῶνται καὶ πόνον ἔχουσιν ὁ δὲ θεὸς τῶν θεῶν δ' ἔτι πῦρ ἐστίν, ἀλλὰ τὴν ἀποχάσαν ἀπὸ τῶν αἰώνων.* For whereas Death to us is a certain Haven and Repose after all our Unhappiness, he makes not the Nature of his Gods more eternal than their Infelicity. Much better doth he, where he describes ἀθάνατον πρὸς καὶ μέγα πρὸ δαμόνων, the Godhead as immensurable, void of Mixture, and not liable to Corruption: as where speaking of Neptune he thus majestically sets him forth, Iliad XIII.

—πῦρ δ' ἔσται μετὰ καὶ ὕλη
 Πόνον ὅτ' ἀθανάτων Πόνος δ' αὖτ' ἴσθ'.

—The Mountains trembled and the Wood,
 Where ere th' immortal Feet of Neptune trode.

And after in the same Rhapsody,

Βῆ δ' ἔλδαν ἐπὶ κύματ' ἀπὸ πύργου
 Πάριον ἐκ κορυφῆς, ὃν ἠγνοῖσιν ἀνακταί
 Γηθοσύνην δ' ἀλάστω δίστατο τοῖς δὲ πόντοισιν.

O're Waves he drives; Whales dancing
 in a Ring,
 Leaving their Caves, pay Homage to
 their King;
 Glad Seas divide, and through his Horses
 fling.

Which Description of our Poet's he compares with that of *Moses*, whom he, though a Heathen, gives an ample *Encomium*, calling him, ὃς ἔστιν ἀνὴρ, an excellent Personage, in the first of *Gen.* or Beginning; so he, of his Book of Laws, where he aggrandizeth the Power of the Divinity to the highest pitch, saying, *God spake, what? Let there be Light, and there was Light.* Tullie in his first *Tusculane* passeth upon this and other such places of our Poet this Censure: *Homerus humana ad Deos transulit, Divina male ad nos; Homer*, saith he, ascribing things proper onely to Men to the Gods, communicates again to Men things peculiar onely to the Gods.

(n) *Plutarch in Quest. Convival.* querying in what Hand *Venus* was hurt, resolves it to be her right, for that *Diomed* pursuing her flying, her right was opposite to his. Besides, letting *Aeneas* fall upon receiving that Hurt, it's very probable that Hand of that Arm was wounded which carried him, that is, the right, we using this most commonly, as being the strongest of the two, at least the most active. Lastly, *Juno* and *Minerva* deride her after, ὡς χειρὶ κατὰ πόδας τὰς γυναικας, as stroaking those she minded to inveigle with her Hand, that is, τῇ δεξιᾷ ἡμαρτῇ, saith the Schol. with her right Hand doubtless.

(o) The Graces were the constant Attendants and Retainers to *Venus*.

(p) *Gr. ἰχέρ*, which, saith *Non. Marcell.* est aquosus humor sanguinis, is the more serous substance of the Bloud. *Est.* makes it the *Chylus*, an Humour analogous to Bloud, and converted into it.

(q) Meat and Drink being no more supporters of Life then procurers of Corruption, more having perished by Surfeits then by Famine, and by Intemperance then the Sword it self, he removes all kinds of Food and Sustenance from his Gods, allowing them onely Nectar and *Ambrosia*, which *Porphyrus* here supplies, to complete the Sense.

(r) *Iris* is said to be fleet, or swift of Feet, πάλαιμ' ὡς, as the Wind, in respect of her sudden Apparition in the Air, and disappearing again as suddenly. *Iris*, as having ἰσπερ δὲ ἴριον, something *Venerable* or amiable in her, in respect of the diversity and variety of her Colours, is made also a Friend and Associate of *Venus*; inasmuch as some make Love to be begot between her and *Zephyrus*.

Tender

Tender my Safety, and thy Chariot lend,
That I may to *Olympick* Seats ascend.

A Mortal hurt me, who would not retire
From *Jove* himself, though arm'd with dreadfull Fire

This said, his Steeds with Golden Reins he lent,
And full of Pain and Passion in she went.

Next *Iris* mounts, taking the Reins and Whip,
And lashing drives them on, no time let slip.

The mettld Horses scale Heav'n's steep Aboads,
Reaching with Speed the Mansions of the Gods:

Whom *Iris*, taking off their Harness, led
Where on *Ambrosian* Delicates they fed.

To her blest Mother straight fair *Venus* went,
And, on her Knees her Wrongs did represent.

Whom fair *Dione* pitying did stroke,
And, her imbracing in her Arms, thus spoke:

What boisterous God so rude hath been, that he
Thus like a Malefactor punish'd thee?

Then *Venus* thus; This Bloud *Tydid* shed,
This Wound I got from impious *Diomed*;

Because my Son *Aeneas*, my Delight,
I strove to bear in Safety from the Fight.

The *Greeks* no more with *Trojans* now contend,
But 'gainst immortal Gods their Forces bend.

When thus *Dione Venus* did persuade;

Daughter, be patient, be not so dismay'd:
Thou not the ⁽¹⁾ first who in these Seats reside
Hast suffer'd from mens Insolence and Pride.

And again;
*Dulce in immensis posito Ruinis,
Neminem latus habuisse Vultus.
Ille deplorat queriturque Fatum,
Qui secans Fluctum Rate singulari,
Nudus in Portus cecidit petitos.
Æquior casum tulit & Procellas,
Mille qui Ponto pariter Carinas
Obrui videt, Tabulæque litus
Naufragâ spargi, Mare cum coactis
Fluctibus Corus prohibet reverti.*

We easier suffer Misery
When salt Tears blubber every eye.
He his sad Fortune more bewails,
Who single through swoln Billows sails,
And naked his with'd Harbour finds:
But lesser he his Losses minds
Who saw a thousand Vessels bore
On Sands, or sunk, or wreck'd a-shore,
With Planks and Goods the Ocean strew'd,
A royall Fleet by Storm subdu'd.

(1) She comforts her Daughter
by re-minding her of other Deities as
ill entreated by Mortals as her self,
instanc'g after in severall; this being a
common Topick of Consolation. Of
which thus *Seneca* in his *Troas*:

*Dulce morienti Populus dolentium,
Dulce Lamentis resonare Genes.
Levis Luctus Lacrymaque mordent,
Turba quas Fletu simili frequentat.
Semper, ah! semper Dolor ipse magnus
Gaudet in multos sua Fata mitti,
Sæpe non solum patuisse Poena.
Ferre quam Sortem patiuntur omnes
Nemo recusat.*

The Sad find ease, when all they see
Involv'd in like Calamitie.
Sorrow and Fears pierce not so deep,
When Nations like concerned weep.
Still, ah! still the broken Heart
Strives its Sufferings to impart;
Nor would onely be forlorn.
When Realms their sad Misfortune
mourn,
None a Tear denies.

(1) This some understand literally and historically, others allegorically and mythologically, and that divers waies. Some say that *Otus* and *Ephialtes*, being persons truly valiant, the Sons of *Iphimedia* and *Aloem*, (otherwise *Neptune*) subduing their Enemies round about, settled Peace in all their Dominions, being thence feigned to keep *Mars* in Prison in a brazen Vessell; said to be of Brasse, for its Strength, and a Jarr or Pitcher, for that the Cyprians so styled their Prison (*κλεῖμα*), which yet some make a City of *Caria*. Others by this Fable understand *δεσμὸν ἔδεσαν τῷ θυμῷ*, the mastering, or binding, of *Passion*: which Restraint *Mars* suffers both from *Otus*, that is, *ἐκ τῆς μαθητικῆς καὶ διδασκαλικῆς ἀγωγῆς*, τῇ ἐξ ἀνοῦς τῆς διὰ νότον ἡγεμονίᾳ, by such Literature and Documents as we derive by the Ear; and also from *Ephialtes*, that is, *ἐκ τῆς ἐκτακτικῆς καὶ πρὸς τὰς ἀλλοτρίους ἐπιτηδεύσεως*, by such Instructions and Doctrines as are naturally instilled into us. *Demo.* interprets it Mathematically, of some Passion or Affection of this Planet, making this brazen Vessell to be Heaven, and his Imprisonment that which the *Greeks* call *εὐεγμὸν*, and the Authour of the Book *De Mundo* makes the Irradiation or Beaming of a Planet, calling it *Profluvium Sideris*: which Restraint *Mars* suffers thirteen months, eight under *Cancer* and *Leo*, and five under other Constellations of the Zodiac. Others say that these two imprisoned *Mars* for killing *Adonis*, the Son of *Cinar*, as he was hunting upon *Libanus*, a Mountain of *Arabia*. With *Aristotle* *Otus* is a Bird which hath Wings upon its Ears, and is taken by commending it; from whence such as are vain-glorious are called *Oti*. The *Scholias*t makes the brazen Vessell (*Εὐστ.* *Otus* and *Ephialtes*, the Sons of *Aloem*) those Constellations of the Zodiac, the Lion and Crab; for that the Sun being in those Signs *ἐκκαίει πᾶσι τὰ κρῖνα καὶ τὰ κέρματα*, by scorching and parching the Fruits of the Earth is the cause τῆς ἀλωῆς, of *Harvest*, according to that of *Aratus*,

Ἐνθα μὲν πάλαιοι θεοὶ τὰς εἰσιχίδας,
 Αἱ δὲ περὶ ἀναγώνων καὶ αἰσχροῦ ἀρετῆς,
 Ἡλίου τὰ φῶτα λυγρὸν ἐκκαίειν ἔχουσιν.

Otus and *Ephialtes* attempting to force *Juno* and *Diana*, the last in Revenge of it caused them to shoot one the other, as they were levelling at a Deer, she presenting her self in that form purposely before them. They grew every moneth in breadth a Cubit, and in height the length of the *Ulna*. See *Apollodor. lib. 1.*

(u) *Eribæa* was the Step-mother of *Mercurie*.

(x) *Hermes*, that is, λόγος *Reason*: which intimates not only all things to be feasible and easie to Reason, but also the good use that may be made of the Passions, when Reason and Judgment permit them the Reins; as for the Vindication of our Lives and Liberties, and the Defence of our Country and Relations. *Εὐστ.* and *Schol.* The Poets make four *Mercuries*, or *Hermes's*; ἄβυσσος, the Earthly, ὁ λόγος *Speech* or *Reason*; ἡ γαῖα, the Heavenly, the Interpreter of *Jupiter's* *Σάδωνος*, belonging to the Ocean; and γάρυξ *Διὸς*, the infernall, it being his Office to conduct Souls to *Elysium*, and, if need were, to reduce them: whence the *Greeks* called him *μυρταῖον* and *ψυχοποιόν*.

(y) *Eurytus*, King of *Oechalia*, promising his Daughter in Marriage to him that shooting with him (*Apollo* having gratified him with that Art) should have the better, being worsted at that Exercise by *Hercules*, refused to perform his Promise; whereat *Hercules*, being highly incensed, plunders *Oechalia*, carries away *Iole* by force, and kills the Sons of *Eurytus*. Of which Bloud being purified by *Deiphobus*, he slew *Neleus* and his Sons, who had formerly refused him: in whose Defence *Juno* interposing was wounded by him in her right Breast.

(z) *Adrastus* had three Daughters, *Argia* the Wife of *Polynices*, *Deiphile* of *Tydeus*, and *Agiale* the Wife of his Son *Diomed*. *Venus* being not able to revenge her self on *Diomed*, he being protected still by *Pallas*, makes his Wife enamoured of *Cometes* the Son of *Sihelus*, to whom her Husband going for *Troy* had committed the Charge and Tuition of his Kingdom and Estate; who forced *Diomed* returning Home to fly to *Minerva's* Altar, and after to sail for *Italy*, where his Companions, being almost famished, were transformed by *Minerva* into Storks.

Though

Otus and *Ephialtes* the renown'd,
Aloem Off-spring, *Mars* (1) in Fetters bound,
 Lock'd thirteen Months up in a brazen Tower;
 So that the God had perish'd in his Flower,
 If that fair Step-dame, (u) *Eribæa*, had
 Not a Discovery (x) to *Hermes* made;
 Who secretly him from his Dungeon led,
 With macerating Fetters almost dead.
 What Grief did (y) *Juno* from *Alcides* feel?
 Her Breast he wounded with his three-fork'd Steel:
 And the like Favour did grim *Pluto* show,
 A sad Remembrance sending from his Bow.
 Just at th' Infernal Gates, and Ports which lead
 To Hell and wofull Mansions of the dead,
 He shot him through the Shoulder: Anguish drove
 Him to Heav'n's Court and Seats of Thundring *Jove*;
 Where *Pæon* drew the Shaft, and did apply
 Soft *Anodynes*, although he could not die.
 Impious Wretch that such bold Actions dar'd!
 Not Heav'n's Inhabitants his Arrows spar'd.
 (z) *Pallas* set *Diomed* on: he little knows
 How short their Lives are who the Gods oppose.
 No more shall he his Native Country see,
 Nor him his Sons call Father on his Knee.

When the Sun's Paths most hot and fiery are,
 And when scorch'd Fields of golden Corn are bare,
 Then at the Lion he sets up his Car.

Though thou, *Tydidēs*, dost such Courage vant,
Beware of meeting one more valiant.

Not long ^(a) *Ægiale*, whom thou didst wed
A Virgin, shall preserve thy Marriage-Bed,
Sighing for thee, and early rising all
Her Servants to their severall Business call.

(a) See the last Note of the Page
foregoing.

This said, her wounded Hand, which festring rag'd,
Cleansing the cur'd, and bitter Pains asswag'd.

When *Juno* set on *Pallas* to provoke
Jove once again, ^(b) who glancingly thus spoke;

(b) *Homer* makes *Minerva*, not *Juno*,
to deride *Venus*, as the younger of the
two, and her professed Enemy: Mytho-
logically, *ὡς ἑταῖρά μιν ἀνιδίη*, one that
was chaste, and unblemished, her that
was loose; Allegorically, *τῇ ἀλαζείᾳ ἡ
ἑταῖρα*, one that was judicious her who
was inconsiderate. *Enst.*

Me for my Story, Father, do not blame:

Venus enticing of some *Græcian* Dame

To wait upon her to the *Phrygian* Coast,

And love some *Trojan*, whom she honours most,

Her tender Hand (endeavouring to prevail)

Raz'd on the Golden Button of her Veil.

At this *Jove* smil'd, and then to *Venus* spake;

Dear Daughter, War's Affairs don't undertake:

Look thou to Joys of Love and Nuptial Rites,

Leaving to *Mars* and *Pallas* bloody Fights.

Thus they discoursing did the Battel view.

But stout *Tydidēs* at *Æneas* flew,

Knowing that him ^(c) *Apollo* did protect,

And to the Deity gave no Respect.

He still desir'd the *Trojan* to destroy,

And, having slain him, his fair Arms to enjoy.

Three times he rush'd trying him to have kill'd;

As oft *Apollo* interpos'd his Shield:

When a fourth time making a deadly Blow,

Thus *Phæbus* did his high Displeasure show;

Adventure not, *Tydidēs*, 'gainst such Odds,

Nor think thy self an equal to the Gods.

Celestiall Powers, who walk Heav'n's Starry Round,

Are not like Mortals crawling on the Ground.

(c) This *Enst.* understands *ἡ ἀνιπαρτία*, of Fate, saying, it was long of
Apollo, that is, Destiny, that *Diomed*
slew not *Æneas*.

This

This said, the *Græcian* by degrees retreats,
 Waving the Danger of *Apollo's* Threats.
 The God convey'd *Æneas* from the Plain
 To Sacred *Troy*, where stood his stately Fane.
 There him *Latona* and *Diana* cur'd,
 And of their future Care and Love assur'd.
 But *Phæbus* like *Æneas* to the Field
 An Image brought, so arm'd, and such a Shield.
 The *Greeks* and *Trojans* round about it throng :
 Light Targets then and their round ^(d) Bucklers rung.
 When thus to cruel *Mars* great *Phæbus* calls ;

Thou who delight'st in Bloud and battering Walls,
 Wilt thou not take this fierce *Tydidēs* off,
 Who now dares fight with *Jove*, and Thunder scoff?
Venus he hurt, Bloud from her fair Hand gush'd.
 Next like a God gainst me the Mortal rush'd.

Phæbus, this said, repos'd on *Troy's* high Tower ;
 Whilst *Mars* cheers up the fainting *Trojan* Power,
 Resembling *Acamas* who the *Thracians* led ;
 And thus to *Priam's* Sons he chiding said ;

How long will you suffer your men to fall ?
 Untill the *Greeks* shall scale *Troy's* lofty Wall ?
Æneas, (Son of that renowned Sire)
 Whom we like *Hector* for his Parts admire,
 Lies now hemm'd in with Foes : come let us strive
 To disengage and bring him off alive.
 These Words gave force to Nerves with Toil relax'd :
 When thus *Sarpedon*, noble *Hector* tax'd ;

Where is thy former Strength and Courage gone ?
 Thou once didst glory, that thou wouldst alone
 Defend 'gainst all the *Græcian* Army *Troy*,
 And but thy ^(e) Brothers and thy Kin employ.
 But these, I see, fight at no better Rate
 Then fearfull Hounds when they a Lion bait.

(d) *Gr. λαυρία*, so called, either for that they were *λαῖνοι* rough, being made of untann'd or raw Hides, the Hair left on ; or *διὰ τὸ ἐν τῇ λαίᾳ ὄψεσθαι*, for that they wore them on the left Arm only. These were light, as being of a small Compass, and made of the Skins of Goats.

(e) So numerous was *Priam's* Progeny, he having fifty Sons, besides Daughters, whereof seventeen were wedded.

'Tis we Auxiliars carry on the War.
 From *Lycian* Realms and Countries distant far,
 From *Xanthus* I did an Assistent come,
 Leaving my dearest Wife and Son at Home,
 With large Possessions, Gold and Silver store,
 The late and early Wishes of the Poor.
 Yet I my *Lycians* chear, and do prepare
 To enterchange with yon bold *Greek* a Spear;
 Though I have nothing here that lies at Stake,
 Of which the greedy Foe may Purchase make.
 But thou stand'st still, nor dost thy Troups excite,
 For their dear Country and their Wives to fight.
 The Foes have spread their^(f) Nets, like Hunters lurk,
 And how to ruine you make't all their Work;
 And soon this lofty City they'll destroy.
 You Night and Day should all your Care imploy,
 Th' Auxiliary Princes to persuade
 Bravely to fight, and Factions to evade.

Great *Hector*, with *Sarpedon's* Language nipp'd,
 Compleatly arm'd down from his Chariot leap'd,
 And shaking Javelins 'mongst the Squadrons flew,
 Chearing them up: the Battell they renew;
 The *Trojans* turn: what Ground the *Greeks* had got,
 Closing their Ranks they kept, nor shrink one jot.
 As lighter Husks with winnowing Breezes born,
 When *Ceres* fanns on ^(g) sacred Floor her Corn;
 The whistling Gale the dusty Showr beats off,
 Till Heaps condense with empty silver Chaff:
 So the bold *Gracians* shew'd with Dust involv'd,
 Which Horses Feet to Atomes had dissolv'd.
 The Chariots turn and furiously assail,
 Whilst *Mars* draws o're the Field a misty Veil,
 And Aide each-where the *Trojans* did afford,
 Obeying *Phæbus* with the golden Sword,

Who

(f) *Enst.* observes, that in the Heroick Age Fishing was not in use, nor yet Fowling, Fish and Fowl not being in all their Bill of Fare, saving onely in case of extreme Hunger and Penury.

(g) He calls the Threshing-Floor *sacred*, not onely as being consecrate to *Ceres*, and in a sort her Temple; but in regard also of the great Commodity that accrues thence to men: for which cause Cities also before are styled *sacred*.
Enst.

Who had perceiv'd *Minerva* in the Field,
The *Greeks* Protectress, with her ample Shield.

He from the Temple then *Aeneas* brought,
And with recruited Strength his Bosome fraught.
But when the *Trojans* saw their Prince alive,
Fresh Resolution did their Souls revive,
Rejoycing to behold him safe and sound,
Standing amongst his Squadron's circled round.
But *Mars* and *Phæbus* had so hard a Task
Impos'd on these, they could no Questions ask.
Both th' *Ajaxes* and bold *Tydidēs* here,
With wise *Ulysses*, did the *Græcians* cheer :
Nor did th' advancing *Trojans* them deject ;
But standing firmly they their Charge expect,
As gloomy Clouds, drawn up by *Jove's* Command,
Cloathing a Mountain, in one Posture stand,
When in a Calm the Winds all silent lie,
Which Vapours should disperse, and clear the Sky :
So stood the *Greeks* ; whilst *Agamemnon* goes (Foes ;
Through Ranks and Files, thus chearing Friends 'gainst
Souldiers, both Comfort and fresh Courage take,
Shew your selves Men, do not your Ranks forsake.

(b) So *Tiræus* in *Stolæus*,

Οὐ μὲν γὰρ πολὺντι παρ' ἀλλήλοισι μένοντες
'Ες τ' αὐτοχρήστω καὶ σεμνέχους ἵναται,
Παυροτέρῃσι δυνάμεσσι, οὐκ οὐδ' ἁλὶν ἐπὶ πᾶσι.
Τῶν αὐτῶν δ' ἀνδρῶν πᾶσι ἀπὸ δυνάμει ἀρετῇ.

They who resolv'd to one another stand,
Lose fewest, and preserve whom they
command.

Charge boldly then ; your Qualities and
Parts

Signifie nothing without valiant Hearts.

(i) *Homer* propounding *Agamemnon* as the Exemplar of a Commander in chief, brings him in not onely encouraging his Army, but engaging in Person with them that dared most ; nothing more encouraging the common Souldier then the Example of their General. Hence that Adage of *Philip*, *κρεῖττον εἶναι στρατιῶν ἐλάττω, λιόντων ἢ κερῶν*, &c. That better was a Herd of Deer, a Lion being their Leader, then an Army of Lions commanded by a Deer ; those last being but a Headleis Body and mere Trunk, according to that of *Epaminondas* the *Theban*, who, upon the sight of a goodly Army which wanted one to command it, cried out, *ὁρᾶτε δυνάμει καὶ κεφαλὴν οὐκ ἔχου*, *How goodly a Host ! yet hath it no Head.*

(b) In Fight the Timorous, not the Valiant, die :
Safety and Honour flies from them that flie.

This said, ⁽ⁱ⁾ his Spear he 'mongst the foremost threw,
And stout *Aeneas* Friend, *Deicoon*, slew,
Honour'd like *Priam's* Sons, who oft the brunt
So bravely had sustained in the Front.
Him on his Shield struck *Agamemnon's* Spear,
Which met so slender Opposition there,
That it through Belt and Belly passage found.
He falls, Earth thunders, and his Arms resound.
Enrag'd at his Mischance, *Aeneas* two
Princes admired for their Valour slew,

Orsiloebus

Orfiochus and *Crethon*, *Diocles* Sons,
 Whose wealthy Father stately Mansions
 In *Phera* had, who from ^(k) *Alpheus* Floud,
 Which sandy *Pylos* waters, fetch'd his Bloud.
 The River got *Orfiochus* the King,
 And from *Orfiochus* *Diocles* did spring :
 From him ^(l) *Orfiochus* and *Crethon* sprung,
 Both valiant Princes, beautifull, and young ;
 Who with the *Gracians* left the *Argive* Shore,
 And Arms to honour *Agamemnon* bore,
 Sailing with him to *Ilium* through the Main :
 But here they met their Fates, and here were slain.
 As Mountain ^(m) Lions, whom their Mother bred
 In shady Coverts, by their Fury led,
 Kill folded Sheep and Cattel in the Stall,
 Till by revengefull Shepherds Steel they fall :
 So did *Aeneas* shed these Princes Bloud ;
 They fell, that like two stately Cedars stood.
 But *Menelaus*, pitying their Mischance,
 Came to the Front, and boldy shook his Launce,
 Shining in Arms, by *Mars* provok'd, that he
 Might slaughter'd by *Aeneas* make up Three.
 When *Nestor's* Son, *Antilochus*, beheld
 Him undertaking one in Arms excell'd,
 He doubted much the overweening King
 Might by his Suffering all in Danger bring.
 Now they 'gainst one another did advance,
 And shook their Spears, resolv'd to take their Chance.
 Then straight *Antilochus* came to his Side.
 But when *Aeneas* two to one espy'd,
 Though valiant, he retir'd, and straight they two
 Off their Friends Bodies by him slaughter'd drew,
 And with such wofull Gifts their Friends present ;
 Then back into the bloody Battel went :

S

Where

^(k) *Alpheus*, a River in *Elis*, so called
 from its Medicinable quantity, or virtue
 of Curing *τὸν ἰσχυρὸν*, the Leprosie.

^(l) Grand-children anciently bore
 the name of their Grand-fathers, that
 so they might remember their Proge-
 nitors, and perpetuate and, if possible,
 eternize their Name. *Eust.* adds, *ἵνα*
ἐξαρτῶν τὸ ὄνομα, that they might make
 good that name of their Ancestors, by
 imitation of their commendable Acti-
 ons.

^(m) Naturalists write of the Lic-
 nets, that, having two Teats onely, she
 never hath more then two at a time ;
 and that onely once, her young ones
 so tearing her Breast, that she is ever
 after barren. *Eust.*

Where *Menelaus* left *Pylamen* dead,
 Who up the well-arm'd *Paphlagonians* led,
 Running him through the Shoulder with his Spear.
Antilochus wounded his bold Charioteer,
Mydon, on th'Elbow, good *Atymnius* Son,
 (Whilst he brought round his Horses) with a Stone.
 From his numb'd Fingers drop his Ivory Reins,
 Where bloody Dust their curious Tincture stains.
 Then his two-edged Sword his Temples cleaves,
 Who on his Head and Shoulders Earth receives:
 His Heels upright, he stood upon his ⁽ⁿ⁾ Crown,
 Untill his trampling Horses trod him down.
Antilochus the seized Steeds straight whips
 Down from the Battell to the *Gracian* Ships.
 At this in *Hector* flew, and raging led
 The *Trojan* Troups, who follow without Dread.
 Great *Mars* and stern ^(o) *Bellona* went before.
 She in her Hand a dreadfull Tumult bore:
 The God of War, shaking a mighty Spear,
 Now brings up *Hector's* Van, and now his Rear.
 Beholding this *Tydid* stops: As one
 Incountring, when he many Miles hath gone,
 A swelling Torrent hurried to the Main,
 Observing how it foams, goes back again:
 So from the Battell *Diomed* retir'd,
 And said; O Friends, how much to be admir'd
 Is valiant *Hector*, who contemns all Odds,
 Preserv'd from Slaughter by some favouring Gods!
Mars now in humane Shape assists his Rage.
 Let us retreat, nor 'gainst such Powers engage.
 Near them by this the valiant *Trojans* drew.
Hector Menesthes and *Anchialus* flew:
 These expert Hero's in one Chariot went.
Ajax their sad Misfortune did lament,

And,

(n) *Gr. βρεχμων*, which signifies the fore-part or Mould of the Head, so called διὰ τὸ οἶον βρεχέσθαι τὸ τοῦ μῆτος, καὶ ὑγρότατον εἶναι, καὶ ἀπαλὸν τοῖς βρέεσιν, because it is the moistest part of the Skull, and in Children the most tender. *Aristotle* saith, it is the weakest Bone that integrates the Pan of the Brain.

(o) Of *Bellona's*, or *Enyo's*, Pedigree, thus *Hesiod* in *Theogon.* v. 270.

Φόρυγ' δ' αὖ Κνω Τεγίας τίκα καλλι-
 παρῆς,
 'Εκ γυναικὸς Πελίας· τὰς δὲ Γεῖας καλέ-
 κων
 'Αδύατοί τε Σοὶ χαμαὶ ἐργάζονται τ' ἀν-
 δρωπων·
 Περφιδί τ' εὐπύκον, 'Ενυὸς τε κεκρόπι-
 πλον,
 Γοργῶς δ' αἰ ναῖεσι πέλω λαντῶ 'Οκα-
 αροῖς,
 'Ερσην πέρις νυκτὸς, ἢν 'Εσπερίδης με-
 γάρωνι.

Phorcys on *Ceto* got the *Grae*, all
 White from their Birth, whom Gods
 and men so call;
 Bright-veil'd *Pepredo*, *Enyo* Saff-on-
 dy'd,
 And *Gorgons* which beyond the Main
 reside,
 There where dark Night extends her
 utmost bound,
 And murmuring *Hesperides* resound.
 Her Disposition, much like that of
Pallas, is thus described in the same
 Poem, v. 925.

Δηνῶν, ἀργουδοῖμον, ἀλγιστον, ἀφρυπῶν,
 Πίτνια, ἢ κίλαδι τε ἄδον, πόλεμοι τε, μέ-
 γα τε.

Untam'd, fierce, awfull, who in Noise
 delights,
 Pleas'd with dire Bickermments and
 dreadfull Fights.

Max. Tyrius Dissert. 27. saith, that
Phidias pourtraied this Assistant of
Mars very tall, with her *Aegis*, a
 Helmet, a Spear, and a Shield. Her
 Priests sacrificed not others Blood to
 her, but their own, cutting and slathing
 their Shoulders and Arms: so *Lucan.*
 lib. 1.

—quos scellis Bellona Lacertis

Sava movet, cecinere Deos—

—Bellona's Priests, with launced Arms,
 L'voke the Gods—

And, drawing near, a ponderous Javelin threw,
 Which *Selagus* Son, renown'd *Amphius*, slew,
 Who rich in *Pæsus* dwelt; forc'd by his Fate
 To aid King *Priam* and the *Trojan* State.
 The Spear through Belt and Belly passage found.
 He falls, Earth thunders, and his Arms resound.
 To gain his glorious Arms in *Ajax* flies,
 Whilst Showrs of *Trojan* Javelins dim the Skies,
 Which lighting on his ample Target stuck.
 He treading on the Body forth did pluck
 His Lance, but could not get the Arms, so hot
 Javelins the *Trojans* threw, and Arrows shot.
 That he by Foes may be hemm'd in he fears,
 Who strong and many charg'd with mighty Spears.
 Though huge, though bold, they forc'd him from his
 Thus various Fortunes spend a bloody Day. (Prey.

Tlepolemus next, instigated by
 Th' Approches of his cruel Destiny,
 Here with ^(p) *Sarpedon* needs must change a Spear.
 When both advanced within Distance were,
 Ready to throw, *Jove's* Nephew thus begun
 In ranting Terms to *Jove's* illustrious Son;

What forc'd thee, fond *Sarpedon*, to desert
Lycia, since thou in Arms art unexpert?
 I say they lie who thee *Jove's* Off-spring style;
 Thou art to such inferiour and vile.
 Such was my Father *Hercules* of old,
 A Lion's Heart his Bosome did infold:
 Who, when *Laomedon's* Steeds he did demand,
 From six small Vessels a few men did land,
 With which he wealthy *Troy* did take and ^(q) sack.
 But thou dost both his Strength and Courage lack,
 Nor to relieve proud *Ilium* able art
 With thy small Forces. But suppose thou wert,

S 2

And

(p) *Sarpedon* was the Son of *Jupiter* by *Europa*, *Jupiter* presenting himself to her, as she was gathering Flowers, in the form of a lovely Ox, Saffron growing out at his Nostrils, and so mild and gentle, that he permitted her to sit on his Back, wafting her over the Sea to *Crete*, where he had by her *Sarpedon*, *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*. *Homer* makes him descended of *Jupiter* and *Laodamia* the Daughter of *Bellerophon*. *Jupiter* gave him the Privilege to survive three Ages. *Apoll. de Deor. Orig.* l. 3.

(q) *Gr. ἡρώων δ' ἀγυῖα, Heroin's d' their Streets*. Whereupon *Strabo lib. 13.* moves this Question, why they of *Ilium* offering Sacrifice to *Achilles*, *Patroclus*, *Antilochus* and *Ajax*, who utterly demolished their City and depopulated their Country, should not shew any the least respect to *Hercules*, by whom they suffered nothing so much. Which he imputes to some secret Cause, and not to that which is commonly rendred, viz. that the *Gracians* War against them being just, the others was otherwise.

And all those Hero's didst in Arms excell,
This Hand should fix thee to the Gates of Hell.

Sarpedon then; *Tlepolemus*, 'tis true,
Thy Father sacred *Ilium* overthrew :
Laomedon too rashly him deny'd,
And with harsh Words his Kindness gratifi'd,
Detaining promis'd Steeds, for which so far
He ventur'd : this brought on that fatal War.
But I thy Death and wofull Slaughter bear,
Which I present thee by this ponderous Spear.
Here thou shalt fall, and I the Honour boast,
To send thy Soul to the Infernall Coast.

This said, they both at once their Javelins cast.
Quite through *Tlepolemus* Neck *Sarpedon*'s past,
Closing his Eyes in dark Eternity.
But *Jove* averts the other's Destiny ;
Though in *Sarpedon*'s Thigh, close by the Joynt,
Amongst the Bones fast stuck the cruel Point.
His carefull Friends thence straight away him bear,
Extremely tortur'd with the festring Spear ;
And none (such Toil they had to get him off,)
Once thought of drawing out the knotty Staff.
Meanwhile the sturdy *Græcians* don't delay,
But from the Field *Tlepolemus* convey.

When this magnanimous *Ulysses* saw,
His Prudence scarce could give his Passion Law.
Awhile he with himself debating stood,
Should he in Vengeance shed *Sarpedon*'s Bloud,
Or with his *Lycians* Slaughter dye his Steel.
But Fate denies *Jove*'s Issue he should kill.
By *Pallas* mov'd, he on the *Lycians* flew,
Cæranus, *Chromius*, and *Alastor* slew,
Alcander, *Halius*, *Prytanis*, *Noemon*.
And many more had been by him o'rethrown,

But

But that bold *Hector* saw him, who straight through
The Ranks, compleatly arm'd, like Lightning flew,
Striking a Fear : at which *Sarpedon*, glad
In hope of Rescue, thus complaining said ;

Let not the *Græcians* me, great *Hector*, make
A Purchase ; me to thy Protection take,
That in your City I may end my Life,
Since I my House, my Son and loving Wife
No more shall see. The *Trojan* nought reply'd,
But fiercely on amongst his Foes did ride,
Striving to put the Enemy to Flight,
And many Souls send to eternall Night ;
Whilst his stout Friends *Sarpedon* thence convey'd,
Placing him under a tall Beeche's Shade.
Bold *Pelagon*, of all to him most dear,
Drew from his wounded Thigh the knotty Spear.
At which he fainting ^(*) swoons, near to his Death,
Had not fresh Gales restor'd his vital Breath.

The *Greeks*, though charg'd by *Mars* and *Hector*, yet
Did never fly, but made a fair Retreat,
Withdrawing still, and little did resist :
So much the God of War did *Troy* assist.
How many first and last were overthrown
By bloody *Mars* and *Priam's* valiant Son ?
They *Teuthras*, *Trechus*, *Oenomaus* kill'd,
And bold *Orestes* well in *Horses* skill'd :
Helenus their Fury and *Oresbius* felt :
This wore a Mitre, and in ⁽¹⁾ *Hyla* dwelt
Near the *Cepheissian* Lake, 'mongst People which
Bæotia plant, and was known very rich.

When *Juno* saw the Foe such Havock make,
Slaught'ring the *Græcians*, she to *Pallas* spake ;

O thou unconquer'd Birth of thund'ring *Jove*,
Vain will our Grant to *Menelaus* prove,

Him

(*) Hence *Epicurus* endeavours to prove the Mortality of the Soul ; since that, when men are in a Trance they are no more sensible then if they were not animated or inform'd with any. Of which thus *Lucret.* l. 3.

*Quinetiam finis dum Vita vertitur
intra,
Sape aliqua sament causa labefacta
videtur
Ire Anima, & toto solvi de Corpore mem-
bra :
Quod genus est Animo male factum cum
perhibetur.*

Ere life hath from our Bosomes taken
Flight,
The Soul oft seems to be extinguish'd
quite,
The Body stiff and cold : which oft doth
chance
To those who swoon, or fall into a
Trance.

(1) *Hyla*, a City of *Cyprus*, where *Apollo* was honoured, and thence called *Hylates*. A City also of *Loeris* was so called. *Bæotia* also had its *Hyla*, as *lib. 2.* so called from *Hyla* the Daughter of *Thespius*, or for that it was well wooded. There was also another of this name between the *Sabines* Territories and the *Romans*. *Steph. Byzant.* c. 1. m. 1.

Him to return from *Troy's* Destruction safe,
If raging *Mars* we take not quickly off.
Go stop his Fury, and the *Græcians* aid.

The bright-ey'd Goddess her Commands obey'd:
And Royal *Juno* did no Time neglect,
But gets her Steeds with golden Harness deck'd.

Hebe her ⁽¹⁾ brazen Wheels straight ready makes,
Eight Spokes concentrating near the Iron Axe:
The large circumfering Fellies purest Gold,
But shod with Brass and wondrous to behold.
The orb'd Nave was form'd of massie Plate,
And Gold and Silver Webs expand her Seat.

Betwixt two Orbs the Silver Teem, at which
Were golden Yokes with Poytrels grac'd as rich.
To these great *Juno* her swift ^(u) Horses joyn'd,
On Bloud and Slaughter setting all her Mind.

^(x) But bright *Minerva*, *Jove's* illustrious Race,
That curious Veil, (conceal'd her Heav'nly Face)
Which she with no less Care than Skill had made,
Down on her Father's Marble Pavement laid:

Then straight claps on ^(v) the Thunderer's massie Arms,
Fitting her self for Fights and fierce Alarms.

And next she takes ^(z) his golden-^(a) fringed Shield:
Horror and *Terrour* the Circumference fill'd;
About the Centre ^(b) *Strife* and *Valour* were,
Pursuers *Furie*, and the Fliers *Fear*:

(1) He speaks this (saith *Enst.* according to *Demo*) Allegorically of the Air, whose inferior parts, those next the Earth, being gross and dark, like Iron or Brass, not so enlighten'd by the Reflexion of the Solar Beams, to whom of all Metalls Gold alone is sacred, its upper Region is pure and splendid, as being never obnubilated, resembling therein the purer Metalls, Gold and Silver.

(u) *Ovid. Metam.* l. 2. and so all other Poets almost, make her drawn by Peacocks.

— *halili Saturnia Currus*
Ingreddur liquidum Pavonibus Æthera pictis.

— In her rich Chariot *Juno* flies,
By gaudy Peacocks drawn through crystal Skies.

Whence *Adrian* the Emperour, amongst other *Anathems*, presented her with a Peacock of pure Gold, adorned with precious Gems. See *Nat. Comes*, l. 2. c. 4.

(x) These Verses the Ancients marked with an Asterisk, which was *Cruz decussata*, a Cross *Salire*, with a *stylus* or *Period* at every end of it: a Note they affixed onely to that which they deemed elegant and admirable. *Enst.*

(y) *Jupiter* indulged it to *Pallas* onely to wear his Arms, (a thing observed by *Aristides* in his 2. *Orat. de Pallade*) to shew the Omnipotency of Prudence, and its near Affinity and Relation to the Divine Nature. Hence *Horace* assigns her the next Seat to *Jove* himself

Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.

(z) Of this *Agis* of *Pallas* thus *Virgil*, lib. 8. speaking of *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* forging it, v. 435.

Ægidæque horrificæ, turbat æ Palladis Arma,
Certatim Squamis Serpentum Auròque polibant,
Connexosque Angues, ipsamque in pectore Divæ
Gorgonæ, dissecto vertentem lumina Collo.

Pallas first wore this *Agis* when she came to assist the Gods against the Giants. *Plutarch* writes, that for this Shield to fall off her Image or Statue was deemed prodigious, and to portend some dire Event; in *Themist.* This worn by men was called onely *Lorica*, a *Corset*, but by the Gods *Agis*, as *Servius* observes: onely *Martial*, in Flattery to *Domitian*, making him no less than a God, allows him his *Agis*, l. 7. *Epigram.* 1.

Cum vacat hæc, Cæsar, poterit Lorica vocari:
Pectore si sacro sederit, Agis erit.

(a) These Fringes were no other then Serpents, as appears by *Herodotus* in his *Melpom.* who, telling that the *Greeks* borrowed the Vest and *Agis* of their Images of *Minerva* from the *Libyans*, saith, that the Shields differed in this onely, that whereas the Fringe of the *Græcian* Shield was Thongs onely of Leather, the other's was Serpents.

(b) These were either Figures decyphered upon her Shield, or the Qualities and Effects of Prudence and Valour. So *Enst.*

Yet after *Jove*, with the next place
We *Pallas* grace.

These angry *Pallas* dreadfull Target mould,
And wrought her Arms with Dragons Scales and Gold.
This *Gorgon's* Head with twisted Serpents plies,
Rowling in Death's Convulsion dying Eyes.

These Arms laid by a common Target make;
And on thy Breast we for *Jove's* *Agis* take.

Amidst,

Amidst, that horrid Monster, ^(c) Gorgon's Head,
 Jove's direst Omen, fierce and full of Dread.
 Then fits his crested Cask, which ring'd with Gold
 A ^(d) hundred compleat Garrisons might hold.
 Thus glorious she the Chariot did advance;
 Then takes his huge, his strong and ponderous Lance,
 With which, descended from so great a Sire,
 Squadrons of Hero's feel her vengefull Ire.
 But Juno lash'd her Steeds. Heav'n's ^(e) Portall roar'd
 On grinding Hindges, of their own Accord
 Opening to her, still guarded by the ^(f) Hours,
 Who clear the Skies, or cloud them with thick Shows.
 They drove their willing Horses, till they found
 Where Jove the highest of Heav'n's Arches crown'd,
 Sitting apart. Juno her Chariot stay'd,
 And to Saturnius thus the Goddeſs ſaid:

Canst thou well pleas'd see Mars thus ill imploy'd?
 How many valiant Greeks hath he deſtroy'd?
 And muſt diſfiguring Sorrow veil my Brow,
 Whilſt Phæbus armed with a ſilver Bow
 And Venus ſmile, by whoſe Incouragement
 This lawleſs Tyrant to the Battell went?
 Wilt thou be angry if I put to Flight
 This Homicide, that rageth thus in Fight?

Then Jove reply'd; Pallas imploy, ſhe knows
 Beſt how to thwart him, and his Rage oppoſe.

This ſaid, her Steeds ſhe laſh'd, who ſwiftly fly
 Betwixt the Tow'r-crown'd Earth and Starry Sky.
 As ^(g) far as from a Hill a youthfull Swain
 Can to the Offin ken the purple Main;
 So far at every Stretch her Horses get.
 But when they came where both the Rivers met,
 Where Simoeis ſilver Stream Scamander's weds,
 Juno unharnes'd there her foamy Steeds,

Whom

(c) By Gorgon's, or Momo's, head, theſe being all one, is meant *ῥαυδάτης ὄψις*, Terror onely and Conſternation: which Head is excellently deſcribed by Sidonius Apollin. *Epithil. Polem.* Gorgo tenet Pectus medium, factura videntis

Et irruata moras: nitet infidiosa superciliis

Effigies, vivitq; Animâ pereunte Venustas. Alta Ceraſtæarum ſpiris Caput aſperat atrum

Congeries; torquet maculoſa volumina mordax

Crinis; & irati dant ſibila tetra Capilli. The Gorgon's Head, which guards her Boſome, would

Change thee to Statue, ſhouldſt thou it behold.

The treacherous Face ſhines proudly, and, though dead,

Life's Beauty keeps; Snakes mitted round her Head

In ſpeckled Curls voluminouſly wreath; And biting Treſſes direly hiſſing breath.

Pausanias in *Arcad.* reports, that Pallas made a City called Tegea impre-nable, by communicating onely a little Hair cut off from her Gorgon's Head. Apollodorus ſaith, they were three Siſters, Euryale, Stheno, and Medoſa, of which the laſt onely was mortal. They had Snakes on their Heads inſtead of Hair, Teeth like Boars, Hands of Braſs, and Wings of Gold; and who-ever they looked on ſtraight petrified and converted to Stone.

(d) Not that ſo many Souldiers might ſtand and fight under it, but be- cauſe ſo many were engraven upon it. Others make it an Emblem of *ἄνευνο- νία*, of Fore-ſight and Providence, or rather of Kingly Prudence whoſe ſole Care and Thoughts ſecure ſo many Ci- ties with their Inhabitants; whoſe low- er Thoughts were typ'd out by the Fringes of Pallas Shield, which were *πολλὰ καὶ πλὴνεία*, both numerous and va- rious. *Euſt.*

(e) Theſe Gates were no other then the Clouds; though Lucian in his *Icaro-Menippus* bores a vaſt Hole or Tube from Heaven to Earth, through which both the Steam of the Sacrifices ſtruck the Noſtrils of Jupiter, and he himſelf look'd down upon Mortals.

(f) Of theſe Hours and Seasons thus Heſiod *Theogon.*

Ἐπειὶ τὸν ἥλιον ἀνιπάρησιν Ὀρίων, ἢ τὴν Ὀρεγίαν,

Ἐννομήν τε, Δίκην τε, καὶ Εἰρήνην τετα- λυμένην

Ἀλλ' ἔργ' ὀργιστὴν ἐπαυθελῶν βροτῶν.

Nex: Thetis he ſpouſ'd: the Hours ſhe bare,

Eunomia, Dice, and Eirene fair.

For Mortals theſe their ſeverall Tasks prepare.

(g) Dion. Longinus ſpeaking of this paſſage of our Poet, ſee, ſaith he, how Homer aggrandizeth his Deities, τὴν ὀρμὴν αὐτῶν κοσμητικὴν διακρίναντες ἐταμε- τρεῖν, meaſuring the Leaps of their very Horses by the breadth of the Horizon; ὅτι αὐτὸς τις ἐξῆς ἐποφύεσθαι οἱ τῶν θεῶν ἵπ- πων, καὶ ἐν ὁρίωνι ἐκ νέου τῶν, So that ſhould theſe Horses of the Gods take a ſecond Stretch, the World would want room for a third. So he.

(b) The *Scholiast* makes *Ambrosia* an Herb with which the Horses of the Gods used to be fed.

(c) This sort of Doves are said to leave no impression of their Feet behind them.

(k) Some make *Stentor* an *Arcadian*, others of *Thrace*. He invented, say some, *τιὸν ἐν κόκκῳ βασιλῆα*, the dying of Purple, or rather *τιὸν διὰ κύκλου βόλῳ*, the sounding, or winding, a Shell. Contending with *Mercurie* who had the ablest Voice, he was worsted by him and slain.

(*) He gives her a brazen Voice, not for its Strength so much as Audibleness, *ἡγεμόνισσός τε ἐν μάλιστα χαλκός*, Brass being the most sounding amongst Metals. *Euſt.* *Herodotus* tells of another *Stentor*, one as vocal as he, an *Egyptian* in the Army of *Xerxes*.

Whom *Simoeis* feeds with rich ^(b) *Ambrosian* Dew;
Whilst round black Curtains of a Cloud she drew.

Like ^(c) timorous Doves then silent haſt they made,
The worſted *Greeks* to ſuccour with their Aid.

At laſt they came where *Diomed* they found
Hemm'd in with many valiant Hero's round:
All look'd like Lions feaſting on their Prey,
Or ſavage Boars as furious as they.

Chang'd then to ^(k) *Stentor*, who had ^(*) brazen Lungs,
And Voices louder far then fifty Tongues,

Thus *Juno* ſaid; Baſe *Gracians*, ſie for Shame,
Who onely bear of Men the Shape and Name.

Whilst great *Achilles* did to Field reſort,
The Foe ne'r ventur'd through the *Dardan* Port;
So much his dreadfull Spear did them affright:
Now far from *Troy* they at our Navy fight.

Theſe words freſh Strength and Reſolution bred.
Then bright-ey'd *Pallas* went to *Diomed*,
And found him ſtanding by his Chariot,
Cooling the Wound which he from *Pand'rus* got,
Fainting with Sweat, not able to command
His ponderous Shield, ſo weary was his Hand;
Whom, his Belt liſting whilst the Gore he dry'd,
She leaning on the Harneſs thus did chide;

Thou nothing like thy Father *Tydeus* art,
Who ſmall of Stature had a mighty Heart:
And though his Forwardneſs I much did blame,
When from the *Greeks* Ambaſſadour he came,
And him feaſting with *Theban* Lords did curb,
Leſt Hoſpitable Boards he ſhould diſturb;
Yet he on Terms as high as ever ſtood,
By bold Deſiance ſtirring up their Bloud;
And then at eaſe ſubdu'd them as he liſt.
For him when thus ingag'd, I did aſſiſt.

As

As then thy Sire, so now I'll thee protect;
 The *Trojans* charge, nor my Commands neglect.
 If toilsome Labour thee to Rest advise,
 Or th' art detain'd by hatefull Cowardise,
 Thou shalt no more be *Tydeus* Off-spring held,
 Whose Royall Sire in Valour so excell'd.
 Then thus the Hero did his Mind impart;

Virgin, I know thee, thou *Jove's* Daughter art,
 And I'll be plain: To fight I am not loth,
 Nor am detain'd by Cowardise or Sloth,
 But thy Commands, who badst me wave such Odds,
 Nor intermeddle with immortal Gods;
 But if I *Venus* met, to let her feel,
 Although *Jove's* beauteous Race, my vengefull Steel.
 Hence I retreat, and draw off all I may;
 For *Mars* triumphing culminates this Day.

Th' illustrious Goddess then to him reply'd;
 Most dear to me, I must not be deny'd:
 For *Mars* or any God thou need'st not fear,
 Since I'll stand by thee, and assist thee there.
 'Gainst *Mars* himself direct thy mettl'd Horse,
 And fight him Hand to hand; nor fear his Force,
 Nor Madnes mixed with inconstant Rage.
 He late to me and *Juno* did engage
 'Gainst *Troy* to fight; yet now he basely sets
 Upon the *Greeks*, and Promises forgets.

This said, she, *Sthenelus* dismounting, got
 The Reins, and vaults into the Chariot.
 The able Axe-tree groan'd with such a ⁽¹⁾ Load,
 So bold a Hero and so great a God.
 The Whip snatch'd up, from thence *Minerva* speeds,
 Driving 'gainst *Mars* in full career the Steeds,
 Who *Periphas* had newly overthrown,
 A valiant *Greek*, renown'd *Ochefus* Son.

T

But

(1) Making *Minerva* appear in a visible Form, he allows her that Property also of Bodies, Poise or Weight, and that answerable to that Bulk and Stature she appear'd in; *Homer* still presenting his Deities of the first and greatest Magnitude. Thus *Sen.* in his *Heracles furens*, speaking of that Hero's ferrying over *Stryx*, describes it thus, *Alt. 3.*

*Nim passus ullas natus Alcmena Moras,
 Ipse coactum Navitæ Conto domat,
 Scanditque Puppem: Cymba, populorum
 capax,
 Succumbit uni. Sedit, & gravior Ratis
 Utrunque Lethæ laetæ titubato bibit.*

But no Delay could great *Alcides* brook:
 With his own Pole the Ferryman he struck,
 Leaping aboard. That Boat, which could alone
 Nations transport, is burthen'd now with one.
 He takes his place: the laden Vessell sinks,
 And, tottering on each side, foul *Lethe* drinks.

(m) This Helmet the Gods put on when they desired to go invisible, unseen by their fellow-Deities. This also had *Perseus* when he slew *Medusa*. It was made by the *Cyclops*, and given to *Pluto*. *Enst.* saith it was onely a blacker Cloa

But *Pallas* here her Temples did infold
With ^(m) *Orcus* Helm, lest *Mars* should her behold.

Soon as the God stern *Diomed* beheld,
He left dead *Periphas* lying in the Field,
And 'gainst *Tydides* fiercely did advance.
Drawn within danger of each other's Launce,
The Deity did his Advantage watch,
And first did throw, the Hero to dispatch.
The Javelin, through *Pallas* Direction, flew
Quite from the Chariot; so in vain he threw.
Next the bold *Græcian* let his Weapon fly,
Which she directed to the God so nigh,
The Spear inforc'd a Passage through his Belt,
Which near his Belly the Immortal felt.
The Launce drawn forth, up such a Throat he set,
As when ten thousand are in Battell met.
This terrifi'd both *Greeks* and *Trojans* more,
Hearing the wounded God so strangely roar.
Like a black Tempest rising from a Cloud,
Or swelling Billows when the Winds grow loud;
With such a Noise and Hurry he espies
Mars, in dark Mists involv'd, ascend the Skies,
And Seats of Gods which steep *Olympus* crown;
Where discontented he by *Jove* late down,
And Heav'nly Bloud fresh issuing from his Veins
His Father shews, and thus aloud complains;

Jove, canst thou suffer this? or is't thy will
That Mortals shall affront Celestials still?
We fight for thee, who hast a Daughter got
(n) Void of all sense, who Mischief still doth plot:
For all we other Gods obedient be,
Our Minds and Powers subservient to thee;
But her thou cocker'st ever, and art mild,
Indulging all to this thy * self-born Child;

Who

(n) *Mars*, who was never guilty of the least grain of Prudence, but heady still and hair-brain'd, taxeth *Minerva* with Indiscretion. καὶ τί γὰρ εἰς τὴν ἡμετέραν τὴν διαπραμίαν ἀπαιτῶν ἀρετῆς, καὶ τὴν περὶ τὴν ἐξουσίαν ἰσχυρὰν καὶ τὴν ἀρετὴν, καὶ μὴ ἀπὸ ἀπονοίας κίβηται καὶ τὸς ἐν ἑσθίας λόγοις ὁρμήσας; Thus is every half-witted man, saith *Enst.* a distorted Rule, by which he desires to rectifie even what is straightest, conceiting himself every way their equal, who yet for *Paris* and Prudence far transcend him.

* That is, Without the Concurrence of any Female; he being delivered of her at his Head, by the Midwifery of *Vulcan*.

Who now renown'd *Tydidēs* so enrag'd,
That he against immortal Gods engag'd.
First *Venus* Hand through her celestiall Veil
He wounded; boldly next did me assail:
But off my swift Steeds brought me, else in Pain
I, living, had 'mongst Heaps of Bodies layn.

Then frowning, thus displeased *Jove* reply'd;
Whin'st thou to me, who runn'st from Side to Side?
Of all those Gods which on *Olympus* are
Thou art the worst, delighting still in War.
On thee thy Mother's Spirit is intail'd,
On whom by Reason I scarce e're prevail'd.
'Twas her Design that this thou shouldst endure.
But straight let care be taken for thy Cure;
Though she's thy Mother, I thy Father am.
Had any other been so much to blame,
Who sprung from Gods within our Mansions dwell,
I from his Seat had thrown him down to Hell.

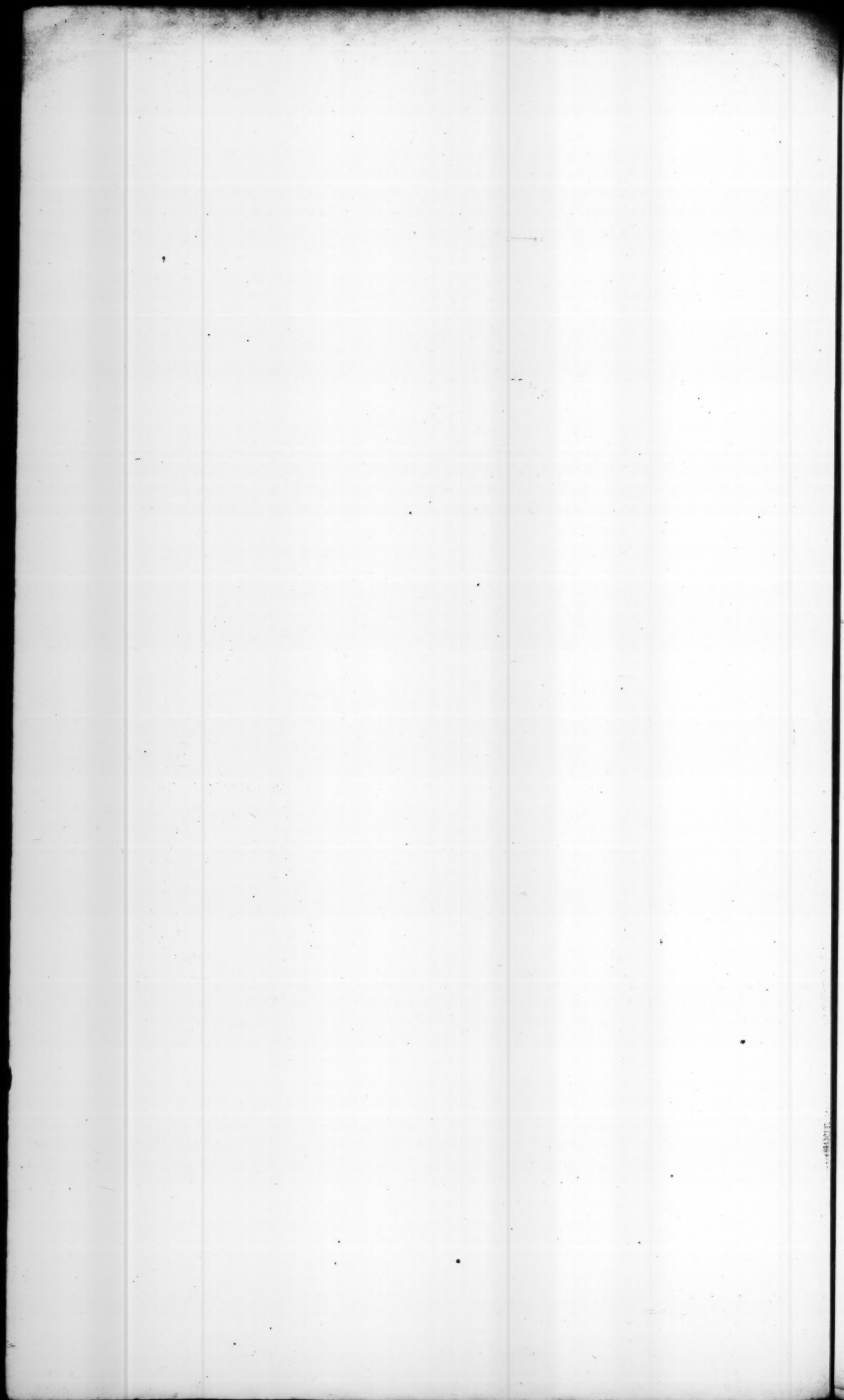
This said, he bids grave *Pæon* use his Skill,
Who *Anodynes* did in the Wound instill.
As ^(o) Rennet, with sweet Milk together stirr'd,
The parts less ferous soon converts to Curd;
So quick he heal'd, whom ^(p) *Hebe* bath'd and drest
In glorious Weeds, and a Celestiall Vest.
Proud of the Honour down by *Jove* he fate.
Then *Juno* and *Minerva* in great State,
Soon as fierce *Mars* they from the Battell drove,
High Heav'n ascend and Courts of thundring *Jove*.

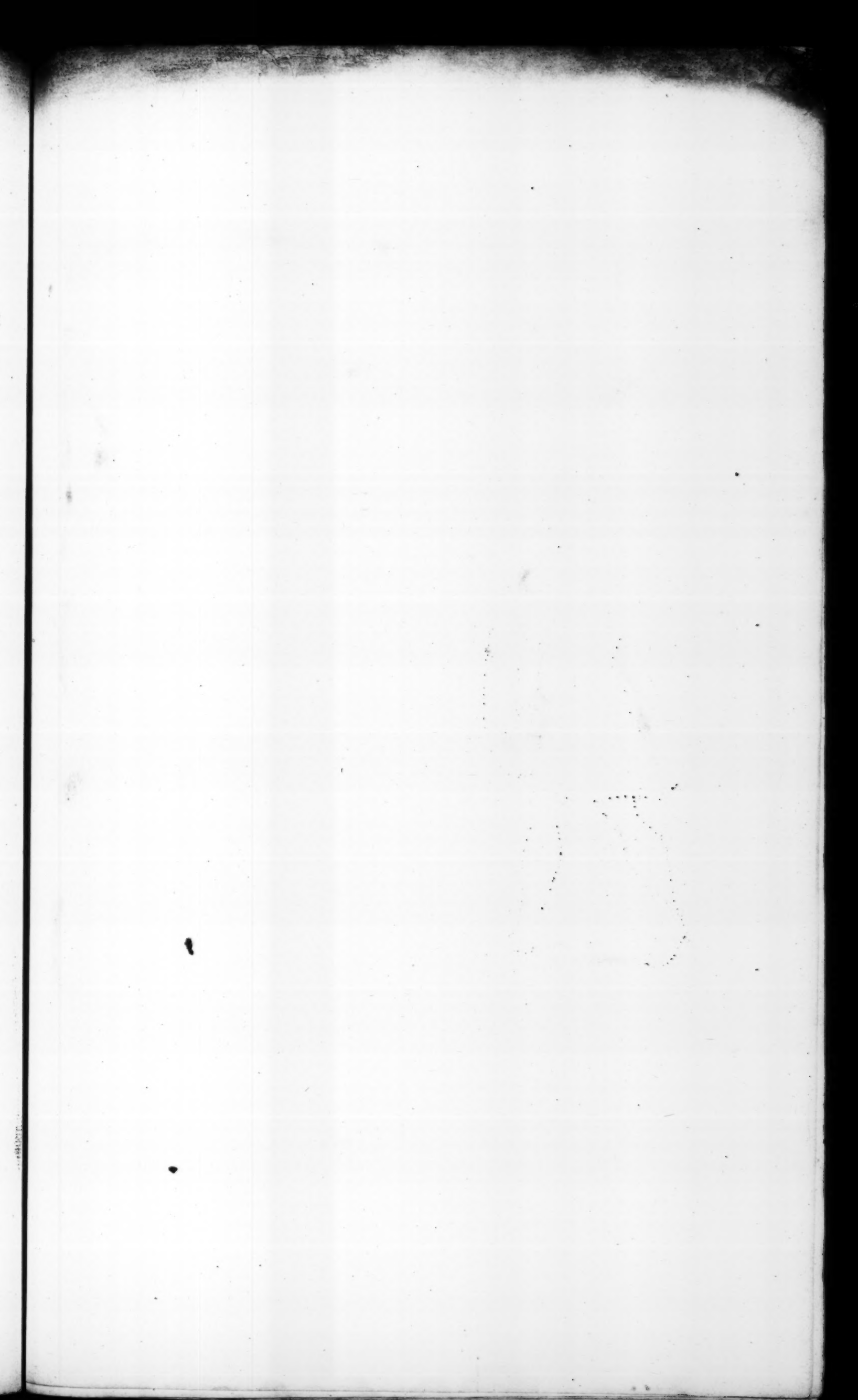
(o) *Gr. ὀπός*, which is τὸ γαλακτο-
πῶς φερούς, the milky Juice of a pres-
sed Fig, which anciently they used for
the coagulating their Milk, as now Ren-
net.

(p) *Hebe* was Sister to *Mars*, and
Wife to *Hercules*, after he was ad-
mitted into Heaven; of which thus *He-*
siod Theogon. v. 950.

"Ἡβὴ δ' Ἀλκιδάμης καλλιπάρους ἀλκιμαῖ-
ός τε,
"Ἰς Ἡρακλῆος, τρέφει σπένδοντες ἀέθλους,
Παῖδά Διὸς μεγάλοιο καὶ Ἡρῆς χρυσῷ πεδίλῃ,
Αἰδὼίῳ δ' ἑὶ αἰὶν ἔν' οὐλύμπῳ νιφένῃ."
"Οὐβίς, ὅς, μέγα ἔργον ἐν ἀθανάτοισιν αὐτῶ-
σαι,
Ναῖεν ἀπῆμαρ καὶ ἀγήραοι ἡμέτα πάντα.

Bold *Hercules*, *Alcmena's* Off-spring,
did,
When he his twelve great Labours fini-
shed,
Jove's and bright *Juno's* beauteous Child
esponse,
Fair-ankled *Hebe*, in her Father's house;
Where 'mongst the Gods he for his Acts
enroll'd,
Injoys the Blessing never to be old.







Thomas Stoner de
Armiger Tabulam



Stoner in Comitatu Oxon:
hanc. D.D.D.L.M.I.O.

Lib. 6. Ver. 340.



HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hector, advis'd by Helenus, resorts
To Ilium and King Priam's stately Courts :
Bids Hecuba with all her Trojan Dames
Crave Pallas Aid : effeminate Paris blames :
Cheers up fair Helen full of Discontents :
His Love unto Andromache presents.
At last, inspir'd, foretells his own sad Fate,
And th' utter Ruine of the Trojan State.

NOW by themselves the Greeks and
Trojans fight,
The Gods departed, and some put to
Flight.

Various the Combats are, now here, now there,
Whilst Storms of adverse Javelins cloud the Sphere,
'Twixt Simoeis Streams and Xanthus flowry Banks.

First ^(a) Ajax Telamon, the Trojan Ranks
Breaking, the Gracians Courage did renew,
And Acamas a valiant Thracian slew,

(a) He makes Ajax Telamon not to need the Assistance of any Deity; which yet stood by Ulysses, Diomed, Agamemnon, and Menelaus : nay, himself professeth and boasts no less, as appears in Euripides, where the Messenger thus relates the words of Calchas ;

Καὶν' δ' ἀπ' οἴκων εὐρύς ἐξορμαμεν,
Ἄνευ χαλῶς λήροισ' ἐυρέσθαι πατρίε.
Ὁ μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸς ἐνέπτε, Τέκνον, δεῖ
Βάλλει κρατὶν ἰσχυρῶ, ὅν τινα δ' αἶψ' ἀνέκραν.
Ὁ δ' ὑψιπέτης ἀνδρῶν ἡμετέρων,
Πάτερ, τοῖς μὲν καὶ ὁ μὲν ὅν ὅμῳ
Κεῖται κατακτεταῖ· ἐγὼ δ' ἐγὼ δὲ
Κούων πέπυδα γὰρ ἐπιστάσμεν κλέε.
Τοσσὸν δ' ἐκπέμπει μῦθον. ἔτι δ' ἔειπεν
Δίαι Ἀδριαί, νῆα' ὀτρύνεσθαι νῆν
Ἡδὲ δ' ἐπ' ἐχθροῖς χεῖρα φοινίαν τρέψει;
Τὸτ' ἀνθρώποις δεινὸν ἄρ' ἔργον τ' ἔειπε.
Ἄσασθαι, τοῖς ἄλλοισιν Ἀργείων πύλας
Ἴω, καὶ ἡμᾶς δ' ὑπὸ' ἐκρήξει μάχῃ.

The graver Sire to's rasher Son
At their departing thus begun ;
All others at thy Spear out-go :
Wave not Divine Assistance though.
Then he reply'd ; Who Courage want
May by God's Help be valiant :
But I without their Aid believe
The heights of Honour to achieve.
Thus in proud Terms the Ranter said :
And after, when th' illustrious Maid
Encourag'd him to charge the Foe ;
He proudly thus ; Minerva, go
And others help ; you need not fear ;
These shall not shrink whilst I am here :

Bold

Bold *Euffor*'s Son, of a Gigantick Size.
 He fix'd his Javelin juſt betwixt his Eyes,
 Piercing his Brain ; a Wound not to be heal'd.
 Death up his Sight with Night's black Signet ſeal'd.

(b) *Axylus* and his Servant *Caleſius* take their Names from their Hoſpitality, ἀπὸ τοῦ εἶναι καλεῖν, from their Reception and Invitation of Strangers. *Euff.*

(c) A Trojan City, and a Colony of the *Mirylenians*.

(d) *Plato*, being kindly treated by a Stranger, obſerving his Uſe to be the ſame to all, diſreliſhed his Reception, and for the future reſuſed it. *Id.*

So ſtern *Tydides* with (b) *Axylus* dealt,
 Who wealthy in renown'd (c) *Arisba* dwelt,
 Whoſe Palace to (d) all Comers did afford
 Reception and an hoſpitable Board.
 Yet none of them ſo oft he feaſted at
 Full Tables help'd him 'gainſt approaching Fate ;
 But here he fell, ſlain by *Tydides* Spear,
 And his old Servant, his ſtout Charioteer,
Caleſius by him. Thence their wofull Ghoſts
 Together wandred to Infernall Coaſts.

Euryalus *Drefus* and *Opheltius* ſlew ;
 Charg'd *Pedaſus* and bold *Æſepus* too,
 Which to renown'd *Bucolion* the fair
 (A Water-Nymph) *Abarbarea* bare.
 He (eldeſt of *Laomedon*'s high Stock,
 (e) Obſcurely born) attending on his Flock,
 This Virgin courts, and her Affection wins ;
 Who for his Love return'd theſe beauteous Twins.
 Theſe two he kill'd : then in the Hero leaps,
 And from their Shoulders both their Armourſ ſtrips.

(e) Gr. *Σκότος*, ſuch Births being ſo called as were ἐξ ἀδελφότητος γάμου, where *Hymen*'s Torch was not lighted at the Marriage.

Polypætes *Aſtyalus* o'rethrew ;
Percofian *Pidytes* *Ulyſſes* ſlew :
Tencer left *Aretaon* dead i'th' Field ;
 And bold *Antilochus* *Ablerus* kill'd.
 So *Agamemnon* with *Elatus* dealt,
 Near *Satnian* Streams at (f) *Pedaſus* who dwelt.
Leitus then ſlaughter'd *Phylacus*, as he fled ;
 And ſtern *Eurypylus* *Melanthius* ſped.
Adrastus Life ſtout *Menelaus* ſpar'd,
 Whoſe Horſes tangling Myrtle did retard.

(f) A Town which took its name, ſay ſome, from *Pedaſus*, the Natives of this Countrey promiſing *Bellerophon* as much Land as with his Horſe he could encompass in a Day and Night; whence their Coins had the Effigies of a Horſe. There was another of the ſame name near *Ida*, which *Achilles*, having long in vain beleaguered it, and being about to raiſe his Siege, took by reaſon of an Apple thrown over the Wall by a Damoſel who was enamoured of him, the writing in it the great Extremity the Town was reduced to for want of Water. *Euff. Steph. Byzant.* writes them both, the Town and Horſe, with γ, not δ.

They



Giovanni Morice de
Suffex Armi Tabulam



Halnaker in Comitatu
hanc. I. M. D. D. D.
I. O.

Lib. 6. var. 265

(b) *Axylus* and his Servant *Calestus* take their Names from their Hospitality, ἀπὸ τοῦ εἶεν αἱ καλεῖν, from their Reception and Invitation of Strangers. *Eust.*

(c) A Trojan City, and a Colony of the *Mitylenians*.

(d) *Plato*, being kindly treated by a Stranger, observing his Use to be the same to all, disrelifhed his Reception, and for the future refused it. *Id.*

(e) *Gr. Σῦναι*, such Births being so called as were ἐξ ἀδελφότητος γάμου, where *Hymen's* Torch was not lighted at the Marriage.

(f) A Town which took its name, say some, from *Pegasus*, the Natives of this Countrey promising *Bellerophon* as much Land as with his Horse he could encompass in a Day and Night; whence their Coins had the Effigies of a Horse. There was another of the same name near *Ida*, which *Achilles*, having long in vain beleaguered it, and being about to raise his Siege, took by reason of an Apple thrown over the Wall by a Damofel who was enamoured of him, the writing in it the great Extremity the Town was reduced to for want of Water. *Eust. Steph. Byzant.* writes them both, the Town and Horse, with γ, not δ.

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He fix'd his Javelin just betwixt his Eyes,
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Death up his Sight with Night's black Signet seal'd.

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Whose Palace to (d) all Comers did afford
Reception and an hospitable Board.
Yet none of them so oft he feasted at
Full Tables help'd him 'gainst approaching Fate;
But here he fell, slain by *Tydides* Spear,
And his old Servant, his stout Charioteer,
Calestus by him. Thence their wofull Ghosts
Together wandred to Infernall Coasts.

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Charg'd *Pedafus* and bold *Æsepus* too,
Which to renown'd *Bucolion* the fair
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Leitus then slaughter'd *Phylacus*, as he fled;
And stern *Eurypylus Melanthius* sped.
Adrastus Life stout *Menelaus* spar'd,
Whose Horses tangling Myrtle did retard.

They

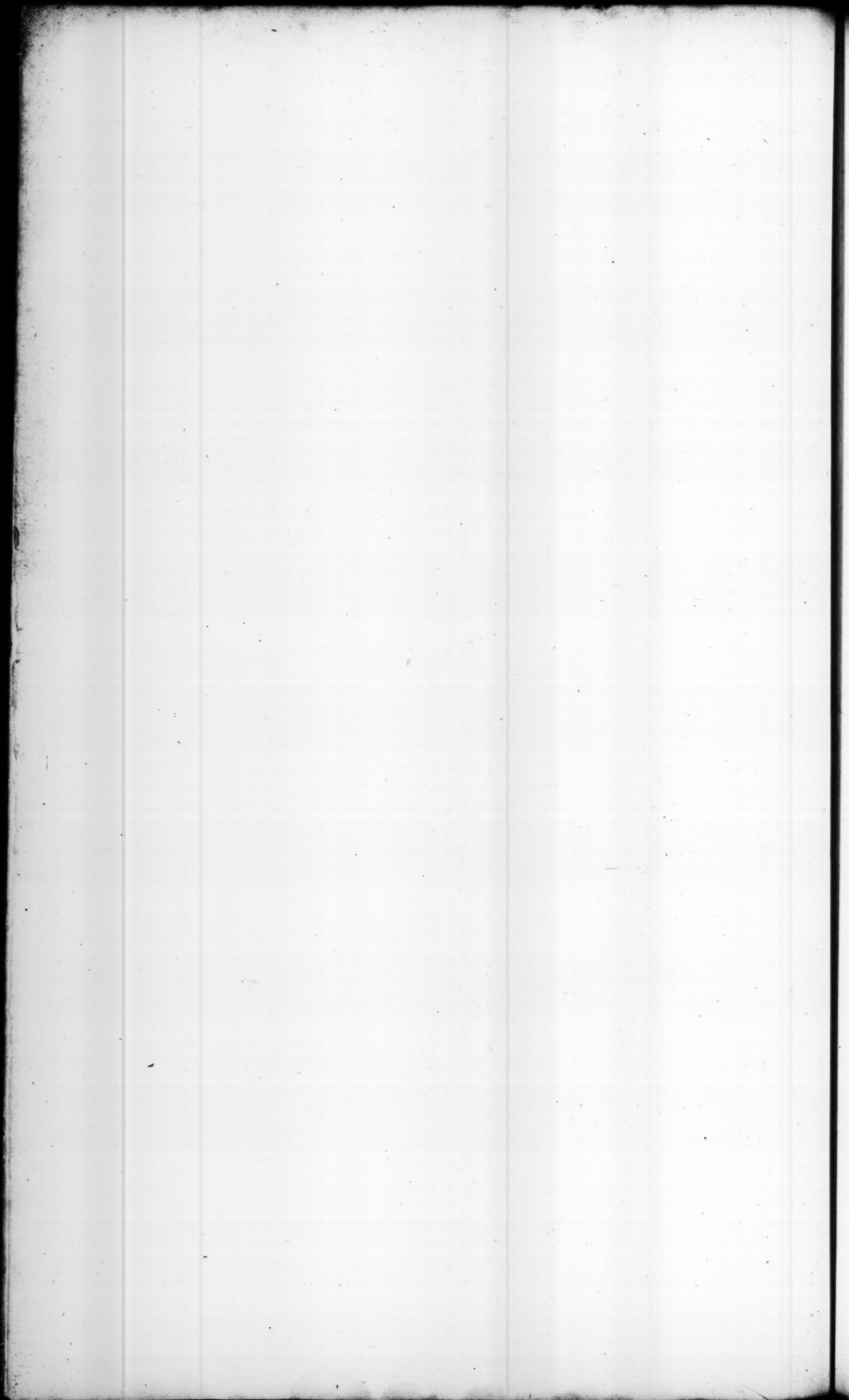


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I. O.

Lib. 6. ver. 465



They from the binding Team the Chariot tore,
 And post for *Troy* after those fled before.
 Down on his Face he tumbles near the Wheel :
 In rush'd *Atrides* with revengefull Steel.
 He on his Knees about his Knees did cling,
 And thus begg'd Quarter of the conquering King ;

O let me live, and Gifts of great Esteem
 As Ransome take, your Prisoner to redeem.
 My Wealthy Father hath (conceal'd) enough
 Of Gold and Silver and rich Household-stuff ;
 Of which he shall a worthy Present give,
 When once he hears I by your Mercy live.

Ear to his Promise *Menelaus* lent,
 And to the Fleet *Adrastus* he had sent :
 But at that instant *Agamemnon* came,
 And thus in Anger check'd him for the same.

And why, soft *Menelaus*, wouldst thou spare
 The *Trojans* thus ? because so kind they were
 And civil to you at your native Home ?
 No, not the Infant in the Mother's Womb
 Must be exempted, we must all destroy,
 And unlamented ruine them and *Troy*.

With these Persuasions mov'd, he does obey,
 And from him thrusts his Prisoner away ;
 Whom *Agamemnon* through the Bowels thrust.
 Down falls he on his Back in bloody Dust ;
 And from his Corps *Atrides* drew his Spear.

'Then *Nestor* said ; Bold *Greeks*, who know no Fear,
 Whose onely Pleasure is in Martial Toils,
 Take my Advice ; ^(b) Let none look after Spoils,
 Greedy his Coffers at the Fleet to fill :
 Make it your onely Business first to kill :
 After in quiet range about the Plain,
 And plunder all the Bodies of the Slain.

(b) The *Lacedaemonians* made a Law, that during the time of Battell none should fall to plunder ; which Law they elected three hundred to see put in Execution.

These Words both Strength and Courage did re-
And then the valiant *Greeks* without dispute (cruit;
Once more had giv'n the *Trojans* a Defeat,
And forc'd them to their City to retreat;
Had not wife *Helenus*, th' Augur, them stay'd,
Who thus to *Hector* and *Aeneas* said;

Since on you two the Care and Conduct lies,
Not of us onely, but th' Auxiliaries;
Because you best th' impetuous Foe withstand,
And best at Counsel are and at Command:
Straight get betwixt the *Trojans* and the Gate,
And stop them in their Homeward-bent Retreat.
Let them not in their Wives Embraces die,
And so become a Scoff to th' Enemy.

When you have rallied our disorder'd Bands,
And chear'd them by Example and Commands,
Leave them to us, and we shall undertake
The pressing Foe, since all now lies at Stake.
Hector, do thou *Troy* repair with Speed,
And having found thine and my Mother, bid
Her straight, with all the Ladies in her Train,
Implore ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Minerva* in her sacred Fane;

And take with her some glorious Vestment which
She most esteems, most glorious and rich,
And down before the bright-ey'd Virgin 't lay;
And at her Altar twelve wild ^(k) *Bullocks* pay:
That so to Pity her they may persuade,
To give our City, Wives and Children Aid;
That *Tydeus* Son she would from *Ilium* drive,
And us in our Necessity relieve.

That Flower of all the *Græcian* Chivalrie,
Achilles, not so dreadfull was as he,

(i) In *Troy* *Minerva* had her Temple and *Palladium*, or Image, *Demeter*, which dropt from the Clouds, covered with the Skin of a Man, a Distaff in her left Hand, a Spear in her right, and a Cap upon her Head.

(k) *Pallas* her Sacrifice was an Heifer young and unwrought, she being *semper Virgo*, ever a Virgin. *Ovid. Met. 4.* speaking of the *Lampadophoria*, a Feast of hers;

*Diis tribus ille Focos totidem de Cespite ponit;
Lævum Mercurio, dextrum tibi, bellica Virgo;
Ara Jovis media est: mactatur Vacca Minervæ,
Alipedi Vitulus, Taurus tibi, summe Deorum.*

Forthwith three Altars he of Turf erects
To *Hermes*, *Jove*, and her who War affects:
Minerva's on the right, on the left Hand
Stood *Mercurie's*, *Jove's* in the midst did stand.
To *Mercury* a Calf they sacrifice,
To *Jove* a Bull, a Cow to *Pallas* dies. Mr. G. Sandys.

Homer making *Minerva's* Statue sitting, so *Siralo* collects from *Odysseus* *Admetus* on *Agamemnon*, he himself makes it standing.

Although

Although they give him out a Goddef's Son.
None ever did what *Diomed* hath done.

Hector obeys, with this grave Counsel charm'd,
And from his Chariot leaps compleatly arm'd ;
Shaking two Javelins in his strenuous Hands,
Straight rallying the dissipated Bands ;
Who now, made sensible of what Disgrace
Attends base Flight, once more the *Græcians* face,
And stand resolv'd them boldly to receive.
They by degrees retreat, and Slaughter leave,
Thinking some God, descending from the Sky,
From Heav'n had brought the *Trojans* fresh Supply.

Then *Hector* said ; *Trojans*, and all who are
From Realms remote invited to this War,
Your Strength, your Valour and Experience shew,
Whilst I on our Concern to *Ilium* go ;
That all our Wives and States-men may repair
The Gods to seek with Offerings, Vows and Prayer.

The bright-Helm'd Prince, this said, forsook the Field :
The black Oxe Hide which fortifi'd his Shield,
And did it with ⁽¹⁾ large and black Margents deck,
Knock'd in his Speed his Ancles and his Neck.

Now *Glaucus* and *Tydides* did advance,
Betwixt both Armies to exchange a Launce.
As they drew near, and ready were to throw,
Thus *Diomed* question'd first his daring Foe :

What art thou, who dar'st up so boldly draw,
Whom in this War before I never saw,
Yet now hast made the *Trojan* Van thy Rear,
Ventr'ing within the Danger of our Spear ?
Those who so hardy are to cope with me
Shall hapless Sons of wofull Parents be.
If thou Immortal art that dost invite
Me to the Combate, know I will not fight.

V

Not

(1) The form of these Targets *Homer* thus describes *Il. σ. v. 478.*

Ποῖν δ' ἀνέπνευσε σάκος τε σισαρόν τε,
Πάντοσε δαυδέντων· ἐπεὶ δ' ἀντιγὰ βάλλα
φασγάνῳ,
Τεῖμαχε, κρημνίσῳ, ἐν δ' ἀργύρεον τελα-
μῶνα·
Πῶς δ' ἀπ' αὐτοῦ ἔσαν σάκος τε σισαρόν·

And first he anvil'd out a mighty
Shield,
Then round the ample Margent treble
steel'd ;
Next to the work a Silver Baldrick joyn'd,
And strongly with five plaid Quil-
lings lin'd.

(m) *Bacchus*, being struck by *Juno* with a Phrensy, travelled *Aegypt* and *Syria*. Coming after to *Cybelus*, a City of *Phrygia*, he was restored to his Senses by *Rhea*; whence, being initiated by that Goddess, and taught her Rites and Ceremonies, he visited *Thrace*, where *Lycurgus* seized his Attendants, the *Menades* or *Bacchæ*, intending to have made the God himself an Example, had he not for fear leap'd into the Ocean, where he was kindly received by *Thetis*, and *Euryome*, one of the three thousand Sea-Nymphs. By all which is metaphorically meant his punishing such as were intemperate, and the mixing that fiery Juice with that more sober Liquour, Water. *Enst.* adds that Sea-water best preserves Wine. *Apollodorus* saith *Jupiter* struck him with a Madness, that he killed his own Son with an Axe, taking him for a Branch of a Vine. He died baited with Tigers on the Mountain *Rhodope* in *Thrace*.

(n) *Homer* makes *Mars* onely and *Bacchus* mad, Drunkenness also being no other then a Phrensy.

(o) *Bacchus* his *Orgia* at their first Institution were very simple, and his Retinue but mean, no more then his Nurses: of which thus *Homer* in his Hymn of that Deity:

Αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ τὸνδε θεὸν πολὺν ἄνθρωπον ἔδρεσαν,
Δὴ τότε φοιτίζεσκε καὶ ὕληντας ἐναύλους
Κιστὰ καὶ δάφνη πεπλεγμένῃσιν· αἱ δ' αἶψ' ἔποντο
Νύμφαι· ὃ δ' ἐξηγέρτο, βεβύκει δ' ἔχον ἀσπιδων ὄλλω.

This Train of his in process of time was augmented by the accession of divers: His *οὐγγυράδων*, or *Companions*, *Apollo* and the *Muses*; his *οὐρανοῖσι*, or *Ministers*, *Satyri*, *Sileni*, *Tytiri*: to which *Strabo* adds *Bacchæ*, *Lena*, *Thyia*, *Mimallones*, *Naiades*; to which *Cassanbon* farther adds, *Pan*, the *Lenai*, *Scirti*, *Senide*, *αι Κλάδωναι*, *Bassara*, *Lydia*, *Gelotes*, and *Comus*, the Master of the Revells amongst the Gods. The Order and Ceremonies of his Procession is thus in part described by *Ovid*, *Met. lib. 4.*

— Tu bijugum pictis insignia franis
Colla premis Lynceum: Bacchæ Satyrique sequuntur,
Quique senex Ferula titubantes ebrivus arvis
Sustinet, & pando non fortiter hæret Afello.
Quocunque ingrederis Clamor juvenilis, & una
Fœmineæ voces, impulsæque Tympana palmis,
Concavæque Atræsonani, longæque foramine Buxus.

(p) *Lycurgus* not permitting Wine to be drunk in his Territories, but mixed with Water, being but fit, as saith *Plato*, *μυρβ-έρον* θεὸν ἐπεὶ θεῷ νόμον κολλᾷ ζῶον σωφρονίζειν, to correct and chastise that furious God with a soberer and freer Deity gave occasion to this Fable of *Bacchus* taking Sanctuary in the Sea. Others affirm that Sea-water preserves Wine best.

(q) *Gr.* Ἄσπον ἴδ', ὡς καὶ δάων ὀλέθρου πείραθ' ἴκται, which one of the Ancients applied to a City of *Asia*, called *Assus*, which stood high, but was very unhealthfull. *Enst.*

(r) This Verse also, Οἷν περ φύλλον ἡμαρ, ταῖς καὶ ἀνδρῶν, was applied to such as were troubled with the Green-sickness, or whose Complexions were grown yellow by any long Infirmary, or the Jaundice. *Enst.* To this Sentence of *Homer* thus alludes *Simonides* in *Stobæus*:

Εν δὲ τὸ χαλκίδων Χίθ' ἔειπεν αἰνῆς
Οἷν περ φύλλον ἡμαρ, ταῖς καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
Παῖδες μὲν σπῆλ' ἔασι δὲ ξανθοὶ
Σπέρτοις ἐγχετὶ δάκρυ· πέρας δὲ ἐλπίς ἐσθλῶ
Ἀνδρῶν, ἥ τε νῆαν εἰς αἶσαν ἐμψύει.
Θνητῶν δ' ὄρεσσις ἀνθ' ἔχρη πολυήρατον ἦβης,
Κῆρον ἔχον θυμὸν πολλ' ἀτέλεστα νοεῖ.
Οὕτε δὲ ἐλπίδι ἔχει γνησιόκευον, ἢ δὲ θανάτῳ,
Οὐδ' ὕμνος ὅταν ἢ φροντὶς ἔχει χαμᾶτα.
Νατοῖς ταῦτα κῆται νόθος, ἢ δὲ ἴπασιν
Ὅς χρεῖσθ' ἔδ' ἦβης καὶ βίβου ὀλίγου
Θνητῶν. ἀλλὰ σὺ ταῦτα μάθων βίβου πῶς τέρεμα
Ψυχῇ σπῆ ἀγαθὸν τλήνῃ χαρίζεσθαι.

As also *Aristophanes* in *Avibus*:

— οὐσπ' ἀνδρῶν ἀμυνέβιοι, φύλλον γὰρ ὡς σπῆμοι,
ὡς γαστρίαις, πλάσματά τε ἀπλᾶ, οὐκ ἐστὶν αἰὶν ἄμωνα,
Ἀπῶτες, ἐρεμνέες, ταλαὶ βροτῶν, αἰετες εἰκαλνέες.

Not long liv'd stern (m) *Lycurgus*, who enrag'd
Against the Gods most impiously engag'd.

He (n) frantick *Bacchus* (o) Nurses did pursue,
And scourg'd, till down their viney Staves they threw.

The God affrighted (p) div'd beneath the Waves,
Whom, trembling, *Thetis* in her Lap receives.

The Gods, detesting this Atheistick Pride,
Straight struck him blind, and he soon after dy'd,
Condemn'd by them. Nor will I tempt my Fate,
To gain by such Impiety like Hate.

But if thou Mortal art, and Bread thy Food,
(q) Draw near, and stain this Javelin with thy Bloud.

Then *Glaucus*; Why, *Tydides*, wouldst thou learn
From whence I sprung? what doth it thee concern?

(r) Man's Race like Leaves is, which in Autumn fade,
And falling hide those Grounds they once did shade;

When up the lovely Youth the Nymphs had bred,
He, dress'd with Ivy and fresh Laurel, led
To leavy Shades; their Prince they follow; round
His Praise and Honour echoing Groves resound.

Thou holdst in awe
The spotted Lynxes which thy Chariot draw.
Light Bacchides and skipping Satyrs follow;
Whilst old Silenus reeling still doth hallow,
Who weakly hangs upon his tardy Ass,
What place so-e'er thou entrest, sounding Brags,
Loud Sackbuts, Timbrels, and confused Cries
Of Youth and Women pierce the marble Skies. Mr. G. Sandys.

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Homer produc'd a pithy Sentence, where
The Race of Man he doth with Leaves compare.
But the grave Precept minded is by few;
All cherish Hope, as foolish young men do.
So long as any flattering Youth enjoys,
His lighter Mind still ruminates on Toys:
He not approaching Age nor Death expects,
And Sickness, whilst he is in Health, rejects.
Thus fondly th' are affected, nor conceive
How short a time of Youth and Life they have.
But whilst thou liv'st, make it thy onely aim
Such things to do thy Conscience shall not blame.

Men are by nature weak, and soon they all
Like Leaves in Autumn fall;
Short-liv'd like Shadows, fashion'd out of Clay;
Vanish like Smoke away.

Woes round poor Mortals hem,
Whose Life is but a Dream.

In whose void place others in Spring-time sprout :
One Generation thrusts another out.

Know I from Ancestors derived am
Whose Acts are blazon'd through the World by Fame.
Midst fertile *Argos* ^(f) *Ephyre* doth stand,
Once under ^(e) crafty *Sisyphus* Command.
He *Glaucus* got, *Glaucus* ^(u) *Bellerophon*.
If e're there were a Just man, he was one :
And Heav'n this Prince a Perf'nage did afford
Which all admir'd. Yet *Prætus* him abhorr'd,
And banisht most unjustly from his Land,
(For *Jove* had put the Sceptre in his Hand.)

Antea, *Prætus* Queen, with Fury fir'd,
Burning in Lust his Company desir'd :
Yet could not she prevail with all her Art ;
So wise and prudent was the Prince's Heart.
When to the King, with a well-studied Lie,
Weeping she said ; Dear *Prætus*, either die,
Or else *Bellerophon* that Traitour kill,
Who did attempt my Honour 'gainst my Will.

Startled at this, the King extremely rav'd,
Yet durst not her obey ; that Course he wav'd :
But him with ^(x) Letters he to *Lycia* sent,
Expressing full his mischievous Intent,
Directing to her Father his Express.
But him the favouring Gods did better bless.
For when he came to *Lycian Xanthus* Floud,
The King there entertain'd him like a God ;

was so maimed, Ἀλίων πόνον. *Pegasus* was begg'd of *Jupiter* by 'Hæ the Morning, that so she might travell the World with the more ease. *Schol.* *Lucian* applies this part of the Story to his Skill in Astronomy, δοκίω δὲ μὴ ταῦτ' αὐτὸ τοῦ κόσμου μέγιστον, ὃ φασὶν τὸ φανερὸν, καὶ ἀφανὲς ὅτι τὸ ἴσπερ ἀνακινῶν, ἀλλὰ τῇ διανοίᾳ. So he, *Comment. de Astrologia*.

(x) Which were Hieroglyphicks and Characters rather than Letters, and those ingraven, not writ. These Sculptures they made on a piece of Wood, which they called *Deltos*, from the figure of the Greek Letter *Delta*, which it much resembled ; and also *πίλινον*, as being covered with melted Pitch, οὐδ' ἀπὸ τῆς πίλινος, because they still folded them.

(f) Called after *Corinth*. It was founded by *Sisyphus*, the Son of *Æolus*, the Father of *Glaucus*, whom he begot of *Metope*, the Daughter of *Atlas*.

(e) *Sisyphus*, bewraying *Jupiter's* Rape of *Ægina* to her Father *Alopus*, when he went in Pursuit after her, incurred so highly the God's Displeasure, that he sent Death to him ; whom for a time *Sisyphus* kept in Chains, insomuch that for a long season not any died ; till *Mars*, delivering Death out of *Durance*, committed *Sisyphus* to his Custody, who, before he departed, enjoined his Wife *Metope* to send him such things to *Elysium* as were then usual. This she neglecting to doe, he obtains leave of *Pluto* to go and expostulate the case with her : but being come to *Ephyra* or *Corinth*, he breaks his Parol, and returns no more : whereupon living till he was very aged, *Pluto* after his death adjudged him to rowl a Stone continually up a Hill, which no sooner arrived at the top, then it ran down again of its own accord ; he keeping him so in constant Imployment, that he might not have any thoughts of a second Escape. *Schol.* Some say he bound Death, in that he preserved his People under him in Peace : Others, for that *ἄκασιδ' ἔχοντα καὶ νόσων ἀσκήματα*, he invented certain specificall Medicines against many Maladies. He was called *Sisyphus*, quasi *Σίσυρος*, i. *Σίσυρος*, from his Wisdom.

(u) He was first called *Hipponus*, but killing *Bellerus*, a great man of *Corinth*, he assumed this name. He was really the Son of *Neptune*, but reputedly of *Glaucus*, his Father *Neptune* gratifying him with that winged Horse *Pegasus*, (so called, ὅτι ἐκπετάσκειν ἐν τῷ αἵματι τὸν γάργαρον, because it sprung from *Gorgon's* Neck.) He slew *Bellerus*, and fled to *Argos*, where he was purified & kindly treated by King *Prætus*. Here *Prætus* his Queen *Antea* being enamoured of him, but refused, accuses him to her Husband for attempting her Chastity ; which he lightly crediting, sends him with Letters into *Lycia*, to his Father-in-law *Iobates*, to make him away. *Iobates* putting him upon many desperate Services, and seeing him overcome them all, conceives the Accusation a Calumny, and takes such an Affection to him, as that he marries him to his Daughter *Cassandra*, giving him a part of his Kingdome. Attempting, being proud of his Atchievements, to ascend Heaven it self, *Jupiter*, incensed at it, sends a Gad-fly to sting *Pegasus*, and so he falls into *Lycia*, in a place called, from his wandring there after he

(6) *Gr. ἱεσθαι*, that is, *sacrificed*. The first Beasts were slain, being kill'd for that purpose onely: after, being weary of Herbs and Fruit, they ate Flesh; but not then neither till they had first offered some part of the Beast; they that did otherwise being said *ἄδυστα ἱεσθαι*. Hence *ἱεσθαι*, which originally signifies to *sacrifice*, denotes also simply to *kill*: and so in the sacred Dialect also *κόπτω* imports either. See *Gen. 31. v. 54.*

(2) *Chimara* was begot by *Typhon* of *Echidna*, half Woman, half Serpent: of which thus *Hesiod Theog. 322.*

Ἡ δ' Ἰχνησατο ἑπὶ τοῖς, πρὸς τοὺς ἀναιμάχους
 τὸν πῦρ,
 Δεινὴν τε, μέγαν τε, πεδύμενόν τε, καὶ ἰσχυρὸν
 τῆς δ' οὐδ' ἔστιν ἡμεῖς κατὰ δὴ μὴν ἡμεῖς ποιοῦμεν
 λόγον,
 Ἡ δ' Ἰχνησατο, ἡ δ' ὄρεσιν καὶ ἰσχυροῖς
 ἰσχυροῖς
 Πρὸς τοὺς ἀναιμάχους, ὅπου δ' ὄρεσιν, μέγαν δ'
 ἰσχυροῖς,
 Δεινὴν ὑπὸ πτερύγεσσιν πρὸς μὲν αἰδομένην,
 τὴν μὲν Πηγεῖσιν εἰς τὴν ἑλκὸς βαλεῖται
 φόνος.

She bore Chimara belching dreadfull
 Fire,
 Mighty and strong, extremely swift and
 dire.
 Three Heads the Monster had; a Lion's
 first,
 And next a Goat's, a Serpent's last and
 worst:
 A Lion's Breast, Back'd like a shaggy
 Goat;
 His Tail a Snake; with a Fire-breathing
 Throat.

Chimara was a Mountain in *Lycia*, whose Top, casting forth Fire like *Ætna*, was well stored with Lions, the Middle pasturing many Goats, and the Foot much infested with Serpents. *Bellerophon*, making this Mountain habitable, is said to have slain *Chimara*.

(a) This he speaks not respecting so much her Extraction and Descent, but to set forth her Magnitude and Dimensions: an expression borrowed from the Eastern Nations, who, when they would describe any thing whose Bulk, Height, or any other Quality exceeded the ordinary, prefixed before it the name of God. Thus in the sacred Records we read of the Mountains of God, in the *Psalms*, a Prince of God, *Gen. 23. 6. Voices of God, Exod. 9. 28.*

* *Steph. Byzant.* makes these *Solyms* to be the *Pisidians*.

(b) See Note (u) before.

(c) That he was hated by *Jupiter* and *Juno*, appeared by his being expelled his Kingdom; by *Mars* and *Pallas*, the Presidents of Battell, by the Death of his Son in Fight: that *Diana* affected him not, was evident from her killing his Daughter. Besides, *Ceres* loves not any that are addicted to Solitariness; and *Aph* was never Friend to such as were *ἡμεῖς*, attended by an evil Destiny. *Eust.*

And nine daies treating him, (6) he slew nine Steers.

The tenth, when Rosie-finger'd Morn appears,

Then civilly he asks, with great Respect,

Those Letters *Prætus* did to him direct.

Which when receiv'd, his Pleasure to fulfill,

First he commands him stern (2) *Chimara* kill.

This hideous Monster, of (a) no mortal Race,

A Dragon's Tail had, and a Lion's Face,

Back'd like a shaggy Goat, still belching Flame.

Her by Divine Assistance he o're-came.

Next he against renowned * *Solym* fought.

This Victory, he said, was dearly bought.

He last against the *Amazons* prevail'd.

When *Prætus* saw all open Forces fail'd,

He fell to close Contrivance, and did lay

An Ambuscade to kill him in his Way.

Not one return'd of all that were employ'd,

All were by bold *Bellerophon* destroy'd.

But when he knew he was of Heav'nly Bloud,

His onely Daughter he on him bestow'd;

Invests him straight with half his Regal Power,

And fertile Fields (allotted for her Dower)

With golden Grain, with Groves and Vineyards clad.

By this fair Princess he three Children had,

Isander, *Hippolochus*, and *Laodame*.

She pregnant by the King of Gods became,

Whose Womb he with Divine *Sarpædon* loads.

But (b) after, in Displeasure of the (c) Gods,

Alone he wandred through th' *Aleian* Plains,

And mourning all Society disdains.

Bloud-thirsty *Mars* his Son *Isander* slew;

When Forces he 'gainst royal *Solym* drew.

Incens'd

Incens'd ^(d) *Diana* kill'd fair *Laodame*.

I from *Hippolochus* descended am ;
Who sent me hither, first instructed well,
That I should strive all others to excell.
Nor shall I now my Ancestors disgrace,
Who Noblest were of the *Ephyrean* Race,
And the best Bloud of ample *Lycia* boast.

^(e) This my Descent is, which I glory most.

Bold *Diomed* rejoyc'd such Words to hear ;
Then sticking in th' all-fostering Earth his Spear,
In pleasing Language thus himself h' exprest ;

Our Ancestors have been commutual Guests.

^(f) *Oeneus*, my noble Grandfire, did of old
Feast twenty daies *Bellerophon* the bold.
Rich ^(g) Gifts, the Emblems of Affection, past.
Oeneus bestow'd a Belt with Purple grac'd ;
Bellerophon a golden Cup ingrail'd,
Which I at Home left when to *Troy* we sail'd.
Tydemus I knew not, left at home a Boy,
When they at *Thebes* our Army did destroy.
Therefore in *Greece* command my House and me ;
In *Lycia* I like Hospitalitie
Expect again, when thither I repair :
But let us all Hostility forbear.

Others there be amongst the *Trojan* Bands,
If *Jove* so please, shall perish by my Hands.
Take thou like Freedom, 'mongst our Squadrons range,
And slaughter *Greeks*. But Arms let's first exchange,
That all may know from whence this League begun,
Descending from the Father to the Son.

This said, both lighted, and right Hands conjoyn'd.
Here *Jove* ^(h) enlarg'd illustrious *Glaucus* Mind :
Arms he exchange'd which gloriously did shine,
Priz'd at a hundred Beeves, his but at nine.

(d) Οἱ αἰσχροὶ θάνατοι τῆς γυναικὸς Ἀγριμῆς ἐδόντων ἀνακτεῖσθαι, ὡς εἰ τῆς ἀνδρὸς τῆς Ἀνδριανῆς, All immature Deaths of Women are ascribed to Diana, as of Men to Apollo. Enst. Hence men, conceiving her to delight in Destruction, thought to atone her by humane Sacrifices. Phor. de natura Deorum.

(e) Antisthenes the Cynick, being questioned about his Parentage, answered, Ἐγὼ πατρὶ μὲν καὶ τῷ ἀγκυρῶν ἐπιμαρτύρωμαι, that his Father wiped his Nose with his Elbow, that is, was one that sold Salt-fish ; adding this Verse of our Poet,

Ταῦτός τοι γένεός τε καὶ αἵματόν ἐν γούνατι γῆ.

Such my Descent, and of this Stock I come.

(f) *Oeneus* was the Father of *Tydemus*, whom he begot on *Peribaea*, the Daughter of *Hippodamus*. He was cast out of his Kingdom by the Sons of *Agrius*, and after slain by two of them, *Onchestus* and *Thersippus*, who by Flight escaped the Fury of *Diomed*, who, returning from *Argos*, put all the rest of their Brethren, who expelled his Grandfather, to the Sword.

(g) Gr. δῖνα, i. τὰ ὅτι ἑταίρας δίδωσι, they that treated any Stranger of note giving and receiving mutuall Gifts, in memory of such Reception, which they carefully reposed in their Houses, so to attest it to their Posterity, that so they also might keep up and continue that Amity and Friendship which was begun by their Progenitors. Enst. To which the same Authour adds, τὰς συγγενικὰς δεσφὰς κρείττονας τοῖς παλαιαῖς καὶ ὅτι τῶν ἑταίρων, that the Ancients preferred this friendly Reception and mutuall Kindness which passed betwixt their Ancestors, before all other Obligations and Ties whatsoever, whether of Consanguinity or Affinity : inasmuch that *Tenace* upon this account, albeit he were originally by his Mother's side, *Hesione* the Daughter of *Laomedon*, a *Trojan*, sided yet with the *Graecians* against *Priam*, his Uncle by the Father's side, and *Hector*, his Cousin-german, imbruing his Hands in the Blood of his nearest Relations.

(h) Gr. θῆκεν ἐξέλατο Ζεὺς, as if *Jove* had insinuated him to make so fond an Exchange ; which yet ἐξέπετρος ἐποίησεν, as if he had enlarged his Soul, and rendered him magnificent.

As

As soon as *Hector* to the *Scean* Gates
And Beech arriv'd, Women of all Estates,
Sad Virgins, Wives and Matrons, old and young,
For Husbands, Sons and Brothers asking, throng.
He straight commands that to the Temples they
Sould go, and there for Heav'n's Assistance pray.

But when he came to *Priam's* Royal Seat,
(With Portico's magnificent and neat,
Compos'd of fifty Structures rarely built,
Where *Priam's* Sons, their Wives and Children, dwelt:
Oppos'd to which his twelve fair Daughters did
In *Parian* polish'd Marble-Courts reside;
Whose Lords, returning thither from the Fight,
Enjoy'd their chaste and loving Wives at Night)
He met his Mother *Hecuba*, and she
Had in her Hand the bright *Laodice*,
The fair'st of *Priam's* Daughters. Him she stay'd,
And, wringing him by th' Hand, thus weeping said;

Why quitt'st thou, Son, the Field? Do ⁽ⁱ⁾ they prevail?
Will these accursed *Greeks* our Walls assail,
That, prompted by thy Zeal, thou com'st to move,
With Hands erected, Aid of thund'ring *Jove*?
But stay untill I fetch delicious ^(k) Wine,
That thou to him and all the Powers Divine
May'st offer; then with Cups, appeasing Care,
Thy Spirits and Strength wasted with Toil repair.
With Charging oft and bringing on fresh Aid,
Thou may'st be tir'd. Then bright-Helm'd *Hector* said;
Mother, no Wine, lest the deceitfull Bowl

^(l) Unnerve my Strength, and stupefie my Soul.
Nor may I, thus ^(m) defil'd with Bloud and Gore,
Pay due Libations, nor great *Jove* implore.
But go you straight attended with a Train
Of pious Matrons to *Minerva's* Fane:

(i) Gr. δυσώνυμοι, i. κακώνυμοι, i. ill-named: either because she conceived them not worthy or fit to be named, or as deeming it ominous and unlucky; δυσώνυμον ἢ τῇ αἰσχροφῶν, δυσφημῶν the word *Achivi* relating and alluding to ἄχος, which notes Pain or Grief. Thus *Hector* styles *Paris* δῖαπειρος, *Troy* κακῶντων. Thus *Sophocles* calls *Ajax* δυσώνυμον, as having his name πρὸς τὸ αἶ, ἢ τὸ αἰάζειν, from Mourning. *Enst.*

(k) Some Libations were αἰνοί, had no Wine in them at all; as that to *Apollo*, which was performed onely with Honey. *Enst.*

(l) ἀπογυῖσθαι, as if Wine were an enemy to the Nerves, and loosned the Joints. Hence that Epigram of *Bacchus* and *Venus*, the frequent use of them:

Ἀνοσιμαλὲς Βάκχος καὶ Λυσίμαλῃ Κυθέρειᾳ
Τίξῃσι θυμῷ τελευ λυσίμαλῳ ποδὶ γέλω.

Bacchus and *Venus*, lanefull to the Nerves,
A Daughter get, the Gout, which I worse deserves.

(m) See the Note n^o the following Page.

Bear Incense with you, and that Vestment which,
 You most esteem, most glorious and rich;
 And at the Virgin's Foot the Present lay.
 Then twelve fat Bullocks promise her to pay
 In Sacrifice, if she'll commiserate
 Our Wives and Children, and the Trojan State;
 If *Tydeus* Son she will from *Ilium* drive,
 And us in this sad Exigent relieve.
 Whilst to *Minerva* thou these Offerings pay'st,
 I will enquire out *Paris*, who (disgrac'd)
 His Honour may by my Advice retrieve.
 Ah! that the Earth would swallow him alive;
 Whom *Jove* preserv'd a direfull Curse to be
 To *Troy*, to *Priam* and his Progeny.
 Could I but see his Soul to Shades descend,
 I should find Ease, and all my Sorrows end.

This said, the Queen straight to her Lodgings went,
 And Damsels for the noble Matrons sent.
 Then she descended to a stately Room,
 Where curious Garments lay in rich Perfume,
 Wrought by *Sidonian* Dames with wond'rous Art,
 Which *Paris* with fair *Helen* did transport
 Through swelling Billows from ⁽ⁿ⁾ *Sidonian* Shores.
 For *Pallas* one she chuseth from her Stores,
 Whose various Colours gloriously did shine,
 Like radiant Stars in some Celestiall Sign;
 Which, at the Bottome lying, came out last.

And now the Matrons all assembled hast
 Down to the Temple in a numerous Train,
 For whom ^(o) *Theano* straight unlocks the Fane.
 (*Ciffus* Daughter she, *Antenor's* Spouse,
 Priestess to *Pallas*, kept her Sacred House)
 Hands with a ^(p) Cry they to the Goddess heave,
 Whilst her fair Votress did the Vest receive,

*This Note belongs to the word (defiled)
 four lines before.*

(m) The very Heathens conceived that no Sacrifice was accepted but such as was offered with pure Hands; and that nothing so defiled as the Effusion of humane Blood. Hence that passionate Exclamation of *Hercules* in the Tragedy, after he had slain his Wife and Children:

*Quis Tanais, aut quis Nilus, aut quis
 Persica
 Violentus unda Tigris, aut Rhenus fe-
 rox,
 Tagusve Ibera turbidus Gazâ fluens,
 Abluere Dextram poterit?*

*What Tanais, Rhene, or flowing Nile,
 Or Tigris washing Persia's Soil,
 Or Tagus rowling golden Sand,
 Can wash from guilt this bloody Hand?*

Whence *Hesiod* gives this Precept to his Brother *Persa* in his *Ergy*.

*Μηδὲ ποτ' ἐξ ἡνὸς Διὸς λεῖψεν ἀδελφεὸν οἶνον
 χαρὸν ἀνιψίστην, μηδ' ἀλλοῖς ἀδελφεῖσι.*

*To Jove, nor any of the Powers Divine,
 With unwash'd Hands, nor early, offer
 Wine.*

And *Tibullus*, speaking of *Sulpicia* ready to sacrifice, thus describes her preparation for it:

*Natalis Juno, sanctos cape Thuris ho-
 mores,
 Quos tibi dat tenera docta Puella manus.
 Lota tibi est hodie, tibi se latissima com-
 pset;
 Staret ut ante tuos conspicienda Focos.*

Blest *Juno*, take that sacred Frankin-
 cense
 The Virgin in her tender Hands pre-
 sents.
 This day she bath'd for thee, and comb'd
 her Hair;
 That to thy Altars clean she might re-
 pair.

(n) Albeit he that penn'd τὰ Κύπρια affirm that *Paris* had a speedy Passage back from *Sparta*; yet others make the *Græcian* Agents to arrive at *Troy* before his Return, he being either diverted by Tempest, or purposely fetching a Compass to elude such as should pursue. In this Voiage of his he put in at *Sidon*, where, killing that King, by whom he was kindly treated, contrary to the Laws of Hospitality, he plundered his Palace, carrying away thence much Treasure and many Captives.

(o) In *Homer's* time married Women might officiate as Priests to their Gods; after, Virgins onely: so the *Vestals* with the *Romans*.

(p) This Custome, to be clamorous at their Sacrifices, the *Trojans* derived from the *Libyssa*, with whom it was principally in use. So *Herodotus* in his *Melpomene*.

And

(*) *Gr. ἐν γούρῳ, upon her Knees*: whence some conjecture this Image of hers to be in a Sedentary posture. This her Statue was called *Palladium*, and *διωμένης, as falling from Heaven*; and was attended with this Destiny, that *Troy* could not be sacked whilst that continued safe, and the *Trojans* Masters of it.

(g) *Gr. Πρωία δὲ μοῖραν*, they praying not onely for his untimely and violent Death, but dishonourable end also, viz. that he may fall forward, not ὑμῖον, but ἀγνῖα, that is, be slain flying.

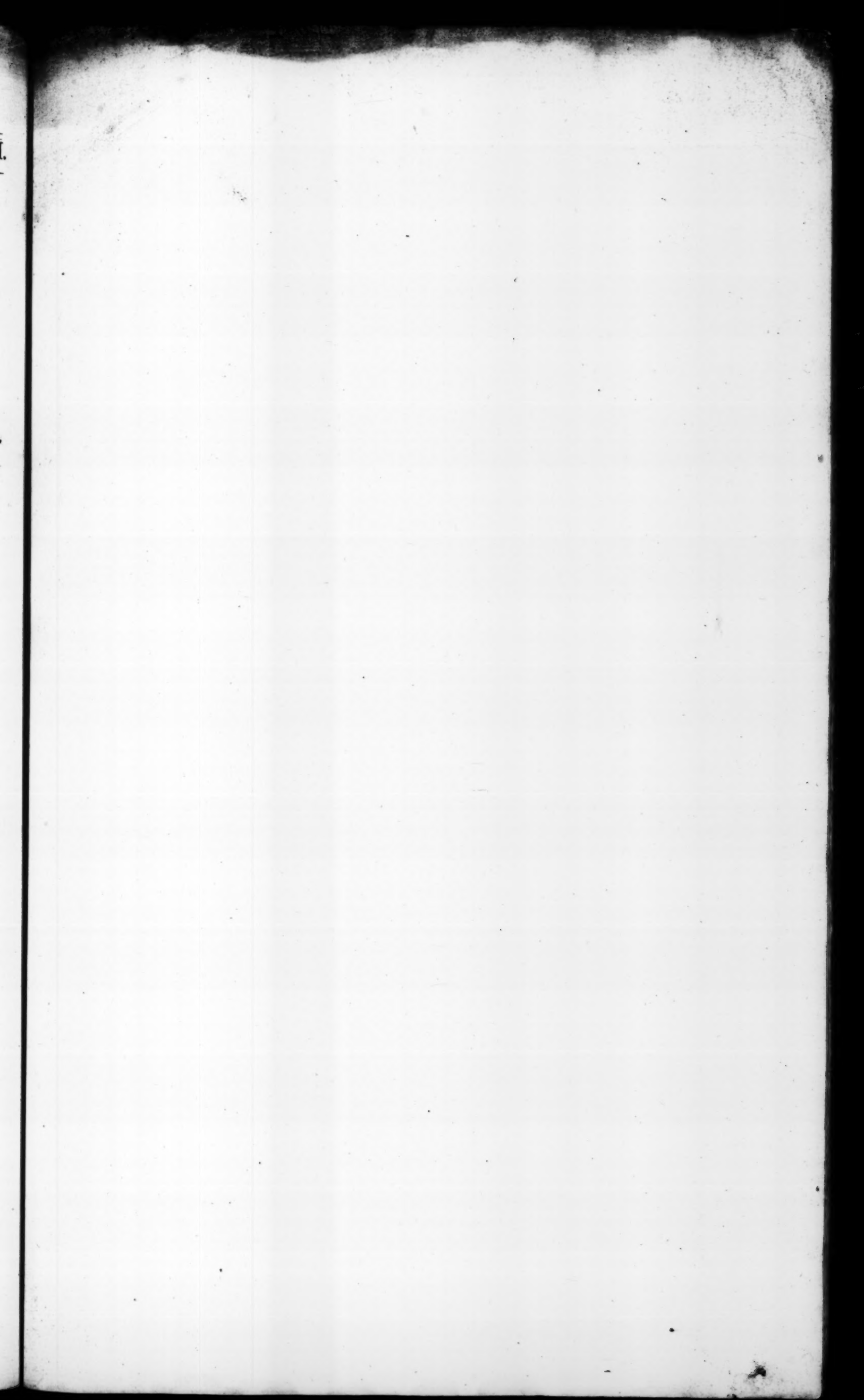
(r) This Ring fastned the Steel-part of the Spear to the Staff, and was called *πίξιν*.

And humbly 't* down before *Minerva* lay'd.
This finish'd, she to *Jove's* bright Daughter pray'd:
Guardian of *Troy*, chaste *Pallas*, hear our Prayer,
Break, greatest Goddess, stern *Tydidēs* Spear;
Let him before the *Scean* Gates ^(g) be slain:
And twelve wild *Bullocks* in thy sacred Fane
We then shall pay; if thou commiserate
Us and our Children, and the *Trojan* State.

Thus pray'd she, in whose Prayer the Matrons joyn'd.
But th' angry Goddess their Requests declin'd.

Hector meanwhile to *Paris* did resort,
Where he had built himself a stately Court;
On which the skilfullest in severall Arts
That dwelt in wealthy *Troy* had done their parts;
A Hall, Bed-chamber and a Room of State,
Built him near *Priam* and great *Hector's* Gate.
Here *Jove-lov'd Hector* enters with a strong
Well-pointed Javelin, eleven Cubits long.
The deadly Steel before him entring shin'd,
The Staff ^(r) a golden Annulet did bind.
Him here he found preparing for the Field
His Bow, his Breast-plate, and his glittering Shield.
Whilst beauteous *Helen* 'mongst her Maids in State,
Their severall Works and Tasks disposing, fate.
Thus *Hector Paris* chides; Ah, most accurst!
Whilst thou thus trifling stand'st, we get the worst.
Is this a time 'gainst us to vent thy Spight,
When we are beaten thus and put to flight?
For thy sake Shouts and Clamours scale the Skies,
And *Troy* will straight become the Victor's prize.
Now thou shouldst help our routed Troups to turn.
Haste, lest in hostile Flames the City burn.
To whom thus *Paris* modestly reply'd;
Me, noble *Hector*, thou dost justly chide.

But





Honore Domino Domini
Baroni de Camond.



Thomae Richardson
Tabulam hanc. L.M.D.D.D.
I.C.

But yet no Quarrell nor conceived Spleen
 Made me retire: Grief kept me thus within.
 But now my Wife (to which I willing yield,
 As best Advice) persuades me to the Field.
 Victory Favour gives now here, now there;
 And they are Conquerours oft who conquer'd were.
 But stay untill I arm; or do thou lead,
 And I will follow. *Hector* nothing said:
 But thus to *Hector* straight fair *Helen* cries;
 Me both the Nations like a Dog despise,
 And as the Source of all their Woes abhorre.
 Ah! would that I, when me my Mother bore,
 On barren Mountains or the boistrous Main
 Had perish'd, carry'd by some Hurricane,
 Before that I had seen this dismall Day.
 But since the Gods this Mischief on us lay,
 Ah! would that I had chose a better Lord,
 Who more his Reputation would regard.
 This never had, nor e're will gain, Repute;
 Who, I believe, will reap the bitter Fruit.
 Yet, dearest Brother, here a while repose,
 Since for our sakes you suffer all these Woes.
 Hard Fortune joyn'd his Hand and mine, that we
 In After-ages ⁽¹⁾ infamous should be.

Then he; To stay you sha'n't persuade me, though
 Your real Love, Sister, to me you shew.
 I presently our Squadrons must assist,
 Who for this Absence am already mist.
 But, Madam, now your Rhetorick imploy,
 To hasten *Paris*, whilst I stay in *Troy*.
 For I, to see in what Condition are
 My Wife and onely Son, must Home repair.
 Perhaps I never shall return again,
 But by the *Greeks* and conquering Gods be slain.

X

Hector

(1) Gr. *ἄλκιμος*, i. brave Songs
 Sonnets made of *αἶμα*, *μῆτις* *ἡρώδης*
ἡρώδης, Schol.

Hector, this said, went to his stately House;
But found not there *Andromache* his Spouse.
She, with her Son and one Attendent more,
Lamenting stood upon a lofty Tower.
Whom missing, to her Damsels thus said he;

Where is my Wife? went she abroad to see
Her Sisters, or attended in the Train
T' implore *Minerva* in her sacred Fane?

Then one reply'd; No Visit hath she made,
Nor went the Goddess *Pallas* to persuade;
But weeping to a lofty Tower she's gone.
Hearing the *Trojans* were quite overthrown,
She to the Walls distractedly did run,
Onely attended with her Nurse and Son.

Thus answered by the Damsell, he retreats,
Through uniform and rarely-built Streets,
The way he came, and to the *Scean* Ports,
By which he entred, he again resorts.
There his fair Wife *Andromache* he met,
The Daughter of *Eetion* the Great,
(Who's Court in ⁽¹⁾ *Hypoplacian Thebes* did hold,
And there commanded the *Cilicians* bold:
On warlike *Hector* her he did bestow.

Tow'rds him his Lady and her Nurse did go,
Bearing his onely Off-spring and Delight,
Whose dawning Beauty was then Stars more bright;
Whom he *Scamandrius*, but all *Troy* the Child

* *Astyanax* (in *Hector's* Honour) styl'd.

Viewing his Son, a Smile the Hero stole.
But she, whilst down her Cheeks salt Tears did rowl,
Clasping her Husband's Hand, thus said; Dear Love,
Thy too much Daring will thy Ruine prove:
Nor pitiest thou thy Son, nor wofull me,
Who may (alas!) too soon thy Widow be.

(1) *Atramu*, a *Pelasgian* by birth, coming to *Ida* in *Cilicia*, built there a City called after his own name *Atramyttium*. Having a Daughter fit to marry, named *Thebe*, he promised her to him who in a Turnament or Exercise of Arms purposely appointed should behave himself best. She was carried by *Hercules*, who, erecting a City at the Foot of the Mountain *Placius* in *Cilicia*, called it, after the name of his Wife, *Thebe Hypoplacia*. Schol.

* *Asudva*, i. the Ruler of the City, one who governed it *avans*.

For all the *Greeks* their Forces do imploy
 Thee (alwaies venturing foremost) to destroy.
 If thee I lose, what Comfort can be found?
 What Joy above, when thou art under Ground?
 For Consolation Misery is left,
 When I of thy Embraces am bereft.
 Dead are my Mother and my Father too.
 Renown'd *Eetion* stern *Achilles* slew,
 And stately *Thebes* (which he by right enjoy'd,
 Well peopled with *Cilicians*) destroy'd:
 Yet him (fearing the Gods) he did not spoil,
 But gave his Arms and Corps one Funeral Pile;
 And Mountain-Nymphs, who boast their high Descent
 From *Jove*,^(*) Elms planted round his Monument.
 With me seven Brothers dwelt in our Abodes,
 Whom one sad Day sent to the *Stygian* Flouds,
 Slain by *Achilles*, where they us'd to keep
 Cloven-foot Herds and silver-fleeced Sheep.
 My Mother, who in *Hypoplacus* sway'd,
 He with her Riches Captive thence convey'd,
 And after for great Ransome let her go.
Diana drawing then a deadly Bow,
 Highly displeased,^(x) shot her through the Heart.
 So^(y) thou my Father and my Mother art,
 My Brother, and my Royal Husband too.
 Oh! tarry on this Tower, and Pity shew;
 Nor me a Widow, this an Orphan make:
 But to the^(z) Fig-tree draw thy Forces back;
 Where shallow Trenches guard the easie Wall,
 Where thrice th' *Ajaxes* fiercely on did fall,
 With stout *Idomeneus*, seconded
 By both th' *Atrides* and bold *Diomed*.
 Which Weakness they by Augury did find,
 Or by the Instigation of their Mind.

(*) They planted such Trees onely about Sepulchres as were barren, as an Emblem of the dead. Thus *Strabo*, speaking of *Augustus* his Monument, saith, that it was *ἐν τῷ ἀλφειῷ κατέστυν, σὺν αὐτῷ καὶ ἄλδερς*. The *Arbores ferales* also, such as they constantly used in their *Rogi* or Funerall Piles, were such onely as were barren; amongst which the most principal was the Pine, and that for this very reason: whence *Cræsus* menaced them of *Lampsacum*, that he would destroy them as the Pine-tree. Of which *Herodotus* in his sixth Muse renders this reason; *Ὅτι πῖνος μόνον ἀνδρῶν πάντων ἐκποσέσθαι, βλαστὸν ἑστὶν αὐτῆς, ἣν καὶ παραλήσπου ἐξ ἀπόλλωνος, for that this Tree alone, being fell'd, never puts out the least Sprout or Cien.*

(x) This he saith, because she died presently after, and that by an untimely End.

(y) So *Briseis* to her *Achilles*, in *Ovid's Epist.*

Tot tamen amissis, te compensavimus unum:
Tu Dominus, tu Vir, tu mihi Frater, eris.

All my lost Friends thou must supply,
 and be
 A Father; Spouse, and Brother unto me.

(z) *Gr. Ἐκείνη*, which, saith *Strabo*, l. 13. was *τὸ ἐγγὺς τῷ ὄρει ἑστὸς αἰὲς*, a rough place abounding with wild Fig-trees, nearly adjoining to old *Ilion*. A little lower then this stood the Beech mentioned before.

Then *Hector*; Dearest Wife, leave off Despair;
 Those Businesses are list'd in my Care.
 Should I the Fight decline, th' aspersing Lips
 Of high and low my Glory would eclipse,
 As if I basely had forsook the Field,
 Who never to the proudest Foe did yield,
 But oft beyond the foremost charg'd alone,
 To save our Countrey's Honour and my own.
 I know the time draws near when they will *Troy*,
 King *Priam* and his warlike Sons destroy.
 But not so near my Heart my Grief I lay
 For *Troy*, my Father, nor for *Hecuba*,
 Nor all my valiant Brothers, (ah! who must
 By haughty Foes be trampled in the Dust)
 As when I think some cruel *Greek* shall lead
 Thee weeping Captive to his loathed Bed;
 And thou at *Argos* ply a forein Web,
 Or make clear ^(a) *Messeis* or *Hyperia* ebb,
 Whilst thou draw'st Water with unwilling Hands:
 But such are dire Necessitie's Commands.
 When some shall say, seeing thee drown'd in Tears;
 That's *Hector*'s Wife: of all those Cavaliers
 Which with such Prowess kept the *Trojan* Wall,
 He was for Valour most renown'd of all:
 Then thou wilt grieve for Loss of such a Lord,
 Was able to redeem thee with his Sword:
 When under ^(b) pil'd-up Earth thy *Hector* lies,
 Taking no notice of thy dolefull Cries.

(a) *Messeis* was a Fountain of *Thes-*
salys Hyperia of *Argos*.

(b) *Xum*, that Earth alone being so
 called as was cast upon such as were
 interred.

Soon as he had his wofull Presage done,
 He stretch'd his Arms out to embrace his Son:
 Who frighted at his Father's Aspect shrieks,
 And Refuge in his Nurse's Bosome seeks.
 To see bright Arms the Infant's Courage fails,
 And waving Crests adorn'd with Horses Tails.

At which his Father and his Mother smil'd.
 Illustrious *Hector* then, to still the Child,
 Took off his dreadfull Cask and glittering Arms.
 Then having kiss'd and dandled in his Arms
 His dearest Son, he thus to mighty *Jove*
 Did make his Prayer, and all the Gods above;

You Heav'nly Powers, ^(c) let this Boy's Glory shine
 Beyond his Ancestors, eclipsing mine.
 Let him so rule, that all the World may say,
 Better then me he doth his Kingdome sway.
 Let him in Triumph shew the bloody Spoil
 Of slaughtered Foes, and make his Mother smile.

This said, *Astyanax* to her he gives,
 Who in her fragrant Bosome him receives.
 Bold *Hector* then, perceiving her dismay'd,
 Grasping her tender Hand, thus pitying said;

My Absence cease so sadly to resent;
 My Life's secured till the Fates consent.
 Both Good and Bad, all that are born must die:

^(d) There's no avoiding of our Destiny.
 Look thou unto thy Womens Tasks at Home,
 Command them ply the Spindle and the Loom;
 Leave Warlike Cares unto the Men of *Troy*,
 And me, whom as their General they employ.

This said, illustrious *Hector* re-assumes
 His glittering Helmet, stuck with horrid Plumes.
 But sad *Andromache* to Court repairs,
 Oft looking back, and shedding many Tears.

Soon as she entred, and her Servants found,
 Her Grief fermenting theirs, the Court was drown'd
 In Tears; for *Hector*, yet alive, they mourn,
 As he were slain, and never to return.

Paris makes no Delay, but straight comes down
 In glorious Arms, and hastens through the Town.

^(c) Thus *Ajax* in *Sophocles* puts up
 the like Petition for his;

ὦ πάτερ, γένεο πατρὶς ἐκτυχεύεις,
 τὰ δ' ἄλλα ὅμοιος.

Be, Boy, more fortunate than I thy Sire,
 In all things else alike.

Which yet seldom happens, most
 Children coming short of their Parents
 Perfections; according to that of *Io-*
lani to *Demophoon* in *Euripides*:

ἴδ' ἰδὼν ὃ φῶς,
 οὐδὲν κακίον τυγχάνεις γένεο πατρὶς,
 Πάτερ μ' ἄλλων· ἵνα γὰρ πολλοὶς ἴσως
 Εὐεργετῶν ὄντων ὅτι καὶ χείρων πατρὶς.
 Thee, from good Parents born,
 Their many Vertues do adorn.
 One 'mongst many scarce we find
 Who don't degenerate from his kind.

Albeit in his *Alcm.* cited by *Stobaeus*,
 he seems otherwise minded:

ὦ πάτερ Κρέοντα, ὅς ἐστιν ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν,
 ἔδδων ἀπ' ἀνδρῶν ἔδδω γένεος τέκνα,
 Καὶ ὅντι δ' ὅμοια τῇ φύσει τῇ τῶ πατρὸς;
 Down *Creon's* Son, this *Maxime* set:
 Good Parents vertuous Children get,
 Knaves ne'r got any honest yet.

Whence *Juvenal* prefers the generous
 Off-spring of an ignoble Stock before
 the degenerating Issue of a nobler
 House.

Malis Pater tibi sit Therfites, dummo-
do tu sis
Aecidae similis, Vulcaniaque Armaca-
peffas,
Quam te Therfite similem producat A-
chilles.

I'd rather thou *Therfites* Off-spring
 wert,
 Hadst thou *Achilles* Arms and valiant
 Heart,
 Then sprung from him to act *Therfites*
 part.

^(d) Parallel to this is that Sentence
 cited by *Eust.* here out of *Ælian de*
Providentia:

Μόργαν μὲν ἀνθρώπων ἀμύχανον ἔχοντα
 ἢ ἐπὶ γεννομένη πατρὶς Ζεὺς ἀγρυπνῶν.

It is impossible that Fate to shun
 which at our Birth *Jove* fix'd for every
 one.

As

(e) *Aristotle* writes of the Horse, that he delights much in Water and frequent Washing, and therefore pastures in Fens especially and Marshes: φιλό-
λαβον ζῶον ὁ ἵππος· καὶ φίλον ὕδωρ, καὶ χαίρει
λαίματι καὶ ὕδατι.

(f) *Gr. ἰδής*, an Appellation or Title given only to a Brother, as ἀδελφὰ to a Tutor or Guardian, φίλος to a Friend, and πατήρ to a Father.

(g) The Heathen, having repulsed the Enemy, consecrated certain Cups to their God for their good Success, in way of Gratitude. Of this kind (happily) were those Goblets styled by the Greeks χαυμῶνες ἐμπύματα, by the Latines Pocula literata; two whereof we find mentioned in *Athenais*, the one inscribed ΔΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ, the other, ΔΙΟΝΥΣΟΥ.

As when a Horse flies out, (breaking his Reins)
And, Stables left, enjoys the open Plains ;
Either through Meads he seeks a Stud of Mares,
Or to accustom'd (c) Watering repairs ;
Wanton, his Head erected, loud he neighs,
His Mane upon his Neck and Shoulder plays :
So from the Palace did Prince *Paris* run
In Arms whose Beams out-vy'd the glorious Sun ;
His nimble Feet scarce seem'd to touch the Ground :
So in a Moment he his Brother found
Near to the place where with his Wife he spake,
And first this short Apology did make :

I fear, (d) dear Brother, thee too long I've stay'd,
And not thy Pleasure punctually obey'd.

He in complacent Language made Reply ;

Not any, dearest *Paris*, can deny
(Whose Judgment is not byass'd) thy Desert,
Thy Prowess question, for thou valiant art :
But thou too often shrink'st into the Rear,
And wilt not fight. I much am griev'd to hear
The scoffing *Trojans* thee their By-word make,
Who, I confess, much suffer for thy sake.

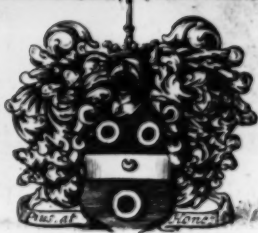
But let us hast, this will blow o're, when *Jove*
Shall grant to us (and all the Gods above)

(e) Our Liberties: then Bowls with *Bacchus* swell'd
We'll drink, for *Troy* preserv'd, and *Greeks* repell'd.

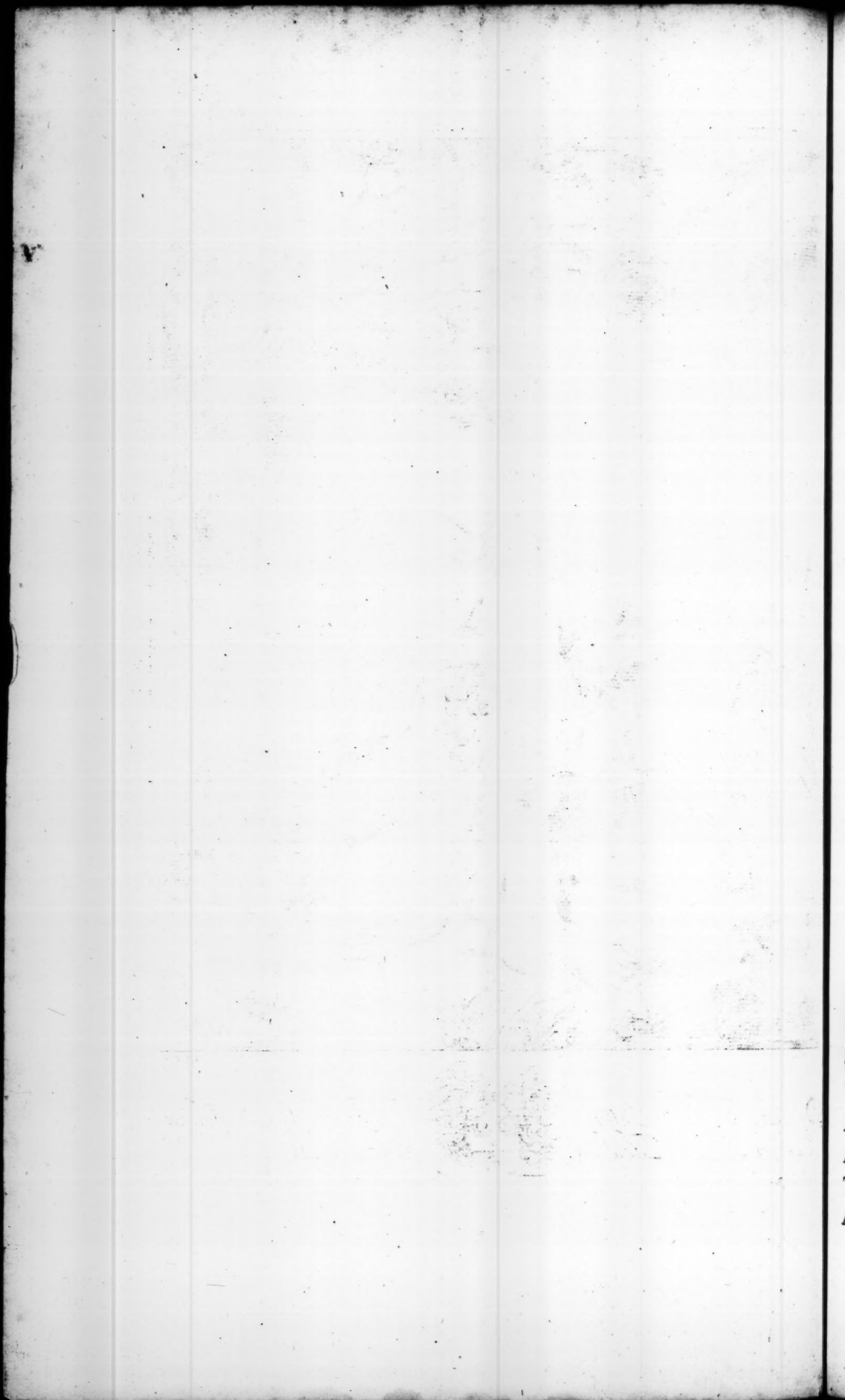


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HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Hector's bold Challenge all the Greeks decline.
Stirr'd up by Nestor's sharp Oration, Nine
Princes arise to answer ; but the Lot
The Trojan to encounter Ajax got.
When they had one another's Promises felt,
They interchange rich Gifts : Ajax a Belt
Bestows on Hector, He on him a Sword ;
Presents that fatal prov'd to either Lord.*

THrough open Gates, this said, both
Princes go,
Resolv'd to try the Valour of the
Foe.

As when^(a) God hears poor Sea-mens earnest Prayer,
And sends fair Winds to calm the troubled Air ;
They, tir'd with plying Oars and raging Seas,
At last obtain their wish'd-for Port and Ease :

Such

(a) Plato writing to a Friend, tells him he should then take him to be in earnest, when he should preface his Epistle to him with the name of a single Deity. For indeed, as Soran.

Jupiter omnipotens, Regum, rerumque,
Deumque
Progenitor, genitrixque Deum, Deus u-
nus, & omnes.

Great Jove, whom Father we and Mo-
ther call
Of Kings, Things, Deities, is one God,
and all.

(b) He was otherwise called *Alcander*, the reason whereof is thus rendered by *Ovid*, in that Epistle of his to *Helen*;

*Pene puer castis abducta armenta recepi
Hostibus, & causam Nominis inde tuli.*

hen but a Boy, the Foe I over-
Wcame,
And from our Herds recover'd got my
Name.

(c) *Areithous* was the most memorable person of his time. He making an Incurfion into *Arcadia*, whose Inhabitants were at difference with his *Bæotians de Finibus*, about the Limits and Boundaries of their Territories, carried thence a great Booty; which the *Arcadians* stomacking, laid an Ambuscado for him in his Return, where he was slain by *Lycurgus*, and the Booty regain'd; who also enjoy'd his Arms, and his Club wherewith he constantly fought: which (haply) was no other then a Sceptre, the Badge and Emblem of Regal Power and Authority, those being no other anciently then *πάβδον κεράτωδες*, headed Clubs. So *Pausanias*.

(d) That is, *Minerva*, by whom *Eust.* understands, *τιὸς Κωνῆς ἀνδραγαθὸν ὄρεσμον*, the customary and discreet Courage of the *Gracians*; as by *Apollo*, *τιὸς τοῦ μοῖρας ἔργον*, the power of Fate or Destiny on the part of the *Trojans*.

(e) She and *Juno* more eagerly then the rest, and not to be removed.

Such Joy reviv'd the *Trojans*, when they view'd
These Princes, and the Battell they renew'd.

(b) *Paris Menesthius* first, (c) *Areithous* Son,
Who *Arne* rul'd, did through the Body run;
Whom fair *Philomedusa* forth did bring
To that Club-bearer, that Gigantick King.
Through *Eion's* Neck *Hector* his Javelin thrust
Beneath his Helm, and lay'd him in the Dust.
Glaucus Iphinous slew, bold *Dexias* Heir,
Piercing his Shoulder with a ponderous Spear
Upon his Steed: down falls he on the Ground,
Life's purple Atomes issuing at the Wound.

Soon as the (d) bright-ey'd Goddesses understood
How great th' Effusion was of *Gracian* Bloud,
Down from *Olympus* lofty Tops she flies,
Cutting to sacred *Troy* untracked Skies.
Her *Phæbus*, (busied on the *Trojan* Side)
Sitting on Tow'ry *Pergamus*, espy'd.
Straight he descends, and the illustrious Maid
At the old Beech encountering, thus said;

What Business draws thee from *Jove's* Starry Court?
No Trifle, sure, but matter of Import.
Must worsted *Greeks* the Day regain at last?
For small Regret for wofull *Troy* thou hast.
Slight not what I propose, my Counsel take:
Let both the Armies now Cessation make,
And after fight it out, till those destroy
(Since so (e) you Gods will have it) hapless *Troy*.

Agreed, said *Pallas*, in this Plot I'll joyn,
It is my Business, on the same Design
From Heav'n to Earth I made this speedy Flight.
But how shall we surcease this bloody Fight?

Then *Phæbus*; I'll inflame great *Hector's* Breast,
To make a Challenge, and the valiantest

Of all the *Greeks* dare forth to try his Chance,
And single interchange with him a Launce.
Then wondring they shall through the Army seek
For the bold *Trojan* out as bold a *Greek*.

Pallas consented to *Apollo's* Plot.

This ^(f) *Helenus* by Divination got,
And thus to *Hector* did the Business move ;

Thou that in Prudence equal art to *Jove*,
Take my Advice, I make it my Request,
Who am thy Brother : Let both Parties rest ;
And straight the valiant'st of thy Foes invite
Thee to encounter in a single Fight.

Thy Fate's not ripe, of Death be not afraid.
This ^(g) from immortal Deities I heard.

Pleas'd with this Counsel, gladly he consents,
And straight before the *Trojan* Regiments

^(h) Raileth his Spear: they at the Signall stand!

Straight *Agamemnon* gave the like Command!

Whilst on ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Jove's* Beech *Pallas* and *Phæbus* light,

Like ^(k) Vulturs perching to behold the Fight

The thick-rank'd Squadrons fate, and all the Fields

Glitter'd with Arms, Helms, Spears, & dazzling Shields.

Deities elect'd such Trees as were fruitless, having respect to their Slightness, Shade, or Strength, she made choice of such an one as was usefull and beneficial to men, the Olive.

^(k) *Homer*, as he represents his Gods in the effigies of Fowls, these, as being of an airy Constitution, better expressing their Nature than any grosser Animals, in Whom Earth is predominant; so among Fowls he makes choice of such onely as are *ἀέριον* & *ἀνδρῶν*, as excell in Magnitude, and are of the ablest Wing, those of the Eagle kind; as here of the Vultur, or Griffin. *Eust.* Vulturs were especially observed in the heathenish Divination by Augury: of which kind of Prophecie, with the Reason or Cause of it, thus *Statius* lib. 3. *Theb.*

—*Oeclides* solit à Prece Numen amicat:
Jupiter omnipotens; nam te pernicibus Alis
Addere Consilium, Volucresque implere futuri,
Ominaque & Causas Cælo deferre latentes
Accipimus. Non Cyrrha Deum promiserit Antro
Certius, aut Frondes Lucis quas fama Molossis
Chaonias sonuisse tibi: licet aridus Hammon
Invidet, Lycæve parent contendere Sortes,
Niliacumque pecus, patrioque aqualis honori
Bronchus, & undosa qui rufiens accola Pise
Pana Lycaonia nocturnum exaudis in umbra.
Dirior ille animi cui tu, Diææ, secundas
Impuleris manifestus Aves. Mirum unde, sed olim
Hic honor Alisibus: Supera seu Conditor Aula
Sic dedit, effusum Chaos in nova semina texens:
Seu quia mutata, nostraque ab origine versis
Corporibus, subiere Notos: seu purior Axis,
Amotiusque nefas, & rarum infestis terris,
Vera decet, &c.

^(f) *Helenus*, being skilled in Augury, had the Gift of understanding the Notes and Flights of Birds or Fowls, and over-hearing the very Whisperings of the Gods themselves. Mythologists write, that his and his Sister *Cassandra's* Ears (these two were Twins) were purified by Serpents licking them in the Temple of *Apollo Thymbræus* on the Feast of their Nativities, when playing they were left upon the place all night, through the Negligence of those that tended them. The Serpents the next morning, being discovered, betook themselves into an adjoining Grove of Laurell. *Schol.* Others say, they were *Pythonists*, and so foretaw things without any Inspection or Trial, or Observation of Fowls, onely by divine Instinct, as did the *Sibylls*. *S. Spondanus.* *Apollodorus*, lib. 3. makes him begotten on *Hecuba* by *Apollo*, and so to have had this Faculty or Gift *extraduce*, by Extraction or Descent.

^(g) Thus *Socrates*, *Minos* and others were said to be *ἀπὸ τοῦ θεοῦ*, to accompany with the Gods, and to hold communication with them. *Spond.*

^(h) To hold a Spear erected by the middle, was a Signall of a Cessation from all Acts of Hostility for that time; as on the contrary, *ἔρρηξ ὀφθαλμοῦ*, to extend, or hold it forth, of present Engaging.

⁽ⁱ⁾ Every God having a Tree sacred to him, *Jove* made choice of the Beech; with Garlands of which some Nations crowned his Altars. In *Rome* he had a Temple called *Fagutal*, from a Beech growing in it. *Minerva* is commended, for that, when the other

—*Oeclides* thus ingageth Heaven:

Almighty *Jove*, from whom all Power is given
To th' Winged crew, that Birds know what's to come,
Discovering Heav'n's Advice and secret Doom.
Not *Cyrrha's* Oracle speaks the God more plain,
Nor the *Chaonian* Oaks, which men do feign
Do answer thee: though *Hammon* envy it,
And *Patarean* Lots contend, or yet
Nile's Oxe, or *Bronchus* equal to his Father,
Or watry *Pisa's* Swains, when they do gather
Pan's nightly Answers in the dark. Those Souls
Are most enrich'd to whom thy lucky Fowls,
Great *Jove*, are sent. Strange, whence this Honour came
To Birds: 'tis ancient. Either when the Frame
O'th' World was moulded out o'th' *Chaos*, then
The great Creatour gave it: Or once Men,
They chang'd their Shapes, and chose t' inhabit in
The Air: Or their pure Climate, where no Sin
Does nestle, whilst they seldom touch the Earth,
Has taught them Truth, &c.

Mr. Tho. Stephens.

Y

As

As a strong Gale the glazed Ocean purls,
 Wrinkling smooth Neptune's Face in sable Curls:
 So Greeks and Trojans verdant Plains made black:
 When thus betwixt the Armies Hector spake;
 Listen, both Parties, and I shall impart
 The sudden Dictates of my thoughtfull Heart.
 Still our expected Peace great Jove declines,
 And musters up for Mischief fresh Designs;
 Resolv'd that you shall take well-built Troy,
 Or we your Navy utterly destroy.

Therefore the stoutest of you I invite:
 Whodares adventure to a single Fight,
 Let him draw forth, and here encounter me
 Upon this Spot; and Jove shall Witness be;
 If I am conquer'd, let the Conquerour strip
 Me of my Arms, and bear them to his Ship;
 But leave my Body, that the Trojans may
 My Obsequies and Funeral Duties pay.
 If him (so please, great Phæbus!) I o'recome,
 His Arms I'll bear to sacred Ilium,
 And ⁽¹⁾ fix the Trophee in Apollo's Fane;
 Then to the Fleet return their Champion slain;
 That Friends his Corps may solemnly interr,
 Raising near th' ^(m) Hellepont his Sepulcher:

(1) The Tenth of the Spoils taken in War were commonly consecrated and paid to some God, especially Jupiter, *Jovi Prædatori*: whence such as were Enemies, that they might have the Gods more favourable to their Side, out-vied usually one another. Thus the Locrians out-bad them of Cræon; and Flaminius, Aristonicus the General of the Gauls. Spond.

These Spoils were not onely affixed to the Walls of their publick Temples, but of their private Mansions also, which it was not lawfull for any who purchased the House to deface or take down, as Pliny tells us, lib. 35. c. 2. *Triumphabant etiam Dominis mutatis ipsa Domus: & erat hac Stimulatio ingens, exprobrantibus Tælis quotidie imbellem Dominum intrare in alienum Triumphum*. The Spoils which the Commander in chief took from the General of the Enemy were called *opima*, especially if it were done (so Pintarch) *μεγαλίστους ὄντας, ἃς αὐτῷ, the Battell being newly joyned, and they the first were taken*. These the Conquerour carried on his Shoulders, and presented to Jupiter *Feretrius*, so called from their being so born; or in *Feretro*, in a Cart or Wagon: according to that in Livie; Jupiter Feretrius, *hæc tibi Victor Romulus Rex. Regia Arma fero*. Consonant whereto is that of Propertius, lib. 4. Eleg. 11.

Nunc Spolia in Templo tria condita, causa Feretri,
 Omne quod certo Dux ferit ense Ducem.
 Aut quia victis Humeris hæc Arma ferebant,
 Hinc Feretri dicta est Ara superba Jovis.

Thrice Spoils they brought now to Feretrius Fane,
 Call'd so, because our Chief their Chief had slain:
 Or bearing th' Arms of those from Field they drove,
 Thence styl'd they th' Altars of Feretrian Jove.

(m) Athamas, the Son of Æolus, espousing Ino, the Daughter of Cadmus, had by her Issue Clearebus and Melicerta: but putting away Ino, by the instigation of Juno, he took to Wife Nephele, by whom he had Phryxus and Helle. Nephele, understanding that he accompanied still privily with Ino, deserts him upon it: whereupon Ino, being again received, designs the Destruction of his latter Issue, Phryxus and Helle, her Rival's Children. To effect this the better, she parcheth all the Seed-corn of the Countrey; whereupon a great Death ensuing, Athamas sends to consult the Oracle: but Ino, corrupting those that were to goe, prevails with them to return this Response, as from the Oracle, That he was not otherwise to be atoned, nor the Famine to cease, then by his sacrificing his own Seed. Hereupon Athamas sending for Phryxus, then in the Countrey, to Court, wills him, to colour the business the better, to bring with him some of the fairest Cattell he could chuse, for Sacrifice: which he endeavouring, a Ram, divinely inspired, reveals to him his Step-mother's Machinations against him and his Sister, willing them for prevention of it to get upon his Back; which doing, he transports them strongly through the Air. But Helle, being timorous, loseth her Hold, and falling bequeaths her Name to the subjacent Ocean, from her called ever after the Hellepont. The Ram setting down Phryxus safe at Colchis, dies: for whose Fleece, supposed of Gold, Jason and his Argonauts engaged in that so memorable Expedition. This Ram was a Ship, which had that Beast for its *ἐπιπλοῦν*, or else some faithfull Servant.

When

When some of our Posterity shall say,
Steering his Vessel to the *Euxine* Sea,
(ⁿ) There lies the Body of one kill'd long since
By valiant *Hector*, that renowned Prince.
So let him say, and so preserve my Name
From Age to Age, eternizing my Fame.

This said, all silent were, no *Greek* did speak ;
Blush'd to refuse, yet durst not undertake.

At last up *Menelaus* rising said,
(And, sighing, did their Cowardise upbraid ;)

(^o) Boasters like Women, y' are not Men ; the Foe
Greater and more Affronts on us will throw,
If none t' encounter *Hector* dares resolve.

May ye to (^p) Earth and Water first dissolve,
And idly sitting in Disgrace delight :
But I will arm, and this proud Champion fight.
In Strength nor Valour lies so much the Odds :
Victory the Gift is of immortal Gods.

This said, he arms. Then, in that fatal Strife,
O *Menelaus*, thou hadst lost thy Life
By *Hector*'s Hand ; but that (^q) the Princes rose,
And *Agamemnon* too did interpose,
Who, thus dissuading, held him by the Wrist ;

Dear *Menelaus*, be not rash ; desist :
This Folly is : what need'st thou thus engage ?
Though thou incensed art, contain thy Rage.
Think not to deal with such an Enemy,
Whose very Presence makes our Souldiers fly.
Achilles in the Honour-gaining Field
Bold *Hector* dreads, t' whose Prowess you must yield.
But go and sit before thy *Spartan* Troup :
The *Greeks* will raise another Champion up,
Who (though he is so stout, and ne'r can be
Glutted with Bloud) shall prove as stout as he ;

Y 2

And

(ⁿ) This Epitaph exceeds not two Verses, Duticks being to be such, that is, to consist of two Verses onely, as here, and those of a different and unequal length : whence *Cyrillus*, *Anthol. lib. I.* resembles them to those Characters or Marks which the *Grecians* used in passing Sentence in their Courts of Judicature ;

Δίκην δὲ ῥῆσιν ἰσχύει—
they condemning with a long Line, and absolving with a short.

(^o) This Reproof *Lucian*, in his *Encomium of Demosthenes*, thinks to have exceeded the Merit of the cause. So the Poet cuttingly reproved *Phryges* a *Libyan* King, *εἰς λαιπρία*, for his Effeminacy,

Βαυδύει, βάλει δὲ ὅτε ῥῆμα, ἄλλα ῥῆμα.

Now Man, then Woman ; Bride and Bridegroom be.

(^p) Hence took *Xenophanes* of *Colophon* the hint of asserting two Elements onely, the Earth and Water, making these the Origin of all things ;

Πάντες δὲ γαῖα τε καὶ ὕδαρ' ἐκ γένεσθαι.

We all of Earth and Water are compos'd.

Albeit Laertius reports the contrary of him, and that he was a great Enemy of *Homer*'s upon this very account ; inasmuch as writing Elegies and Iambicks against him, *Timon* styled him *Homeropates*. Spond. He wisheth them resolved into Earth and Water, because those two Elements onely are naturally unmoveable, *ἡγεῖται βεβόηται* taxing hereby *τὴν ἀναισθησίαν*, their Inactiveness ; and sitting still. He names Water, because the Heathens conceived that it annihilated the very Souls of such as were suffocated in it, as the Earth resolves the Bodies of such as are interred. Thus *Jupiter* bespeaking *Pandora* of *Vulcan*, that so he might be quit with Mortals for *Prometheus* his surreptitious Fire, bids him, (so *Hesiod*)

Γαῖαν ὕδαρ' ῥίξειν,
Wish Water Earth to mingle.

Again, these two Elements onely remain in those that are dead.

(^q) The Princes permitted not *Menelaus* to undertake the Challenge, *ἀλγύντας αὖτ' ἀδελφῶν*, commiserating his undue Sufferings ; whereas *Hector* rejoiced at *Paris*'s being worsted, he being hated of all, as the Cause of the War. *Enst.*

And shall this proud Insulter undertake,
And if not worst, at least him quiet make.

Thus *Agamemnon* chang'd his Brother's Mind,
Who to his graver Reasons straight inclin'd.
His Squires rejoycing off his Armour took.
When thus *Gerenian Nestor* rising spoke;

Ah the Disgrace! How will our Native Shore
And aged *Peless* this Affront deplore,
To whom for Justice *Myrmidons* resort?

(g) i.e. When he was sent on an Embassy to him concerning *Achilles*.

Once he was pleas'd to ask (g) me in his Court
The Names of our Commanders. Should he hear
How now our Chiefs do all one *Hector* fear,
He would implore those plant the Starry Pole,
To send to *Pluto's* Court his troubled Soul.

Ah! would my Veins enjoy'd such youthfull Heat
As when the *Pylions* and *Arcadians* met,

(r) *Celadon* and *Jardanus* Rivers of *Elis*, or, as others, of *Arcadia*.

And stain'd swift (r) *Celadon* with reeking Bloud,
Near *Phean* Towers embrac'd with *Jardan's* Floud.

There *Ereuthalion*, first in all Alarms,
Bore on his Shoulders King *Areithous* Arms.
Not onely Men, but long-veil'd Matrons all
This dreadfull Champion did the *Club-man* call;
Because, without a Spear or bended Bow,
Thus arm'd whole Regiments he would o're-throw.

Lycurgus plotting slew him in a Pass,
And Death arrested him who bore the Mace:
Through his vast Body he his Javelin thrust,
And, whilst he measur'd with his Trunk the Dust,
Stripp'd off those Arms *Mars* had on him bestow'd,
Which after did in Fight his Shoulders load.

Lycurgus old, forsaking Martial Toils,
Gave *Ereuthalion*, once his Squire, these Spoils.
Thus arm'd he challeng'd all esteem'd for Worth;
Him all did fear, not one adventuring forth.

When

(c) When my own sprightly Genius did invite
(Though youngest) me this Champion to fight.
And up I ventur'd to him in the List,
Where *Pallas* gave me Fame, and did assist.
Dead on the Spot this Combatant I lay'd,
And his huge Limbs were all abroad display'd.
Would now I had like Strength and youthfull Heat;
Then soon this daring *Hector* should be met.
But you, whom Valour, Strength and Youth inflame,
Coldly prepare, and sit like Statues tame.

Nine Princes rise, as he his Speech did close;
First before others *Agamemnon* rose,
*Tydid*es next, then th' *Ajaxes* both rise,
Idomeneus, and *Meriones*,
Eurypylus, and *Thoas* who surpass
In Chivalry, and wise *Ulysses* last.
These all to combat *Hector* stood prepar'd.
When *Nestor* his Opinion thus declar'd:

Lots fairly draw, and whom it lights upon,
We joyfully shall style our Champion.
All Joy be with his Heart, if he this Night
Come off with Credit from the dangerous Fight.

As *Nestor* said, each Leader (c) sign'd his Lot,
Which they in *Agamemnon's* Helmet put.
The People all with Hands erected (*) pray'd;
When one, the ample Sky beholding, said;

O may this (u) Lot, great *Jove*, to *Ajax* fall,
*Tydid*es, or th' illustrious General.

Nestor the Helmet shook, and *Ajax* got
(As many there had much (x) desir'd) the Lot,
Which was by th' Herald round in order shown
To all the Chiefs; but none (y) th' Inscription own.
Passing from Hand to hand, it came at last
To *Ajax*, who into the Helm had cast

(c) Persons that be aged often iterate their youthfull Exploits, as fearing lest their many Years, which disable them for achieving new ones, should render them contemptible; thinking by this means to keep up their Reputation.

(c) Hence the Scholiast collects, that Writing or Letters were not in use in the time of *Homer's* Hero's, in that every one signed the Lot he cast in with some Character or Sculpture. Concerning these Lots, of what matter they were composed, together with the way or manner of their Sortition, see *Adrian. Jan. Animad. l. 2. cap. 5.* Thus at the *Olympick* Games severall Balls severally signed being put into an Helmet, they that drew Lots alike marked were matched together.

(*) *ὅς οἱ οὐρανὸν ἰδὼν τῷ θεῷ τὸν ἐντολὴν, ἢ ὡς ἀπεσταλμένον τὸν ἐντολὴν ἀποχρῶν, they that pray attesting by such their Posture their Dependence upon God, and that they desire to be upheld and supported by him. Eust.*

(u) The going forth of the Lot, a thing where (in the opinion of men) Chance and Fortune seem to have their Empire, the greatest Stroke and Influence, *Homer* religiously ascribes to God, making the *Greeks* here to address their Petitions for that purpose to him onely.

(x) *Eustathius* observes that, *ἐν παντὶ τῷ παντὶ ἐν παντὶ ἀπασιφόντων δεικνύει ἐνχρῶν, that every righteous Prayer in Homer hath a gracious Return.*

(y) Every one knowing his own Inscription onely, and not another's; they being privily made, to prevent Collusion.

Th' in-

(z.) Otherwise *Capaneus* rants it in *Statius*;

—*Virtus mihi Numen, & Ensis*
Quem tenet—

—My Courage, and this Sword I grasp,
The God is I adore—
As also *Mezentius* in *Virgil*;
Dextra mihi Deus est, & quod gero missile Telum.
My right Hand and this Javelin is my God.

(a) Left they collect thence that we are troubled or dismayed.

(b) *Ajax* being *μυρμιρῆται*, born in a poor City, (for so was *Salamis*) is no more ashamed of the Meanness of his Countrey, then *Ulysses* of the Barrenness of his: *ὃ γὰρ ἔστιν ἰμπεδὺν ἀνθρώπου πῶς εἰς ἀνδρὸς ἀγαθῷ*, the Poverty of the place of a man's Birth being no Obstacle or Prejudice to his Vertue. *Eust.*

(c) *Ida*, a Mountain of *Crete*, the place of *Jupiter's* Birth, and (supposedly) of his Buriall, according to that of *Callimachus* in his Hymn of him;

Ζεῦ, σὲ μὲν Ἰδαίον ἐν ὑπερί φασι γένεσθαι,
Ζεῦ, σὲ δ' ἐν Ἀργαδίῃ πύργῳ, πύργῳ, ἐν δ' ἑ-
οῦτο;

Κῆρτι δὲι ἰδὲ σὺ καὶ γὰρ τῶνον, ὃ ἀρεῖ, σέο
Κῆρτι ἐπὶ τῇ ἰδῆσθαι οὐ δ' ἔστιν, ἔστι γὰρ
αἰεὶ.

Some say thou, *Jove*, wert born in *Arca-*
die,

Others on *Ida*; which, O Father, lie?
Cretans still lie, who say in *Crete* thou
ly'st;

When thou for ever liv'st, and never
dy'st.

With which *Juno* also upbraids him,

—*Placet Ida nocens, memini à quæ Ma-*
nes

Creta nos.

Thou impious *Ida* lov'st, and lying
Crete,

Which boasts thy Tomb.—

(d) From his majestick Gate styled
Gradiuus.

(e) This Smile was, saith *Eust.* γλῶ-
τῳ καὶ αἰσχρογέγασσιν, *γλῶτῳ* καὶ
αἰσχρογέγασσιν, an austere kind of Laughter,
and remiss kind of Severeness: or Au-
sterity, there being in it a mixture of
Passion and Joy.

Tully in his fourth *Tusculane*, siding
with the *Stoicks*, from *Ajax's* going
here so cheerfully to fight, confutes that
Assertion of the *Peripateticks*, who af-
firmed that *Ira* was *Cos Fortitudinis*, that
Choler was the Whetstone of Courage
or Fortitude.

(f) These Backlers were not orbic-
ular, as a Targe, but in the form of a
long Square; as appears by that of
Hector's, l. 6. which being put behind
him, knock'd both his Heels and Head:
called hence *θυρεῖον*, for that in fashion
it resembled a Door.

(g) *Homer*, after he was blind, removed from *Colephon*, and resided at *Smyrna*; where coming to *Neon Teichos*, a Colony of the
Cymæans, and being courteously treated there of *Tychius*, he inserted his name in his Poem; this being all the Return he could make
him. *Eust.* Thus being highly offended with his unworthy Guardian *Thersites*, he left that upon him will never be taken off, having no
other way to right or revenge himself. *Id.* (h) *Hyle* was a City in *Locris*, *Ἰλυν τῶν Ὀζολῶν*, so called from their wearing flinking and
and stinking Hides.

Th' inscribed Lot: straight his own Mark he knew,
And glad, thus saying, down the Ball he threw;

The Lot is mine, and I rejoyce, because
I shall from *Hector* carry the Applause.

But whilst I arm, 'twere not amiss (a) to move
In my behalf the all-assisting *Jove*.

Privately pray, lest you (a) the *Trojans* hear;
Or publickly, since I not any fear.

None me shall force to what he'd have me doe;
Nor will I act what I'm unwilling to.

Let none my Ignorance nor Roughness scorn,
Because in (b) *Salamis* I was bred and born.

This short Speech made, to Heav'n's great King they
When one, the ample Skie beholding, said; (pray'd:

Great King of Gods, who hast on (c) *Ida* thy Seat,
Let *Ajax* high Renown and Victory get:

But if thou *Hector's* Honour dost regard,
An equal Glory unto both award.

By this time *Ajax*, girt in shining Arms,
Stalk'd like great (d) *Mars* imploy'd to raise Alarms
By *Jove*'mongst Nations who delighted are
In dire Rebellions, Strife, and bloody War.

The big-bon'd Hero sternly did advance,
And grimly (e) smiling shook his ponderous Launce.

The *Greeks* rejoyce their Champion to behold;
The *Trojans* shake surpriz'd with trembling Cold.

Stout *Hector* Symptoms felt of Aguish Fear,
But would not shrink to shelter in the Rear,
Who had defi'd the *Greeks* in open Field.

Ajax drew nigh, bearing a Tower-like (f) Shield
Of Brass, with seven Hides lin'd, (g) by *Tychius* drest,
Of all rich (h) *Hyle's* Curriers the best;

Who

Who with seven Skins of Bullocks fed at Grass
Cover'd his Shield, o're all a Plate of Brass.

Defended with this Breast-work, *Ajax* made
Straight up to *Heſtor*, and thus threatening ſaid;

Trojan, this Hand alone ſhall thee inſtruct
What valiant Leaders yet the *Greeks* conduct.

Although *Achilles*, of ſo high Deſert,
That Squadron-Router, with a Lion's Heart,

Lies at his Navie, nor will now engage,

Provok'd by Royal *Agamemnon*'s Rage;

Yet we have many (though I ſtand the firſt)

Dare meet thee. But we talk; come, doe thy worſt.

Then *Heſtor*; Thou, who art for Valour ſtyl'd
The *Greeks* Defence, ſuppoſe me not a Child,

Or tender Woman, who unſkilfull are

In harder Rudiments of crabbed War.

I have ſeen Fights and many a bloody Field,

Can to the right and left Hand move my Shield,

Theſe are my Sports, of which I moſt account;

I know my Stands, and when my Steeds to mount.

Yet I'll of thee take⁽ⁱ⁾ no Advantage here,

But, if I can, kill fairly with this Spear.

(i) It was *Alexander*'s ſaying, *μηδ' οὐκ ἐξ ἑσέως τὴν νίκην*, that he loved
not to ſteal a Victory; which he learn'd,
ſaith *Euſt.* from this Paſſage here in
Homer.

Heſtor, this ſaid, his ponderous Javelin threw,

Which to great *Ajax* ſeven-fold Target flew,

Plated with Brass; which Plate firſt pierc'd, through fix

Bull-Hides it went, and in the ſeventh did fix.

Then his huge Javelin mighty *Ajax* throws:

The Point through *Heſtor*'s ample Target goes,

Breast-plate and Mail, and had a Paſſage found

To pierce his Bowells with a mortal Wound,

But that he Death by bending did avoid.

To draw theſe Spears they both their Hands imploy'd.

Like Lions then or ſavage Boars they charg'd,

Whoſe Strength and Courage Fury hath enlarg'd.

Then

Then *Hector* struck his Target with his Launce,
 Which, with the Point rebating, off did glance,
 Repuls'd by Steel: but *Ajax* pierc'd his Targe,
 Stopping fierce *Hector* in his furious Charge,
 And hurt his Neck; out starts the purple Gore.
 But bright-Helm'd *Hector* would not so give o're;
 But stepping back, lifts up a ponderous Stone,
 Which lay hard by, a sharp and scraggie one,
 And throws 't at *Ajax* Shield. So well he flung,
 That the Circumference and Centre rung.
 The *Græcian* then takes up a greater Flint,
 Which with more Force and higher Rage he sent.
 On *Hector*'s Shield a horrid Breach it made,
 And on his Back the Hero staggering laid;
 Whom straight ^(k) *Apollo* rais'd from the Ground.
 And now drawn Swords had printed many a Wound,
 Had not the Messengers of Gods and Men,
 A *Greek* and *Trojan* ^(l) Herald stepp'd between,
Talthybius and *Idæus*, each discreet,
 Who interposing with rais'd Sceptres meet
 Amidst them both: and thus *Idæus* spake;
 Desist, my valiant Sons, the Lists forsake:
 For each of you *Jove* takes a special Care;
 You have done well, Both strong and expert are:
 Besides, 'tis late, ^(m) and Night must be obey'd.
 Command'off *Hector* first, stout *Ajax* said,
 Who challeng'd all our Princes to the Field:
 Let him surcease, and I'll Obedience yield.

(k) He being ever propitious to the
Trojans.

(l) These were deemed sacred, as
 the Deputies or Delegates of *Athena*,
 whose Office it was to proclaim Si-
 lence at Duells and Sacrifices, to assist
 at Oblations for concluding Peace,
 to denounce War, to command a Ces-
 sation at Duells between Combatants,
 and to declare and proclaim the Con-
 querors.

(m) The Night inviting to Rest and
 Repose, as the Day to Labour, according
 to that of *Hesiod*, *Ergy*.

Ἡὸς γὰρ τ' ἔργου τρίτου ἀμείβεταί Διός,
 Ἡὸς τοι σπέρμενός ἐστιν, σπέρμενός γ' ἔστιν.
 Ἡὸς, ἥτε φανείσιν πολλὰς ἐπιβόας καλὰ δὲ
 Ἀνδράποδος, πολλὰ δ' ἐπὶ ζυγὰ βροτῶν ἔδον.

Nor gave they over working onely at Evening, but after it was once high Noon, if the Author of this Distich may be credited.

Ἐξ ὧν μὲν ἑξήκοντα ἡμέρας αἱ ἡμέραι αὐτῶν
 ἑξήκοντα δὲ καὶ ἑπτὰ, ΖΗΘΙ λέγουσι βροτῶν.

A Conceit taken from the Arithmetical Characters in the *Greek* Alphabet, whereof the six first being assigned for Labour, the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth, joyned together, make *Ζηθι*, which signifies to live; *ἑξήκοντα δὲ καὶ ἑπτὰ* μὲν ἑξήκοντα ἡμέρας αὐτῶν, the six Hours Work before Noon impairing our Spirit, the Afternoon's Cessation and Rest recruits it. *Εἰς*.

Then

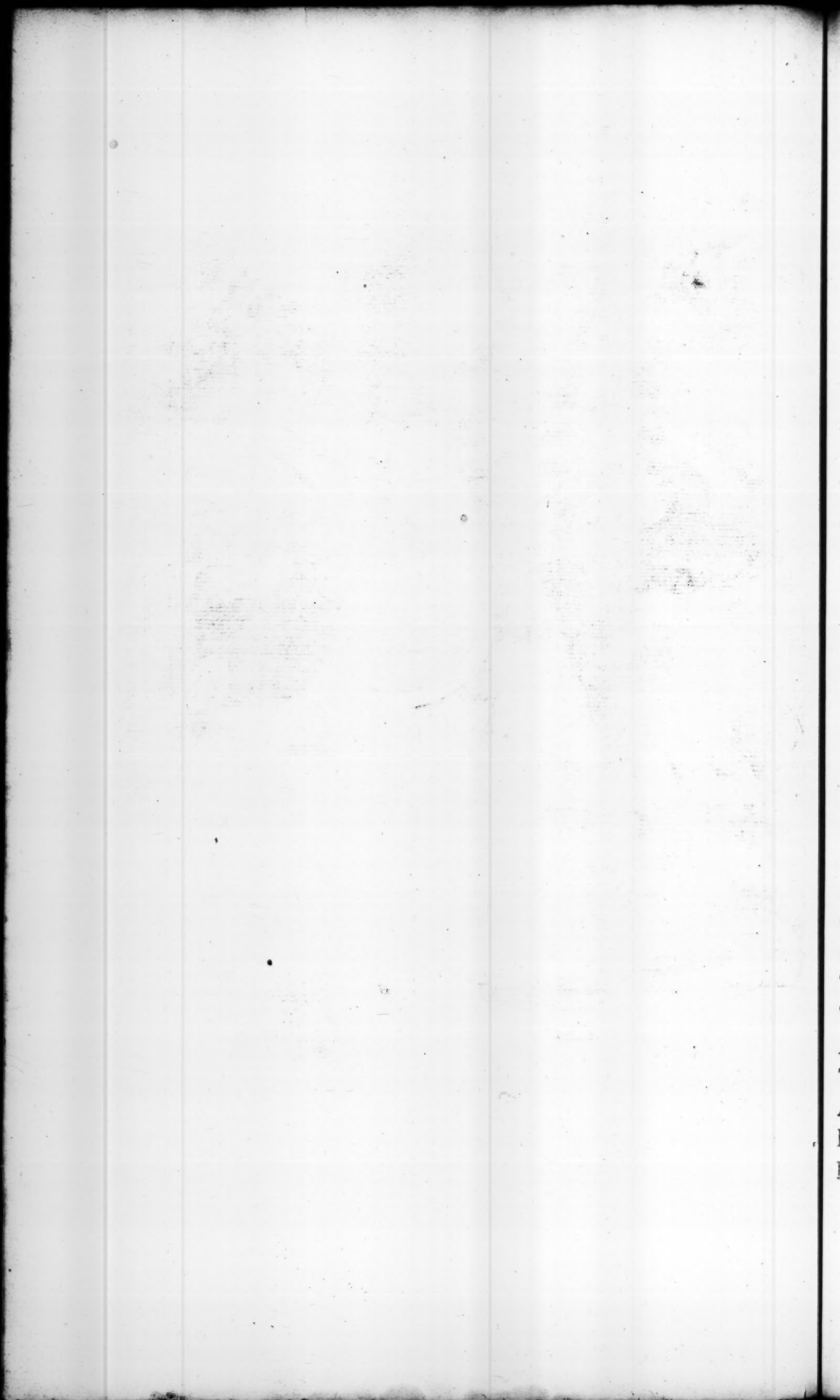


Roberto Andrew. de
Armigero. Tabulam



Harleston Com: Northamre:
hanc. L.M.D.D.D.I.O.

Lib. Vera



Then *Hector* thus ; *Ajax*, since on thee God
Such Courage, Strength and Prudence hath bestow'd,
Since none of all the *Gracians* throws a Spear
Equal to thee, let us this day forbear :
After let's fight till *Jove* our Fury calm,
Granting to one of us a signall Palm :
And since 'tis late, let us to Night submit ;
That thou may'st glad thy Squadron at thy Fleet ;
And to the joyfull *Trojans* I'll repair,
Who will for me return a gratefull Prayer.
Nor Gifts reciprocally let us delay,
That 'mong the *Greeks* and *Trojans* some may say,
They fought with all their Fury, Force and Art, (part.
And though like Foes they fought, like Friends they
This said, ^(a) a Sword with an enammell'd Hilt

Hector presents, the Sheath and Hangers gilt :
Ajax a Belt with purple Silk adorn'd.
Then off they went, and to their Friends return'd.
The drooping *Trojans* Hearts with Joy revive,
When him they saw in Safety come alive,
Escap'd from *Ajax* : those who late despair'd,
With him in Triumph now to *Troy* repair'd.
The *Gracians* also t' *Agamemnon* led
Ajax, rejoycing he so well had sped.
Soon as they came unto the Royal Tent,
Gratefull *Atrides* did an ^(b) Ox present
Of five years old to *Jove* : as he appoints,
They slay the Victim, then cut it in Joynts ;
Then spit the rest in lesser Pieces cut,
And roasted draw't off and in Chargers put.
Thus having done, to Banquet they repair :
All of the frugal Treatment had their Share.
But *Agamemnon*, as a favouring Sign,
Before great *Ajax* set the lusty ^(c) Chine.

Z

When

(a) *Ajax* falling upon this Sword, and *Hector* being dragged in this Belt by *Achilles* about the Walls of *Troy*, gave rise to that common Adage, uttered by *Ajax* himself in *Sophocles*,
Ἐξέσθω δ' ἄδωκα δῶρα, καὶ ἐκ δῶρον ἄνθρωπος,
That the mutual Presents of Enemies are fatal for the most part and unfortunate. This passage is thus expressed in the *Anthologie* ;

Ἐξέσθω Αἰάων ξίφος ὄνυχον, ἔκτοτα δ' Αἴας
Ζεύς δ' ἀμφοτέρων ἢ χεῖρας εἰς ἀνάσσει.

Ajax a Belt gave *Hector*, he a Sword
To *Ajax* ; either fatal to its Lord.

(b) It being ominous and of an ill Presage to offer a Bull, Barrow-hog, or Ram, to *Jupiter*, and interdicted by their Pontificall or Canon Law. Howbeit *Solon* permitted not an Ox to be sacrificed, for his good Service and Use in Husbandry ; and it was as capital anciently to slay an Ox, as to kill a Citizen.

(c) *Ajax* was feasted with the Chine, for that ἐκ χειρὸς ποιεῖται τὸ πρῶτον, he turned not his Back upon the Enemy. Besides, *Agamemnon*, the more to honour him, parted with his own Dish and Service to him, the Skins and Chines of all Sacrifices being reserv'd for the Kings of *Sparta*, as their Dues or Honourary Fees ; as amongst the *Hebrews* the King and Priest onely were allowed the Shoulders ; to re-mind them of the Charge and Burthen that lay upon them.

When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
 Grave *Nestor* then for Counsel did prepare :
 He, who so oft advised for the best,
 Now with much Prudence thus himself exprest :

Atrides, and you Leaders of the Host,
 Since we so many valiant Men have lost,
 Whose purple Bloud hath dy'd *Scamander's* Waves,
 Sent by stern *Mars* to their untimely Graves :

It will be fit we give no fresh Alarms
 Next day to *Troy*, but acquiesce from Arms ;

That Mules and Oxen may the Bodies bear

(*g*) Off from the Fleet, where (*r*) Funeral Piles we'll rear ;

That we the Parents Reliques (kept in th' Urn)

May to their Children bear at our Return.

Let us a Place seek out convenient, where

Without the Camp the (*g*) Tomb we high may rear ;

About the Pyre then lofty Towers erect,

And Works which may our selves and Fleet protect :

Next hang on Gates with Bars well fortifi'd,

Through which our Horses may and Chariots ride :

And last draw Trenches round, both large and deep,

The better off both Foot and Horse to keep,

If the proud *Trojans* should our Works invade.

The Princes all approv'd what *Nestor* said.

Meanwhile the *Trojans* at a Council sate,

In the high Tower, near *Priam's* Palace-Gate.

Strange Fears and Jealousies amongst them were :

When thus his Mind *Antenor* did declare :

(*r*) *Trojans* and bold Auxiliars I'll impart

To you the Dictates of my thoughtfull Heart.

Straight let the *Spartan* Princess be restor'd,

With all her Riches, to her former Lord.

Since we engage perjur'd by broken Vow,

Can we expect that ought shall prosper now ?

(*g*) They burnt them at distance from their Fleet, to avoid any noisome and offensive Savour. Hence the *Romans*, for prevention of this, not onely mingled much Cypress and Spices amongst the other Fuell of the Funerall Pyre or Pile, but prohibited also any but Emperours and Vestals to be burnt *intra Pomeria*, within the Walls, a place being designed and set apart for that purpose in the Suburbs.

(*r*) Some assign this as the prime reason of the Ancients Burning their dead, *viz.* to prevent all Misusage of their Corps by their Enemies. Besides, what-ever Wrong was done, or Rite undone due to the dead, was deeply, they believed, repented by the *Manes* : and this made them so punctual in performing their Rites and Ceremonies at the *Obus* or Exequies of the dead. *Ælian varior. Histor. lib. 12. c. 27.* commends it as a high Civility in *Hercules* to his Enemies, that he was the first that permitted their Allies to take the Bodies of those he had slain, and to interr them, which before his time were exposed *κυνῶν δέντρον*, to feast the Dogs ; or, as *Homer* elsewhere, *Il. p.*

— *κυνῶν ὑποκρίνα γὰρ ἔστιν.*

A Care in which the very Brutes are not wanting ; the Ants and Elephants covering their dead, and concealing them from the sight of any, as the same Author relates, *Hist. animal. 5. c. 49. & lib. 6. c. 43.*

(*r*) Hence *Plutarch* saith, that *Homer* first makes mention *τοῦτο ἀπὸ τοῦ*, *i. παλαιῶν*, of a common Tomb, or Bust. In these were placed, round about, certain *loculi* or Chests, in which were reserved the Ashes and Reliques of those they burnt.

(*t*) *Diclus Cretensis* and *Dares Phrygius* make *Paris* to be dead before *Antenor* made this Proposition ; whence the last of the fore-cited Authors brings in *Amphimachus* replying to and opposing *Antenor's* Motion. Besides, *Diclus* insinuates as though *Antenor* (he and *Aeneas*) should play false, and treat with the *Gracians* about the Relinquition of the Town.

This

This said, *Antenor* fate, and *Paris* rose;
Who, most concern'd, this Motion did ^(u) oppose:

^(x) I take, *Antenor*, at these Words distast;
Thou other Counsels and more pleasing hast.
But if thou seriously dost speak thy Heart,
Thou by the Gods infatuated art.
But thus much I affirm; Whilst I have Life,
I will not part with *Menelaus* Wife:
But whatsoe're with her from *Greece* I bore,
That with a large Addition I'll restore.

Down *Paris* fate, and up old *Priam* stood,
For Parts and Person equal to a God.

You *Trojans* and Auxiliars, I'll impart
To you the sudden Dictates of my Heart.
Now let the Army some Refreshment take,
Then, their Guards doubled, strong their Watches make:
And let *Idæus* go by Break of day,
That *Agamemnon* and his Brother may
Paris Proposals know, upon whose Score
So much we suffer, and shall suffer more.
And if they will so long from Arms surcease,
Untill our Dead have ^(y) solemn Obsequies;
After we'll fight till God our Fury calm,
Or grant to one of us the signall Palm.

This Counsel pleas'd; straight they their Supper get,
And early sent *Idæus* to the Fleet:

Who found those Princes, who in Arms out-strip
The God of War, in *Agamemnon's* Ship,
Sitting in Council: thus then undismay'd
The clear-voic'd Herald to the Hero's said;

Atrides, and you well-arm'd *Greeks*, our King
And all th' illustrious *Trojans* bid me bring
Prince *Paris* Profer, who first caus'd this War.
If it may please all here assembled are,

^(u) Of this Motion of *Antenor's*,
and *Paris* his peremptory Deniall, thus
Horace, lib. 1. *Epist.* 2.

*Antenor censet Belli præcidere causas.
Quid Paris? ut saluus regnet vivisque
beatus,
Cogi posse negat.*

Antenor voted Peace. What *Paris*? he
Could not in Safety reign nor happy be,
Helen restor'd. —

^(x) As though his Fancy and Hu-
mour were to be preferred before the
Welfare of the people: *ὡς αὐτὸς λῶν τὸ
παρ τῇ Τροίᾳ*, as if *Troy* contained in it
nothing of like Value. *Enst.*

^(y) Burning the dead, though it were
an ancient practice, was not yet univer-
sal; *Sylla* being the first, saith *Cicero*,
of the *Cornelian* Family who ordered
his Body to be burnt, for fear, haply, lest
the Barbarousness exercised by him up-
on the Corps of his Enemy *Marinus*
might be retaliated upon his own.

What Wealth with *Helen* he from *Sparta* bore,
 (Would it had perish'd first) he will restore,
 With large Additions, to compose all Strife;
 But ne'r will part with *Menelaus* Wife.
 Next, if you please, we would from Arms surcease,
 Untill our Dead have Funeral Obsequies;
 And after fight till *Jove* our Fury calm,
 Or grant to one of us the signall Palm.

Idæus thus; but none an Answer made,
 Till bold *Tydidēs*, breaking Silence, said;
 Let no man here *Paris*'s Profer take,
 Nor *Helen*: unwean'd Infants, could they speak,
 Would tell quick Ruine doth on *Troy* attend.

The Princes all, admiring, condescend,
 Pleas'd with the Answer which *Tydidēs* made.
 Then to *Idæus Agamemnon* said;

You hear the Sentence of this Court, and how
 Their answer is: their Judgment I allow.
 That you shall burn your Dead, we'll not refuse,
 Since Carcasses are but of little Use. (Fire.
 Let both Sides then their dead Friends bring to th'
 Be Witnesses to this^(z) Truce, great *Jupiter*.

Raising his Sceptre to the Gods, this said;
Idæus Speed to sacred *Ilium* made,
 Where they in Council sitting him expect.
 Straight he delivers them the whole Effect.

The *Trojans* straight in Multitudes prepare
 To cut down Fuell, others Bodies bear;
 The *Greeks* like Order at the Fleet receive,
 Corpses to carry, and dry Wood to cleave.
 Soon as the Sun tipp'd with a trembling Ray
 The Ocean's Brine, and sprinkled Silver Day
 On Pearly Meads, promiscuously they go,
 And none could well distinguish Friend from Foe.

They

(z) He means not the former Truce broke by the *Trojans*, but the present Cessation condescended to on both Sides, for performing the Funeral Rites of such as were slain.

They wash the Dead distain'd in Dust and Gore,
 And, weeping, thence their Corps in Chariots bore.
Priam load Plaints forbidding, silent they
 On Funerall Pyres Bodies congested lay;
 And when they were consum'd, to *Troy* return'd:
 So to their Fleet the *Greeks*, when theirs were burn'd.

Scarce had the Day subdu'd the duskie Night,
 And trembling Constellations put to Flight,
 But up the *Græcians* rose, and with much Toil
 Rais'd round the Pyre their Monumentall Pile:

(*) Then Towers, Walls, and strong Bulwarks they erect,
 Which might their Navie and themselves protect:
 Next hung on Gates with Bars well fortifi'd,
 Through which the Princes might in Chariots ride;
 Which they inclos'd with Trenches steep and large,
 And Palisado's which might break a Charge.

Thus toil'd the *Greeks*, whilst those who sit above
 In Starry Mansions with Celestiall *Jove*
 With Wonder their stupendious Works survey'd;
 When th' Earth's-Foundation-Shaker *Neptune* said;

What Mortal, *Jove*, will longer thee adore,
 Or us consult, or for our Aid implore?
 Behold'st thou not what Walls the *Greeks* erect,
 And Trenches cast, their Navie to protect?
 Yet on the Gods no Hecatomb they bestow.
 The Fame of this shall through all Nations go.
 But how of yore *Phæbus* and I did found
 Fair *Ilium*, in Oblivion must be drown'd.

Then *Jove*; Why say'st thou so? inferiour Powers
 Might well suspect these their Skie-threatning Towers.
 Still through the World the Fame of what thy Art
 Hath rear'd shall fly: but when the *Greeks* depart,
 And to their Country plow the Briny Sound;
 Beat down their Works, and them with Billows drown'd;

Cover

(*) *Strabo*, discoursing of this Passage of our Poet, admires both at the Sottishness and Infatuation of the *Greeks*, that, their Ships riding so near *Troy*, and having so numerous Forces both of their own and Auxiliaries, they did not by thus fortifying secure their Navie till this Ninth year; and also at the Cowardise and Oversight of them of *Troy*, in that they never made any Attempt upon the Fleet till this Bulwark was finished. Hence *Aristotle*, esteeming either fabulous, conceives this Fortrefs both built onely by *Homer*, and by him onely dismantled, (ὁ πάλαι πολεμὸς ἰσχυρὸς) a thing which, being a Poet, he could doe with ease, with a wet Finger, or Dash of his Pen. So *Strabo* lib. 13.

Cover with swallowing Sand that ample Shore,
That thou mayst ne'r behold those Bulwarks more.

Thus talk'd the Gods. But by the setting Sun,
Their Task they finish'd which they had begun :
Then Cattell slaughter'd, and to Supper went ;
When Ships came in with Wine from Lemnos, sent

(b) The Lemnians neglecting to sacrifice to *Venus*, according to their ancient Custom, the Goddess so highly disgusted it, that she caused the Men of that Island to be enamoured with the Women of *Thrace*, and, deserting their Wives, to accompany with them ; with which their Wives being greatly exasperated, conspired to kill them all at their Return, and accordingly effected it. After this *Jason* putting in here with the *Argo*, accompanying with *Hypsipyle*, the Queen of the Island, had by her this *Enneus*.

(b) B' *Enneus*, *Jason's* and *Hypsipyle's* Son ;

To both *Atrides* twice two hundred Tun.

Of which great Store the merry *Græcians* bought :
This^(c) trucks for Brass, and that for Steel well wrought ;
These barter Skins, and those with Bullocks Trade ;
Some chop their^(d) Slaves : all sumptuous Banquets
The *Græcian* Treatments lasted all the Night : (made.

As long the *Trojans* Feasted to the height.

Whilst *Jove* all night more Mischiefs still devis'd,
And, ^(e) Thundering, all with sudden Fear surpris'd.

Then Wine they pour'd in plenty on the Floor ;
And none so hardy were to drink, before
That *Jove's*^(f) Libations did the Pavement steep.
At last they yield to Rest and quiet Sleep.

(c) *Ita Commercia* (so *Plinie*) *videtur causa inventa*, thus the first Traffick and Barter was for Viands ; whence he prefers the Happiness of the preceding Ages before that he lived in, wishing the use of Gold were wholly abrogated, as being execrated and decried by all, and tending onely to the destruction of Society. *Quantum feliciora esse, cum res ipsa permixtabantur inter se ; utinam posset e vita in totum abdicari Aurum, proscissum Convitiis ab optimis quibusque, & ad perniciem Vita reperiunt.* And yet, as he observes, so high an Esteem had *Homer* of it, that he sets a greater Valuation upon it then upon other Metalls ; *Glaucus* exchanging (he tells us) his Golden Arms, worth an hundred Oxen, with *Diomedes's* Arms of Brass, worth but nine onely : *Quamquam & ipse miratus Aurum, estimationem rerum ita fecit, ut centum Bouni Arma aurea commutasse Glaucum cum Diomedis Armis novem Bouni dixerit.* So he, *Nat. Hist. lib. 13.*

(d) *Gr. ἀνδράποδοι*. Which word in this notion, for a *Servant* or *Slave*, being much later then *Homer*, *Aristophanes* and *Zenodotus* obelize this Verse as spurious. Slaves were so styled, ἀνδράποδοι, ὡς ἀνδρῶν [δουρίων ἢ δουλείων] ὅσας πόδας, because Servants are their Masters Feet, as he their Head. *Thessalie* abounded of old with Plagiaries, such as made a Trade of selling Slaves to Merchants ; and those not such onely as were taken in War, called *Servi à servando*, whose Lives were given them upon this condition, viz. that they should serve, but such also, and that no little number, as were stoln. As those *Lemnians* exchanged Wine for Slaves, so the *Thracians* bought them for Salt, whence τὰ δ' ὅρα, such Slaves as were purchased at an easie rate, were called ἀλοπύλα δουλεία. *Enst.*

(e) The *Greeks* and *Romans* adjourned their Assemblies upon a Clap of Thunder, conceiving some Deity to be offended : the *Thracians* shot up their Arrows to Heaven, supposing the Gods to be in dispute then with the Giants, and that by so doing they assisted them.

(f) This they did either ὡς εἶον ἀποτροπάζουσαι, ἢ ἄλλως ἐκείναι γινόμεναι, as conceiving it an *Amulet* and *Defensive* against Thunder, or as deprecating that Judgment. *Enst.*

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HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Jove wills the Gods they neither Side assist :
Juno and Pallas this Command resist.
A bloody Battell : Greeks are put to Flight.
Great Hector shews his Valour to the height.
In Field all Night the Trojan Forces lie,
And with their numerous Fires the Stars outvie.*



AND ^(a) now *Aurora* from her ^(b) *Saffron*
Robe
Shed tender Beams on Earth's inferiour
Globe ;

When Supreme *Jove* and all the summon'd Gods
'Mongst steep *Olympus* turretted Aboads
In Consultation fate : they silent heard
What He who rules both Heav'n and Earth declar'd.
You

(a) This day was the thirteenth of *Achilles's* withdrawing himself, and deserting the Service, and from the beginning of the *Iliads* the 22. all the Business whereof being a Battell, the Subject of this *Rhapsody*, this Book is styled by the Ancients *καλὸν μάχη*, the curtain'd, or shorter, Fight : *Homer* describing two more of larger Dimensions ; a former taking up four Books, viz. δ'. ε'. ζ'. and η'. and a third dilated to eight, viz. λ'. μ'. ν'. ξ'. ο'. π'. ς'. and σ'. *Εἴς*.

(b) Day being but newly broke, and *Aurora* in her Infancy, he styles her *κεκυβητομένη*, vesting her in a *Saffron-coloured Robe*, she having as yet no *ὑψηλὰ κάτα*, something of Night's Darknes ; but being adult and grown elder, *ῥοδοδάκτυλος*, *Rose-finger'd* : both from the Colours which the rising Sun sheds upon the East. *Εἴς*.

You Gods and Goddesſes aſſembled here,
 Attend our Pleaſure with a ſerious Ear :
 Our Will diſpute not in the leaſt, nor ſtrive
 With Privilege againſt Prerogative ;
 But freely to our Purpoſe condeſcend,
 That we the ſooner ^(c) may our Buſineſs end.
 If any God of the Supernall Liſt
 Shall venture *Greek* or *Trojan* to aſſiſt,
 He ſhall return both Wounded and Diſgrac'd
 To his Celeſtiall Seat : or him I'll caſt
 Down headlong to the deepeſt ^(d) Pit of Hell,
 Where in concenter'd Darkneſs Furies dwell ;
 Where ^(e) Gates of Steel and brazen Floors reſound ;
 As far beneath, as Heav'n's above the Ground.
 Then ſhall you learn how much in Power we are
 Above you all : or venture, if you dare,

(c) i. His Purpoſe and Decree to honour *Achilles*.

(d) Gr. ἐς Τάρταρον ἠερέον, into dark *Tartarus*, this place being feigned to be not onely *ὑπὸ γῆς*, under Ground, and ſo *ἀνύχθης*, not enlightened by the Solar Rays, but alſo *ὑπερβολῶς*, extreme cold ; whence any thing that benumbs, or hath a chilling faculty, is ſaid *ταρταρίζον*, to *Tartarize*. *Euſt.* *Auſtine*, with whom accords alſo *Lactantius*, ſeems to make two *Inferna* ; the one Earth it ſelf, or upon it, the other under it. *Epichurus* denied there was any ſuch thing, aſſuming it a mere Phæſm or Scarecrow, not at all in *rerum natura*, but in the Conſcience onely : in which Opinion he is thus ſeconded by his Scholar *Lucretius*, lib. 3.

*Cerberus & Furia jam verò, & Lucis egenus
 Tartarus, horriferos eructans faucibus Ignes,
 Hac neque sunt usquam, neque possunt eſſe profectò.
 Sed metus in Vita Pœnarum pro malefactis
 Eſt inſignibus inſignis, ſclerisſque luelæ,
 Carcer, & horribilis de Saxo jacta deorſum,
 Verbera, Carnifices, Robur, Pixa, Lamina, Teda :
 Quæ tamen eſſiſſunt, at Mens ſibi conſcia facti,
 Præmeuens, adhibet ſtimulos, torréſque flagellis.
 Nec videt interea qui terminus eſſe malorum
 Poſſit, nec quis ſit Pœnarum denique finis ;
 Alique eadem metuit magis hac nē in Morte graveſcant.
 Hinc Acheruſia ſit Stultorum denique Vita.*

*Cerberus and Furies, diſmall Hell, whoſe dire
 And alwaies-yawning Jaws belch horrid Fire,
 Be things which are not, will not be, nor were :
 But whilſt we live, great Punishment we fear
 For hainous Crimes ; as throwing down from Rocks,
 Pitch, Coulters, Torches, Hangmen, Whips and Stocks ;
 Which though men ſcape, a guilty Conſcience will
 Torture it ſelf, and plague with Terror ſtill.
 Nor ſee they any period to their Woes
 Will come at laſt, but after Death ſuppoſe
 Sad Criminalls in laſting Torture dwell.
 So Fools alive torment themſelves in Hell.*

Hefod makes his *Tartarus* as deep beneath the Earth as the Earth is diſtant from Heaven ; for in his *Theogonia*, ſpeaking of *Jove's* ſecuring the *Titans*, whom he had newly ſubdued by the means of *Cottus*, *Briareus* and *Gyges*, under Ground, he gives us this Deſcription of it :

*Τῆτιώων, καὶ τῶν ὑπὸ γῆς ἄνδρῶν
 Πέμψαν, καὶ δεσμῶσιν ἐν ἀργαλέοισιν ἔδνηται,
 Νικησάντων χάριν ὑπερβύμενος πρὸς ἑόντας,
 Τόσσον ἐνέειθ' ὑπὸ γῆς, ὅσον ἑρᾶνός ἐς ἀπὸ γαίης
 Ἴσον γὰρ τ' ἀπὸ γῆς εἰς τάρταρον ἠέρωνται.
 Ἐνθάδ' ὅνυχτος τε καὶ ἡμέατα χάλκῳ ἀμυνῶν
 Οὐρανὸν καπνῶν, δικάτῃ εἰς γαῖαν ἵκοντο
 Ἐνθάδ' αὖ ὀνυχτος τε καὶ ἡμέατα χάλκῳ ἀμυνῶν
 Ἐκ γαίης καπνῶν, δικάτῃ εἰς τάρταρον ἵκοντο
 Τὸν πέρι χάλκῳ ἐρεῖ ἑλπίδα· ἀμύνει δὲ μὲν νύξ
 Τεῖσει γὰρ κίχρηται σφὺς δειρῶν· αὐτὰρ ὑπερδὲν
 Τῆς βίης περὶ γαίης καὶ ἀπὸ γῆς δαλάσσης.*

*Theſe drove the Titans down deep under Ground,
 And, though they were ſuch wondrous Giants, bound
 Them in ſtrong Chains : beneath the Earth they lie
 As far as Earth is diſtant from the Skie ;
 So far ſunk under Ground lies Pluto's Hall.
 Should from Olympick Seats an Anvile fall,
 Nine daies and nights 't would from Heav'n's Starry Round
 Be falling, on the tenth reſt on the Ground :
 Thence from our Surface down the Anvile drop,
 As many nights and days it will not ſtop,
 But on the tenth in Pluto's Courts would light,
 Whoſe iron Walls are ſenc'd with three-fold Nights.
 Above, the Earth's and Sea's Foundations lie,
 A barren, dark and Adamantine Skie.*

(e) By the Iron and Steel Gates and Brazen Floor of *Tartarus*, *Euſt.* underſtands τῶν ἀνέμων καὶ τοῦ ὕδατος ἐν τοῖς σπηλαίοις, the violent and ſevere detention of Waters and Wind within the Caverns of the Earth, which breaking forth at any time by Earthquakes, or otherwiſe, produce ſtupendious Effects.

And

And so by sad Experience Knowledge gain.
 Let down from convex'd Skies a ^(c) golden Chain,
 Celestials, Males and Females, at each Link,
 To weigh Us down; they shall not make *Jove* shrink:
 But we will all those Goddeses and Gods,
 With Men and Beasts, vast Earth and ample Floods;
 Draw up to Heav'n, and bind without Controul
 The World, great Nature's Fabrick, to the Pole.
 This our Omnipotence shall declare,
 And how much We 'bove Gods and Mortals are.

This said, they all admir'd, and, troubled at
 His terrible Oration, silent fate.

Then *Pallas* thus; Ours and the World's great Sire,
 We know thy boundless Power, know and admire:
 But yet the *Greeks* we may commiserate,
 Who now must perish by untimely Fate.
 Though in Obedience we must quit the Field;
 Let us, though not in person, Succour yield
 By our Advice; lest thou, to pleasure *Troy*,
 Shouldst such a numerous Army quite destroy.

Then smiling thus the Thunderer reply'd;
 Thou mayst in Us, ^(d) *Tritonia*, confide:
 Though this our Declaration have confin'd
 The Gods from acting, I'll to thee be kind.

This said, he joyns his Horses, who (more fleet
 'Then Winds) had ^(b) golden Manes, and brazen Feet.

tu, pressius intuenti, à summo Deo usque ad ultimam rerum facem una se mutuis vinculis religans & nusquam interrupta connexio.
 So he, lib. 1. c. 14. The Scholiast tells us that by this *Homer* insinuates Regal Power and Sovereignty, where one governs all:
 But *Justine Martyr* better applies it to the Omnipotence and Allsufficiency of the Divine Nature, upon which all things depend;
 it upon nothing. This passage of our Poet *Lucretius* thus alludes to, lib. 2.

*Haud (ut opinor) enim mortalia secula supernè
 Aurea de cælo demisit funis in arva.*

*I'll not believe that Jove all Ages hur'd
 Down by a Golden Chain into the World.*

^(g) i. i. τὸ πρῶτον καὶ ἐκλαβέντων ἡρώων τοὺς ἀνθρώπους, so called, for that she strikes men with Terror and Consternation: and this (saith the Scholiast) is *Homer's* sense of the word. But the modern, those after him, conceive her so named from *Triton*, a River of *Libya*, where she was brought forth. Others say, she took this name from the three properties of Wisdom, which are these, καλὸς τὸ νοῦς, τὸ εἶπεν, καὶ τὸ ποιῆσαι, a right Conception, a good Elocution, and vigorous Action. Others again derive it ἀπὸ τριῶν τῶν μέλεσ, fr. in the third day of the month, on which they say she was born; or from τριῶν, which in the *Cretan* Tongue signifies a Head, she being born out of her Father's.

^(h) He makes all about *Jupiter* to be Gold, διὰ τὸ ἀνέμελον αὐτῷ, καὶ ἀλκιδὴς αἰδέων, for the brightness and clearness τῶν αἰθέρος ὅς τῃ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ, for which he is frequently taken: or because it trusts not; ὡς εἶα δέη φῶς ἀπὸ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ τῷ γένει, διὰ τὸ ἀνέμελον καὶ ἀνὴρ καὶ ἀνέμελον. Beside, he is often made the same with the Sun, to whom that Metall is more peculiarly proper. *Exst.*

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^(f) By this golden Chain *Plato* understands the Circumvolution of the Celestiall Orbs and Sun, by whose motion all things are continued in their being, and which never so little suspended, all things would revert to their first nothing. Others, the Complication or accord of the Elements, as symbolizing in the four prime Qualities, a Harmony not to determine but by some general either Cataclysm or Conflagration, an universal Deluge or Fire: of which last the Stoicks understand this Commination of *Jupiter*, affirming that *Jupiter*, that is, αἰθήρ, the Air, should by this golden Chain, the Sun, exhaust in process of time not the Ocean only, but all the Moisture also out of the Earth, to supply and feed it. *Lucian*, that witty Atheist, in his Dialogue inscribed *Jupiter confutatus*, bringing in *Cyniscus* questioning with that God concerning Fate, and finding by his own ingenuous confession that he himself also was subject to Destiny, thus jeers him for this Rant of his in *Homer*: Τότε δὲ ἐν δαυμάσῳ ἰδόντες μὲν τὸν βίαν, καὶ ἐκπῆσαντες μετὰ δάκρυον οἷον ἱππῶν. οὐδὲ δὲ αὐτὸν οὐκ ἴδον ὅρα, ὡς τὸν στίχον καὶ τὸν ἀπαιτῶν, ἐπὶ λέγειν νύμφη, ὡς φησὶ, κρημαίνον. οὐκ αἶ δ' ἐν μοι διακρίσεις ἀνὴρ καὶ ἡλικία ἐν γυναικὶ καὶ αἰσῶν, ὡς καὶ αὐτὸν οὐκ ἀνέστησαν διακρίσεις ἐν τῷ ἀνέστη, καὶ αὐτὸν οὐκ αἰσῶν ἐν τῷ καὶ αἰσῶν τὰ ἰδύσθαι. The time was, saith he, when I thought none for strength might compare with you, and I never heard those Verses of *Homer's*, but my Heart failed me, and my Hair stood an end. But I perceive now that, for all your great Trags of your golden Chain, you are so intangled in the Clue of Fate, that how to extricate your self you know not: So that much better might *Cloho* rant it, who hath you in a twisted thread, and fetcheth you up with her Distaff, as Anglers do smaller Fry with their Rod and Line. And thus in another Dialogue he brings in *Mars* flouting him, that *Juno*, *Nephtune* and *Pallas* had fettered him in his own Chain, had not *Thetis* sent *Briareus* to his Rescue. *Macrobius* refers it to the Concatenation of Causes, and the continued series and Dependence of things, from the supreme Essence, to the very Insects and imperfectest Creatures. Cum omnia continuis successionibus se sequantur, degenerantia per ordinem ad invicem meandi, invenien-

(i) i. *Gargarus*; *Ida* having three Broaches, whereof this was one, the other being *Leetum* and *Phalacra*: a word made in imitation of the sound of the waters falling from that Mountain, with which it is well replenished. *Enst.* Hence our English word *Gargle*, from the sound we make in doing it. Others say, it was so called from the resemblance it bears to the little piece of flesh in our Palats, the *Uvula*, in Gr. *γάργαραν*, which from a larger beginning ends in a Point or Cone. Here *Diotimus* of *Adramyttium* open'd a School for good Literature, on whom *Aratus* made this *Distich*,

Αἰδ' ὅππῃ μὲν ἐπὶ παραλίῃ καὶ
Παύσι Γαργαρίων Βίτη καὶ Ἄλφα λέγον.
Steph. φεῖ πλεον.

I grieve, he lonely sitting on the Beach
Gargarean youth their A. B. C. should teach.

(k) *Hesiod* making Night holy, or sacred,

—μακρόν τις νύκτες ἔσσιν,
Homer ascribes no less to the Day, the Morning especially, they at that time onely offering to their Gods, spending the mid-day hours in *Libations* and *Parentations* for the dead. *Enst.*

(l) Ταῦτά τε καὶ ἀνθρώπων δουλείας τί-
δετα σύμβολα, ἀνθρώπων γὰρ τὰ τὰ
ἐπὶ γῆν, ἢ δὲ καὶ μετὰ τὴν ἀνθρώπων
ζῆαν δόλο καὶ ἐντροπείῃ καὶ, διὰ τὴν ἑλ-
κυσσάμενον. *Enst.* Earthly things,
and those that poise that way, being
still Emblems of ill success and approach-
ing Fate, Earth being the *ubi* or
proper place of things perishable; the
ascending Scale portends a happy and
long-continued condition, such being
the life of them above, pleasant and
perpetuall. *Enst.*

His golden Arms he takes and golden Whip;
His Chariot mounting then, no time lets slip.
The Lash resounds, his Steeds, free-mettl'd, fly
Betwixt the humble Earth and Starry Skie.
On (i) *Ida's* Top repleat with Springs and Wood,
Where his high Fane and perfum'd Altar stood,
He stops his Chariot, and his Steeds takes out,
Drawing Night's fable Mantle round about,
Contemplating his Power, a Spire his Throne.
He sitting view'd the Town and Fleet alone;
Where with Repast their fainting Hearts they warm'd,
And Powers recruited, resolutely arm'd.
The valiant *Trojans*, though they fewer were,
Not with less Fury for the Fight prepare,
Compell'd by dire Necessity their Lives
To venture for their Children and their Wives.
The Gates set open, out the *Trojans* march, (Arch.
Both Foot and Horse: Shouts scale Heav'n's Crystill
When they were all drawn up upon one Ground,
Clashing of Arms and Spears and Shields resound;
Loud were the Shouts of Conquerors, loud the Cries
Of those were conquer'd; Bloud the Champaign dyes:
The Medley rung with Strokes and threatening Foes.
Whilst Morning grew, and (k) sacred Day arose,
Commutuall Javelins equally did gall,
And with small difference *Greeks* and *Trojans* fall.
But when the Sun day's equal hours did poise,
Then *Jove* took up his golden Balances,
And did the Fates of both the Armies weigh.
Death bringing Quiet and the fatal Day
Did (l) sink the *Gracian* Scale down to the Ground:
The *Trojan* Balance knockt Heav'n's Starry Round.
Thunder and Lightning then from *Ida* he threw
Against the *Greeks*, which they amazed view,

And

And straight were all surpris'd with Panick Fear.
Idomeneus shrinks into the Rear,
 Nor either *Ajax* or the General durst
 Make good the Field, though they by *Mars* were nurst.
 Alone old *Nestor* did maintain his Ground,
 Against his will, whose Horse receiv'd a Wound
 From *Paris* Hand: the deadly Shaft betwixt
 The Hair concentrating in his Forehead fixt;
 The Steele Barb warm'd in his panting Brain.
 But he, tormented with the cruel Pain,
 Both rises, flings, and in Disorder puts
 His fellow-Steeds, whose Harnesse *Nestor* ^(m) cuts.

Mean time the swift *Hectorean* Steeds drew near,
 Hurrying that Hero, their bold Charioteer,
 Through all the Bands. In that unequal Strife
 Then, aged *Nestor*, thou hadst lost thy Life,
 Had not *Tydidēs* thee in Danger spy'd,
 And thus to *Ithacus* amazed cry'd;

Renown'd *Ulysses*, from the *Trojans* why
 Dost thou retreat, and like a Coward fly?
 Beware lest any with a Javelin brand
 Thee on thy Back, for thus retiring: stand,
 That we together may old *Nestor* aid
 'Gainst cruel *Hector*. Thus *Tydidēs* said:
 Which ⁽ⁿ⁾ fly *Ulysses* ^(o) heard not, but out-strips
 Who-e're fled swiftest to the *Græcians* Ships.
 Alone to save him *Diomede* proceeds,
 And said to *Nestor* standing by his Steeds;

(m) Gr. ἀντιπνύν. By which word, (as the Scholiast observes) it being ὁρμῆς, in the imperfect Tense, and so denoting a thing in fieri, a-doing, rather than done, *Homer* gives his Reader to understand, that *Nestor* being aged was a long time e're he could cut the Harnesse, ἔσπευτο μὲν ἀντιπνύν, ἀλλ' αἶψα, though he did, as it concerned him, his belt: whereas speaking of the like action of *Antomelon's*, a younger person, and so stronger, he describes it τῷ σπασταίῳ, in the Preterperfect; ἄλγεα δ' ἄνωγα παρήσεν, to set forth the speed and suddenness of his performance. *Iliad*. π. v. 474.

(n) *Enst.* observes that he calls *Ulysses* ἀντιπνύν, because there was not that thing or Profession wherein he was not versed; as appears in the *Odyssey*, where we find him a Wrestler, a Husband-man, a Mariner, a Shipwright, a Carpenter, an Archer, a Forrester, a Cook, a Prophet, an Astronomer, and a Physician.

(o) The Scholiast in excuse of *Ulysses*, whom some charge here with Cowardice, observes that *Homer* said not παρήσεν, that he would not hear; but ἔσπευτο, that he did not. Be-

sides, it was no Symptom of Timorousness, his keeping the Field so long, he being one of the last that left it: And yet we see it laid thus in his dish by *Ajax*, in his Contest with him about *Achilles* his Armes, *Ovid*. *Met.* l. 13.

Qui licet eloquio fidum quoque Nestora vincat,
 Hand tamen efficiet desertum ut Nestora crimen
 Esse riar nullum: qui cum imploraret Ulysses,
 Vulnere tardus equi, fessisque senilibus annis,
 Proditus a socio est. Non hac mihi crimina fingi
 Scit bene Tydides, qui nomine saepe vocatum
 Corripuit, trepidoque fugam exprobravit amico.

Though faithfull *Nestor* he in Eloquence
 Surpass'd, his leaving *Nestor* no defence
 Of words can save; who slow, through his hurt Horse;
 And clogg'd with Age, implor'd *Ulysses* force;
 To fetch him off; who left to odds of Foes
 His old Acquaintance. This *Tydidēs* knows
 For no forg'd Crime, who vainly call'd to stay
 His trembling Friend, reviling his Distress.

Mr. Sandys.

They come, old Friend, who thee will over-match:
 Young men will one so ancient soon dispatch.
 Your Strength is much decay'd, you Aged grow,
 Your Charioteer is weak, your Horses flow.
 Come, mount my Chariot straight, that thou mayst see
 How well these *Trojan* Horses manag'd be :
 How here and there they wheel, and through the Plains
 Or fly, or follow with ejected Reins.

Old *Nestor* his Civility receives,
 And to *Eurymedon* and *Sthenelus* leaves
 His feebler Steeds, which they with care attend,
 And mounts the Chariot to his ancient Friend.
 In skilfull Hands the curious Reins he takes,
 And, his Steeds lashing, up to *Hector* makes ;
 Whom *Diomedes* saluted with a Spear,
 Which, missing him, hit his stout Charioteer,
Eniopus, valiant *Thebanus* Son.

The deadly Javelin through his Bosome run,
 He from his Chariot falls, his Steeds give back,
 Whilst vital Spirits dying Limbs forsake.
 Though *Hector* rag'd, and did extreamly grieve,
 He his Friend's Body was inforc'd to leave.
 But straight another Charioteer he found,
 Fierce *Archeptolemus* in War renown'd;
 And gave him charge of the deserted Reins.

^(p) Then bloody Slaughter had enrich'd the Plains;
 And they, their sudden Ruine to prevent,
 Had up like Sheep themselves in *Ilium* pent :
 But that the Father both of Men and Gods,
 Perceiving how the *Græcians* had the Odds,
 Horrible Thunder and dire Lightning cast,
 Which near *Tydidēs* frighted Horses past
 Into the Earth, returning ^(q) Smoak and Fire.
 His boggling Steeds disorderly retire.

^(p) When Prudence and Valour, *Nestor* and *Diomedes*, are in Conjunction, great things may be probably expected, *ὡς συμπεπνυμένους ἀπάντες*, either Virtue being re-inforced by the other, and so the more effective. *Eust.*

^(q) The matter of Thunder being *ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἔνεργον καὶ καυμώδους*, a dry, hot, and sulphurous Exhalation.

Old *Nestor*'s trembling Hands the Reins forsake,
And thus amaz'd to *Diomede* he spake;

Fly, *Tydeus* Son, since *Jove*, thou maist perceive,
Will us of hop'd-for Victory bereave.
On *Hector* this day's Honour he'll bestow,
But may hereafter us like Favour show.
No Power on Earth can alter *Jove*'s Decree,
Who greater is and far more strong then we.

*Tydid*es then; Well thou hast said, but I
Shall with the thought of such Dishonour die.
Should *Hector* boasting 'mongst the *Trojans* say,
I made their brave *Tydid*es run away,
And did their Champion to their Navie drive;
Ah! may the Earth first swallow me alive.

Gerenian Nestor then his Mind declar'd;
Your Argument, though noble, might be spar'd.
Should *Hector* vapour thus, who'll it believe?
What *Dardan*, or what *Trojan* Credit give?
Which of the *Ilian* Dames that Ranter trust,
Whose Husbands thou hast tumbled in the Dust?

This said, he turns; his Horses more then trot,
Till they in safety 'midst a Squadron got.
The *Trojan* Prince and all his Troup pursue,
Whilst Shouts scale Heav'n, and Clouds of Javelins
Then *Hector* calls aloud; O thou, the most (flew.
Admir'd and honour'd 'mongst the *Græcian* Host,
Who with full Cups at Feasts tak'st highest place;
How will they henceforth studie thy Disgrace,
Who like a Woman fly'st, or timorous Maid?
But e're by thee our Walls are level laid,
Our Ladies captive carried to your Fleet,
Thou from this Hand shalt thy Destruction meet.

Hearing this Rant, *Tydid*es made a doubt,
Whether to fly, or stay and fight it out.

Thrice

Thrice for the Charge himself he did provide,
 As oft *Jove* thundred loud from lofty *Ide*,
 Assisting *Troy*. Then up bold *Hector* came,
 And thus his valiant Squadron did inflame ;
Trojans, bold *Lycians*, and stout *Dardans*, who
 Are now engag'd, your Strength and Valour shew :
 On us kind *Jove* will Victory bestow ;
 We shall gain Glory, They Disgrace and Woe.
 Fools ! that believe Walls and a weak Redoubt
 Can save their Camp, and keep us *Trojans* out.
 Our Horse their Trench shall level with their Feet.
 But soon as I have seiz'd their haughty Fleet,
 Remember Fire, that we may kill and choak
 These stupid *Greeks* with their own Navie's Smoak.

Then ^(r) to his Steeds he spake; ^(s) *Xanthus*, this day,
Podargus, *Aethon*, and swift *Lampus*, pay
 Me for your Food, alwaies of purest Wheat,
 Which my *Andromache* before you set,
 Mingled with Wine, e're she my Table spred,
 Who boast the Honour of her happy Bed.
 Now shew your Speed, and due Obedience yield,
 That we may Masters be of *Nestor's* Shield,
 Whose Fame surmounts the Skies, whose wonderous
 With Belt and Buckles are of massie Gold. (Mold
 Nor must we of *Tyrides* Corset miss,
 Which *Vulcan* boasted for his Master-Piece.

If this we doe, I doubt not to prevail,
 And baffled *Greeks* this Night shall hoise up Sail.

This ranting Language *Juno* could not brook.
 Shaking her Throne, which all *Olympus* ^(u) shook,
 She thus to mighty *Neptune* did complain ;

Thou great Commander of the ample Main,
 Ah! dost not thou the *Greeks* sad Case lament,
 Who daily thee at ^(x) *Helice* present,

And

(r) He speaks to his Horses, as though they were capable of Understanding, and that by reason of some *metempsychosis*, the Transmigration of humane Souls, not into humane Bodies onely, but also into Brutes. An Opinion which *Socrates* himself approves of, excepting onely such mens Souls as were addicted to the study of Philosophy.

(s) Some will not allow this Chariot here of *Hector's* to be any other then *Biga*, and so to be drawn by two Horses onely, by *Xanthus* and *Lampus*; conceiving the other two Names, *Aethon* and *Podargus*, to be onely Epithets denoting their Colour: but reading in the *Odyssey* of *νεστωρος ἵμνου*, and finding every one of the four here to have his Conjunction by himself, it will not be amiss to understand it of *Quadriga*, such a Chariot as is drawn by four. *Achilles* his Horse also was called *Xanthus*, *Meneleus's* *Podargus*, *Agamemnon's* *Aiube*, and one of those of the Morning's *Lampus*. *Est.*

(t) *Diomedes* the *Thracian's* Horses were fed with the raw Flesh of men.

(u) *Gr. ὀλύμπη*, a word whose smooth composition, as containing an iterated Liquid, or double *Lambda*, represents the easie, and yet rapid, Revolution of the Celestiall Orbs. *Est.*

(x) *Helice* and *Aga* were both Cities of *Peloponnese*, sacred to *Neptune*, and so highly favoured and befriended of him, that he never suffered any to be shipwreck'd on their Coasts. From *Aga* the *Agean* Sea had its name.

And *Æge* Gifts which rich and many are?
 If still thou do'st thy old Affection bear,
 Let us not wish, but boldly take their Part,
 Repulse the Foe, and *Jove's* Intention thwart:
 Then discontented would he sit on *Ide*.

When *Neptune* thus highly incens'd reply'd;

How to such Overtures shall I reply?

Nothing I'll act against *Jove's* Power, not I.

His single Strength is more than all our Force.

Thus did these Gods amongst themselves discourse.

The space betwixt the Fleet and *Trenche's* Banks

Was full of Foot and Horse in armed Ranks,

Pent up by *Hector*, like the Martial God:

Such Honour *Jove* that day on him bestow'd.

And he, no question, had their Navie fir'd,

But that Heav'n's Queen the General inspir'd

With Resolution once more to excite

His fainting Army, and renew the Fight.

He to their Tents and Ships himself address,

Bearing in's royall Hands ⁽¹⁾ a Purple Vest;

And nigh *Ulysses* well-calk'd Vessell stood,

Just in the ⁽²⁾ middle of that Naval Wood,

That all from big-bon'd *Ajax* Tent might hear,

Down to *Achilles* quarter'd in the Rear.

Dry lay their Ships, drawn up on verging Sands,

Confiding in their Courage and their Hands.

Here thus aloud he chafes: Ah, foul Disgrace!

You that are onely Men in Shape and Face,

Where's all your Vapouring now, when in a Rant

Your Prowess so at *Lemnos* you did vaunt,

On fat Beeves feasting, charg'd with flowing Bowls,

And said (so cockering your o're-weening Souls)

That any one of you should in the Fight

A hundred dastard *Trojans* put to flight?

And

(1) It being not possible he should be heard by so numerous a Company, he holds forth a purple Vest, that so at least he might be visible. Thus amongst the Romans *purpureum paludamentum*, the Emperour's purple Robe hung forth of his Tent, was a signal of the next daie's Battel.

(2) *Ulysses*, being one on whose prodigious parts and Prudence the *Greeks* especially relied, had his Quarter assigned him in the middle of the Fleet, not for his Security onely and protection, but also that he might be the nearer at hand, in case upon any emergent occasion they should need his Advice. *Eustathius* adds; he was so quartered, not for any Timorousness was in him, ἀλλ' ἵνα τὸ σκεπτὸν ὅς τις εἴη, ἐν τῷ μέσῳ πάντων ἵπτασθαι τὴν ζώνην τῆς φρονήσεως, but that he might be the same to their Army which the Heart is to Man's Body, which by its middle position and fire better communicates Spirits to every part:

And from one *Hector*, who our Fleet will fire,
Now all our glorious Promisers retire.

Jove, didst thou e're a King's Prerogative
Thus trample on, and quite of Power deprive?
I slighted not thee, but my Vessell staid,
(When my ill Fortune hither me convey'd)
Untill the Fat of Beeves and brawny Thighs
On thy fair Altar I did sacrifice,
Requesting we strong-bulwark'd *Troy* might take.
Now, *Jove*, I onely my Petition make,
That we our utter Ruine may avoid,
Nor totally by *Trojans* be destroy'd.

Jove had Compassion on *Atrides* Tears,
And granting Safety eas'd him of his Fears,
Sending a long-wing'd ^(a) Eagle to the place,
Bearing a ^(b) Fawn, the swift Hart's tender Race:
Down by that Altar she her Burthen laid,
Where Gifts to ^(c) *Panomphean Jove* they paid.

This Omen much their streightned Souls enlarg'd,
They fac'd about and resolutely charg'd.
But none of all the *Græcian* Leaders, though
Many they were, did entertain the Foe
Before *Tydidēs*: he his Horses whips,
And, the Trench passing, far the rest out-strips,
And *Agelaws*, a bold *Trojan*, slew.
He ran him flying with his Javelin through
Betwixt the Shoulders, tumbling on the Ground
His heavie Corps; his ponderous Arms resound.

But next to him came both th' *Atrides* on,
Oileus first and *Ajax Telamon*;
Idomeneus next, and after these
Eurypylus, and bold *Meriones*;

^(d) *Tencer* the ninth, who with his Bow excell'd,
Whom *Ajax* shelter'd with his seven-fold Shield:

Which

(a) The Prognostications the *Aurors* made by the Eagle were not onely certain, but successfull and fortunate: Hence *Eust.* derives *ἀετός* from α the intensive Particle, and εἰπεῖς, *ciōv* ὁ αἰὲς ἀ-
λυσθῆναι, because it never appeared but for good. An Eagle appearing when *Rhea* was delivered of *Jupiter*, the Bird was ever after under the Tutition of that God. It is said, that an Eagle appeared also at the Battell with the Giants. *Jupiter* never employs this Bird to any but such as he intends highly to honour. *Did.*

(b) The Fawn noted the Fear and Flight of the *Trojans*; and the Eagle's depositing it at the Altar, the *Greeks* Deliverance and Protection.

(c) He was so called, because the Air (the same with *Jupiter*) is the cause of all Sounds; or because *αἰὼν* *πανομπεῖος* αἰὼν, he is the Father of all Prophecies. *Eust.* He adds, that the word denotes such speeches onely as be true, *ἐμπεδὸν* being as much as *τὸ διὰ φωνῆς*. *H. Steph.* evinceth it out of the *Odysseys*, that the words *ἰσθῆναι* and *ἐμπεδὸν* are appropriate onely to the Oracles of *Jupiter*, and not communicable to any other.

(d) He was called *Tencer*, because his Mother was of *Troy*, he being the son of *Hesione* the Daughter of *Laomedon*, whom *Hercules* after his sack-
ing of *Troy* gave to *Telamon* for assisting him in that War.

Which ^(c) lifted up, the Hero round did view,
Then aiming shoots, and whom he shot at slew.
As to the Nurse the Child for Succour hies,
So he to sculk behind his Target flies.

Orsiloclus and *Ormen* first he slew,
Opbelestes, *Daitor*, and bold *Chromius* too,
Amopaon, *Lycophon*, *Melanippus* last,
And in a heap their slaughter'd Bodies cast.

When *Agamemnon* his great Acts espy'd,
Beholding how th' all-fostering Earth he dy'd
With Execution which his Arrows made,

So, my dear *Tencer*, spend thy Shafts, he said,
And with fresh Courage us forlorn inspire;
So shalt thou comfort *Telamon* thy Sire,
Who gave thee royall Education

In his own Palace, though his Natural ^(f) Son:
So let thy valiant Actions be declar'd
Through spacious *Greece*, which also I'll reward,
If *Jove* and *Pallas* please we shall destroy
And raze the lofty Battlements of *Troy*:
My Share set out, I next shall thee allot
Two Steeds, a Tripod, and a Chariot;
Or a fair Lady to adorn thy Bed.

When to *Atrides* noble *Tencer* said;

Wherefore, illustrious *Agamemnon*, me
Spurr'st thou thus up, who of my self am free?
My Strength and Skill not idly I imploy'd,

^(e) That with my Shafts eight *Trojans* have destroy'd,
And ready am with deadly Arrows still;
Yet yonder raging ^(b) Dog I cannot kill.

Tencer, this said, with wondrous Spight inflam'd,
Another Arrow at bold *Hector* aim'd;
Which missing, through *Gorgythion's* Breast did run,
And slew that valiant Hero, *Priam's* Son,

B b

Whom

(c) *Gr. ὑπερθεύων* where *εἰς* notes
his putting his Shield before him, and
so defending him from being hurt; and
καὶ his concealing him under it from
being seen. *Enst.*

(f) This anciently was no Dispa-
ragement, it being no dishonour then
to keep a Concubine, nor for the Con-
cubine that was kept; the *Nothi* or
natural Children having the same E-
ducation with those that were legitimate,
and their Concubines the like respect
with their Wives. In valour *Tencer*
exceeded the other Sons of his Father:
a thing many times seen, that they that
come in by the bye, and at the Back-
door, transcend such as are rightly be-
got in lawfull Wedlock, according to
that of *Statius Sylv. lib. 2.*

*Vidi ego transversos alieno in robore ram-
mos
Altius ire suos.*
Thus have I seen a Graft that did out-
grow
The natural Stem.

(g) These Verses thus put together
and altered, one of the Ancients puts
into the mouth of Fortune, complain-
ing that, having aimed many Arrows at
Diogenes the Cynick, she could never
hurt him with any:

*Πολλὰς δὲ σέσηκα πανυλῶνας οἶσες,
Τέτιν δ' ἔδωκα βαλεῖν καὶ ἀνοστήσει.*

*Many a shot I from my Bow did make,
Yet never right could I that Cynick take.*

(b) He calls *Hector* a Dog *διὰ τὸ πολὺ
τὴν ἀσυνήθειαν*, for his extraordinary
confidence and boldness.

(i) This Simile is thus copied by
Virgil Aen. lib. 9.

*Purpureus veluti cum Flos succisus a-
ratro
Languescit moriens; lassoque Papavera
collo*

*Demisere caput, pluvia cum foris gra-
vatur.*

A Violet on new-ear'd ground fo
lies,

Cut by the Plow, and languishing fo
dies :

Or full-blown Poppy hangs the head,
whose Flower

Wearies the Neck o're-burthen'd with
a Showr.

The Poets the rather use this resem-
blance, for that *nostra* signifies a Man's
Head as well as a Poppie's.

(k) *Homer* still makes his Hero's
to have strong and great Voices, this
being a sign not onely of Strength and
ability of body, but Courage also and
presentness of spirit : whence *Aristotle*
saith that the Lion and Bull make a
greater noise then any other Creature,
because they are stronger then they.

Whom fair *Castianira* forth did bring,
A Lady like a Goddess, to the King.

(i) His Head like a blown Poppy hung, whose Flower

Wearies the Stem o're-burthen'd with a Showr.

Then lets h' another fly [with Strength and Art

At *Hector*, which *Apollo* did divert :

Yet *Archeptolem* it, his Charioteer,

Pierc'd through the Bosom, fiercely charging near.

He from his Chariot falls, his Steeds give back ;

His vital Spirits dying Limbs forsake.

Though *Hector* rag'd, and did extremely grieve,

He could not save his Corps, nor him relieve :

Yet gives he's Brother *Cebrio* the Reins ;

Then down he leaps, and (k) horribly exclaims,

Lifting a mighty Stone, which straight he threw

At *Tenzer*, whilst his deadly Bow he drew,

And him betwixt the Neck and Shoulders hit,

Where all the Ligaments and Tendons meet,

Breaking his String, his Hand numm'd with the Blow :

On's Knee he staggering fell, and dropt his Bow.

Stout *Ajax* his faln Brother not neglects,

But, raising him, with his broad Shield protects.

Mecistens and *Alastor* him convey,

Groaning extremely, where the Navy lay.

But here such Strength the *Trojans* had from *Jove*,

That to their Trenches back the *Greeks* they drove.

Amongst the foremost *Hector* still appears,

Leading Amazement on and Panick Fears.

As a swift Hound, who trusts his nimble Feet,

Pursues a Bear or Lion not so fleet ;

Who, though he him by th' Haunch or Hamstrings

Marks when he turns, then couring back doth flinch :

So *Hector* did the flying *Greeks* pursue,

And whosoe're was hindmost first he flew.

As

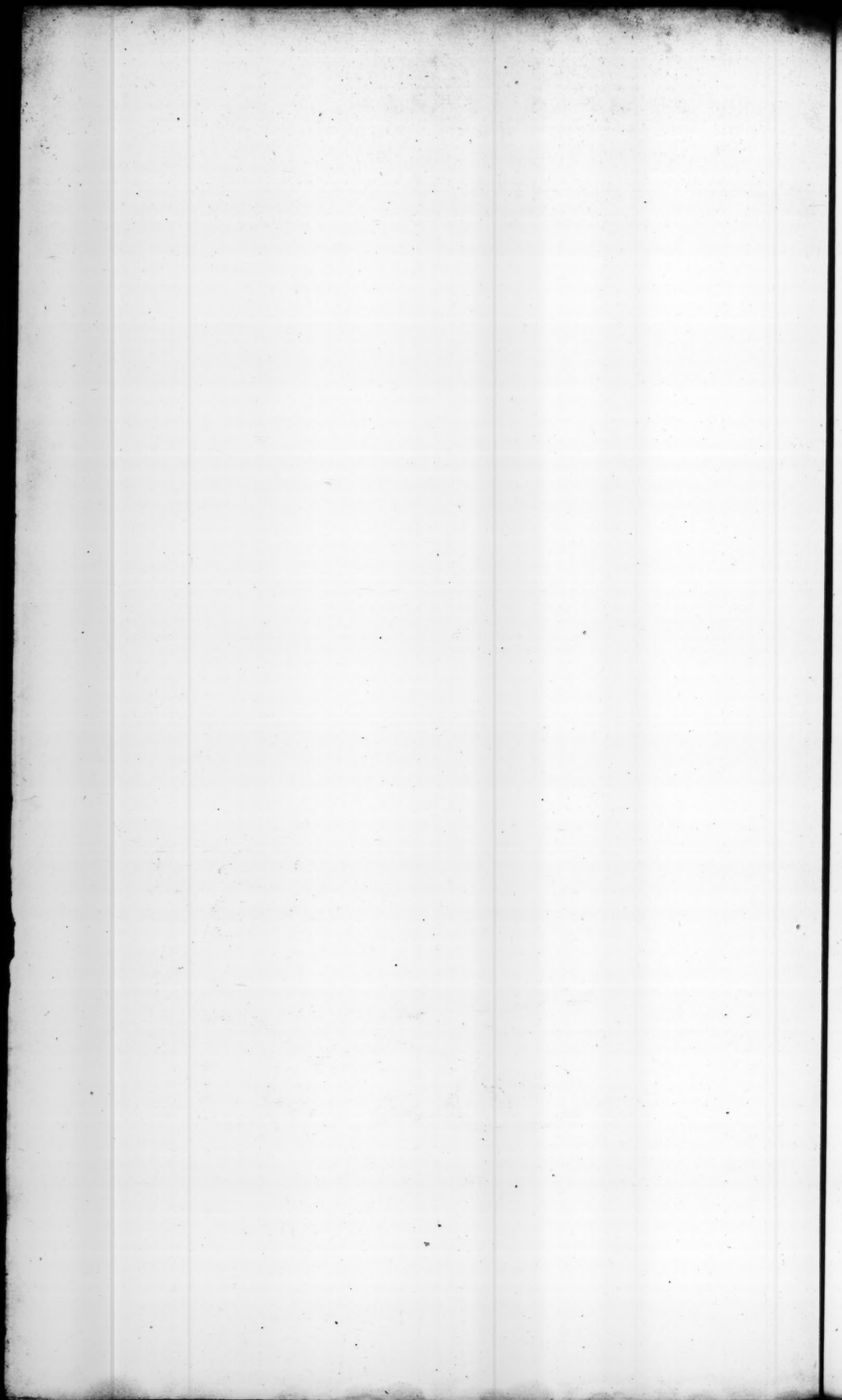


*Eliae Ashmole Armi:
Tabulam*



*Medij Templi Socii
hanc. D.D.D.L.M.I.O.*

L. & W. 1766



As soon as them safe Trenches did inclose,
 Though many slain were by pursuing Foes,
 They cheer themselves, and ^(l)praying loud extend
 Their Hands to *Jove*, the Living to defend:
 Whilst *Hector* every-where for Entrance pries,
 With bloody *Mars's* and stern ^(m)*Gorgon's* Eyes.
 When pitying *Juno* thus to *Pallas* said;

Must we no more the fainting *Gracians* aid?
 Have they no means approaching Fate to avoid,
 Who onely by one Person are destroy'd?
Hector's dire Rage is not to be endur'd,
 Who Mischief adds, by *Jove* himself secur'd.

Then *Pallas* said, This Slaughterer had been slain,
 His dearest Blood had dy'd the *Phrygian* Plain,
 But that my Father *Jove*, too cruel still,
 Laies Counter-plots to cross me in my Will.
 He little minds how once I fav'd ⁽ⁿ⁾his Son
 In his twelve Labours for ^(o)*Eurystheus* done;
 Who, when he wept, me from *Olympus* sent
 Him to assist, and cheerfully I went.
 Had I these things prognosticated well,
 When ^(p)to the *Adamantine* Gates of Hell,
 To fetch from thence dire ^(q)*Cerberus*, he was bound,
 Him I in ^(r)*Stygian* Billows would have drown'd.

(l) *Eurystheus* sending him to fetch *Cerberus*, he repairs to *Enmolpus* at *Eleusine*, desiring to be initiated in the Rites of *Ceres*, which being not indulged to any Stranger, he was naturalized by the *Pylai*, and after admitted; but being not then suffer'd to see the Ceremonies, being not purified since his slaughtering the *Centaurs*; he was purged and absolved by *Enmolpus*, and so received. This done, going to *Tenarus*, a Promontory of *Lacedamon* where there was an *Osium* or In-let into *Tartarus*, he enters the passage. The Ghosts discovering him, all vanish, except *Meleager* and *Medusa*; against which last unsheathing his Sword, being informed by *Mercury* that it was but an Apparition, he desists from assaulting it. Approching near *Pluto's* Mansion, he releaseth *Theseus* from his immoveable Chair; but endeavouring to doe the like for *Pirithous*, was prevented by an Earthquake. He rowled the Stone off from *Ascalaphus*; and bringing *Cerberus* away with him, presented him to *Eurystheus*. *Apollodorus* lib. 2.

(m) Of this Whelp begot by *Typhaon* upon *Echidna*, thus *Hesiod* in his *Theogony*.

Ὅρ' ὅταν μὲν ὄρωται κωὰ ἡδύατο Ἰηροῦν.
 Δεῦτερον αἰπὴν ἔκταν ἀμύχανον; ὅπ' ὀφειδὸν
 Κίρρεον ὀμνέτω, αἶδω κωὰ χαλαρόφωνον,
 Πεντηκονταχέρον, ἀναΐα τε κρατερόν τε.

Dionys. Pærony. thus;
 Καὶ Μαριανδύων ἱερὸν σῆδον ἐνδ' ἐνέσσω
 Ὀδύσει Κερνίδω μὲν κωὰ χαλαρόφωνον,
 Χερσὶν ἀνελκόμενον μεγαλόφωνον Ἡρακλῆϊ,
 Δεινὸν δὲ σωματὸν βαλεῖν σταλάδα χυλόν.
 Τὸν μὲν ἐξέτατο γαῖα, καὶ ἀνδράσι πῦρ ἐρύσσον.

For the *Cimmerii* being *συνδρυοί*, and living upon Herbs, and amongst others upon *Aconitum*, the Adders upon *Cerberus* his Head poisoning it with their Spittle, it became deadly. He had the Tail of a Dragon, and on his Back the Heads of all kinds of Serpents.

(r) The water of *Styx* is said to be extrem cold, and not to be contained or held in any Vessel but Horn onely, or an Ass's Hoof.

(l) Attesting, by the earnestness of their Cry, the sadness of their condition. The *Pythagoreans* would not have men pray to their Gods but with an audible voice: not that they thought the Gods deaf otherwise to their Prayers, ἀλλ' ὅτι διγίαις ἰσχυροῦτο τῷ τῶς εὐχαῖς, ἀλλ' ἂν τις αἰδέσθην ποιῆσαι πολλῶν συνεισδόντων, but because they would not have men prefer any such Suit as they should need to be ashamed of. *Spond.* out of *Clem. Alexandrinus*.

(m) *Τεφρόντις* ἢ *χέκμη* καὶ *δενδὼν* καὶ *ὄρις* *πρόδομος*, this was a monstrous Woman, of a formidable Aspect, whose Hair was no other then Serpents. Her Head being translated into Heaven, and become a Constellation, is still inauspicious and unluckie in Nativities.

(n) She deigns not so much as to name him; καὶ γὰρ ἐχέτω τὸ αἰεὶ κέλευ, καὶ ἔχον ἐνδιδύκτος αἰεὶ ἢ λαγυρίσαν, it not befitting a chaste Virgin so much as to nominate one so loose.

(o) *Jupiter* (or, as others, *Themis*) foretelling that the Child that should upon such a day be born should have the Command of all the World, *Juno*, jealous lest *Alcumena* might be then delivered, retarded her Labour by a kind of Sorcery, holding her Fingers *peñtinatim*, clutched one within the other, by that means effecting that *Eurystheus* Birth preceded *Hercules's*, who, thereby losing the Preeminence, was put by that *Aegean* King upon many perillous Employments. *Apollodorus* saith, that *Juno* bribed *Ilithyia*, the Queen-Regent of Midwives, that she should hasten the Birth of *Eurystheus*; whence he was *septimestris*, being born the seventh month after his Conception.

She Orthus, Geryon's Dog, next *Cerberus* bare,
 Whose horrid Features ne'r described were:
 From fifty Heads *Pluto's* grim Porter bawls
 With brazen Lungs, and on all Corners falls.

And *Mariandyn's* Countrey, where they tell
 Brazen-lung'd *Pluto's* Porter, Dog of Hell,
 By *Hercules* dragg'd forth, dropt poisonous Foam
 From his foul Jaws, whence from Earth's pregnant Womb
 Did many Mischief to sad Mortals come.

Now I am scorn'd, and *Thetis* onely heard,
 Who kist his Knee, and stroak'd his comely Beard;
 When she before him for her Son did fall.
 Yet me hereafter hee'l his Darling call.
 But your swift Horses and your Chariot lend,
 And I will to his Palace straight ascend;
 There I will arm: then see if *Hector* dare
 Triumph so much in Battell, ^(s) we b'ing there.

Some slaughter'd *Trojan* with his Flesh at least
 Shall Dogs and Vulturs at the Navie feast.

This said, Heav'n's Queen her Horses did provide,
 And flowing Manes with golden Ribbons ty'd:
 But bright *Minerva*, *Jove's* illustrious Race,
 The ^(t) curious Veil, that hid her Heav'nly Face,
 Which she with no less Care then Skill had made,
 Down on her Father's Marble Pavement laid;
 Then straight claps on the Thunderer's massie Arms,
 Fitting her self for Fights and fierce Alarms.
 Thus she her glittering Chariot did advance;
 Then takes his huge, his strong and ponderous Lance,
 With which against whole Squadrons shee'd engage,
 Or whosoever durst provoke her Rage.

Now *Juno* mounted all Delaies abhorr'd;
 Heav'n's Gates fly open of their own accord,
 Which on *Olympus*, guarded by the ^(u) Hours,
 Make Skies serene, or dark with fullen Showrs:
 She straight from Heav'n her nimble Horses drove.
 So soon as they were seen by angry *Jove*,
 To swift-wing'd *Iris* thus he gives Command;
 Go, stop their Speed, and say I bid them stand.

If disobedient they dare venture on,
 What now I threaten shall be surely done:
 On them with Lightning I will Vengeance take,
 Hamstring their Horses, and their Chariot break:

Thrown

(s) Gr. — ὅρρε ἰδυμαι
 Εἰ γὰρ Πειδωτο παῖς κορυδαίνετο Ἐκτωρ
 Ἰνδύσει περὶ φανέσει.

Where γὰρ περὶ φανέσει is put for ἰμῶν φανέσειν, *Homer* purposely disturbing the Syntax, saith *Eust.* (so great a Master was he of his Art) the better so to represent and personate the present Passion of *Pallas*, or *Hector's* future consternation and fear. ἐπιπνέει δὲ καὶ ἀνταῖ-
 δα τὴν φρεσὶν ἐτίεσθαι ὁ ποιητής, ἀναλόγως τῷ θυμουμένῳ περὶ σπῶντι, ἢ δὲ ἐκτροπῇ ὑπερβαίνειν καὶ τίεσθαι, ἀπ' αὐτοῦ αὖ ὁ Ἐκτωρ τὴν θεῶν ἰδύν. So he.

(t) Her various Veil denotes (saith *Eustathius*) πολυειδὲς τῆς φρονήσεως, the divers kinds of wisdom; the making it her self, τὸ ἀπερσεδὲς καὶ αὐτάρκεις, her Self-sufficiency; her putting on *Jupiter's* Vest or Arms, τὸ ἀρχέστροφον, her versatil and pliable disposition; her fiery Chariot, τὸ καὶ αὐτῇ θερμυργόν, her vigorous and effectual prosecution of what-e'r she undertook.

(u) These were *Cælus* his Daughters by *Themis*, which were three, *Irene*, *Eunomia*, and *Dice*.

Thrown from their Seats, ten years they shall endure
Torture^(x) of scorched Wounds, and find no Cure :

That so *Minerva* may remember well,
When she against her Father did rebell.

Juno I less resent, whose Custom still
And whole Endeavours are to cross my Will.

With these Commands the nimble Goddess flies
By steep *Idean* Mountains from the Skies,
And at *Olympus* Portals them she stay'd.

And thus to them in *Jove's* own Language said ;

Whither prepare you ? upon what Design ?
And why in thwarting Counsels thus conjoyn ?
You must not aid the *Greeks* ; if so you doe,
The King of Gods and Men thus threatens you :
With Lightning hee'l his high Displeasure wreak,
Hamstring your Horses, and your Chariot break ;
And you, thrown down, ten years compleated Rounds
Shall fill, ere you be cured of your Wounds ;

That thou, *Minerva*, maist remember well,
When thou against thy Father didst rebell.

Juno not moves him, since her Custom still
And whole Endeavours are to cross his Will.

Bold Maid, take heed lest thou too far advance
Against thy Father with an hostile Lance.

Her Message done, from thence the Virgin flies :
When *Juno* thus *Minerva* did advise ;

Dear *Pallas* , we no more must undertake
To strive with *Jove* for any Mortal's sake.

Be who they will, let them or live, or die,
As Fortune pleaseth and their Destiny :

And let him with the *Greeks* and *Trojans* doe
What he thinks fit, and his Designs pursue.

This said, she reins her beauteous Steeds about :
The nimble Hours attending take them out,

And

(x) See (saith *Eustathius*) ὅτι ὡς
λεπτοσύνῃ τὰ θεῶν σώματα ἢ ποικίλῃ περὶ τὰς
νοῦν βόλῃ, οἷα καὶ κεραυνῶν ἔλκεα πεί-
ρουσι. See, saith he, how thin Bodies,
of how fine a texture, the gross Poetry
of the Heathen hath provided for their
Gods, to render them capable of
Wounds, and that even from Light-
ning.

And tie them up to their *Olympick* Stalls,
 Setting her gilded Chariot 'gainst the Walls.
 Thence to their golden Thrones they troubled went,
 And smother'd 'mongst the Gods their Discontent.

Whilst *Jove* from *Ida* through untracked Skies
 Drove to high Mansions of the Deities :
Neptune, his Horses loos'd, his Chariot plac'd
 By th' Altar, and fine Canvass o're it cast.
 His Throne the Sire of Gods and Mortals took,
 And sitting down Towering *Olympus* shook.
 But *Juno* and *Minerva* were alone,
 Some distance from great *Jove's* imperial Throne,
 And silent sitting no Enquiry made.

But he, well knowing what did gaul them, said ;
 I wonder why your selves you thus torment.
 You staid not long, your Spirits soon were spent
 In slaughtering *Trojans* in the bloody Fight,
 'Gainst whom you cherish such inveterate Spight.
 Such is my Strength, so terrible am I,
 Not all the Powers in Heav'n can make me fly :
 But a cold Trembling your fair Limbs did melt
 Before the Sorrows of sad War you felt.
 What then I threaten'd would have prov'd too true,
 Blasted with Lightning in your Chariot you
 Had not return'd yet to Etheriall Skies,
 And Mansions of the blessed Deities.

Thus *Jove* ; whilst *Juno* and the warlike Maid,
 Muttering, dire Plots against the *Trojans* laid,
 (y) *Pallas*, though vex'd, her Answer did suspend,
 Nor durst her Father with harsh Words offend :
 When *Juno* melting Passion not contains,
 But, venting her Displeasure, thus complains ;

Hard-hearted *Jove* ! we know thy powerfull Hand
 Not all the Gods are able to withstand :

(y) *Homer* making *Juno* an ensample
 τὸς ἀπρόσμετος, of a sudden Passion, which,
 like a Summer's Storm, pouring down
 for the time, blows suddenly over ; in
Minerva he gives us an instance τὸς
 μακρόμετος, of such an Anger as is memo-
 rative and vindictive : *Juno's* Gall over-
 flowing, but *Minerva's* restrain'd.

Yet we may grieve at their so sad Estate,
Accomplishing by timeless Death their Fate:
But we in Person, since 'tis your Desire,
Will not assist them; but we may inspire
The *Greeks*, consulting how they may engage,
Lest all should feel thy persecuting Rage.

The Lord of Tempests then to her replies;
Thou shalt to morrow with those splendid Eyes
Behold, if thou so please, how I'll destroy
The *Græcians*, who beleaguer lofty *Troy*:
Nor valiant *Hector* shall retire, before
Incens'd *Pelides*: Succour they implore:
When the bold *Trojans* shall the *Greeks* constrain
To fly unto their Fleet, *Patroclus* slain.

Thus Fate decrees: I not regard thy Rage:
Nay, should'st thou undertake a Pilgrimage
To the World's end, beyond Earth, Sea and Skie,
Where old ^(z) *Iapetus* and ^(a) *Saturn* lie,
Ne'r visited by Sun nor Wind, in Hell,
Where Night and everlasting Darkness dwell;
There should'st thou go, I should not it resent,
Since nothing lives more cross and insolent.
Thus said great *Jove*; but *Juno* not reply'd.
Meanwhile the Sun did in the Ocean hide
His glorious Beams, and Night's black Curtain hurl'd
Over the spreading Surface of the World.

The *Trojans* grieve to see the Day descend:
For Night was to the *Greeks* a sheltring Friend.

And now grown dark, illustrious *Hector* all
His prime Commanders did to Council call,
Leading them from the Navie near the Floud,
Whose Banks were free from Slaughter, Mire, and
They quit their Chariots, and about him stand, (Bloud.
Ready to act what-e're he shall command.

(z) The Ancients made *Iapetus* to be *Ἰουπιτῆρα τὸ ἕρως*, the rapid motion of the supreme Sphere, and to have thence his Denomination, *πᾶσι τὸ ἕρως ἢ πῆξις*, from his Speed and Acceleration. He was the Son of *Cœlus* and *Tellus*, Father of *Prometheus* and *Epimetheus*, who, siding with his Brethren the *Titans* against the Gods, was with his Son *Mænæus*, who also assisted them, condemned to *Erebus*, or *Tartarus*. *Apollodorus*.

(a) The Northern Sea, where inhabit the *Arimaspi*, being subject to the Influence of *Saturn*, is ever frigid and congealed with Ice, and thence styled the Sea of *Saturn*: of which thus *Dionysius Periegetes*;

— αὐτὰρ ὕψιστον
Περὶ βορέην, ἵνα πᾶσις ἀριμασπῶν Ἀριμασπῶν,
Πόντον μὲν καλέουσι πάντες τε κρήνην τε.
Ἄλλοι δ' αὖ ἐν νεκρῶν ἔρημῳ, εἴην ἀφ' αὐτῶν
Ἥλιος βορέϊον γὰρ ὕπαιρ ἀλατρώδ' ὀφείλει
Αἰεὶ δὲ χειρὶ παρῶν ἐν νεφέλῃσι.

— Under the Northern Wain,
Where live bold Arimaspi, lies the Main
Call'd Saturn's frozen Sea: some call't
the Dead,
Because the Sun so sparingly doth shed
There chearing Beams; seldom his pier-
cing Eye
Routs those dark Clouds which dim that
gloomy Skie.

Besides, *Saturn* being the supreme Planet, when he is in the lowest Hemisphere, and so under the Earth, is said *παραρῶδες*, or to be in *Tartarus*. *Eustathius* upon *Dionysius* tells us, that *Saturn's* Privities, being disiect, were cast into the fore-mentioned Ocean:

(b) The Spears they used in their Sea-fights being twenty two Cubits long. *Eust.*

(c) *Eustathius* brands this as ἀσπαρῆν, an irrational and unmilitary practice; ὁ μᾶλλον γὰρ οἱ τὰ πύρρ' ἔχοντες τὰς ἐν (κατα)δράσιν, ἢ ὅσ' ἐκείνων ὄρωσι, they that kindle Fires in the night not more discovering others, then others them. Besides, men see better from out of a dark place, then they do out of a light, the light that is about them dazeling their sight: of which thus *Lucretius lib. 4.*

E tenebris autem quæ sunt sub luce tuemur,

Propterea quia cum propior caliginis aer

Ater init oculos, prior & possedit oportos,

Insequitur candens confestim lucidus aer,

Qui quasi purgat eos, ac nigras discutit umbras

Aeris illius: nam multis partibus hic est Mobilior, multique minutor & magis

pollens;

Qui simulatque vias oculorum luce replevit,

Atque patefecit quas ante obsederat ater,

Continuo rerum simulacra ad aperta sequuntur,

Quæ sita sunt in luce, lacescuntque ut videamus.

Quod contra facere in tenebris è luce nequimus,

Propterea quia posterior caliginis aer Crassior insequitur, qui cuncta foramina complet,

Obsidetque vias oculorum, nè simulacra Possint ullarum rerum contexta moveri.

We view from darkness what is in the light,

Because the first impression of our Sight The grosser Medium makes, and guards the senses:

Bright Air injected then and lucid Raies

Chear our weak eyes, and gloomy shades disperse,

Since they are much more swift, more strong and fierce,

And straight all open passages repleat,

Which obscure Clouds had formerly beset.

All Shapes and Figures then come thronging in,

Which are in light, and court us to be seen.

But from the light what is in darkness ne,

The passages all full, not well can see.

In after close the aire condensed flies,

Beleaguering all the Angles of the Eyes:

Not any thing, though obvious, whatsoe're,

Will to the sight be represented there.

*But Spindanus solves this by observing the greatness and numbers of those Fires, which made all things visible to the very Fleet, it being otherwise impolitically done to have kindled them at all: and this he collects from that passage in *Hector's* Speech, — σίλας δ' εἰς ἑσπέρην ἵκη.*

(d) *Gr. θανάτῳ τὰ γυναῖκες, more female Women: of which expression of Homer's the Scholiast gives this account, which I forbear to render: θανάτῳ, that is, saith he,*

αἱ γυναῖκες τὰ ἀρσένεια καταφύσσονται, αἱ γυναῖκες ἀνδρείων ἐν δόλῳ ζῶναι, τὰ δὲ γὰρ ἀλῶνα ἀεισμένον ἔχει κτείναν ἐν ᾧ μέγιστον, αὐτὴ δὲ θάνατος ὡς καλεῖται.

These

(b) Eleven long Cubits was his brazen Launce,
Whose Point did glister as he did advance;

A golden Ring confirm'd the knotty Oak,
On which he leaning to the Princes spoke:

You Trojans and bold Dardans, I suppos'd
The Græcians with their Navie, thus inclos'd,

This day by Jove's Assistance to destroy,
Then march triumphing to relieved Troy:

But Darkness us prevents, and hath as yet
Preserved both their Army and their Fleet.

Since Night's strict Laws enforce us to obey,
Let us to Nature due Refreshment pay:

Your weary Horses from your Chariots free,
And whilst we feast, let them well-meated be.

Bring from the City Bread and Wine that's good,
Fat Sheep and Cattell, and great store of Wood,

Whose chearing Fires all Night may gild the Skies
With Splendour, till the joyfull Morning rise:

(c) Lest that the Græcians find a means by Night
To hasten through the swelling Waves their Flight,

And unassaulted quietly depart.
Let some at least, hurt with a Shaft or Dart,

Leaping a-board, expect their Cure at Home;
That others may take warning thus to come

Against the Trojans with devastating War.
And let the Heralds through the Town declare,

That Young and Old do leave their own Abodes,
To guard those Walls were builded by the Gods.

And let the (d) Women in their Houses make
Great Fires all Night, let the whole City wake;

Lest, th' Army absent, Troy they should betray.
Straight punctually what I command obey.

Other Directions I'll to Morrow give,
Who, by Jove's help and other Gods, believe,

These

These curſed Dogs, whom Fate hath brought to *Troy*,
And all their painted Veſſels to deſtroy.

Let us be carefull of our ſelves this Night,
And with the early Dawn prepare to fight.
I'll know if *Diomede*, their Champion, ſhall
Repuſe me from their Navie to our Wall;
Or whether I ſhall kill him with this Spear,
And bloody Spoils to *Troy* triumphing bear.
I hope to Morrow he ſhall wounded lie,
And many of his proud Companions by.
Ah! would I were as well ſecur'd to be
Immortal, and from Age and Sickneſs free,
And that to me men as to *Jove* ſhould pray,
As we the *Græcians* ſhall deſtroy next Day.

Thus *Hector* ſaid, and all the Princes ſhout,
And chearfull take their ſweating Horſes out,
And with ſtrong Headſtalls to their Chariots ty'd:
Others at *Troy* fat Sheep and Beeves provide,
And from their Houſes bring both Bread and Wine,
And ſtore of Wood, which made the Champain
All Night in Field inſulting *Trojans* lie, (ſhine.
And trowing Smoak aſcends the gloomy Skie.
So glorious Stars about the Moon are ſeen,
When Winds are ſilent and the Air ſerene;
Steep Mountain-Clifts, Vallies and Towers appear,
And Star-beſtudded Skies Expanſion's clear:
The Swain rejoyceth viewing then the Stars,
And Elements at Truce from civil Wars.
So many Fires clear'd up the *Trojan* Ranks
Betwixt the Navie and *Scamander's* Banks.
A thouſand Flames made bright the *Dardan* Camps:

(c) Fifty at each ſate free from chilling Damps.
Their Horſes feed on Oats and pureſt Corn,
Ty'd to their Chariots, and expect the Morn.

(c) After which Computation and Account, the *Trojans* with their Auxiliaries were fifty thouſand, or five Myriads.

20 JUL 11 1971

TO: Mr. J. Edgar Hoover

FROM: Mr. J. Edgar Hoover

SUBJECT: [illegible]

RE: [illegible]

DATE: [illegible]

TIME: [illegible]

PLACE: [illegible]

BY: [illegible]

FOR: [illegible]

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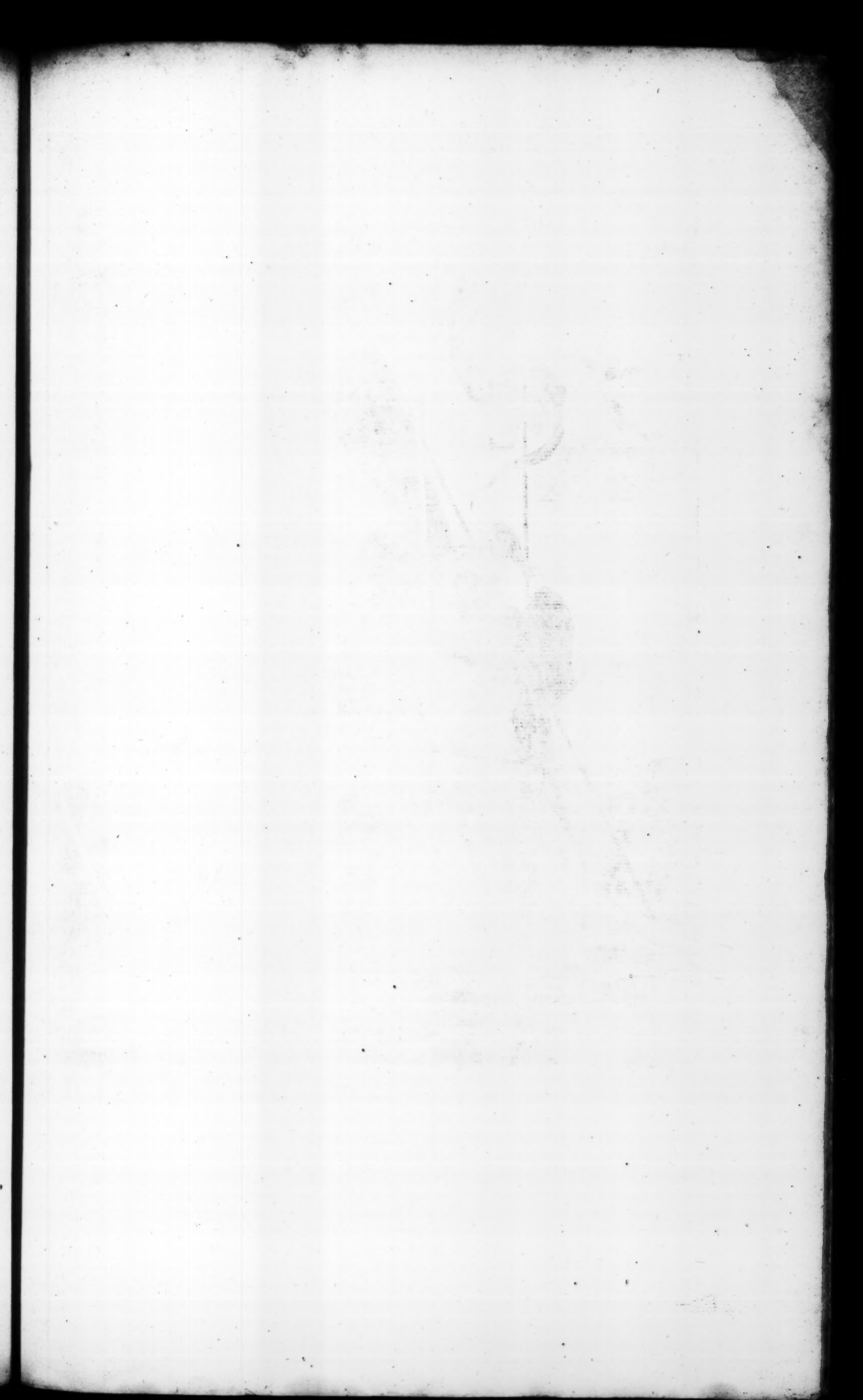
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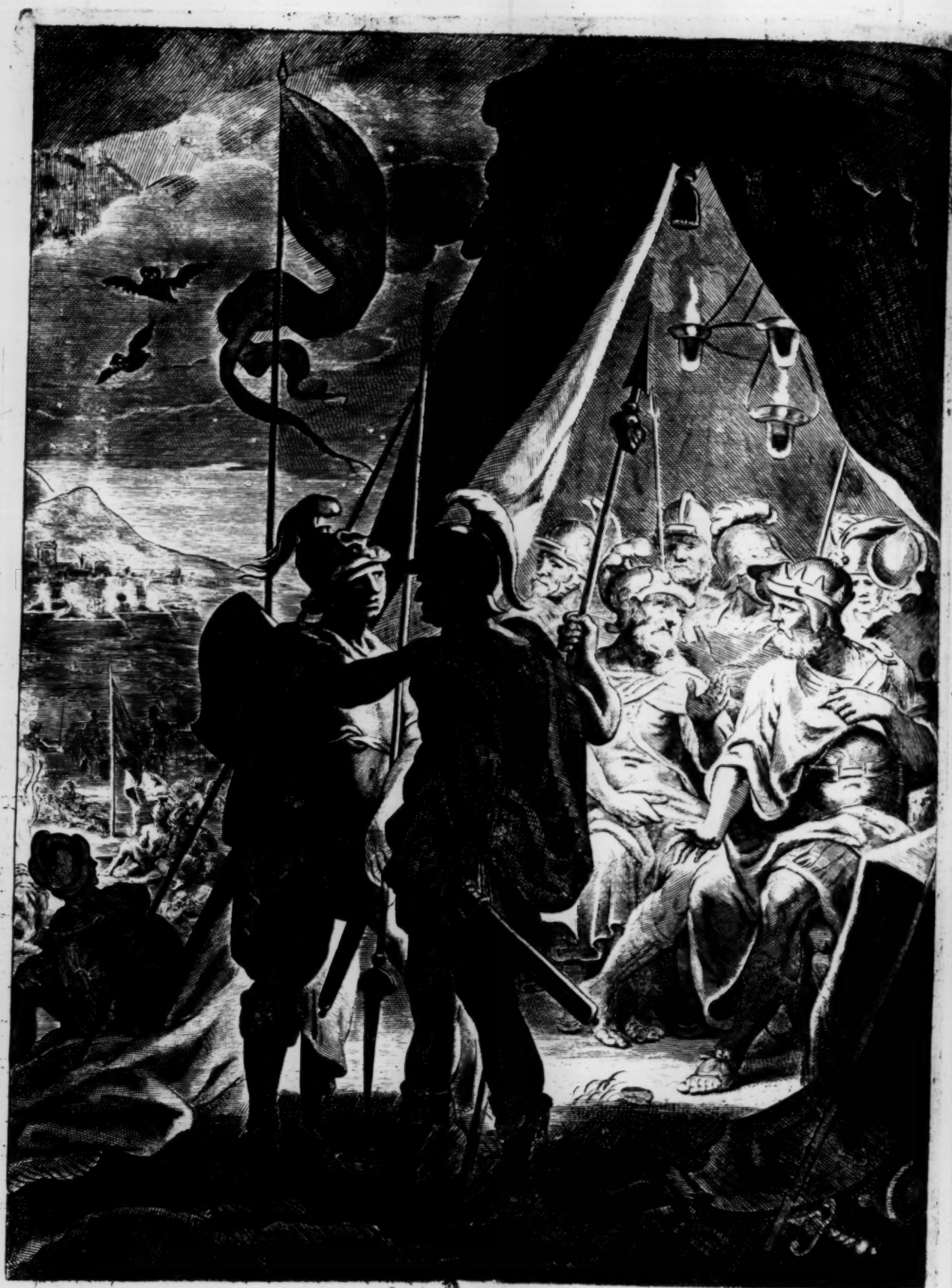
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Domino Do: Antonio
Baronetto. Taculam



Astley-Coper Equiti et
hano. L.M.D.D.D.I.O.

Litho. Wm. 50



HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE NINTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Nocturnall Counsels. Agamemnon cries,
No way but Flight. Bold Diomed denies.
Grave Nestor hints, Achilles to persuade.
Commissioners are sent to crave his Aid.
He fairly treats them, but will not assist;
And so them without hope of help dismiss.

AND thus the Trojans kept strong
Guards all Night;
Whilst ^(a) panick Fear, the Usher of
cold Flight,

Did on the Græcian ^(b) Brow Dejection stamp,
And universal Sorrow seiz'd their Camp.
Like ^(c) Winds that, coupled from tempestuous Thrace,
Plow in cros Furrows up the Ocean's Face;

Κάδμους πολέται, καὶ λέγειν τὰ χεῖρα
Ὅστις φυλάσσει πρὸς ἄγαν πύλας
Οἶα καὶ νομῶν, βλέφαρος μὴ κοιτῶν ὕπνῳ.
Εἰ μὲν γὰρ εὖ προσέειπεν, αἴψα θεῶν
Εἰ δ' αὖτ' (ὃ μὴ γινώσκω) συμφορὰ τῆς γαίης
Ἐπεικέλετο ἄν τις πολὺς καὶ ἥδαιον
Ἰγνοῖεν ὅτι αἰὲν οὐρανὸς πολυρρόδος
Οἰμώμασιν ὅ, ὃν Ζεὺς ἀλεξήσεται
Ἐπώνυμ' ἔγνωτο Κασμίων πόλει.

Cadmeans, we must speak, not prate,
Who rule the Rudder of this State,
And must be early up and late.
If well we do, the Gods did that:
Is our Design unfortunate?
Eteocles then they only bait,
With sharp Invectives him defame,
With Songs and Libells blast his Name.
Jove let not Thebes be so to blame.

(c) Gr. Two Winds, Boreas and Zephyrus, that is, severall or contrary Winds, he naming those two ἡν δὲ περὶ πύλας by chance These he makes to blow out of Thrace, that is, to encounter upon that Sea, the Poets making that Quarter or Climate the common receptacle of all Winds. By these two Winds some understand ἐκπληξιν ἢ περὶ πύλας, & ἢ δὲ ἢ μανδύων, their Astonishment at what was present, and their Fear of what was future. Others, Ζεὺς τὸ νόον, & Τρώας ἀγασσάμενος, the intention of Jupiter in this their Defeat, and the Success of the prevailing Trojans. By these two Winds the Scholiast understands those two Passions of the Soul; Grief, and Fear.

(a) Gr. ὁ δεινός, Divine, that is, Great; for all Flight being a consequent of Fear, this was an extraordinary Fear, viz. ἐκπληξίς, a Consternation. Homer calls this Fear cold [ἐκ τῆς κρύου] ἐπὶ τὸ θερμὸν ἐκλείπει τὸν ἄνθρωπον, because the natural Heat in those that are possessed with Fear, deserting the externall parts, retreats inward to defend the Heart. Hence, as Fear chills and deads, so Hope cheers (ἡ ἀλπίς θαλπύει) and enlivens.

(b) The common Souldier being solicitous onely how to escape by flight, the more noble Græcians are affected more with the sense of their Dishonour then with the loss of Life it self, as being conscious that the evil Success of the Expedition would be imputed to them. So Eteocles in Aeschylus in his ἑκταῖς ἐν Θήβαις

(d) ὄνη, an Herb, saith the *Schooliast*, which grows not but at the bottom of the Ocean, and so argues the violence of the Tempest.

(e) ἡ δὲ συμφορὴ τυπίνει καὶ τὰ μέγιστα φρονήματα, Danger dejecting even the greatest and most generous Spirits, and causing them to stoop.

And thund'ring Mountains with a silver Breach
Dash bruised ^(d) Owse against th' opposing Beach :
So wrought their troubled Souls surcharg'd with Care.
But *Agamemnon*, though he did despair,
His Heralds straight commanded they should all
The Princes to a private Council call ;
And went himself, declining Royal State.
The summon'd Kings together ^(e) troubled fate,
When sad *Atrides*, weeping, first arose.
As from a silver Fount a River flows,
Obscure Streams pouring from a steepy Rock ;
So fell his Tears, whilst thus he sighing spoke :

Bold *Greeks* deriv'd from mighty *Mars* his Loins,
I am confounded with *Jove's* cross Designs,
Who promis'd that I wealthy *Troy* should sack,
And laden sail with Spoils triumphing back :
Now he, to our Dishonour, gives Command,
We straight return unto our Native Land,
After so many Losses : but his Will
We must with all Humility fulfill :
For he, the greatest of immortal Powers,
Hath many Cities, crown'd with stately Towers,
Levell'd in Dust, and more will levell lay.
But follow my Advice, and *Jove* obey;
Straight flie to our long-wish'd-for Countrey back,
For we shall never lofty *Ilium* sack.

The *Græcian* Princes, at these Words dismay'd,
Sate silent long : at last *Tydidēs* said ;

Fear argues thus ; and since I may, I will
Speak freely here, nor must you take it ill.
You once were pleas'd to say, which Old and Young
Can witness, I nor valiant was nor strong.
I grant the Sceptre *Jove* on you bestow'd,
And more then any did with Honour load ;

But

But Fortitude did sparingly impart.
 Above a Crown is an undaunted Heart.
 Are you in earnest, and believe that we
 Such Cowards are as you would have us be?
 If you would fain be gone, why stay you here?
 Your way lies open, and that Navy near
 The Ocean's Brink which you in safety bore,
 And all your Party, from the *Græcian* Shore.
 But let the rest remain untill the Foe
 We ruine, and their lofty Towers o're-throw:
 Or if, like your's, their Resolution fail,
 They may depart, and to their Countrey fail.
 Thou, *Sthenelus*, and I will stay till *Troy*
 (Since Providence hither brought us) we destroy.

These words the Princes drooping Spirits fir'd,
 And all the Court bold *Diomede* admir'd.

Then *Nestor* rising did his Mind impart;

Tydidēs, thou of us the valiant'st art,
 And dost in Consultation all excell:
 None thy Advice can question, nor reſell.
 But though you have both well and wiſely ſaid,
 You have not drawn your Arrow to the Head.
 Thou may'st my youngest Son, *Tydidēs*, be;
 Whence I, who boaſt Precedency of thee,
 Shall ſomething more to this great Council move,
 Which none, no not the King, ſhall diſapprove.

Let him be Outlaw'd, Friendleſs, want a Houſe,

(^g) Who loves a private Quarrell to eſpouſe.

Night's Rules obey, let Supper be prepar'd,

Then ſet about our Works a ſpecial Guard;

And let this be the youthfull Souldiers part:

But, *Agamemnon*, ſince thou greateſt art,

(^g) Invite the *Græcian* Princes to a Feaſt:

Bounty is comely, and becomes thee beſt.

(f) In this he glanceſ at the Difference and Animofity between *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*. Schol.

(g) Πίετον μεθύοντες συμβουλευόμενοι, νύκτις δ' ἐπιπνύοντες, The *Persians* conſulting in their Cups, reſolved when they were ſober. Thus the *Rhodians* had a Law which enjoyned συνεπιπνύειν τῶν ἀείωντων καὶ τῶν ἐκείνων περὶ τῆς βουλῆς, that their States-men eating together ſhould adviſe concerning the next day's Tranſactions. The Ancients have a ſaying, 'Ρῆγοις ἐαυτοὶ ἐν οἶνῳ ἱσμεν, That men in Wine are much readier; and he in the Comedy ſaith, Τὸν νοῦν τὸν ἀρδῶ, καὶ λέγω πὶ δεξιῶν, That he would liquor his Soul; and then ſpeak to purpoſe. Beſides, ἡ σὺ ὁμαρτυρεῖς κοινῶς φιλεπιδόντων, Communing at the ſame Table occaſion; Friendſhip.

Thy

(b) Hence *Mars* is said to reside especially in *Thrace*, for that that Country was *ποσειδών*, abounded with Wine, which occasioneth many Contests and Quarrels.

(i) *Gr. Πᾶσι τοῖς ἐσθ' ἑσθ' ἐστίν* which some expound thus, That *Agamemnon's* Tents were so well stor'd with all kind of Provisions, that he was able to give a handsom Treatment to the whole Army. *Schol.* At the division of any Spoils, saith *Enst.* the King had an extraordinary and supernumerary share assigned him, *ὡς τὰ κοινὰ* *ὀψωνία*, for such common Entertainments.

Thy royall Tent with purest Wine is fraught,
Daily from ^(b) *Thrace* in *Græcian* Bottoms brought;
Th' hast ⁽ⁱ⁾ all Provisions fitting to be had,
By many art attended and obey'd.
Amongst thy numerous and experienc'd Guests,
His Counsel follow who adviseth best;
Whose grave Experience makes his Judgment sound;
Since hostile Fires our Fleet and Camp surround,
Wofull to see: this is the fatal Night
Which must our Army save, or ruine quite.

Old *Nestor's* powerfull words the Council charm'd,
Guards are drawn out, who march compleatly arm'd.
Thrasymedes and *Ascalaphus* precede,
Ialmenus in Martial Business bred:
Meriones, *Aphareus*, *Deipyr* next brought on,
With fam'd *Lycomedes*, old *Creon's* Son:
Seven Captains, each a hundred men commands,
Marching in Ranks, long Javelins in their Hands.
These straight the Trenches and the Out-works guard,
And Suppers all at lusty Fires prepar'd.

Atrides to his royal Tent convey'd
The Chiefs, and them a handsom Treatment made.
When they had feasted well on plenteous Fare,
And Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
Nestor the Business breaks, and, who before
Did counsel well, thus counsell'd them once more:

Illustrious Prince, what now I must advise,
With thee must end, and from thee take its Rise.
Since you by *Jove* impow'rd vast Kingdoms sway,
Which to thy ^(k) Laws and Crown Obedience pay,
Thee more than all these Princes 'twill behove
Counsel to give and take, and thus improve
Thy Interest, and what's opposite reject,
And so from all the Quintessence select.

(k) Laws being then unwritten, and wholly in the Breast of the Prince.

What

What seems to me most fitting I'll impart,
 And I believe my Judgment none will thwart.
 What I at first dislike'd, I still resent,
 Fetching *Briseis* from *Achilles* Tent :
 From this my Judgment to a second Thought
 I never by persuasion shall be brought.
 I prest it home with many Reasons then :
 Yet, sway'd by Passion, thou the best of Men,
 Whom all the Gods most honour, didst despise,
 And took'st from him his dear and onely Prize.
 Now let us think how best we may assuage
 With precious Gifts and gentle Words his Rage.

Then said *Atrides* ; Me thou hast display'd,
 And a just Audit of my Errours made :
 I have offended, and confess th' Offence.
 A Man of Men, of Princes th' onely Prince,
 Whom *Jove* so honours, that for his Renown
 He plucks the Glory of the *Gracians* down,
 I rashly wrong'd, and willing would assuage
 With costly Gifts his just conceived Rage ;
 Whose Worth to hear your Patience I desire :
 Seven Tripods which were ⁽ⁱ⁾ never prov'd by Fire ;
 With these, ten Talents of refined Gold,
 And twenty Caldrons, all of antique Mould ;
 Twice six Race-Horses of a ^(m) comely Size,
 Which match'd in running never lost ⁽ⁿ⁾ the Prize :
 (Who-e're their Master is shall ne'r be poor,
 Since me they brought in Gold and Silver store)
 And seven ^(o) exemplar Beauties I will add,
 Which, when He wealthy ^(p) *Lesbos* levell laid,
 Fell to my Lot, and all so wondrous fair,
 That never any could with them compare.
 Amongst them his *Briseis* shall appear.
 Now by th' immortal Deities I swear,

(i) *Gr. ἀνέσχετο*, that is, such as were for Show and state, more then Use and service : so the *Scholias*t. ἀνέσχετο, καὶ ἀνέσχετο καὶ ἀνέσχετο ἐν τοῖς οἴκοις. Others by ἀνέσχετο understand such as had never been used. In this Tripod, called by *Homer* here ἀνέσχετο, by the later *Gracians* *κράνη*, they mixed their Wine, dedicating it to *Bacchus*, διὰ τὸ εἶναι μὴ ἀλίσθητον, because men in their Wine speak usually the truth ; as *Apollo's* Sacrifice at *Delphos*, when she gave out the Oracles ex Tripode. *Athenais*.

(m) *Gr. κρέατα*, well kept, high-crested and large. Others understand it of black Horses, those of that colour being reputed the best. *Schol*.

(n) These Prizes were won at the Funeral Solemnities of such as died, or were slain during the Leaguer before *Troy*, not in *Peloponnesus*, for then, being old, they had not been worth the accepting, this being the ninth year of their encamping before *Troy*. *Schol*.

(o) He puts the Women in the midst of the Catalogue of his Presents, lest ranging them otherwise he might seem to tax *Achilles* with Effeminacy, by his putting them first, as conceiving that nothing would sooner prevail with him, and so, in stead of appeasing, but exasperate him the more. *Schol*.

(p) At *Lesbos*, in the Temple of *Juno*, the Women convened once yearly, contesting which was the fairest. *Lesbos* was an Island in the *Aegean* Sea, and had in it these five Cities onely, *Antissa*, *Eressus*, *Mithymna*, *Pyrreus* and *Mitylene*.

Her

Her I ne'r touch'd, never the Lady knew,
Doing with her as Men with Women doe.
These now I'll send: but if Celestiall Powers
Grant us possession of *Troy's* lofty Towers,
When a Division of the Spoil is made,
His Ship with Gold and Silver I will lade;
And twenty *Trojan* Beauties he shall share,
Then which, excepting *Helen*, none more fair:
And when we Shores of fertile *Argos* touch,
I'll match him with my Daughter, and as much
As my *Orestes* love, and entertain
With like Allowance and a Princely Train.

In our fair Palace Daughters we have three,
Chrysothem, *Iphianass*, ^(q) *Laodice*:

Take which he will, no Joynture I will have,
Yet never any such a Portion gave.

Seven Cities are her Dower, ^(r) *Cardamyle*,
Æpea, *Pheræ*, *Hira*, *Enope*,

Anthea and *Pedassus* well stor'd with Wine,
Which near the Sea to sandy *Pylos* joyn;
Whose People have both Sheep and Cattel store,
And him with ^(s) Gifts shall like a God adore,
And ^(t) freely to his Sceptre Tribute pay,
Would he appeased be, and's Wrath allay.

^(u) Inexorable *Pluto* all detest,
Who never sign'd Petitioner's Request.
Since then a greater Prince I am than he,
The Elder too, 'tis fit he yield to me.

These are such Gifts (old *Nestor* then replies)
That Prince *Achilles* sure will not despise.
Straight let Commissioners with speed be sent,
Whom I will mention, to *Pelides* Tent.
Let ancient ^(v) *Phœnix* lov'd of *Jove* precede,
And with him *Ajax* and *Ulysses* lead;

(q) Called by the Tragedians *Eletra*, as her Sister *Iphianassa*, *Iphigenia*. In these three names *Eustath.* observes three things requisite to make an Empire flourish; Good Laws, the due Administration of Justice, and a sufficient Power or Strength: the first in *Chrysothem*, the second in *Laodice*, and the last in *Iphianassa*.

(r) These being *Messenian* Cities were in the District of *Menelaus*, yet *Agamemnon* makes profer of them to *Achilles*, conceiving his Brother would not be against it, his own Interest as well as the publick Welfare being so highly in it concerned. These Cities were not mentioned in the Catalogue, as being newly depopulated and raz'd by the *Dioscuri*, *Castor* and *Pollux*, and so sent no Auxiliaries to the *Greeks* in their *Trojan* Expedition. *Schol.*

(s) That is, *Primitiis*, with their First-fruits.

(t) Or willingly submit to his Authority, he telling him that he should rule *ἐξουσίαν*, *ἀρχὴν*, *πρωτεύοντα* *ἀνδρῶν*, a people of a peaceable and tractable disposition, not turbulent, inclined to innovate and subject to rebell. The *Greek*, *καὶ οἱ τοὺς νόμους ἀπαρτίζοντες*, admitting also this last construction, where he calls the Laws *ἀπαρτίζοντες*, *ex consequente*, because they make them so who obey them, according to *Hesiod*, who saith, that the people amongst whom Justice is truly administered,

Τῶν τῶν νόμων πόλεις, λαοὶ δ' ἀνδρείων ἐν αὐτῇ,

Their Cities flourish with rich Citizens.

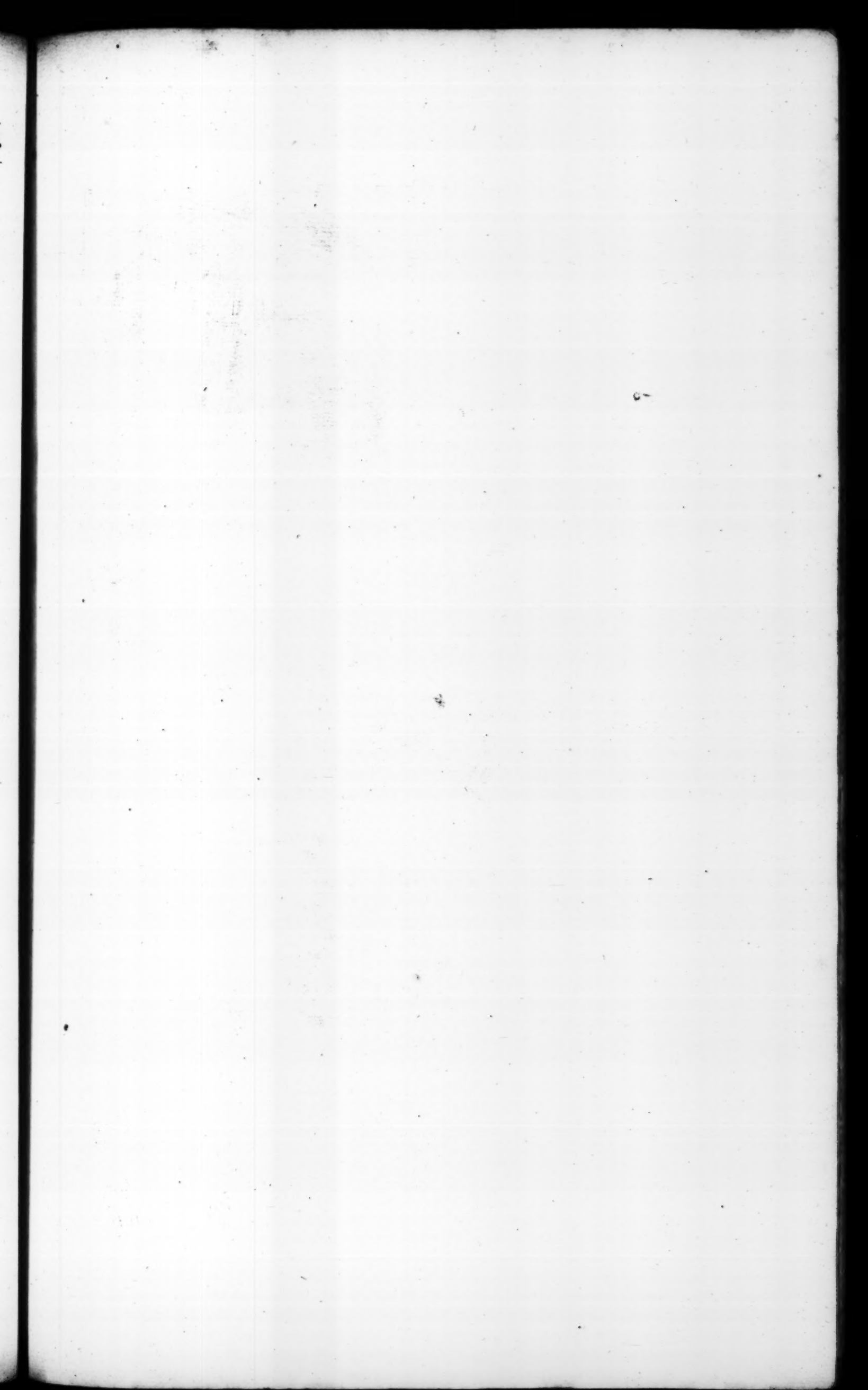
(u) Hence, as *Aschylus* observes, *Pluto* had no Altars in any City, it being conceived lost labour to sacrifice to him, or to petition him.

*Μὴν δ' ἔστιν θανάτου ἡ δόξαν ἔχει
Ὅτ' ἐν τῷ θύον ἰδὲ ἐπιμένοντα δαίμονι,
Ὅν βῆμας ἔστιν, ἡ δ' ἰπποπόνητος
Μὴν δ' ἐστὶν δαυμόνων στοναχῇ.*

All Gods but Death of Gifts approve;
Libations, Offerings him not move:
He Altars scorns, and Pæans gybes,
Nor will be won with Tears or Bribes.

Yet in *Gadira* Death had his Altar,
and *Pluto* his Temple with the *Mecistians*; his Sacrifice being a black Sheep, and his Libation Wine mingled with Milk.

(v) *Phœnix* was *Achilles* his Tutor.





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Johanni Sparrow
Londini Armigero.



de interiori Templo
Tabulam hanc. L.M.
D.D.D. I.O.

Let grave⁽¹⁾ *Eurybates* and *Hodius* wait
On them with all things fitting their Estate.
Bring Water, and be silent, that we may,
If *Jove* so please, for his Assistance pray.

To this Advice all with one Voice consent,
And straight the Heralds Water did present:
The yong men Goblets bring with rich Wine crown'd;
They fill about, and still the Cup goes round.
The Sacrifice perform'd, from thence they went
With expedition to *Atrides* Tent.

But fearing lest the Business might be lost,
Nestor instructs them severally, but most
Wise *Ithacus*, who, Master of his Art,
Knew best to sweeten stern *Achilles* Heart.
Going along the Sea's resounding Shore,
⁽²⁾ *Neptune*, the Earth's Imbracer, they implore,
That with their Rhetorick they might persuade
Great-Soul'd *Æacides* to grant them Aid.

His Tent at last they entred, where he sate,
And with choice Notes himself did recreate,
⁽³⁾ Touching his Harp, (the silver Neck embost
With Skill, much Curiosity and Cost)
Which he from *Thebes*'mongst other Spoils did bring:

⁽⁴⁾ The glorious Acts of Princes he did sing.
Patroclus silent sate, expecting long
When he would finish his Heroick Song.
Ulysses foremost at some distance went,
Leading them on: they all themselves present.

Achilles starting up did much admire,
And where he sate laid down his silver Lyre.
Then up *Patroclus* rose, and hast he made
To meet his Friends, when thus *Pelides* said;

Welcome; some urgent Cause, or I mistake,
That you to injur'd Me this Visit make.

D d

This

(1) *Talthybius* is not sent, as retaining to *Agamemnon*. He joyns these Heralds in Commission with them, *ἵνα ἴδῃ διὰ αὐτῶν ὃς βασιλεὺς αὐτὸς παρῆαι ὅν ὡπιοῖται*, that so the King himself might seem to be present in those his Ministers and Representatives. *Enst.*

(2) *Achilles* being Son to one of the *Nereides*, or Sea-Nymphs, which were under the Command of *Neptune*.

(3) *Ælian* and *Plutarch* say, that *Achilles* addicted himself to Musick all the time of this his Retirement, so to appease his Passion, and sweeten his Choler; as is reported of *Clinias* the *Pythagorean*. *Enst.*

(4) Hence *Alexander*, having this noble Harp of *Achilles*, refused to see that effeminate one of *Paris* presented to him. *Plut. de Alexand.*

This said, he led them farther in, and plac'd
On stately Seats with Purple Tapestry grac'd:
Then to *Patroclus* said; The greatest Cup
Must, my dear Friend, be brought, and fill it up
With ^(c) richest Wine; see that there be enough
For these great Persons honouring our Roof.

Patroclus straight performs his Friend's desire,
And ^(d) in a Caldron sets upon the Fire
A Weather's Chine with Goats-flesh, young and
A Porker's Surloyn, and the Brawny Targe. (large,
Automedon, whilst them *Achilles* cuts,

The Morfells held, which on the Spit he puts;
And kind *Patroclus* made the Fewell burn.
When blazing Wood did to clear Embers turn,
On glowing Coals their Meat they broil'd, and threw
On ^(e) sacred Salt; then from the Broaches drew,
And on ^(f) the Dresser lay'd, the drawn-off Meat.
Patroclus Bread upon the Table set;

Æacides the Board with Dishes grac'd,
And then himself against *Ulysses* plac'd.
Next he *Menaetius* Off-spring did desire
To mind the Gods, who Wine pours on the Fire.
Cates set before them they did little spare.
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
Ajax jogs *Phœnix*, he *Ulysses* hints,
Who thus *Achilles* a full Bowl presents.

All Health, *Æacides*; we now thy Guests
No Entertainment want nor sumptuous Feasts,
Both at great *Agamemnon's* Tent and here
Treated with noble and abundant Chear.
Our Business is not Banquetting, but we
(Illustrious Prince) our Ruine do fore-see:
'Tis doubtfull if we save our Fleet, or no,
Unless thy Valour straight repulse the Foe.

Flames

(c) *Gr. Ζωστήμενον*, i. more lively Wine, *ὡς ἀμικρὸν λικιστὸν τὸ κραμα*, Wine that is mixed with Water being void of Life and spirit. Hence *Enst.* collects that *Achilles* himself drunk no Wine but such as was dilute, or mixed; whence also he upbraids *Agamemnon*, lib. 1. *ὡς εἰνοπλοῦν*, as delighting in strong Drink. Others understand it of old Wine, deriving the word from *ζῶον*, τὸ μέγα καὶ πολὺ, much, or many, and *ἄρσ*, ὁ ἐνιαυτός, *εἰς ἔνδεκα*, a year.

(d) *Gr. κρήνη μέγα*, this *Pausanias* expounds *κρηνοδρόνον ἀσφένον*, a large Caldron in which he makes the Weather's and Goats-Chines to be boiled, the Hogs-flesh being roasted.

(e) *Gr. ἁλὸς θείοιο*, divine Salt, so called, either because it preserves what is seasoned with it from putrefying, or for that it was the Emblem of Friendship. *Plutarch* saith it is so styled, for that it causes Fruitfulness. Hence *Venus* is feigned to be *ἀλυσμένη*, born of Salt, and the Creatures that live in the Sea (as the Sea-Deities) are observed to be more productive than those that reside on the Earth. Naturalists also write, that female Mice are impregnate onely by eating Salt; and that Vessels which transport Salt are more especially pestered with this kind of Vermin. *Spond.*

Enst. makes this Salt a rarity, or *κεμήλιον*, a Present given *Peleus* by *Nereus* at his Marriage with *Thetis*, and saith it had the virtue to make any Dish extreme delicious, and to procure an Appetite in such as had otherwise no stomach, being in Grief and heaviness.

(f) These were Hurdles made of Rods or Twigs.

Flames through the *Trojan* and the *Lycian* Camps
 Out-vie the number of Heav'n's glorious Lamps.
 They boasting say they never will retreat,
 Till they have forc'd their Passage to our Fleet :
 Whom *Jove* encourag'd, thundring from a Cloud ;
 And *Hector*, of his Strength and Fortune proud,
 Trusting the *Omen*, rages, and all odds
 Contemns of Mortals and immortal Gods :
 And now of nothing less th' Insulter speaks
 Then ^(c) tearing down our Vessels painted Beaks ;
 By burning threatens both to kill and choak
 The stupid *Greeks* in their own Navie's ^(b) Smoak.
 And much I fear by this impending Storm,
 The angry Gods his Business will perform ;
 And that 'tis fatal, *Hector* shall at *Troy*,
 Far from our Native Country, us destroy.
 But come, though late, and us Assistance give,
 And thy afflicted Country-men relieve :
 For thou wilt grieve, and much thy self condemn,
 When 'tis too late to save or succour them.
 Let not this blessed Minute be dismiss'd,
 Till you resolve the *Gracians* to assist.
Peleus gave thee another Document,
 When thee from *Phthia* he to *Argos* sent,
 Saying, Dear Son, *Pallas* and *Juno* may
 The *Gracians* grant at last a glorious Day :
 How-e're let Vertue in thy Bosom reign,
 And from all ⁽ⁱ⁾ Faction-breeding Strife abstain :
 Of all the Army, whether young or old,
 Be thou for Affability extoll'd.
 Your Father's grave Advice (Sir) you forget.
 But howsoe're if yet you would, if yet,
 Throw off tormenting Anger, and relent,
 Those ^(k) Gifts which *Agamemnon* will present,

(c) He menaceth onely to cut down
 the Fore-castles of the Ships, not to fire
 them, because on these were fixed the
 Statues or Effigies of the Gods, whom
 he fears by burning them he should
 justly incense. *Schol.* Or else he inten-
 ded to reserve them, to erect them for
 a Trophy. *Eust.*

(b) *Gr.* Οἷα πρὸς ἀλλήλων μέλισσαι ἢ
 ὄνυχες, i. as so many Bees or Wasps.
Eust.

(i) His Father discovering him na-
 turally valiant, but withall very chole-
 rick, ἀνδροειὴν, ὅτι ἐργίλον. *Eust.*

(k) He mentions the Gifts last of all,
 ἀργεῖαι τε καὶ ἄλλα, since to
 place them otherwise would have argu-
 ed a Covetous mind either in *Ulysses*, as
 though he had highly valued them, or
 in *Achilles*, as though nothing would
 prevail more with him than these. *Eust.*

Of Worth inestimable, I'll recount :
 Seven Tripods which to wondrous Value mount ;
 With these, ten Talents of refined Gold,
 And twenty Caldrons, all of antique Mould ;
 Twice six Race-Horses of a comely Size,
 Which match'd in running never lost the Prize :
 (Who-e're their Master is shall ne'r be poor,
 Since him they brought in Gold and Silver store)
 And seven exemplar Beauties he will add,
 Which, when you wealthy *Lesbos* leuell laid,
 Fell to his Lot ; and all so wondrous fair,
 That never any could with them compare.
 Amongst them thy *Briseis* shall appear ;
 Whom by th' immortal Deities hee'l swear,
 He never touch'd, never the Lady knew,
 Doing with her as Men with Women doe.
 These now hee'l send : but if Celestiall Powers
 Grant us possession of *Troy's* lofty Towers,
 When a Division of the Spoil is made,
 Thy Ship with Gold and Silver he will lade ;
 And twenty *Trojan* Beauties thou shalt share,
 Then which, excepting *Helen*, none more fair :
 And when we Shores of fertile *Argos* touch,
 Hee'l match thee with his Daughter, and as much
 As his *Orestes* love, and entertain
 With like Allowance and a Princely Train.
 In his fair Palace Daughters he hath three,
Chrysothem, *Iphianass*, *Laodice* :
 Take which thou wilt, no Joynture he will have,
 Yet never any such a Portion gave.
 Seven Cities are her Dower, *Cardamyle*,
Æpea, *Pheræ*, *Hira*, *Enope*,
Anthea, and *Pedafus* well stor'd with Wine,
 Which near the Sea to sandy *Pylos* joyn ;

Whose

Whose People have both Sheep and Cattel store,
 And thee with Gifts shall like a God adore,
 And freely to thy Sceptre Tribute pay,
 Wouldst thou appeased be, and Wrath allay.
 But if *Atrides* and his Gifts you hate,
 Pity our Army in this wofull state,
 Who as a Deity shall thee adore,
 That so their former Honour dost restore.
 For you may *Hector* kill, who will engage,
 Spurr'd on by his Success and frantick Rage :
 For now he boasts, not one sail'd hither dare
 In Martial Exercise with him compare.
 When thus the swift *Æacides* replies ;

Prudent *Ulysses*, *Laertiades*,
 Your well-shap'd Speech straight I'll in pieces take,
 And to each Circumstance such Answer make,
 As all your Sophistry shall not refell.
 I hate him, as I hate the Gates of Hell,
 Whose Heart and Tongue of sev'ral pieces are :
 Therefore my Judgment freely I'll declare.
 Think not that me *Atrides* shall persuade,
 Nor all the *Greeks* : for should I grant them Aid,
 And daily 'gainst these desperate *Trojans* fight,

(1) Alike we shall rewarded be at Night :
 Cowards and Valiant, active men and slow,
 Gain but small Honour slaughtered by the Foe.
 For all my Hazards, all my Service done,
 Th' Encouragement I have is, Still fight on.
 (2) And as the Dam brings to her callow Brood,
 Though pinch'd her self with Hunger, dainty Food :
 So I whole Nights to sleep would ne'r consent,
 And long and bloody Daies in Battell spent,
 Where many a valiant Hero lost his Life,
 (A just Cause sure !) about another's Wife.

(1) *Eustathius* observes, that *Achilles* tautologizeth for three Verses together, it being the property of men in Passion to reiterate the same things ; and that he concludes his sense still with the Line : ὃ δὲ κοίμῳ λῶν τοῖς δυνάμεισι ἀρῶν, curt Speeches best suiting such as be angry. *Schol.* ὃ δὲ μακρὰ τὰ κῶλα τὰ λόγῳ τοῖς διακοπόμενοις τὸ πνεῦμα θυμῷ, their Breath contracted by their Choler not sufficing them for longer sentences. *Eust.*

(2) He resembles his Care and tenderness towards the *Greeks* to that *σὺν*, or natural Affection, which Creatures bear to their Young ; instancing in Birds rather than Beasts, for that these last bringing up their Young with their Milk, receive a benefit by their suckling, being in pain till their milk be drawn from them ; whereas the Birds feed their young ones with the Meat should maintain themselves. *Eust.*

Twelve Cities with my Fleet I did destroy,
 Eleven by Land, which had declar'd for *Troy* :
 Where I inestimable Treasure got,
 And all (forsooth !) to *Agamemnon* brought,
 Whilst with the Navie he at Ease remain'd.
 Some Spoils were shar'd, but he the prime retain'd.
 To severall Princes in this War imploy'd
 He worthy Presents gave, which they enjoy'd ;
 But takes from me what most I did esteem.
 He loves his Wife, and she perhaps loves him,
 And they enjoy the Pleasures of the Night.
 Why do the *Gracians* then and *Trojans* fight ?
 Why did this War *Atrides* undertake ?
 Sail'd we not hither for fair *Helen's* sake ?
 Amongst the various-Languag'd Nations may
 Be others love their Wives as well as they.
 Who-e're is just, or wise, will ne'r neglect
 His Wife, but love and give her all Respect.
 So I for mine like Privileges have,
 And lov'd her well, although she was my Slave.
 But he who forc'd from me my dear Reward
 Shall find it once more to abuse me hard.
 Let him with his grave Council once more meet,
 To find some way how to secure their Fleet.
 Great Acts without our Help he hath perform'd,
 Strong Bulwarks rais'd, and Works not to be storm'd,
 And stak'd with Palisadoes round about :
 And will not all these keep one *Hector* out ?
 When up my valiant *Myrmidons* I brought,
 Under Protection of his Walls he fought,
 Near ⁽ⁿ⁾ the old Beech and *Scæan* Gates would stand,
 There hardly scaping my victorious Hand.
 And now, since I no more will be at odds
 With noble *Hector*, I to all the Gods

(n) Near the Walls of *Ilium* grew
 two Beeches; adjoining to one was the
 Temple of *Apollo*, to the other the Se-
 pulchre of *Ilius*. *Enst.*

And

And *Jove* to morrow Sacrifice will pay;
 This done, my loaden Navie launch to Sea.
 Then thou shalt me behold, if thou think'st fit,
 Plowing up Billows with my well-mann'd Fleet:
 And if great *Neptune* grant a prosperous Gale,
 We the third day shall fertile *Phthia* sail;
 Where, ill advis'd, I left my Father's Court.
 Hence store of Gold and Silver I'll transport,
 And polish'd Steel, with Virgins young and fair,
 Which for my Service I by lot did share:
 But base *Atrides*, so his Spleen to vent,
 Resum'd the Gift himself did me present.
 This let him know in publick, and be plain,
 That others may his Practices disdain;
 And he, though arm'd with Pride and Impudence,
 May ne'r presume to wrong another Prince:
 That Dog dares not, who studies my Disgrace,
 Though Brazen-fronted, look me in the Face.
 We two shall never more in Council join,
 Nor him I'll second in the least Design.
 Who stirr'd by unjust Force my juster Rage,
 Shall me no more with flattering Words engage.
 Let this suffice, then may some evil Fate
 Seize him whom *Jove* doth so infatuate.
 I scorn his profer'd Gifts, and him much more
 (i) Then pale Death's bitterest Potion abhor.
 Not twenty times so much shall me appease,
 Nor what he hath, nor what shall e're be his;
 (p) *Orchomen's* Spoils, nor *Thebes* so much renown'd,
 Whose Courts with unexhausted Wealth abound;
 Where through a hundred Gates with Marble Arch
 To Battell twenty thousand Chariots march.
 Nay should his Gifts out-number Sand or Dust,
 Him I ne'r more will hearken to, nor trust,

Untill

(i) *Gr. ἐν ῥέτι δίστα*. By this some, reading it *ῥέτι*, understand *ῥέτι*, a *Louse*; others *ῥέτι*, the *Brain*, which the *Athenians* never ate, nor deign'd so much as to name, so highly did they abominate it. Others understand it of the *Carians*, who were the first mercenary Souldiers, the first that served for pay. All imply his disrespect and mean thoughts of *Agamemnon*.

(p) A City of *Boeotia* where the *Minyae* inhabited. *Ephorus* saith it was rich in Lands, having large Territories, or, as others, in Gifts, which were presented the *Graces* here honoured. *Establis* saith, that Strangers here deposited their Wealth, relying upon the strength of the place, as being reputed impregnable.

* Gr. εἰκὴν ἀγοίην, i. a meet or fitting Match; of which choice thus Pittacus in Laertius.

Ξείνος Ἀτάρνητος τις ἀνέρετο Πιττακὸν ἄνθρωπον
τὸν Μυτιληνέον, πῶς δὲ τὸν ἑβραδὸν.
Ἄγλα γέρον, δίδος με καὶ αἰεὶ γάμος, ἢ μὲν δὴ
Νόμισον, καὶ πλεῖον καὶ ἡμεῖς καὶ ἡμεῖς.
Ἢ δ' ἐπεὶ σφραγίσκῃς, τί λαίον; εἰ δ' ἄρα
ὧς μοι
Βέλδον ποτὶρην εἰς ὑμέωνον ἄγω.
Εἶπεν, ὅς τ' αἰετὸν γαστρὸν ὅσον αἰετὸν,
ἡμεῖς, καὶ αἰετὸν πᾶν ἐρέων ἔπος.
οἱ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ πλεονεξίας βεβήκασι, ἔχοντες
ἑσπερον εὐρεῖν παῖδες ἐν τειρόδῳ.
Καίων ἔργον (καὶ) μὴ ἔχοντα, καὶ μὲν ἐπὶ τὴν
Παντίον, εἰ δ' ἔλεγον, τὴν καὶ Καίων ἔλεγον.
Ταῦτ' αἰὲν ὁ Ξείνος ἐρέοντο μέγιστος αἰὲν
Δαδραδῶν, πᾶσι δὲ καὶ τὴν Καίων ἔλεγον.
τὴν καὶ τὴν, ὡς καὶ αἰὲν, ἐς αἰὲν ἔλεγον
τὴν καὶ τὴν.
Οὕτω καὶ τὴν, δίδον, τὴν καὶ τὴν ἔλεγον.

An Aternan ask'd of Pittacus
The Mytilenian a Question thus:
Two Virgins at my choice I may choose;
One of a mean Estate and meaner House;
The other boasts much Wealth. Say, I beseech,
Shall I the meaner chuse, or her so rich?
With his Staff pointing, which the old man said,
Behold, said he, there thou shalt be inform'd:
Shewing him Boys earnest at childish Sports,
Who lash'd their Tops about resounding Courts.
He drawing near straight heard a Youngster say,
Ne'er be o're-match'd, but with thy equal play.
On this Advice he chose the meaner Mate,
And her whose Parentage and vast Estate
So much transcended his did straight forsake.
Therefore do thou thy equal, Dion, take.

(q) One informing Onomarchus, (relying (to Diod. Siculus) on this passage here of Homer) that a vast Treasure was hid under ground in Apollo's Temple, he with others attempted by night to rife in, but, terrified by a sudden Earth-quake, desisted.

Untill he punisht Satisfaction make
For my Affront; nor will his Daughter take,
Though she then golden *Venus* were more fair,
Or with *Minerva* could in Arts compare.
Let him some other *Græcian* Leader get,
A greater Prince, and one for her more fit.
If Heav'n so please that I my Country see,
Old *Peless* shall a Wife provide for me.
In *Greece* and *Phthia* many Ladies are,
Rich and well bred, both nobly born, and fair;
Amongst which one I'll chuse for my Delight.
Besides, my Inclinations me invite
To the fruition (with a * fitting Mate)
Of ancient *Peless* well-acquir'd Estate.
I rather would a quiet Life enjoy,
Then all the Riches which strong-bulwark'd *Troy*
Could boast in happy times of Peace, before
The *Græcian* Navie touch'd the *Phrygian* Shore;
Or (q) all the Gold in *Phæbus* Marble Fane,
Which *Pytho's* rocky Treasuries contain.
Tripods, Sheep, Beeves, lost Steeds may be repair'd:
But vital Breath once past the double Guard,
Those Ivory Pales, the Teeth, we never more
With Riches can nor Industry restore.
Two Fates attended me, my Mother told:
If I at *Troy* remain'd, I never should
Return to *Greece*, yet find immortal Fame;
But if I back to my dear Country came,
Though short my Glory, yet I long should live,
Nor Nature's Debt up suddenly should give.
I would advise the Army to sail back,
Since never they shall lofty *Ilium* sack:
For *Jove* himself to *Troy* Assistance lends.
None can those conquer whom that God defends.

And

And this unto the *Græcian* Princes tell,
 (Your Gravities will suit that Office well)
 That they in deeper Consultation sit,
 How to preserve their Army and their Fleet;
 Since this Design is frustrate, to engage
 Me in the Service, and my Wrath assuage.
 But *Phænix*, if he please, with us may stay,
 (Force him I shall not) that by break of Day
 Together we may plow the swelling Main,
 And Native Shores re-visit once again.

This said, with Admiration all were mute,
 That he so stubbornly deny'd their Suit.
 Then *Phænix*, for their Navie much afraid,
 With a deep Sigh, Tears gushing forth, thus said;

And art thou bent, *Achilles*, to return?
 And shall the *Trojans* such a Navie burn
 Onely for thy Displeasure? Ah! my Son,
 Wilt thou desert and leave me here alone?
 When we from *Phthia* to *Atrides* went,
 Me thy old Sire with ^(r) thee a Novice sent,
 Not then in Camps or Courts experienc'd, where
 So many *Hero's* educated are.

I was thy Tutour then, did thee instruct
 Both well to speak, and bravely to conduct;
 Whom I'de not leave upon a forein Shore,
 Should *Jove* to me my former Youth restore,
 As free from all defects of crazy Age,
 As when I fled my angry Father's Rage,
 And *Hellas* left renown'd for beauteous Dames.
 He, though grown old, yet felt Love's scorching
 And from his Favour for his Concubine (Flames;
 Cast me, and my dear Mother, though his Queen.
 She kneeling me did oft with Tears entreat
 To win his Whore, that so she him might hate.

(r) Being then (so some affirm)
 when he went for *Troy* but twelve
 years of age.

(s) The *Erinyes*, or subterranean Demons, *πυρρηνίδαι* ἢ *πυρρηνίδαι* ἀδύρμα-
 τος, who revenged especially the inju-
 ries done to Parents. *Schol.* They are
 made with Wings, to represent πύρρην
 ἢ ἑλδον δῖος ἃ ἀπύρρην, the speed
 and irresistibleness of Divine Punish-
 ment; black, *οἱ δὲ ἀπύρρην ἐμῶν τῶν*
καρπῶν, for their insensible surprizing
 the wicked: their Feet are said to be of
 Brass, *οἱ δὲ ἀπύρρην, ἃ ἑλδον τῶν ἐμῶν*
καρπῶν, for their Indefatigableness, and
 heavy Tread. *Enst.*

In brief, I brought the Business to effect,
 Which soon my jealous Father did detect,
 Who to revenging ^(s) Furies made this Prayer,
 With Imprecations dire, That I no Heir
 Should set upon my Knee. Sad Powers incline,
 Infernall *Jove* and dreadful *Proserpine*.
 Then many Reasons did my Mind dehort
 From staying in my angry Father's Court.
 But me my Friends requesting did detain:
 Sheep many were, with Swine and Oxen, slain;
 Store of the old Man's Wine they did carouse;
 So nine Nights spending in my Father's House.
 The Court they guard by turns, their Fires ne'r slept;
 One in the *Portico* they blazing kept,
 Another through my Chamber cast a Light.
 When the tenth Evening brought obscuring Night,
 I broke both Bars and Locks, past through the Hall,
 And Guards and Women scaping leap'd the Wall.
 Then wandring spacious *Greece* I *Phthia* found,
 Whose Plains with Silver-fleeced Flocks abound.
Peleus receiv'd me with Affection,
 And lov'd me as a Father loves his Son,
 His onely Child, which he grown old begat,
 The long-desired Heir to his Estate.
 He me enrich'd and put in great Commands;
 On *Phthia's* Skirts I rul'd *Dolopian* Lands:
 And Thee, *Achilles*, who hast now the odds
 Of all alive, and may'st compare with Gods,
 I bred up till thou wert so strong and great.
 At sumptuous Feasts thou couldst nor drink, nor eat,
 Relish no Dish, flat was the chearing Grape,
 Unless that thou wert seated in my Lap:
 Where oft, disgorging Wine upon my Breast,
 Thou staind'st with Childish Surfeitings my Vest.

For

For thee I much have suffered, much have done :
 And since the Gods granted not me a Son,
 Thee I adopted, that thou might'st defend
 My feeble Age from an untimely End.
 Anger assuage, obdurate Thoughts remove,
 And, like the yielding Gods, Remission love.
 With them for Greatness thou mayst not compare ;
 Yet they will hear a Penitential Prayer,
 And send a large Indulgence from the Skies,
 For Incense and a slender Sacrifice.

(i) The *Litæ*, Daughters of all-potent *Jove*,
 Are blear-ey'd, wrinkled, and but slowly move :
 These Cripples follow *Ate*, strong and fleet,
 Who far out-strips them all on winged Feet,
 Forcing poor Mortals many Woes t' endure
 Through all the World ; which afterwards these cure.
 Who humbly to *Jove's* Daughters shall repair,
 Him they'll assist, and hear his zealous Prayer :
 But against those who persevere in Ill
 Themselves to *Jove* prefer th' attainting Bill,
 Desiring *Ate* straight may them pursue,
 Inflicting all those Punishments are due.
 Therefore fit Reverence to them impart,
 Which able is to move the proudest Heart.
 Did not *Atrides* Gifts to thee present,
 But still fomented former Discontent,
 A Reconcilement I would not persuade,
 Nor that thou shouldst the streight'ned *Græcians* aid.
 Much now he profers, promiseth much more,
 Employing us thy Succour to implore,
 Who thee most love, most honour and admire.
 O make not vain nor frustrate the Desire
 Of thy dear Friends, thus in Commission joyn'd,
 To calm the Swellings of thy troubled Mind.

(i) The *Litæ* are feigned to be lame, because such as are Suppliants and Suitors use their Knees more then Feet : wrinkled and old, because as men go lamely or unwillingly to deprecate such as they have offended, so put they it off and procrastinate it all they can : and, lastly, dull-sighted, or looking askint, because they do *connivere ad multa*, they connive at many things ; or look awry and sourly upon those they have injured, *Phormus de Nat. Deor.* or for that Petitioners, the sooner to prevail in their Suits, appear with a sad and sorrowfull aspect, *Schol.*

Ah! much those ancient Hero's were of old
As Patterns of Benignity extoll'd;
Whom, though their Bosomes did with Anger boil,
Rich Gifts and softer Words would reconcile.
An ancient Story I'll make bold to tell,
Because it suits the present Business well.

(u) Of the *Curetes*, or *Cretans*, see lib. 2.

(x) So called from *Aetolus*.

(y) From *Calydon* the Son of *En-dymion*, or, as others, *Aetolus*.

(u) *Cretes* and (x) *Aetolians* did long Wars maintain
For (y) *Calydon*, on both sides many slain:

Th' *Aetolians* fought their Country to defend,
The *Cretans* Spoil and Plunder did intend.

'Mongst those *Diana* a dire Monster sent,
Because King *Oeneus* did not her present

The early (z) Fruits of that luxuriant Plain:

When Hecatombs 'to other Gods were slain,

He to *Jove's* Off-spring sacrificed not,

Either her Rites knew not, or else forgot;

Which in this sad Misfortune him engag'd.

The Quiver-bearing Goddess, so enrag'd,

With cruel Tusks a savage (a) Boar employs,

Who all King (b) *Oeneus* fertile Fields destroys:

He stately Trees tore from their fiber'd Roots,

Silver'd with Blossoms of delicious Fruits.

This Boar his Son bold *Meleager* kill'd,

Gathering a world of People to the Field:

Dogs he and Huntsmen brought with Nets and Toyls,

Of which no few were sent to Funeral Piles.

For (c) the Boar's Head and bristled Skin a Jar

Diana stirr'd, which rais'd that bloody War.

Whilst *Meleager* led the valiant Front,

So long the *Curets* had the worser on't,

Nor durst without their Walls and Works appear,

Though puissant and numerous they were:

But when a high Displeasure him enrag'd

(As wise men oft in Passion are engag'd)

(z) *Gr. Θανύσια*. These were Sacrifices paid in gratitude to *Ceres* and other Gods, for the Increase and Fruits of the Earth, after Harvest.

(a) This Boar is thus described in the *Anthol. lib. 4.* the Effigies of it; but whether better by the Poet in Verse, or *Myron* in Brass, this I refer to the Reader.

Χάλκεος ἄλλ' ἄριστον ἔσθ' ὁ δέσος ὠύου
κέρκευ

Ὁ παῖδας, ἔμπροσθεν ὄψεσθαι, πυρροπύργου,
Χάλκεος ὠχρὸν περικότα, θνητὸν ἰδόντα
βρύχοντα, γλῆνας περικλόντα σῆλας,
Ἄρσεν ἡλίκον πύλα δαδουδ' α. ἐκ ἔπ' ἀμύβοις
Εἰ λογάδα στεγνὴν ὄλεσεν ἡμῶν.

Although I am but Brass, you may be-
hold

How terrible the Graver me did mould.
Stiff Bristles on my Neck and Shoulders
rise,

I whet my Tusks, dart Lightning from
mine Eyes,

Slaver my Jaws with Foam: no wonder
then,

Living I slew so many valiant men.

(b) Hence that *Paronomasia* or Jest of an unskillful Drawer, who, mixing his Wine with the Lees, was bid to take heed that he mistook not *Peleus* for *Oeneus*, *Μὴ πῶται τὸν Οἶκα Πηλέα*, these proper names alluding to *Wine*, and *πῶλος* *Mud* or *Lees*.

(c) These being promised to him that first fetcht blood of the Boar, and falling to *Meleager's* lot, he bestowed them upon *Atalanta* the Daughter of *Iafus*, an *Arcadian*. These his Mother's Brethren, stomaching it, took from her, way-laying her in her return: at which *Meleager* being highly enraged slew them; which so affected his Mother *Althaea*, that she presently fired that fatal Brand upon which depended the Life of *Meleager*, he being not to expire till that was consumed to Ashes: of which act she too late repented her, casting her self into his Funeral flame. *Apollodorus*.

Against

Against his Mother, he, his Grief to vent,
 To his dear Wife fair *Cleopatra* went,
 Whom valiant *Idas* on ^(d) *Marpissa* got.
 ('Mongst all the Nations of the World was not
 A bolder Prince, who for this Ladie's sake
 Did up his Bow against *Apollo* take)
 The Maid her Parents nam'd ^(e) *Alcyone*,
 Because her Mother wept as much as she,
 When *Phæbus* striving would have her compress.
 Here he retir'd, his Sorrows to digest,
 And of his Mother's Curses did complain,
 Incens'd because ^(f) her Brothers he had slain.
 With tender Hands all-fostering Earth she struck,
 And on her Knees grim ^(g) *Pluto* did invoke
 And *Proserpine* against her hated Son,
 Whilst down salt Tears with Indignation run.
 Straight ^(h) dire *Erinnys* down to deepest Hell
 Through dismall Shades heard her so powerfull Spell.
 When a great Tumult drew about the Gate,
 Commissioners from the *Ætolian* State,
 And sacred Priests, the Hero to persuade,
 He would his Country, now in Danger, aid;
 Who promis'd they for him a Seat would build
 In wealthy *Calydon's* most fertile Field,
 And fifty Plow-lands would on him bestow,
 The rich for Vines, the lighter Soil to sow.
 With them his Father did a Suitour come,
 And beat the Wainscot of his high-built Room,
 Urging their Pressures; ⁽ⁱ⁾ Sisters, ^(k) Mother sues
 With many Tears: yet he did all refuse;
 His Friends, whom he did honour and esteem,
 With no Persuasions could prevail on him,
 Untill the Turrets of his Chamber shook,
 The City burning, which the Foe had took:

Then

(d) *Euenus* King of *Ætolia*, having a beauteous Daughter *Marpissa*, pronounced her in Marriage to him who should be too fleet for him pursuing in his Chariot: which many attempting to doe, but failing, were slain by him, and their Heads set on the Walls of his Palace, to deterre others from the like presumption. At last *Idas*, the reputed Son of *Aphareus*, but really of *Neptune*, having obtained of his Father a pair of swift-heel'd Horses, seized the Virgin as she was dancing in *Diana's* Temple. Her Father, despairing to recover his Daughter, *Idas's* Steeds being too fleet for his, kills his Horses, and throws himself into the river *Lycormas*, called after this Accident *Euenus*. *Apollo* encountering him as he fled, would have forced her from him; but *Jupiter* sending *Mercury* hinders them from engaging, and leaves it to the Virgin's election to chuse which of the two she pleased, who takes *Idas*, fearing *Apollo* would desert her in her age. *Schol.* Albeit *Homer* makes her to be carried away by *Apollo*.

(e) *Ceyx*, the Son of *Phosphorus*, marrying *Alcyone* the Daughter of *Æolus*, grew so insolently proud, that he would needs be repudiated a God, his Wife calling him ever *Jupiter*, and he her *Juno*: at which *Jupiter* being highly incensed, transformed them into two Fowls, which live still severall and apart. *Halcyon* making her Nest upon the Shoar, it hapned that the waves washed away her Eggs; for which heavily complaining, *Jove* commiserated so far her condition, as to enjoin the Winds not to breathe the least whilst the *Halcyon* sits; that is, for the space of fourteen days.

(f) *Clytus* and *Procaon*, the Sons of *Thestius*.

(g) When they petitioned any Celestial or Sea-Deitie, they elevated their Hands to Heaven; but invoking *Pluto* or any Infernal power, they smote the Earth with them. *Schol.*

(h) *Gr. Hæpētēs*, i. that walks in the dark; *αἱ νύκτι δὲ περὶ σέβας ἑσπέραι*, because Punishments inflicted from Heaven come insensibly and undiscerned. *Schol.*

(i) *Orge*; *Deianira*, *Polixo*, and *Antiope*: these lamenting the death of their Brother were changed into Birds called *Meleagrides*.

(k) *Althæa*.

Then his fair Wife, who all this while stood by,
 Fell at his Feet, and, with a piteous Cry
 And iterated Sighs, recounted all
 Those Miseries that Cities sack'd befall;
 Their People slain, in Flames their Town devour'd,
 Their Youth enslav'd, and Virgins pure deflowr'd.
 Her words on him wrought more then powerfull
 And soon he girds himself in shining Arms, (Charms,
 To save th' *Ætolians* in that wofull Storm:
 Yet what they promis'd they did ne'r perform.
 Therefore consider well what I have said,
 Nor let thy evil Genius thee persuade,
 'Twere for thy Honour less, to save the Fleet,
 And no Reward for such a Service get.
 Accept his Presents, and our Ships redeem,
 That thee the *Greeks* may as their God esteem.
 (*) Should'st thou to Battel unconsider'd go,
 Less were thy Honour, though thou worst the Foe.
 When thus *Achilles* gently him reprov'd;
 O thou that art so much of *Jove* lov'd,
 Honours from them unnecessary be,
 Since *Jove*, who staies me here, enough on me
 Confers, and will, whilst Life this Breast contains,
 And warm Bloud's active in my circling Veins.
 But I could wish thou wouldst not undertake
 To interpose for *Agamemnon's* sake:
 Do not so highly for his Interest move,
 Left I should hate thee, whom so much I love. (mine,
 Not thy own Wrongs should touch thee more then
 Since both our Kingdoms and Affections joyn.
 Let them return, and tell their King my Mind;
 But thou maist here friendly Reception find.
 To Morrow wee'l advise, if we shall steer
 To *Phthia* back, or longer tarry here.

(*) *Socrates* in *Plato* condemns this assertion of *Phoenix*, affirming it had been more generously done of *Achilles* to have succour'd the *Gracians* freely, then hired to doe it, or gratified beforehand. *Plat.* 3. de *Rep.*

He to *Patroclus* signify'd, this said,
A Bed should be for ancient *Phœnix* made.

Then *Telamonius* spake; Let us not stay,
Renown'd *Ulysses*, nor in vain delay:
Words fruitless are that Business not effect,
We linger whilst an Answer they expect.
Enrag'd *Achilles* no way condescends,
Regardless of th' Affection of his Friends.
He whom we value in our Army most
Hath quite all Bowels of Compassion lost.
Many have taken Satisfaction

(l) For a slain Brother, or a slaughter'd Son.
Some, vast Fines paying, publickly appear'd,
And with rich Gifts the wofull Plaintiff chear'd.
So highly for a Woman thou dost rage,
Thee no Persuasions can with Gifts assuage.
See now we offer seven, all wondrous fair,
And many Presents more both rich and rare.
To thy own (m) Kindred some Respect should be,
Many we are, and all ally'd to thee.
Fair Correspondency we may require
From him whom we both honour and admire.

To whom renown'd *Achilles* thus begun;

Ajax, thou noble Race of *Telamon*,
Thou speak'st thy Thoughts, and no Dissembler art;
But swelling Passion breaks my wounded Heart,
When I but think how me *Atrides* us'd,
And like some base Barbarian abus'd.
Be pleas'd to tell him, I shall take no Care
To stop the Deluge of devouring War,
Before great *Hector*, *Priam's* warlike Son,
By Slaughter of the *Græcians* prompted on,
Shall on our Quarters resolutely set,
Burning with *Phrygian* Flames the *Græcian* Fleet.

But

(l) The punishment for Manslaughter amongst the *Greeks* was onely a twelve-months Banishment from their native Countrey; which yet they might redeem by a Commutation, by paying some considerable Sum, if the Kindred of the person slain were so contented: *Schol.*

(m) The Ancients condescended to no Suit sooner then that which was preferred or seconded by such as were of the same House and Lineage with them, conceiving that their Household-Gods did joyn in that Petition, and intercede together with them, as *ἡ δὲ ἑστία* *ὑπετίθει* *ἑαυτῶν*, *καὶ τὸ ἱερὸν καὶ ἱερὰς Διὸς*. These complying also with such as were onely *ὑπετίθει* and *ὑποτίθει*, as lay but under the same Roof, and communed at the same Table. *Enst.*

But when to my Pavilion he draws near,
'Tis likely he shall find Resistance there.

This said, each drank his Goblet off, and went,
Ulysses leading, to *Atrides* Tent.

Patroclus order gave there should be made
A Bed for *Phœnix*, which was straight obey'd.
He on soft Skins in purest Linen lay
At rest, expecting still the blessed Day.

Achilles thence to his with-drawing Tent
To *Phorbas* Daughter *Diomeda* went,
Whom he at *Lesbos* took, and bravely kept.
Patroclus in another Chamber slept

With beauteous *Iphis*: *Peleus* Son did save
Her at sack'd ⁽ⁿ⁾ *Scyron*, and to's Favourite gave.

(n) A City that bears the name of the Island where it was situate, sack'd before the Siege of *Troy* by *Achilles*, either for their withdrawing themselves from subjection to his Father *Peleus*, or for denying to associate or contribute any Forces to this *Trojan* Expedition. *Eust.* Here *Achilles* accompanying with *Deidamia*, the Daughter of *Lycomedes*, begot of her *Neoptolemus*.

Soon as they entred *Agamemnon's* Tent,
The Princes rising golden Bowls present,
And, earnest News to hear, Inquiry made :
Whom *Agamemnon* interrupting said ;

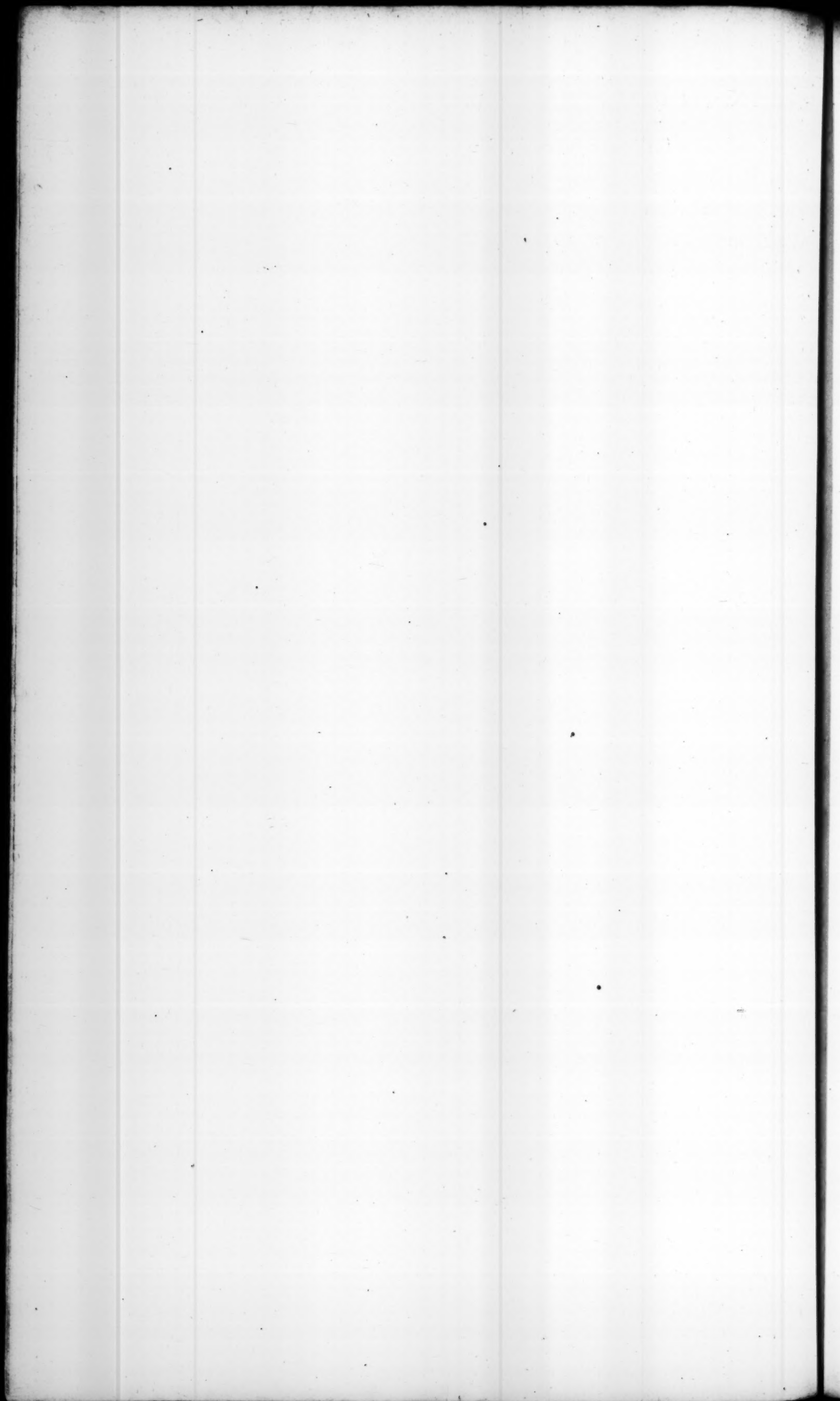
Renown'd *Ulysses*, who our Glory art,
What are the Tidings, good or bad, impart :
Will he from hostile Flames defend our Fleet,
Or swells his Heart with Indignation yet ?

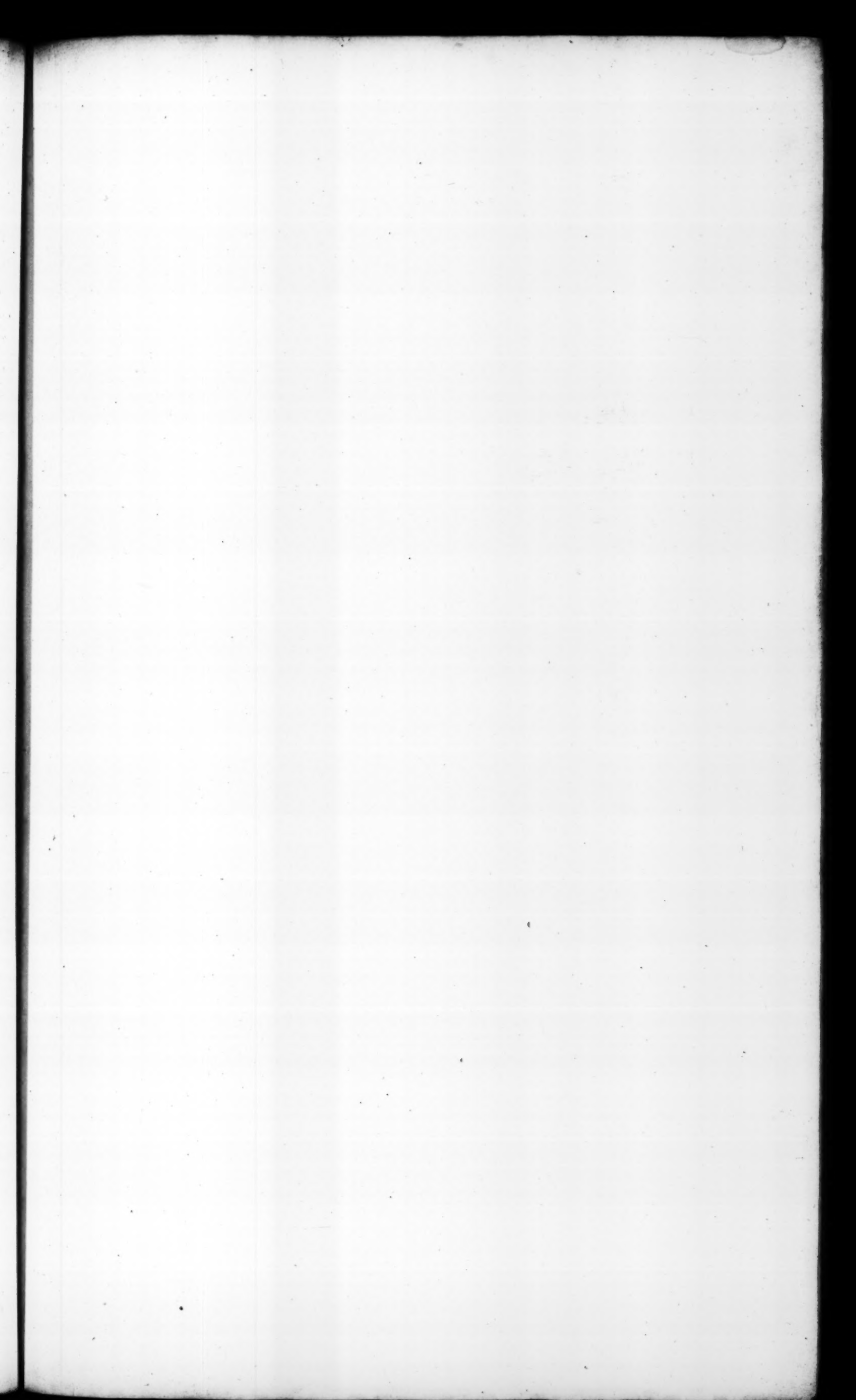
Then said *Ulysses*; Most illustrious Prince,
Of all our Sufferings he hath little Sense,
But more and more in's Obstinacy prides,
And as mean Trifles all thy Gifts derides.
Scoffing, he bids thee and thy Council sit,
Once more to save the Army and the Fleet;
And threatning tells us, whatsoe're comes on't,
To morrow he will plow the *Hellepont* ;
Giving Advice the Army should sail back,
For lofty *Ilium* they shall never sack,
Since *Jove* himself to them Assistance lends,
And they miscarry not whom he defends.

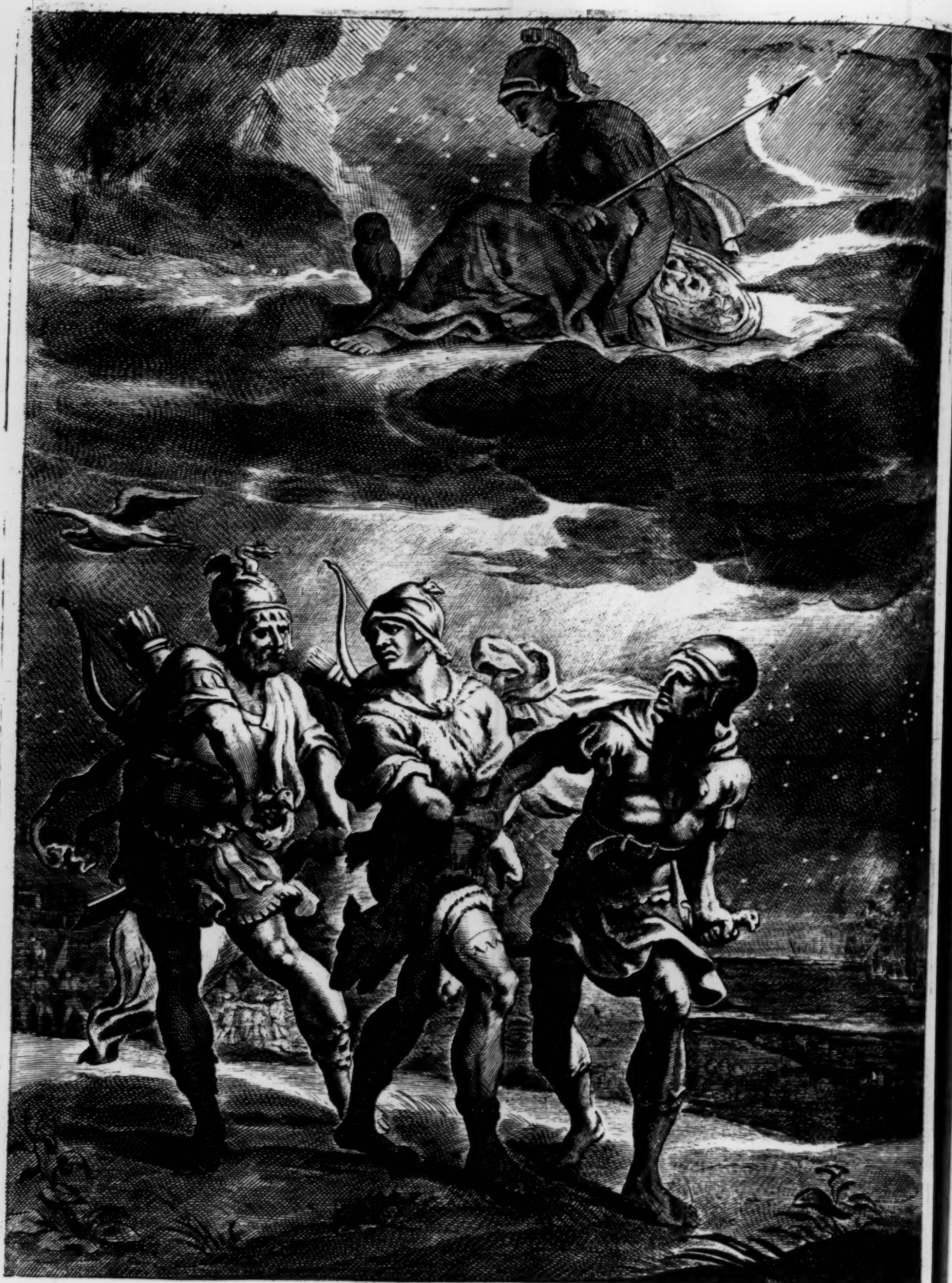
We all can witness these his harsh Replies.
In his Pavilion ancient *Phœnix* lies,
That he next Morning may, if that he please,
With him for *Phthia* plow up swelling Seas.
At this so strange Return they all dismay'd
Sate silent long, when thus *Tydidēs* said ;

Oh! would we never had our selves addrest
To him who slights and frustrates our Request ;
Nor courted him with Presents : who before
Was much too insolent, will now be more.
But let us suffer him to stay or go,
Till *Jove* or's Genius stir him 'gainst the Foe.
Now let us rest, and comfort our sad Souls
With savoury Dishes and refreshing Bowls.
Wine Strength recruits, and fainting Courage cheers.
And when the Rosie-finger'd Morn appears,
Before the Fleet with all thy Army stand,
And in the Van incourage and command.

The Princes all *Tydidēs* Speech approve,
Admire his Wisdom, and his Valour love.
Libations paid, they to their Tents repair,
Where gentle Sleep silenc'd disturbing Care.







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Domine Roberto Holt
Baronetto. Tabulam



de Aston Com: Warwick
hanc. L. M. D. D. D.
I. O.

Lib. 10. v. 16.



HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE (*) TENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

(*) The Ancients affirm this Book (which they style *Δολωνία*, as treating especially of *Dolon*) to have been a Poem by it self, and no part of the *Iliads*, untill it was in this order inserted by *Pisistratus. Enst.*

*Two Græcian Princes take a Trojan Spy,
Dolon, who tells them where the Thracians lie.
Tydides him beheads; then boldly goes,
And slaughters Rhesus sleeping 'midst the Foes:
Whose Snow-white Steeds he and Ulysses mount,
And at the Fleet that Night's Success recount.*

ALL night the Græcian Princes soundly
slept,
In conquering *Morpheus* golden Fetters
kept:

But gentle Rest *Atrides* Eys ne'r clos'd,
Nor could his troubled Fancy be compos'd.
As *Juno's* ^(a)thundring Spouse dire Lightning spends,
When he much Rain, or Hail, or Snow intends,
(Whose silver Fleece o're verdant Plains he draws)
Or opens greedy ^(b)War's devouring Jaws:
So *Agamemnon* sigh'd, whose every part
Answer'd th' Impulsions of his breaking Heart,

(a) Thunder in Winter is a Presage or Prognostick of insuing Wars and Commotions, it being not seasonable at that time of the Year.

(b) Gr. *πλέμιστος μέγα στόμα*, the great mouth of War. *ἵνα τὸ αὐτοῦ στόμα*, for its destructive nature. So also in the holy Tongue, those that fall by the Sword are said upon the same account to perish *בפי חרב*, by the mouth of the Sword.

(b) ὅς δὲ δουραρχὸν καὶ ἐκείνῳ, ὃ τῆς περὶ βολίχης νίκης ὅς περὶ μίτρῳ τὰς ἐκ τῆς χετ' αὐτὸν ἔχοντι, ἡ κεφαλὴς δὲ λαδὸν τεύχας εἶδες ὃ δὲ διακρίνῃ αὐτὸν εἰς ἀντήμων ὅς ἐρμῆν τῆς περὶ βολίχης ὄμβρου. This he doth (saith *Enstath.*) as highly disrelishing *Jupiter's* cross usage of him, retorting, as it were, his Storm; exemplifying the drift of Snow in the foregoing Simile, in his Hair plucked from the Heaven of his body, his Head, and out-veying those parabolical Tears, the Rain, with real.

(d) Ὁ γὰρ Αἰδώς, i. fiery, that is, δεινὴ, for the Courage and Anim. sity of that generous Creature; or πυρρὴ, in respect of his Colour; or, as others, for that his Bones are of that strength and solidity, as that struck or but rubbed one against another they sparkle and send forth Fire. *Enst.* From his casting about him the Spoil of a Lion, as also *Diomed's* doing the like, some of the ancients collect the Season of the year to have been then Winter, they wearing these not so much for Warmth, as to defend them from Weather.

Viewing the *Trojan* Camp, where he admires
Their Mirth, their Musick, and their numerous Fires.
But when he saw in what Condition were
The *Gracians* and their Fleet, he ^(c) tore his Hair,
And weeping threw it to the Starry Pole,
Volleys of Sighs discharging from his Soul.

When this Advice seem'd to him not the worst,
With speed to look out ancient *Nestor* first;
And then with him some Remedy contrive
That from Destruction might the *Greeks* reprieve.
Up straight he starts, puts on his Vest, this done,
In hast his curious Sandalls buckles on;
Claps on a Lion's Skin ^(d) with shaggy Hair,
Which reach'd his Heels, then takes his ponderous
Like Cares from Rest did *Menelaus* keep, (Spear.
Nor once upon his Eyes pearch'd hovering Sleep;
Fearing lest those for him engaged were,
And swore to ruine *Troy*, should perish there.
A Leopard's Skin he o're his Shoulders throws,
And with a glittering Cask impales his Brows;
Takes up his Launce, then hastens forth to call
Up *Agamemnon*, who commanded all,
Whom the whole Army like a God ador'd:
And found him Arming of himself aboard
His royall Ship, which made the Gen'ral glad.
Then first to him thus *Menelaus* said;

Why arm'st thou thus? couldst thou not set one
The *Trojans* to explore? But much I doubt (out
We shall not find a Spirit of that Stamp,
That dares by Night adventure to their Camp,
Though brave th' Attempt. When thus the King re-
We with great Care ought, Brother, to advise (plies,
How both our Fleet and Army we may save,
Since *Jove* is pleas'd his first Decree to wave.

His

His Grants declining he our Gifts rejects,
 And better *Hector's* Sacrifice accepts.
 I never saw, nor e're heard any say,
 A single Person did in one short Day
 So much as he against the *Greeks* hath done;
 Yet boasts himself no ^(c) God's nor Goddess Son:
 What we've by him sustain'd, I fear will not
 Be suddenly repair'd, nor soon forgot.
 But hasten thou, dear Brother, to the Fleet,
 Up *Ajax* and *Idomenus* get;
 And I meanwhile shall make old *Nestor* rise,
 That he our Guards may order and advise;
 There his Commands will punctually be done:
Meriones now watches and his Son,
 Whom prime Commanders of the Guard we made.
 Then *Menelaus* to his Brother said;

Be pleas'd your Mind, Sir, better to explain:
 Shall I untill your coming there remain?
 Or else to you, the Business done, repair?

Then *Agamemnon*; No, expect me there,
 Left missing one another we not meet,
 Since many Waies lead through the *Græcian* Fleet:
 And as you go, prime Officers engage,
^(d) Bidding them mind their noble Parentage.
 Waving vain Pride, let us no Labour scorn,
 Since we to Toil and Miserie are born.

His Brother thus dispatch'd, the General went
 Where *Nestor* lay reposing in his Tent.
 Two Spears, his Corset, Cask, and glittering Shield
 And Belt stood by, which in the bloody Field
 He alwaies wore where-e're he did engage,
 Not yet indulging stiff and feeble Age.
 His Arm supported his much-honour'd Head.
 When thus ^(e) the Hero to *Atrides* said;

(c) Yet *Lycophron* makes him the Son of *Zeus*, that is, *Apollo*.

(d) Διὸς καὶ πατρὸς ἑστέων ἐμνήσθησαν, ὅτι δὴ τῇ ἐκείνων ἀναμνήσει καὶ ἐξομολογῶντο αὐτοῖς, οἷόντις τὸ μὴ ἐκείνους μιμησάμενοι καὶ ἀναμνήσειν ἐνέποιοντο. The very mentioning the noble Exploits of their Progenitors reminds men of imitating their Vertues; they conceiving to do otherwise not a Disparagement onely, but even a Degradation of them: *Enst*.

(e) Diomed not waking till he was stir'd, he finds *Nestor* awake; ἀγρυπνῶντος δὲ ἡγεμόνος ἄλκινα, little Sleep sufficing such as are in years.

Who

Who art that walk'st alone through gloomy Night,
When Darkness others doth to Rest invite?
Seek'st thou thy Horse or thy Companion here?
Unless thou tell'st thy Business, draw not near.

When thus the King his Sorrows did impart;
Thou, who the Glory of our Nation art,
Me that unhappy *Agamemnon* know,
On whom great *Jove* imposeth so much Woe
As never Mortal felt before, and will,
Whilst Life this Bosome warms, afflict me still.
I wander thus, because my Dangers keep
Me from fruition of delightfull Sleep;
My Breast is bruised with my beating Heart,
And a chill Trembling lords through every part.
Since we of pleasant Slumber are debarr'd,
Let's walk the Round, and see the Court of Guard.
Perhaps some weary, sleeping in their Watch,
Neglectfull of their Duty we may catch.
The Foe lies near, whom the enticing Night
To set upon our Quarters may invite.

Then *Nestor* said; Illustrious Prince, I hope
That prudent *Jove* hath yet a farther Scope
Then still to carry on proud *Hector's* Aim,
And with^(b)like Losses will his Fury tame,
If once *Achilles* Anger would abate.

But let us go and call up others straight.

Tyrides, Ithacus and *Phylides*

First let us wake, and stout *Meriones*.

I would some one whose Leisure him allows,

Would *Ajax* and *Idomeneus* rouse,

Whose⁽ⁱ⁾ Ships remoter lie by th'Ocean's side.

But,^(k) though my Friend, I'll *Menelaus* chide,

Whom, should you take his part, I would not spare,

Who lays the Burthen of so great a Care

Onely

(b) *Nestor* speaks this as knowing by experience *ὡς αἱ ἀνὰ τῇ εὐτυχίᾳ μεταβολῇ λαμβάνουσι*, that high and signal Success is often dash'd with contrary Fortune. *Eust.*

(i) *Achilles* and *Ajax's* Ships lay outmost of all the Fleet, that so the *Trojans* assaulting them might find the stoutest Opposition. This *Ajax* was he of *Salamis*, the former being of *Locri*.

(k) Friends should least of all forbear to reprove one another; *Amici enim vitia si feras, facis tua*, saith *Pублиус Мимус*, He that patiently passeth by the Failings of his Friend, adopteth them himself. Hence *Euripides* makes this the mark which men should especially mind in electing a Friend,

Φίλος δὲ πῶς μὴ χαλῶνται ἐν λόγῳ
Καί ποτ' αὖ δὲ πρὸς χάριν οὐκ ἴδον
Τῷ ᾧ τινέσθαι, καὶ τὸν εἰρήνῃ σέβει.

Choose such a Friend as will not spare
Thy Faults to tell, nor thee forbear:
But those that soothe thee, such beware.

Onely on, you and when he should resort
To every Prince, nay, all the Army court,
Supinely sleeps. Necessity compells,
Not Sloth t' indulge, but Thoughts of something else.

Atrides then ; Renowned *Pylia*n Prince,
Oft I have wish'd thee tax his Negligence,
Who ne'r endeavours to perform his Part,
Though he hath Courage and a prudent Heart,
But stands expecting till I give Advice :
Yet he before me did this Morning rise,
And I have giv'n him Charge to summon all
The prime Commanders we intend to call.
First then the Guard let's visit, no time lose,
For I appointed there our *Rendezvons*.

Then *Nestor* said, what did his Judgment suit ;
If so, none of the Army will dispute,
Or be offended when he shall enjoyn
Them to engage on any grand Design.

Thus saying, on he puts his Vest, that done,
In hast his curious Sandals buckles on ;
Next lin'd with Fur a purple Mantle cast
O're his broad Shoulders, which he button'd fast ;
Then takes his Spear, and first, as on he went,
Calls up *Ulysses* sleeping in his Tent.

Through his Ears Labyrinths the Voice did glide
Unto his ⁽¹⁾ Soul : when *Ithacus* reply'd ;

Why wander you conceal'd thus in obscure
And silent Night ? you've urgent Business sure.

*Dicere porro Oculos nullam rem cernere posse,
Sed per eos Animum ut foribus spectare reclusis,
Desperare est, contra cum sensus dicat eorum :
Sensus enim trahit, atq; acies detrudit ad ipsas.
Fulgida præsertim cum cernere sape nequimus,
Lumina luminibus quia nobis præpediuntur :
Quod foribus non fit : neque enim quæ cernimus ipsi ;
Ostia suscipiunt illum reclusa laborem.
Præterea si pro foribus sunt lumina nostræ,
Fam magis exemplis oculis debere videtur
Cernere res animus sublati postibus ipsis.*

Which last reason of his, viz. That, saw the Soul through the Eyes, it would see better the Eyes being out, *Quoniam cum se cum po-*
stibus fores plus inferant luminis quam si fuerint obductæ, because Door-waies, the Doors and Posts down, admit more Light then
when they be standing and shut, *Lactantius* thus derides as fond, and not concluding ; *Nimirum ipsi, vel potius Epicuro qui ipsum*
docuit, effossi erant oculi, nè viderent effossos orbes, & ruptas oculorum fibras, & fluentem per venas sanguinem, & crescentes ex vulne-
ribus carnes, & obductas ad ultimum cicatrices nihil posse lucis admittere, nisi fortè auribus oculos similes nasci volebant, ut non tam ocu-
lis quam foraminibus cerneremus ; quo nihil ad speciem fecimus, ad visum inutilius fieri potest. So he, cap. 3. de Opificio Dei.

(1) Hence, as *Tertullian* observes,
had *Heraclitus* or *Epicharmus* their
hint, to affirm *vûs ôpâ, vûs anm*, that not
the Eye or Ear, but the Soul it self,
heard and saw: which *Tully* hence also
evinces, for that either through Inad-
vertency, we being intent upon some-
what else, or long of the violence of
some Distemper, we neither hear nor
see, and that though the Ports and Pas-
sages of these two Senses be not the
least obstructed. Howbeit *Lucretius* is
of another Judgment, as may appear
by these Verses of his, lib. 3.

To say our Eyes see not, but our Souls view
Objects through open Doors, is most untrue ;
The Sense it self such Arguments confutes,
Which draws, and Beams reflecting backward shoots ;
For where's much Light there worse is our Sight ;
And th' Eyes ejected rayes are stoppt with Light.
Not so in Doors, nor yet those Portalls ask,
Through which we see, to open any task ;
But if our Eyes serve but as Doors, no doubt,
The Soul would better see if they were out.

Then

Then thus reply'd the old *Gerenian* Prince ;
 Dear *Laertiades*, take no Offence,
 That we disturbing thee thy Quiet wrong ;
 Such are our present Streights : but go along
 To raise One more ; then we will clear the Doubt,
 If we shall fly, or staying fight it out.

Straight in he steps, and o're his Shoulders flings
 His glittering Shield, then marches with the Kings ;
 And all to *Diomede* together went,
 Who lay compleatly arm'd without his Tent,
 His Souldiers sleeping round him in the Fields,
 Their Heads supported with their brazen Shields ;
 Their ^(m) Spears stood fix'd, whose Points did shine so
 They like *Jove's* Lightning cast a dreadful light. (bright,
 Himself repos'd upon a Bull's Skin spread,
 A piece of rowl'd-up Arras propt his Head ;
 Whom *Nestor* with his Foot jogg'd to awake,
 But could not : then aloud the Hero spake ;

How, *Tydeus* Off-spring, canst thou sleep so sound ?
 Fear'st not the *Trojans* ⁽ⁿ⁾ on the rising Ground,
 Whose spacious Camp and ours are pitch'd so near,
 That we their Voices may distinctly hear ?
 Rous'd with these Words off Drouziness he shook,
 And thus the Hero to old *Nestor* spoke ;

Y'are too solicitous, take too much Care :
 Be there no other *Greeks*, who younger are,
 To call the Princes up ? I one like you
 So indefatigable never knew.

Then *Nestor* ; To your Judgment I submit ;
 You speak what well your Person doth besit.
 I have bold Sons, and lead my self a Troup,
 Any of which might call these Princes up.
 But our Necessity I must alledge,
 The Armie's total Ruine ; for the Edge

(m) *Gr. Σαυγῶν*. This was a round broad Plate of Iron sharp at the edges, which caused a Spear, the great end being put into it, to stand upright. This, erecting their Spears when they slept, was after disused, when by the fall of one the whole Army was put into a Fright and Disorder. *Enst.*

(n) This was a Hillock near *Troy*, where the *Trojans*, when they were out, or lay in the Field, still encamped.

O'th' Razor lies just at our Throats, and we
This Night must save our selves, or ruin'd be.
But would you spare my Age, call, if you please,
Swift *Ajax* up, and young *Phyliaides*.

Then he a Lion's Skin threw o're his Back,
Which reach'd his Heels, and did his Javelin take ;
Whilst all the other Princes up did get,
And at the Court of Guard together met :
Where none asleep they, 'mongst so many, catch'd ;
All in their Arms most vigilantly watch'd.
Like trusty Dogs, who guard the bleating Folds,
When from the Hills descending to the Wounds
A Lion roars, loud Clamour scales the Skies
Of hot Pursuit, and all the Shepherds rise :
So watchfull they remain'd that wofull Night,
Nor *Morpheus* once could them to sleep invite ;
Alwaies they walk'd and talk'd, and listning were
When from the *Trojans* they th' Alarm should hear.
But *Nestor*, glad when he beheld his Friends
So watchfull, thus their Diligence commends :

Still, my dear Sons, such Vigilancy show,
Lest we be made a Scorn unto our Foe.

This said, he ^(o) past the Trench, and all that were
Summon'd came next to sit in Council there.

Meriones and *Nestor's* warlike Race

Had in this private Junctō special place.

They chose a clean Spot of the purpled Field,

Where many lay by valiant *Hector* kill'd,

Till gloomy Darkness forc'd him to his Camp.

When Western Waves conceal'd Heav'n's brightest

Then in a close Debate all sitting round, (Lamp,

There *Nestor* thus the Business did propound.

Could we, renowned Friends, amongst us find
One of so brave and resolute a Mind,

G g

Durst

(o) *Nestor* first leap'd the Trench,
to encourage the rest ; or, if they fol-
lowed not his Example, to shame them,
he being old and decrepit, they youth-
full and lusty. *Enst.*

(p) The *Lacedaemonians* consulting what place to fortifie, *Alcibiades* advis'd them to send Spies to *Athens*; who coming thither, and hearing the people discoursing amongst themselves that the Enemy would fortifie *Decelia*, the *Lacedaemonians* understanding it at the return of their Emisſaries, did accordingly. *Schol.*

(q) The *Schoiaſt* finds in this Preſent σύμβολον αἰ. or, a ſignificant and auſpicious Omen; the Colour, which was black, importing their performing this Exploit by Night; and the young Lamb, ἐπ' ἔγχεσιν τιμὴν περὶ πρῶτον, that their Attempt ſhould not be fruſtrate, but ſucceſſfull: albeit *Enſt.* by this fruitfull Ewe underſtands the perpetuation of their Name and memory; τὸ πρῶτον τὸ ἀγέλης σύμβολον τὸ ἐν μελαίνῃ νεκρὸν καὶ θάνατον· καὶ ὅτι διὰ τὴν ἀνικησίαν ἀθροιστὴν τὸ γένος, ἐπιμνήσκον ἐκείνους τὸ κλέος τὸ ἀνέχεται. So he.

Durſt venture to the *Trojan* Camp to go,
And by Surprize bring in ſome ſtraggling Foe;
Or (p) liſtning gather what the *Trojans* ſay,
Whether they will return to *Troy*, or ſtay,
Since they have worſted us; could this be learn'd,
And he return in ſafety undiſcern'd;
It through the World would ſpread his glorious Name,
Nor ſhould he onely purchaſe empty Fame;
Each Leader in our Army ſhall beſtow,
(q) Suckling her bleating Lamb, a black-fleec'd Ewe:
And at our Meetings and all publick Feaſts
He ſhall be plac'd amongſt our primer Gueſts.
Silent all heard, yet none durſt undertake
The Buſineſs, till at laſt *Tydidēs* ſpake:

I'll venture on this dangerous Deſign,
If any other Leader here will joyn.
When Two attempt ſome great Exploit to doe,
Their Hopes are heighten'd, and their Courage too:
But One, though well experienc'd in his Art,
Finds feeble Hands, and a miſgiving Heart.

Many, this ſaid, to follow him prepare,
Th' *Ajaxes* and *Meriones* ready were,
And *Thraſymede*, and *Menelaus* too,
Who did the Court to be his Second ſue:
And fly *Ulyſſes* not himſelf exempts,
Still fit for Action and all bold Attempts.

Then ſpake the King; O thou to me moſt dear,
Chuſe whom you pleaſe of all theſe Princes here
To undertake this noble Enterpriſe.
With Modeſty conſult not, I adviſe;
Waving the beſt, do not the worſt ſelect,
Nor any's noble Birth, but Worth reſpect.
(His Fear was *Menelaus* he ſhould take.)
Thus pre-admoniſh'd bold *Tydidēs* ſpake;

Since

Since 'tis your pleasure that I Freedom use,
 Why should I any but ^(r) *Ulysses* chuse?
 In a large Sphere his active Spirit moves
 For all Attempts, whom bright *Minerva* loves.
 His Assistance earnestly desire,
 Whose Conduct will convey us though through Fire.

Then said *Ulysses*; ^(s) Praise me not, nor blame:
 Well know the *Græcian* Princes what I am.
 But let us go, Time we in Talking spend:
 The Morning riseth, and the Stars descend.
 Since two parts of the friendly Night are gone,
^(t) The third remains in which this must be done.

This said, they both clap on their ponderous Arms,
 When *Thrasymedes*, first in all Alarms,
 A Sword (his own forgotten in his Tent)
 And Shield to bold *Tydidēs* did present:
 Then claps his Cask on of an Oxe's Hide,
 Not with a Crest and Horse-Tails beautif'd,
 But a well-quilted Mourian, neat and warm:
 With such their Heads the youthfull Souldiers arm.
Meriones did on *Ithacus* bestow

A Sword, a Quiver, and resounding Bow:
 Puts on his Head a Leathern Cask, the Skin
 With quilted Thongs well fortifi'd within;
 Without, a Boar's white Teeth the Border round
 Fenc'd with a Guard, a Tuft the Center crown'd.
 This, took at ^(u) *Eleon* amongst other Spoils,
 When flie ^(x) *Autolycus* *Amyntor's* Piles
 Demolish'd, he *Amphidamas* did present,
 Who, as an Hospitable Monument,
 It *Molus* gave, which to his Son he left,
 Who now conferr'd on *Ithacus* the Gift.

Thus arm'd they went, and left the Princes there:
 When *Pallas* gliding through the gloomy Sphere,

(r) By *Ulysses* and *Diomed* *Apuleius* understands Advice and Action. Cum rebus creperis & afflictis Spectatores deligendi sunt qui nocte intempesta castra hostium penetrant, nonne *Ulysses* cum *Diomede* deliguntur, veluti Consilium & Auxilium, mens & manus, animus & gladius? &c.

(s) Thus *Clytemnestra* to *Achilles* in *Euripides* in *Iphigen. Aulid.*

Πᾶς ἂν σ' ἐπαίνοισι μὴ λίαν λόγῳ,
 Μᾶλλον δὲ τοῖς, μὴ τ' ἀπολέσσω τὴν χάριν;
 Αἰνέω δ' οἱ ὅς οἱ γὰρ οἱ τέλειον ἦν.
 Μῆτις τὸς ἀνδράς, ἐν ἀνδρῶν ἄγῳ.

How shall I give thee Praises due,
 Nor over-act, nor under-do,
 To gain thy Favour? since the Best
 Their too-much Flatterers detest.

(t) The *Romans* Night was not as *Homer's*, περιφύλαξις, but περιφύλαξις, consisting of four Watches, and each of these of three hours a-piece. See *Jul. Pollux lib. I. c. 7.*

(u) *Eleon* was a City of *Boeotia*.

(x) *Autolycus* was the Son of *Mercury*, and one of the *Argonauts*. He had an excellent faculty in Thievery, wherein he did *patrissare*, was his Father's own Son. Hence *Martial*, sporting at one, a good proficient in that pilfering Art, saith, that *Autolycus* was not better at it,

non est furacius illo,
 Non fuit *Autolyci* tam piceata manus.
 — *Autolycus* fingers ne'r,
 Which all things stuck to, half so catching were.

Mercury gave him also this Gift, to transform what Cattel he had stoln, as he pleas'd himself. *Tzetze Chil. 20.*

Ἐμὲ πῦς ὁ *Ἀυτολύκος*, πατὴρ δὲ τῷ *Δαίετι*,
 Πάππος τῷ *Ὀδυσσεῖ* δὲ, πῖνός δ' ὕμνε-
 γον ἄγῳ.

Ex τῷ *Ἐμὲ* χαλκῶς, &c.

Autolycus, *Hermes* Son, *Laertes* got:
 Poverty was *Ulysses* Grandfire's lot;
 Whose Father did to him such Arts reveal,

That he could better then *Aegyptius* steal,

Or *Babylonius*, or fly *Eurybate*,
 Whom so much famous Authours celebrate.

With him not *Agamedes* could compare,

Nor *Hydrange*, the best that ever were.
 For he stoln Goods so well could change, that none

Could judge but that they had again their own.

He by a *Hocai-pocai* well made passe,
 For a fair Horse he filch'd, a mangy Ass.
 A Virgin Bride he stole, and in her stead

A rivell'd Hag left with a hoary Head.
 As the lame Heilding halted out and in,
 The Father thought she had his Daughter bin,

(γ) *Ἡρακλῆος τε μέγαςτος εἰδὸς*, This Bird was a preface of their good Success : *ἀγαθὸν γὰρ σημαίνει τοῖς ἐκδρακόνων δ' ἱερὸν*, a Hern being a lucky Prognostick to such as go a-scouting. She made use of an Hern rather than of her own Bird, the Owl, not onely because the Hern delights in Fenny places, such as those about *Scamander*, and is thence called *ἱερὸν*, *quasi ἱερὸν* but also because *ἀετὰρ ἱερὸν* ἐστὶ, it is a Bird of Prey, and that by Night. *Eust.* Others make this Bird sacred to *Venus*, being so called, *quasi ἱερὸν*.

(ζ) Auguries that came from the Right hand were still reputed lucky, and to portend good. *Id.*

Close by them sprung the happy-boading ^(γ) Hern,
Which though they could not in night's shade discern,
They heard her sounding Wings; *Ulysses*, glad
At ^(ζ) the blest Omen, thus to *Pallas* pray'd ;

Hear me, thou Daughter of all-conquering *Jove*,
Who alwaies my Endeavours dost improve ;
My Counsels never are conceal'd from thee :
Ah ! as before, now my Assistent be ;
That we may make th' insulting *Trojans* mourn,
And back in Safety to our Fleet return.

Then *Diomed* ; Hear, O illustrious Maid,
And me now, as thou didst my Father, aid,
When on especial Embassie he went
To *Thebes*, by the *Achivan* Princes sent,
And brought Proposals; his Retinue staid
On sweet *Asopus* Margents : thence, O Maid,
Returning, by thy Auspice he inspir'd
Such Valour shew'd, that all the World admir'd.
O Goddess, prove so gracious now to me,
And I'll a Heifer sacrifice to thee
Which never knew the Yoak, not two years old,
And gild her spreading Horns with beaten Gold.

Minerva heard them from Heav'n's Crystill Arch
With Night surrounded, they like Lions march,
Where Bodies lay in heaps, where bloody Fields
Blush'd under scatter'd Arms and Spears and Shields.

Nor *Hector* let the *Trojans* sleep, but all
His prime Commanders did to Council call ;
To whom the Hero thus his Mind declar'd :

Who will among us for no mean Reward
A Business of Concernment undertake ?
And if a Present will him venturous make,
A Chariot and two Horses is our Gift,
The fairest 'mongst the *Gracians*, and most swift :

And

And Glory he shall purchase, (which far more
The noble Soul esteems) their Fleet t' explore;
Whether about their Ships they keep a Guard,
Or worsted by our Prowess find too hard
Their hop'd-for Conquest, and their Trenches slight,
With Duty tir'd, and so prepare for Flight.

Dolon, *Eumedes* the rich Herald's Heir,
Stepp'd forth, whilst all in presence silent were,

And thus begun; My ^(a) *Genius* me doth prompt
To venture where the *Gracians* lie encamp't.

Now ^(b) stretch thy royall Sceptre forth, and swear
Those Steeds and Chariot which *Achilles* bear
Shall be my Prize; so I'll not scout in vain,
Nor shalt thou of imploying me complain:
I'll through the Army to the *Gracian* Fleet,
Where now *Atrides* and the Princes sit,
Perhaps in Consultation whether they
Shall fly this Night, or fight it out by Day.

This said, thus *Hector* swore; *Jove* Witness be,
None else shall have *Achilles* Steeds; to thee
I promise, as perpetuall Honours, both
His Horse and Chariot, (but he broke his Oath:)
Then bids him hast. He straight prepares to go,
And to his Shoulders fastens well his Bow,
O're which an ^(c) old Woolf's grisly Spoils he spread,
A Cask of ^(d) Wesells Skins claps on his Head;
Then takes his Javelin, and the Camp forsook,
But ne'r perform'd what so he undertook.

When he had pass'd the Guards of Foot and Horse,
Down to the Fleet he struck his nearest Course.

Ulysses heard him first, as he drew nigh,

And, One from th' Army, says; either a Spy,
Or else some Pillager who Bodies strips.
But let him pass before us to our Ships;

(a) *Dolon* the rather accepted of *Hector*'s Profer, and engaged to go a-scouting, because being the Son of a Herald, he presumed to be indemnified if taken, such persons being accounted sacred; at least that his Father's Wealth, his feet failing, should fetch off and ransom him. Some say he himself was an Herald, the Sons betaking themselves anciently, as *Herodotus* tells us, to their Fathers profession. *Eust.*

(b) Where the Prince took an Oath for the performing any Promise, he put his Sceptre in their hands who required that of him, which they held all the time that they were taking it.

(c) *Eustathius* observes that *Homer* suits *Dolon* here like himself, that is, as a Fool, in the Case of a Woolf grown gray with age, which Colour rendred him more conspicuous in the night to the Enemy then otherwise he had been.

(d) *Gr. 'Ien* is a small Beast much resembling the *Melicean* little Dog, it preys upon Birds, and is more especially a great enemy to the Bee. Its Yard is mere Bone, and helps such as are troubled with the Strangury. *Eust.*

So

So we pursuing better Shift may make
To seize him, whom we cannot overtake.
From his own Camp we'll drive him to our Fleet,
Shaking our Spears, lest he the City get.

Thus they resolving wav'd the common Way,
And sculking close amongst the Slaughter'd lay.
Fearing no Danger *Dolon* swiftly ran.

But he no sooner had that Distance gone

That ^(c) Mules in plowing Ground will get before
A Teem of heavy Oxen in twelve-score,

When they pursue. Hearing them come, he stands,
Supposing *Hector* issu'd new Commands

To call him back : but when the Hero's drew

Within a Javelin's cast, the Foe he knew,

And at full height of Speed a Loose he gave.

They run to seize, he runs himself to save.

As hunt a nimble Brace of eager Hounds

A tender Fawn, or Hare, through covert Grounds ;

The timorous Game before them flying squeaks :

So they do *Dolon* serve, and towards the *Greeks*

Him from the *Trojan* Quarters close pursue.

Now when he near their Guards and Trenches drew,

Pallas her Champion did with Strength supply,

That none but he should take the *Trojan* Spy ;

Who, his Launce shaking, said ; Or stand thou there,

Or to the Ground I'll fix thee with this Spear.

Do not believe thy Speed shall save thee long

From this my Hand. This said, *Tydidēs* flung,

Missing on purpose ; o're his Shoulder past

The glittering Point, and in the Earth stuck fast.

Amaz'd he trembling stood, his Tongue did fail,

His Teeth did chatter, and his Cheeks grew pale.

They panting Hold at last upon him laid,

When weeping thus unhappy *Dolon* said ;

(c) The *Geoponicks* tell us, that Oxen being better to break up Ground never plowed before, as being much the stronger ; Mules are more proper to turn over Fallows, as ridding work much faster. *Enst.*

Oh ! spare my Life, and I'll my self redeem
With Brass, and Gold, and Steel of much esteem.
For me my Father will great Ransom give,
Soon as inform'd I in your Quarters live.

To whom then subtle *Ithacus* reply'd;

Be not so fearfull, but in me confide,
And tell me Truth : Why from the *Trojan* Camp
Cam'st thou alone through Night's obscuring Damp,
Whilst others sleep infranchis'd from Toil ?
Was it for Plunder and dead Bodies Spoil ?
Or wast imploy'd by *Hector* as a Scout,
Or prompted by thy *Genius* ventur'dst out ?

Who trembling said ; With many Promises
Hector against my Will did me intice ;
Achilles Steeds and Chariot should be mine,
Would I, he said, ingage in this Design.
Encourag'd thus, I ventur'd through this Damp,
These fullen Shadows, to explore your Camp ;
Whether about your Ships you kept a Guard,
Or, worsted by our Prowess, found too hard
Your hop'd-for Conquest, and your Watch did flight,
Tir'd out with Duty, and prepar'd for Flight.

Then, smiling on him, thus *Ulysses* said ;

Thou for thy Service hadst been nobly paid.
Renown'd *Pelides* Steeds no mortal Hand
Can manage, nor in height of Speed command,
But he himself; and him a Goddess bare.
But make to me a true Relation, where
You *Hector* left; where are his Arms and Horse ?
How have his Guards and Watches entercourse ?
We worsted thus, is he resolv'd to stay,
Or else draw off with the approaching Day ?

Then he reply'd ; I shall the Truth declare.
Now *Hector* and the *Trojan* Princes are

(f) *Enst.* thinks this an ill Omen, that *Hector* should consult concerning Martial Affairs at a dead man's Monument. οὐκ ἀγαθὸς εἶναι περὶ πόλεως ἐκδηλῶν τὸν ἀρχαῖον βουλευνὴν τὰ τοῦ μάρτυρος, ὃ γὰρ αἶσα ἐκ τῆς μνημάτων εἰωνόζοντα εἰ πελάσει. So he.

(g) A Nation of *Thrace*, which some make to be the *Pannonians*, others the *Macedonians*.

(h) A People of *Paphlagonia*, or, as others, of *Scythia*. Some make these the same with those called *Caunii*.

(i) A People of *Caria*, or the Inhabitants of the City of *Pegasus*, so called ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀέρος, τὸ *ῥωγῶν*, as being a Mixture and medly of many Nations.

(k) These inhabited the Sea-coast of *Caria*.

(l) The *Lydians*.

(m) A City within the Territories of *Troy*, where *Apollo* had his Temple, being thence styled *Thymbraeus*. It was built by *Dardanus* in memory of his friend *Thymbrus*. *Steph. Byzant.* It had a River also running by it called *Thymbris*: the River *Tiber* also by *Rome* being so called, saith *Dionys.*

(n) *Rhesus*, the Son of *Euterpe* and the River *Strymon*: so the more modern Authours. Others make him the Son of *Calliope*. *Apollodor. l. 1.* It was prophesied of him by the Oracle, that if he tasted *Scamander*, and his Steeds drank that River, and ate of the Grass about *Troy*, he should become invincible. This being known to *Juno*, she procures *Pallas* to hasten *Diomed* and *Ulysses* to his Destruction, and that the first Night he encamp'd at *Troy*: which they effected, bringing away his Horses. *Homer* makes him the Son of *Eioneus*; and others not of *Euterpe*, but *Terpsichore*: none of that Quire of the Muses being barren, but only *Erato*: *Orpheus* being the Son of *Calliope* or *Clio*, *Linus* of *Terpsichore*, or, as others, of *Euterpe*, *Paaphatus* of *Thalia*, *Thamyris* the Thracian of *Erato*, the *Sirens* of *Melpomene* and *Achelous*, *Triptolemus* of *Polyhymnia*. The *Schol.* of *Pindarus* saith, that engaging but one day, he did the *Greeks* much mischief, and had done much more, had he not been so suddenly surprised: for so tells them *Minerva* in *Euripides*,

Ὅς εἰ δοίης νύκτα καὶ εἰς αὐτοῦ,
ὅστις (g) Ἀργείων ἔτ' ἐν Διὰτος δέξῃ
Μὴ πάντα πέποιε ναῦς αὐτῇ Ἀργείων ὁρᾶται.
Τέχῃ κατακτάσεται, καὶ πύλων ἔστω
Διγῆρ' ἀλάλῃς εἰσδραμὴν περὶ πόρον.
Τότεν κατακλῖς πύλ' ἔχεις, &c.

If Day he see, Achilles Spear
Nor Ajax Lance shall him deter
From ruining the Grecian Fleet,
Banks levelling with his Horses Feet,
To make a passage through the Wall.
In killing him thou conquer'st all.

(o) Men, though they love the Treason, hate yet the Traitor: ὅς αὐτῷ ἐκείνων μεμίσσηται εἰς τὸ εἰκέως ἀεὶ δούκῃ, καὶ τοῖς ἑδὰ τῆς πολέμου πει-
So *Demosthenes*.

In Council at renowned (f) *Ilus* Tombe;

Silent they stay expecting till I come.

We use no constant Guards, but those who stand

About the Fires are ready at Command;

Who chearing one another Watches keep,

Whilst soundly the Auxiliaries sleep,

Leaving Night-Duties to the *Trojans* Care,

Since they have neither Wives nor Children there.

Then subtle *Ithacus* did thus reply;

If by themselves, or mixt, the *Trojans* lie,

Discover truly, and inform me well.

Dolon reply'd, I shall exactly tell.

Carians and (g) *Peons* near the Ocean lie,

(b) *Caucans*, (i) *Leleges* and (k) *Pelasgians* by;

Lycians and *Mysians*, (l) *Mæons* arm'd for War

And *Phrygians* at (m) *Thymbre* quarter'd are.

But why do you inquire our Camp to know?

Have you a mind to venture on the Foe?

The *Thracian* Force lies next you, and alone,

Amidst them (n) *Rhesus*, *Eion's* valiant Son.

I saw his gallant Horses, which exceed

The Snow for Whiteness, and the Winds for Speed.

His Arms are Gold, and, to be wonder'd at,

His Chariot all of Gold and massie Plate;

Fitter for Gods than Mortals. Ah! now bear

Me to your Fleet, or bind and leave me here

Till your Return: then by experience you

Will find that my Intelligence is true.

When *Diomed* frowning said; (o) Do not believe

That we to thee shall sooner Quarter give

For this thy Information: if we should,

Thou wouldst return more cunning and more bold,

To spy or fight; but if we kill thee here,

We need no more thy Craft nor Courage fear.

Tydidēs

Tydidēs thus; and whilst he humbly laid
 Hold on his Beard, and kneeling Quarter praid,
 On his declining Neck he *Dolon* hit,
 Whose Head yet muttering tumbled at his Feet:
 His Cask of Wefells Skins straight off they take,
 And strip his Wolvish Mantle from his Back,
 Which, with his Spear and Bow, to th' illustrious Maid
 With ^(p) rear'd-up Hands *Ulysses* offering, said;
 Virgin, accept these Spoils: Thee first of all
 The Gods we honour, thee once more we call,
 That thou with us wouldst 'gainst the *Thracians* joyn;
 Then we shall carry on our bold Design.

This said, the Hero lifts her Present up,
 Then fixt it on a spreading Tamarisk Top,
 Stripping off shrubby Branches round about,
 That they returning soon might find it out. (Arch,

Though fable Clouds had dimm'd Night's Crystall
 Yet on through Arms and purple Gore they march,
 Untill the *Thracian* Quarters they had found,
 Where weary they lay sleeping on the Ground.

Each had two Horses, and in ^(q) triple Ranks
 Near them their bright Arms order'd cloath'd the
 Amidst slept *Rhesus*: by him they discern (Banks.
 His Horses ty'd up to his Chariot's Stern:
 Whom sly *Ulysses* first espying said;

Behold the Man and Horses, *Diomed*,
 Which *Dolon* told us of, e're him we slew.
 Now all your Strength and utmost Courage shew.
 Either the Horses from their Chariot free,
 Or, ^(r) slaughtering Men, resign that Task to me.

This said, *Tydidēs*, by *Minerva's* Aid,
 Plying his Work, great Execution made:
 Loud were the dying Groans; with Bloud that gush'd
 From gaping Wounds the verdant Champain blush'd.

H h

A Lion

(p) When they presented ought to any Celestiall Deity, they still lifted it up from the Earth, and elevated it towards Heaven, as *Ulysses* doth here the Spoils. *Eust.* For which cause also having nothing whereon to hang *Dolon's* Arms, and erect them as a Trophy, he laies them upon Rushes and Boughs, so to raise them from the Earth. *Id.*

(q) Hence *Homer* makes *Diomed* kill four of every Company, that so he might have the freer Access to *Rhesus*, and the safer Retreat.

(r) This verse, 'Ἡ δὲ γ' ἀνδρῶν ἑσθλῶν, μέγιστον δὲ μοι ἴστωρ, was applied anciently to two equally good in their Profession, an unskilfull Physician and Farrier.

(2) That is, four of every Guard, they lying in three Ranks round about him.

(3) *Eustathius* questioning how *Hom*er came to the knowledge of what *Dream* was represented to *Rhesus* that Night, he not surviving to reveal it, resolves it by a *μῦθος* *αἰδῶν*, that the *Muses* know all things.

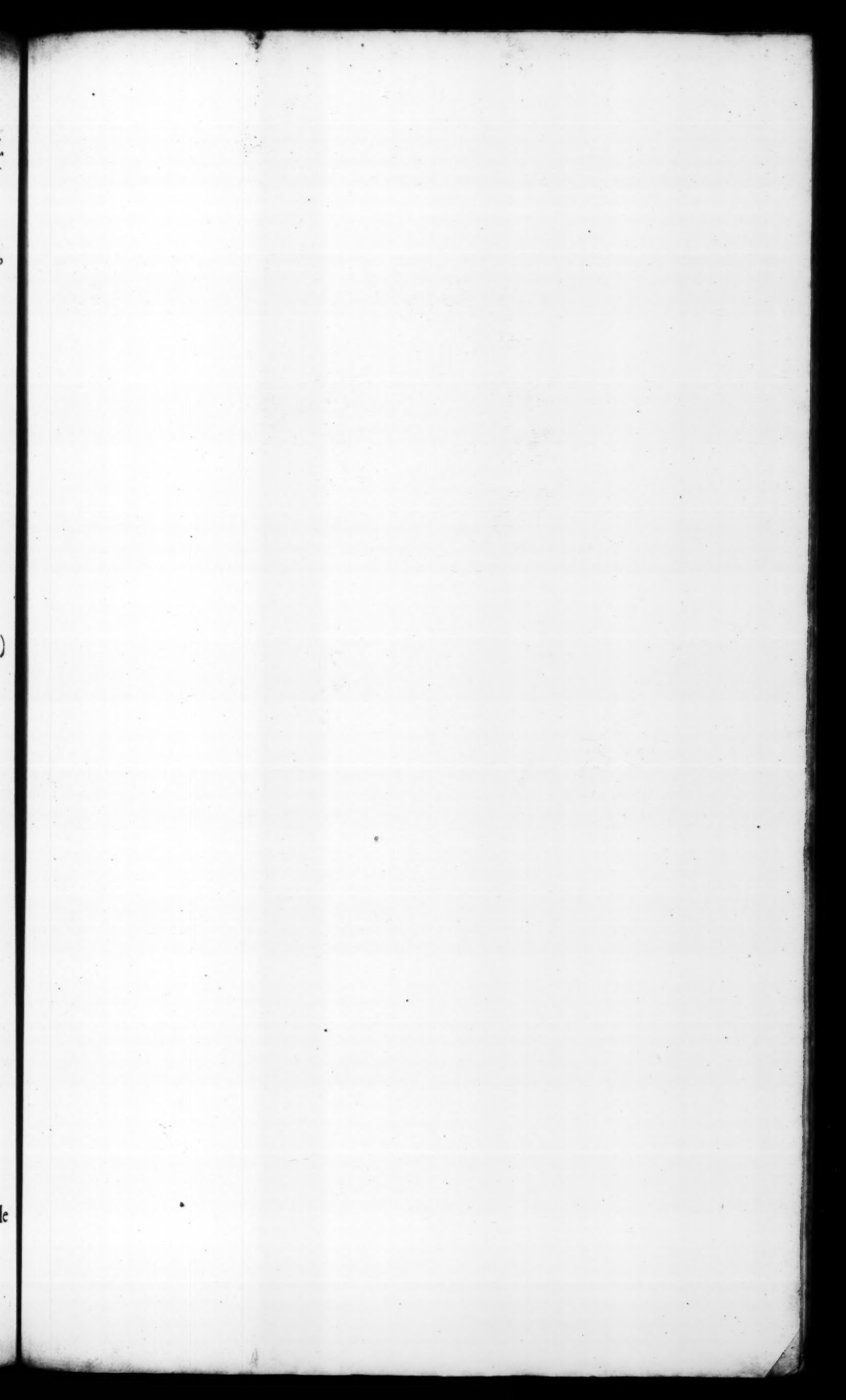
A Lion so on Goats or fleecie Sheep,
Furiouſly falls, the careleſs Swains aſleep;
As *Tydeus* Son, who ſtraight (1) twelve *Thracians* kills,
Whom ſly *Ulyſſes* drags off by the Heels.
By which Diſpatch he eaſier made the way,
The better thence the Horſes to convey,
Leſt they ſhould boggle, not inur'd to tread
Upon the mangled Bodies of the Dead.
Next ſnoaring *Rheſus* Life *Tydid*es takes,
And compleat Thirteen to his Dozen makes.
Aſſiſted ſo by *Pallas*, *Diomed*

(1) Like an ill-boading Dream pearch'd o're his Head.
Meanwhile the Horſes *Ithacus* untid,
And led them bridled from the Chariot ſide,
(His golden Whip forgot, he uſ'd his Bow,
With which ſcarce touch'd the Steeds free-mettl'd go)
And whiſtling ſoftly calls *Tydid*es back;
Who caſteth bolder Tasks to undertake:
Whether he ſhould the Chariot draw away,
Where *Rheſus* golden Arms in order lay;
Or on his Shoulders bear ſo great a Load;
Or more effuſion make of *Thracian* Bloud.
But whiſt his Fancy wrought on high Deſigns,
Minerva thus her *Diomed* injoyns;

With ſpeed, *Tydid*es, to the Fleet repair,
Leſt ſudden Danger ſeize thee unaware,
Or that ſome adverſe God the Foe awake.

*Tydid*es ſtraight perceiv'd his Goddeſs ſpake,
And up he mounts with ſpeed: *Ulyſſes* whips;
The mettl'd Steeds ſcour to the *Græcian* Ships.
Nor (2) ſtood *Apollo* idly looking on;
Seeing how *Pallas* aided *Tydeus* Son,
The God amongſt the *Trojans* raging went.
Hippocoon, one of *Rheſus* high Deſcent,

(2) He makes *Phæbus* to alarm the *Trojans*, that is, the Day-light, or riſen Sun.





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Honoratiss. Domine Dom:
Compton. Comiti Northampton.



Jacobo Compton Baroni de
Tabulam hanc L. M. D. D. D. 1:0.

Lib: 10. v. 49.

He straight awakes : who, soon as he espy'd
The Horses gone, late to their Chariot ty'd,
And saw the Slaughter *Diomed* had made,
Unto his King and Cousin calls for Aid.
Straight all the *Trojan* Quarters take th' Alarm,
They run, they gather, every-where they arm.
But when they saw such Bloudshed, all admire
How men could doe such Acts, and safe retire.

Now when they came where *Dolon* they had slain,
His fiery Steeds *Ulysses* straight did rein.
*Tydid*es lights, and to the Hero gives
The bloody Spoils, then mounting Homeward drives.
Lashing their Steeds they soon approach the Fleet.

Nestor first heard the sound of Horses Feet,
And said ; You Princes, I a Trampling hear :
Would it *Ulysses* and *Tydid*es were,
That hither drive their Steeds : but more I doubt,
The noblest of the *Gracians* and most stout
Have by the *Trojans* suffered this sad Night.

This scarcely said, they from their Horses light ;
Whom gladly all salute and welcome back :
When thus renown'd *Geranian Nestor* spake ;

Hadst thou, *Ulysses*, fam'd for worthy Deeds,
Out of the *Trojan* Camp these beauteous Steeds ?
Or did some God on thee this Gift bestow ?
More glorious then ^(x) the Sun at Noon they show.
Alwaies against the *Trojans* I engage,
And never keep my Tent, though 'xcus'd by Age ;
Yet saw I ne'r the like: I must believe
Some God did you this worthy Present give,
Since *Jove* himself and the illustrious Maid
Favour you both. To whom *Ulysses* said ;

Nestor, thou Glory of our Nation, know,
The Gods can better Gifts then these bestow.

H h 2

These

(x) He commends them for their
Colour, which was a shining white ; the
like *Commendam* being given them by
Minerva in *Enripides* his *Rhesus* ;

Πάλας ὃ πάλοι Θρηάκων ἐξ ἀμάτων
Ἰδὺναι δίδονται, διαπραπίς ἐν εὐφροῇ,
Σπλάσσει δ' ὡς ποταμὸς κύματα πλεῖν.

His white Horses near are ty'd
To his Thracian Chariot's side,
Sleek as Swans on Rivers glide.

These Steeds we from the *Thracian* Quarters bring,
 And *Diomed* hath slain their valiant King.
 Twelve of his Life-guard he near him hath kill'd,
 The Thirteenth slaughter'd in the neighbouring Field,
 Whom *Hector* and his Council sent to spy
 If we were yet resolv'd to fight or fly.

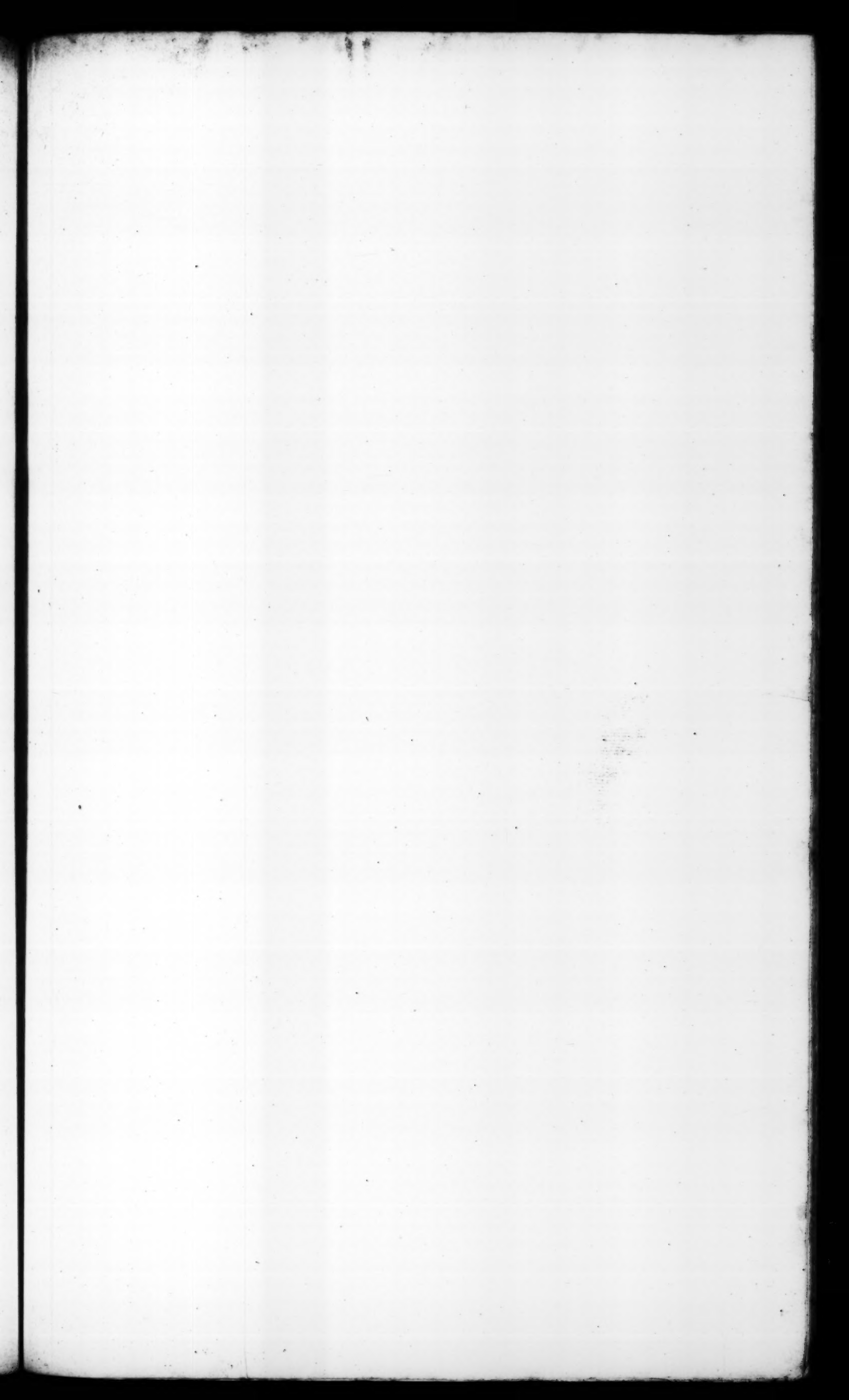
This said he o're the Trench the Horses drives
 (Fresh Hope and Joy the following *Greeks* revives)
 To ⁽¹⁾*Diomed's* Tent, where they were highly fed,
 By his own Steeds, with Corn and purest Bread.
Ulysses Dolon's bloody Spoils set up,
Minerva's Present, on his lofty Poup.

Then both the Princes in the ⁽²⁾briny Floud
 Their Bodies cleans'd from Sweat and soiling Bloud:
 Next in warm Baths their Spirits spent with Toil
 Recruit, and weary Limbs refresh with ⁽³⁾Oil.
 Then, sitting down, they empty to divine
Pallas full Bowls, and offer richest Wine.

(1) *Ulysses*, though it were he that seized the Horses of *Rhesus*, resigns them yet to *Diomed*, reserving onely to himself the Arms of *Dolon*, which also he consecrated to his Mistress *Minerva*. *Enst.* adds *ἐν ἑσπερίῳ τῷ Ἰδαίῳ* *ἠπείλῳ*, that they suited not an Islander of *Ithaca*: whence his Son *Telemachus*, having some Horses presented him, refused them upon the same account, for that his Country was *αἰγίλος* rather than *ἰππίλος*, more proper for breeding Goats than Horses.

(2) Sea-water, they say, is good against Weariness, and beneficial to the Nerves.

(3) Having relax'd the intensness of their Muscles by their continual motion, lest the Tendons so stretch'd and extended should grow hard and stiff by their Lotion in the Sea and bathing, they presently anoint their Bodies with Oil, to render them pliant so and supple. *Enst.*





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David Morgan de
Armiero. Tabulam



Abergwilly in Co. Carmarthenshire
hanc. L.M.D.D.D.
I.O.



HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Early the Greeks draw forth. Iris forbids
Bold Hector to engage. The valiant Deeds
Of Agamemnon : wounded he retreats.
Hector the Greeks up to their Trenches beats.
Nestor Patroclus moves, that him his Friend
In his own Arms to their Relief would send.*

(a) *Aurora*, being enamoured of *Tithonus*, the Son of *Lamidon*, and the Brother of *Priam*, the most comely Personage of his time, enjoying him, upon his request rendered him immortal. Growing in years, forgetting to beg that he might still be youthful, (as he did never to die) and weary of living, not being able to enjoy those Pleasures which make Life itself more desirable, he besought her to reverse her Gift : which being not able to do, the metamorphosed him into a Grasshopper, that so he might solace himself in his Voice; that Creature being of all other the most vocal, the Grasshopper being of a cold Constitution, as was *Tithonus* ὁ πρηνὲς ἀνὴρ decrepit, and fit onely for the Beer, and perpetually clamorous, διὰ πολλὰς αἰτίαις for his many Prayers. *Eust.* By her he had *Memnon*, the Prince of the *Æthiopians*, who in this War assisted the *Trojans*.

(b) *Hesiod* inserts *Eris* into *Hercules*'s Shield, fixing her in the front of a Serpent, which compleated its *Umbo*, and thus describes her, *Ætius* V. 147, &c.

ὅττι δὲ βλοσυροῖο μετώπῳ
Δεινὴ Ἔρις πρόπτετο, καὶ ὑπὸ κλονὸν ἀνδρῶν
Στάλιν, ἥ ῥα νέον τε καὶ ἔμπεδον ἔειπε φωνῶν,
ὅστις ἀνθίστατο πλάμον Διὸς ἔριον.
Τὼν καὶ ἔρκατο ἰσὶν ἥδιστα δούλοισ' αἰὶν' ὄντο
Αὐτῶν ὅσα δὲ σέ, σὲ δὲ βίβλοιο πατεῖον,
Σταίης ἀλγέστον, καὶ αὐτὴν πύπτου αἶψα.
There flew sad Strife, Distraction in her Face,
Helm'd with Destruction, which did all amaze
Durst fight Jove's Son, and sent beneath the ground
Their Souls dislodged to the Stygian Sound :
Their Flesh quite rotted off, their Bones remain,
Dry earth improving in the Dog-stars reign.
Petronius *Arbiter* hath left us her features in these excellent Lines.

The Trumpets sound, and Discord with torn hair
Her Stygian front advanceth to the aire.
O're her smear'd Visage clotted blood lies spread ;
Her blubber'd Eyes are beat into her head.
Her iron Teeth rough with a rusty scale,
Her Tongue drops Gore, Serpents her Brows impale.
Rending her plaited Vest and red Attire,
She shakes a blazing Torch and trembling fire.

Which



URORA, leaving *Tithon's* Golden
Bed

O're Heaven and Earth Day's glorious
Luster spred ;

When *Jove* sent *Eris* with the dire Prefage
Of bloody War the *Græcians* to engage.

She to *Ulysses* Vessell straight repair'd,

Whence best her Hellish Summons might be heard ;

*Infremuere tubæ, ac scisso Discordia crine
Extulit ad superos Stygii caput : huius in ore
Concretus sanguis, confusaque lumina flebant ;
Stabant arati scabrâ rubigine dentes,
Tabo lingua fluens, obfessa draconibus ora ;
Atque intortoriam lacerato pectore vestem
Sanguineam, tremulâ quatiebat lumina dextrâ.*

(c) *Blisses* was so quartered for the better Accommodation of himself and the Army, that so he might lodge the safer, and they have the speedier Access to him upon all Emergencies whatsoever. Thus the Heart, by its equidistant situation from the extremer parts and Members of the natural body, more indifferently imparts its Influence, Life, Blood, and Sense, unto them all.

(d) This *Cinyras* was King of *Cyprus*, and extreme wealthy. In their passage he treated the *Gracians*, promising *Agamemnon* to supply their Camp with all Necessaries: which failing to doe, he was execrated by *Agamemnon*. He was slain by *Apollo*, contending with him whose Musick was best. He was styled *Cinyras* ἀνὸς τῆς κυρίας, from a muscical Instrument, the *Harp*. His Daughters, being fifty, leaping into the Sea, were transformed to *Halcyons*. Others say, that swearing in *Pephus* to *Meneleus* to send fifty Sail of Ships to assist the *Gracians*, he sent one onely; and making up the remaining number with Vessells made of Clay, and accordingly mann'd, so sav'd, he conceiv'd, his Oath. *Enst.*

(e) This Shield was a representation of the Universe, at least of the Celestiall Globe with all its Circles, the Zodiack or Ecliptick, Parallels, Tropicks, Colures, Horizon, Equator, and Galaxie. *Enst.*

Which (c) lying in the midst did part the way
'Twixt *Ajax* Tents and where *Achilles* lay.
So on their Strength and Courage these rely'd,
They chose to guard the Fleet on either side.
There the infernall Hag set out her Throat,
Her dire Horn winding with a dismall Note;
And all inflam'd with her bewitching Charms,
Till they were mad to fight and be in Arms.
Now War seems sweeter far then back to sail
To Shoars long wish'd-for with a favouring Gale.

Arm, cries *Atrides*, and from Head to Heel
Adorns his Limbs with Brass and glittering Steel.
And first his Purple Buskins he makes fast
With silver Buttons; next girds to his Waist
That Corset (d) *Cinyras* did him present,
To be a Pledge and lasting Monument
Of mutual Love, when he at *Cyprus* heard
What an *Armado* they 'gainst *Troy* prepar'd.
Two Bars of Steel with twelve of Gold commixt,
Twenty Rows more of shining Tin betwixt:
Six speckled Serpents, rising towards the Gorge,
Coil'd up in Wreaths fiercely each other charge:
Like Rainbows painted on the Clouds they shine,
Fix'd there by *Jove* for all the World a Sign.
Next takes he's Faulchion with th' inamell'd Hilt,
And Silver Scabbard in a Golden Belt:
Then on his Arm his ponderous Target brac'd.
(e) Ten brazen Rings the ample Border grac'd,
And twenty Bosses, all of purest Tin,
A sharpned Point of polish'd Steel hemm'd in:
The Sable Field charg'd with a *Gorgon's* Head,
Mantled about with dismall Flight and Dread;
Which by a massie Silver Baldrick hung,
Upon whose Edge a speckled Serpent clung,

Whose

Whose three contorted Heads did counter-check
Each other, all united in one Neck.

After his Helm his royall Brows impales,
The Crest stuck thick with Horses bulhy Tails,
Which dreadfully did wave with every Breeze,
Or his own Motion, like a Grove of Trees.
Two Steel-tipp'd Javelins last he takes, so bright,
Heav'n's Arch they daunted with out-facing Light.
Whilst *Juno* and *Minerva* each-where round
The Honour of *Mycena's* King resound.

He straight commands the Charioteers in Ranks,
To march in order to the Trenches Banks;
Follow'd by well-arm'd Foot in fair Array,
Whose volleying Shouts anticipated Day.
And, to assist the Van-guard, drawn up were
A strong Reserve of Horses in the Rear.

But *Jove* dejected them in all their Pride;
A^(†) Showr of Bloud their Arms and Weapons dy'd,
Portending, in that Day's unhappy Strife,
The loss of many a valiant Hero's Life.

Whilst *Hector* and *Polydamas* had crown'd
With drawn-out Squadrons all the rising Ground:
With them ^(†) *Aeneas* of Celestiall Bloud,
Whom all the *Trojans* honour'd like a God;

Agenor, *Polybus*, and *Achamas*,
Antenor's Sons, resembling Heavenly Race.
But valiant *Hector*, foremost in the Field,
Brought up the Van, arm'd with his orb'd Shield.

^(†) A Comet so prodigious Beams unshrouds,
Then runs his flaring Head in gloomy Clouds,
When duskie Vapours Heav'n's high Forehead hide,
And posting Mists on winged Tempests ride;
As *Hector* rode, still busie here or there,
Leading the Front, or bringing up the Rear,

(†) Of this some render this natural reason, viz. That the Earth and Rivers about *Troy*, having frequent tinctures of humane Bloud, by reason of the long Siege of that City, the often Assaults of the *Greeks*, and Sallies of the *Trojans*, sent forth sanguine Evaporations, which might be returned again (probably) in discoloured Rain. So in the *Armenian* Mountains they have sometimes purple Snows, the Exhalations the Sun extracts out of the neighbouring Earth being infected with that colour, those Mountains abounding much in Vermilion Mines. So *Eust.* So the Water of *Nile* upon a Drought becomes *isidus*, of the colour of Rust, or of a Violet. *Id.*

(†) He was highly honoured of the people, as being reputed a good man, well-born, and valiant; but not respected, but hated rather, of the Sons of *Priam*, as affecting, so they thought, the Kingdom after their Father.

(†) *Gr.* *Ὠμὸν ἀστὴρ*, which some will have to be the Dog-star, *ὡς ἐδοξεν τοῖς δὲ τὰ ἐπὶ νύκτα ἀλγίστην καὶ κατὰ*, as causing pestilentiall Diseases by his excessive Heat; but others, a Comet.

(a) The Reapers cut not the Corn
anciently as now, beginning all at one
and the same end of the Field, but some
at one, others at another, and so mee-
ting in the midst.

(b) This is the *Juno* that favoured
the *Greeks*.

(c) *Socrates* walking much on Eve-
nings, when one ask'd the reason of
it, he told him that he did *ὄψον ἐπείρειν*,
that he was looking him Sauce or Meat,
the word noting either. The other un-
derstanding it of the latter, and con-
ceiving he wanted something to eat,
Socrates rectifies his mistake, by tel-
ling him that he took that pains to cause
his Meat to tast the pleasanter; *ὡς
νομῶν τὰ ἰστέον ἐρίσσειν* Labour giving
what we eat a Gust and relish. *Erst*.

In glittering Arms bright as *Jove's* Lightning hurl'd,
When he incens'd affrights the guilty World.
Then *Greeks* and *Trojans* each on other set.
(a) Like sturdy Reapers on a Field of Wheat,
Who down their Furrows bearing never stop,
Till they have levell'd *Ceres* golden Crop :
So they their whole Endeavours, all their Might,
On Slaughter spend, disdaining sordid Flight.
So much their Strength and Courage *Jove* enlarg'd,
That they like ravenous Wolves each other charg'd.
Eris was ravish'd with extreme Delight,
To see such Bloudshed and so dire a Fight :
For she of all the Gods was onely there;
The rest in Heav'nly Mansions quiet were,
Where *Jove's* high Pleasure tacitely (b) they blame,
To grant the *Trojans* such immortal Fame;
Who by himself, slighting their Censures, fate,
Where his own Glory he did contemplate ;
Whence he the City and the Camp beheld,
Their glittering Arms, the Killer and the kill'd.
Till sacred Day Heav'n's vertick Point had scal'd,
Fiercely they fought, and neither Side prevail'd :
But whence the Rustick on the Mountain's side
Leaves felling Oaks his Dinner to provide,
And much (c) delighted, though with simple Fare,
Slumbers awhile his Spirits to repair ;
Then did the *Greeks* their ancient Prowess show,
Shattering whole Squadrons of the hardy Foe.
Commutuall Courage cheers their drouping Hearts.
And first of all forth *Agamemnon* starts ;
Then a bold Champion, King *Bianor*, slew,
And his stout Charioteer *Oilus* too.
This 'lighting stood his Fury without Fear ;
Who ran him through the Forehead with his Spear :
Nor could his high-proof'd Cask the Point restrain,
But let it moisten in his panting Brain. So

So both these Hero's he of Life bereft,
And on the Spot their rifled Bodies left.

Two Sons of *Priam* next from him their Fate
Receiv'd, one base, th' other legitimate :

Ifus and *Antiphus* together rode ;
That drove the Steeds, and this the Foe withstood.
These ^(c) keeping Flocks on *Ide* *Achilles* found,
And their white Wrists with pliant ^(d) *Ofers* bound ;
Who after with much Treasure ransom'd were.
Through *Ifus* Breast *Atrides* ran his Spear ;
But *Antiphus*, pierc'd through the Cheek, he flew
With his sharp Sword, and from his Chariot threw.
Off in a trice their beauteous Arms he strips,
Remembring to have seen them at the Ships.

So a stern Lion senting out the Place
To which a Doe entrusts her new-faln Race,
Seizeth her Fawns, and with devouring Jaws
Their ^(e) panting Hearts and bleeding Entrails draws ;
Whose Dam dares not to succour them, though near,
So much confounded with surprizing Fear ;
But to the Groves and shady Thickets runs,
And Fury of the savage Monster shuns.
So none to help these Princes durst engage,
But fled for Safety from *Atrides* Rage.

Pisander and *Hippolochus*, the bold
Sons of *Antimachus*, who, brib'd with Gold
By *Paris*, did persuade the Council-Board
Ne'r to return fair *Helen* to her Lord,
Next *Agamemnon* in one Chariot spy'd,
As o're the Champain scouring they did ride.
Their supple Reins from trembling Fingers drop,
Whilst like a Lion he came raging up.
Thus they ^(f) begg'd Life ; Save us, and to redeem
Your Prisoners Gifts accept of great Esteem.

I i

Our

(c) Tending Catrell and looking after Sheep was the employment (anciently) of persons nobly extracted ; τὸ ἀνδραπολιεὺς ποιμαντικὴν ἀσκήσαντες ἐν τῇ τῶν ἀλόγων διαμαρτία, their ordering of Sheep being a Rudiment and Essay to their governing of men. Hence *Homer* calls his Kings ποιμένες λαῶν, the Shepherds of their people, they not attaining to Regal Sovereignty, but after such a Pastoral Probation. *Enst.*

(d) Ὠύα, a Plant called also ἄρνυς, quasi ἄρνυς, because by destroying the Seed it preserves men chaste : whence the Priests laid its Leaves under their Pillows. *Enst.*

(e) Gr. ἀπλὸν τι (σ) ἢ ποτ' ἀπύου. Upon which words *Enst.* tells us, that *Antipater*, an ancient Physician, was of opinion that the Soul was coextended according to the Body, and was every way conform to it, encreasing and decreasing according to its Dimensions, and dying together with it.

(f) *Plutarch* observes that *Homer* never makes any Greek petition for his Life, but only the *Trojans* ; as though none of his Countrymen were of so poor a Spirit.

Our ancient Father hath a vast Estate
Of horded Gold, wrought Steel, and massie Plate;
Of which he shall a worthy Present give,
When he's inform'd we at your Navy live.
Thus they with Tears and moving Words persuade:
But thus the King in rougher Language said;

And were you by *Antimachus* begot,
Who, when the *Trojans* first in Council sate,
Advis'd his doubtfull Countrymen so ill,
(e) They should my Brother and *Ulysses* kill,
That so dispatch'd, they never should come back?
Now you shall suffer for your Father's sake.
Then through *Pisander's* Breast his Spear he thrust,
And from his Chariot threw him in the Dust.

His Brother leaping down on Foot he sped,
And with his Sword (b) lopt off his Hands and Head,
Which lay there as (i) a Foot-ball to be spurn'd.
Next where the *Greeks* were most engag'd he turn'd,
And with him up a well-arm'd Squadron led.
Foot slaughter Foot, Horse Horse, and where they fled
Their thundring Feet make Clouds of Dust arise,
And Earth, to Atoms beaten, scales the Skies.
Down all before him *Agamemnon* bears,
And by his great Example others chears.

As when in thick-set Woods destroying Fire,
And Winds that rise from severall parts, conspire,
The violent Flames increasing conquer all,
Till spacious Groves in Heaps of Ashes fall:
So rag'd *Atrides* through the bloody Field,
And many valiant Heros hurt or kill'd.
Many brave Steeds with empty Chariots ran
Neighing about, their hapless Riders gone,
Who on the Ground, bereaved of their Lives,
More lovely lay to Vulturs then their Wives.

(c) But

(e) For which dishonest Motion he was excluded the Council, saith *Dionysius*.

(b) The Father suffers in his Sons by a kind of retaliation, *Agamemnon* lopping their Hands for their Father's taking of Bribes, and their Heads for his evil Counsel, That they should kill the Legates, and not restore *Helen*.

(i) *Gr.* "ὄμῳ δ' ὥς, as a Mortar, which was made in form of a Cylinder, and hollow, in which who so slept was gratified with the gift of Prophecy. It signifies also that part of the Body from the Breast to the Thighs, or the Trunk of it.

(k) But *Jove* drew *Hector* off, where safe he stood
From Conflicts, Weapons, Slaughter, Dust, and Bloud;
Whilst fiercer on did *Agamemnon* come.

The *Trojans* fly to ancient *Ilus* Tombe,
And (l) to the Fig-tree draw: the King pursu'd,
His Hands defil'd with Dust, with Bloud imbu'd.
When they had reach'd the Beech and *Scæan* Gates,
They stand to rally up their straggling Mates,
Which through the Champain were dispers'd in
A hungry Lion so in dead (m) of Night (Flight.

Upon the frightened Herd doth fiercely fall,
That one at least may suffer for them all; (quaff,
From whose (n) torn Throat he reeking Bloud doth
And greedy (o) swoops his panting Entrails off.

So stern *Atrides* did the Foe pursue,
And always him who hindmost lagg'd first slew.
Faln from their Chariots many Hero's slain
Lay on their Backs, or groveling on the Plain;
So much *Atrides* raged with his Spear.

But when they to the *Trojan* Walls drew near, (p)
The Sire of Gods and Mortals, sliding down,
Repos'd on Fountain-fostering *Ida's* Crown;
Thunder and Lightning arm'd his dreadfull Hands;
When (p) bright-wing'd *Iris* thus the God commands:

(q) Make no Delay, tell *Hector* this from me;
So long as he shall *Agamemnon* see
Charging in Front, so long let him forbear,
Retiring for his Safety to the Rear:
But when he wounded leaves the Field, then I
Will crown his Sword with signal Victory;
That to their Navy he shall force his Way,
When Night's black Guard subdues the glorious Day.

The Goddess his Commands obeying flies,
And cuts from *Ida* to *Troy* untracked Skies;

(k) *Dion Nicæus* saith he was in-
joynd in a Dream by his *Genius*, or
Dæmon, to conclude his History with
these two Verses of *Homer*,

"Εὐλογε δ' ἐκ βελώνων ἔπευε Ζεὺς, ἐκ τῆς κα-
τὰ τὴν
"Εκ τῆς ἀνδροκλήτου, ἐκ δ' ἀνδροκλήτου, ἐκ τῆς
κατὰ τὴν

Where *Homer* makes use of five words
all denoting the same thing, as *A. Gellius*
observes, that drawing the Face of War
with so many the more Lines, he might
represent it the more formidable, and
so liker the Original.

(l) This was not a single Tree, but a
Grove of such, that is, τῶν δένδρων
the word being ἀνδροκλήτου τῶν, of a
comprehensive form. *Enst.*

(m) *Alian* observes that the Lion
preys not on Oxen but in the Night,
fearing by Day their united Force; and
that then he affrights the whole Herd,
that so with the less Resistance he may
make sure of one.

(n) It is the custome of the Lion,
seizing on any Beast that hath Horns,
first to break his Neck, to prevent the
mischief he might doe with his Head.

(o) *Alian* saith the Lion is so ra-
venous, ὥς ὅτι μὲν βρύον ἀν ἑστάντες,
that he swallows whole Joyns at once,
not so much eating up, as drinking
down, his Meat.

(p) She being both beautifull and
fleet, λαμπρότης δὲ ἡμπατηνὸν ὁ χρυσοῦς,
ἀκρότης δὲ τὰ πτερά. *Enst.*

(q) *Gr. βάτω* ἴσθι, which two words,
signifying one and the same thing, im-
ply (so *Gellius*) hortamentum acre
imperatæ Celeritatis, a more earnest in-
junction of greater Speed: lib. 13. cap.
24.

Where the the Prince for Prowels, most renown'd
Amidst his Horse and Chariots standing found,
And thus *Jove's* Pleasure did to him impart;

O thou who like a God in Prudence art,
I bring from *Jove* this Embassie to thee :
So long as thou shalt *Agamemnon* see
Charging in Front, do thou so long forbear,
Retiring for thy Safety to the Rear :
But when he wounded leaves the Field, then he
Will crown thy Sword with signal Victory ;
That to their Navie thou shalt make thy way,
When Night's black Guard subdues the glorious Day.

This with fresh Courage *Hector's* Bosome warm'd,
Who from his Chariot leaps compleatly arm'd,
And, brandishing two Javelins, each-where flew ;
Whose Presence onely did the Fight renew.
They face about, the *Græcians* stand, their Ranks
And Files they double both in Front and Flanks.
And now in hot Dispute both Parties rag'd ;
But *Agamemnon* first of all engag'd.

Say, Muses, you in Heav'n reside, who first
Of all the *Trojans* or Auxiliars durst
Atrides charge ? *Antenor's* valiant Son,
Iphidamas, that special Honour won,
Who had his Breeding in luxurious *Thrace*
From *Cisses*, who *Theano's* Father was :

Him in his Palace he did educate,
And when grown up to ^(r)perfect Man's Estate,
He his fair ^(s) Daughter did to him espouse,
Both entertaining in his Royal House.

But her he soon forsook to purchase Fame,
And with twelve Ships to help the *Trojans* came,
Which at ^(t) *Percope* left, he ne'r delai'd,

But ^(u) march'd on foot to bring King *Priam* Aid.

This

(r) Plato in his 6. *De legibus* allows Women to marry from sixteen years old to twenty, Men from thirty to thirty five.

(s) So that he wedded his Mother's (*Theano's*) Sister, as did also *Diomed*.

(t) A City in the *Hellepont*, different from that called elsewhere *Percot*, which the King of *Persia* gave *Themistocles* to find him bedding and cloaths, commanding him to wear a Barbarian Vest.

(u) For that the *Græcians* were Masters of the Sea.

This Prince 'gainst *Agamemnon* did advance:
Both drawing near, each couch'd his ponderous Launce.

Atrides mist, his Javelin had no luck:

Iphidamas him upon the Baldruck struck.

He stoop'd, the Staff with him so roughly dealt,
But yet pierc'd not quite through his massie Belt:
Silver thick wrought did blunt the pointed Head,
And turn'd the hardned Steel like softer Lead.

But *Agamemnon* seiz'd the dangerous Spear,
And (x) Lion-like it from his Hand did tear:

Then with his Faulchion pierc'd his Neck so deep,
That down he falls in Death's cold iron Sleep.

(x) The Lion, as *Enst.* observes, seizeth the Weapons of such as pursue him, not considering that by so doing he draws his Enemy nearer to him, and so occasions his own death.

'Thus fell'st thou, hapless Youth! assisting *Troy*,
Before thou didst thy beauteous Wife enjoy;
Though thou a (y) hundred Beeves on her bestow'dst,
A thousand Goats and Sheep by Promise ow'dst,
Which fed in ample Flocks at severall Farms.

(y) That is, *ὡς ἔδρα*, it being then the custom for men to endow the Women, not for them to bring great Portions and estates to the Men.

The King triumphing bore from thence his Arms.

Soon as his Brother *Coon* him beheld

Thus in the Charge by *Agamemnon* kill'd,
Extremely griev'd and raging at his Chance,
Unseen the King he wounded with his Launce
Upon his Arm, beneath the Elbow-joint.

Quite through appear'd the Javelin's blushing Point.

The King, though something daunted at the Sight,
Would not yet calmly so desert the Fight,

But with a (z) mighty Spear at *Coon* flew,
Whilst by the Heels his Brother off he drew,
Calling for Help to bear him from the Field,
And wounded him beneath his orb'd Shield.

(z) *Gr. ἀνεμώτατος*, that is, which grew expos'd to the Wind and Weather, such Trees being accounted strongest.

His Forces fail, the King on's Brother treads,
And *Coon* o're *Iphidamas* beheads.

Antenor's Sons thus finished their Fates,
Descending both to *Pluto's* dismall Gates.

The

(a) The *Ilithyia* were the Daughters of *Jupiter* and *Juno*; their Office to be Midwives, and assist at Births and Nativities, being in this the Deputies of their Mother *Juno*, who, as well as the Daughter of *Jupiter* and *Larona*, is thence styled *Lucina*, as they *Ilithyia*, ἀπὸ τοῦ πτεῖν τὰ ἐμβρύα εἰς τὴν ἐλευθερίαν, from bringing Children forth into the light. *Diana* also was here concerned, being styled thence both *Lucina* and λοχμία, the last from the After-burthen of Women: of which thus *Callimachus*, *Hymn.* 3.

πολλοὶ δ' ὀφείλουσι ἀνδρῶν
Μένον ὅτ' ὀφείλουσι ὅτ' ἀδινεσι γυναικῶν
Τετράδην καλῶσι βουδόν' ἢ οἱ με μοῖραι
Τεινομένην τὸ πρῶτον ἐπικλήρωσαν ἀργύρεον
Ὅτ' ἡ με καὶ τίχεται καὶ ἐκ ἡλγος φέρουσι
Μίση, ὅς ἀμωγῇ φίλων ἀπεδράξῃ κόλπον.

I once, then to wealthy Towns repair,
When Women in their Throes enforced
are
To call on me, that I would give them
ease;
O're whom the Fates made me a Patron-
ness,
Because my Mother her full time did
go,
And felt no Pain with me nor Child-bed-
throes.

Of *Ilithyia* thus *Pindar* in *Nem.*
Od. 7.

Εἰλέθῃ, παῖδες· Μοῖραι βαδύρετον,
Παῖ μεγαλοδινὲς ἄκυσον
Ἦεος, γαίτηες τιανών, ἀνδ' σέθεν
Ὅδ' ὀδ'· ἐμέλαιαν δ'ρακύντας εὐφρόνας,
Τεῖν ἀδελφεὰν, ἐλέχθῃ
Ἀγλαΐαν ἦσαν.

Lucina, *Juno's* Daughter, thou who still
Assist'st the Fates in what they must fulfil,
Goddeſs of Child-birth, bear; ſince, wan-
ting thee,
We could nor Day, nor Night thy Siſter,
ſee,
And ne'er had been, great Patronneſs, al-
low'd
To be with fair and tender Youth en-
dow'd.

And *Horace*,
Ritè maturos aperire ſæuis,
Lenis Ilithya, tuere matres,
Sive in Lucina probas vocari,
Sex Genitalis.

Who rul'st at Births, *Ilithya* mild,
O ſave the Mother and her Child,
That thou mayſt be *Lucina* ſtyl'd.

The reason why *Diana*, that is, the
Moon, was Preſident of Births, was, as
Pliny hath it, this, *Quod Luna ſidus*
fœminum ac molle ſolvit Humorem &
trahit, & cuncta humido ſuo ſpiritu
laxat, ideoque Partum ſapenumero cele-
stem & cilioreſque reddit, lib. 2. c.
121.

The King 'gainſt other Squadrons did advance,
With ponderous Stones, his Faulchion and his Launce,
Whilst warm diſtilling Bloud kept moiſt the Wound:
Which growing dry, acuter Pains he found;
Such as torment big Women in thoſe Throes
(a) *Juno Lucina's* Race on them impoſe.

Straight he aſcends his Chariot, and commands
His Charioteer to drive unto the Strands:

When in great Pain, much troubled and diſmay'd,
Aloud he calling to the *Græcians* ſaid;

Princes, dear Friends and Fellow-Souldiers, ſtrive
That from our Fleet you may the *Trojans* drive.
No longer *Jove* permits your King to ſtay,
To cloſe in Conqueſt a moſt glorious Day.

This ſaid, the Charioteer his Horſes whips,
Who ſwiftly ſcour the Champain to the Ships,
Cover'd in Duſt and ſprinkled o're with Foam,
Bearing the wounded King from Battell home.

When *Hector* ſaw *Atrides* draw aſide,
Encouraging his Squadrons, loud he cry'd;

Bold *Trojans*, *Lycians*, and ſtout *Dardans*, ſhow
Your Valour now or never 'gainſt the Foe.
The valiant'ſt Prince, ſee, yonder poſts away:
Now *Jove* will grant us a victorious Day.
Againſt the *Greeks* once more go bravely on,
And raviſh all the Glories they have won.

This re-enforc'd their Strength and Courage too.
As eager Hounds ſet on by Huntſmen doe,
When they a Lion or a Boar purſue;
So *Hector* on and his bold *Trojans* flew:
He 'mongſt the foremoſt ſtill did Honour gain,
Breaking whole Bodies like a *Hurricane*,
Which makes the glaſſie Brine to Mountains grow.
Whom firſt, whom laſt did *Hector* overthrow,

When

When *Jove* conferr'd on him eternall Fame?

Assens and *Antonous* he o're-came;
Opites next, and *Dolops*, *Clytus* Son;
 Then through the Body did *Opheltius* run;
 Bold *Agelans* and *Æsymnus* too,
 And last stout *Orus* and *Hipponous* slew.
 All Princes these and valiant Leaders were.
 Nor did his Fury private Souldiers spare.

As when the ^(a)Western and rough Southern Wind
 To raise a Storm are in Commission joyn'd,
 Thick silver Breaches rave on swelling Flouds,
 Washing Heav'n's sullied Face in froathy Suds:
 So cut he off the routed Foe, and they
 Had ne'r retriev'd the Fortune of that Day,
 But to the Fleet had in Confusion fled,
 Had not *Ulysses* thus mov'd *Diomed*;

(a) The Commentators upon *Ho-*
mer observe, that he knew no more
 then the four Cardinal Winds.

Have we, he said, our ancient Valour lost?
 Come, stand by me, thou whom I honour most:
 Let us for Shame some Opposition make,
 Nor tamely let the Foe our Navy take.

Then he reply'd; To help I will not fail,
 Though little will our Services avail;
 Since *Jove* would rather, then on us, bestow
 The Glory of the Day upon the Foe.

This said, *Thymbræus* from his Steeds he threw,
 And with his Javelin pierc'd his Bosom through.
Ulysses *Molion* his great Favourite kill'd.
 They alter'd so the Posture of the Field:
 Then breaking in, tumultuous Noise resounds.
 As when two Boars advance 'gainst eager Hounds;
 So turning they, slaughtering the *Trojans*, gave
 The routed *Gracians* time themselves to save.

First they a Chariot took, and next the two
 Bold Sons of old *Percosian* *Merops* slew.

He

He in the Gift of Prophecy excell'd,
 And had his Children from this War with-held,
 But that his strict Commands they disobey'd;
 So th' were by strong Fatality betray'd.

The vital Spirit which their Bosoms warm'd
 He thus infranchis'd, and them disarm'd.

Ulysses Hippodam and *Hyperochus* kill'd.

Then *Jove* from *Ide* viewing the bloody Field,
 Granting to both Success, prolong'd the Fight:
 On each side Slaughter, Victory and Flight.

Agastrophus felt here the deadly Point
 Of *Diomed's* Spear in the Sciatick Joint.

His Horse and Servant absent, much he griev'd,
 Wanting th' Assistance should have him reliev'd.

He an Escape on Foot attempts to make :

Flying, his fainter Spirits him forsake.

This *Hector* seeing, out aloud did call,
 And with his valiant Squadron in did fall.

Whom *Diomed* beholding stood dismay'd,

And, drawing up, thus to *Ulysses* said ;

That Tempest yonder sure will break on us :
 Stern *Hector* comes, let's entertain him thus.

This said, he threw : the well-aim'd Spear not mist,
 On's Helm it lights ; but Steel did Steel resist.

The Cask which *Phæbus* had on him bestow'd
 Repuls'd the Point, and stopt from tasting Bloud.

But *Hector* shrunk into a *Trojan* Band;

There falling on his Knees, he on his Hand
 Lean'd, and himself supported like to swoond :

Whilst Night's black Curtains did his Eys surround
 So long, till stout *Tydidēs* did advance,

And, spight of all their Power, regain'd his Launce.

Hector, at last recovering, mounts his Seat,

And mixt with *Trojans* waves approaching Fate.

Then

Then spake *Tyides*, brandishing his Spear;

And hast thou 'scap'd once more? thy Death draws

Apollo shall not save thee, to whom thou, (near:

When thou to Battel go'st, still mak'st thy Vow.

But I will stain this Javelin in thy Breast,

If any of the Gods would me assist.

Meanwhile I others shall pursue and seize.

This said, he stripp'd renown'd *Pæonides*;

Whilst his Bow *Paris* at *Tyides* bent,

Sculking behind old *Ilus* Monument.

As up to *Diomed* the Dead did yield

His curious Breast-plate, Helm, and glittering Shield,

He shot; nor vainly did his Bow-string sound,

His Foe's right Foot he nail'd unto the Ground:

And smiling then from his Concealment came,

Insulting thus; I have not mis'd my Aim;

Thou wounded art. Ah! would the barbed Shaft

Had pierc'd thy Heart, and thee of Life bereft:

Then might our Sorrows find a little Pause,

Who thee more fear than Goats the Lion's Jaws.

Then he; ^(e) Base Archer, who so well canst aim,

Go ^(f) curl thy Hair, and court some wanton Dame:

Thy Bow and Arrows little should avail,

If hand to hand thou'dst fairly me assail.

Fondly thou bragg'st now to have hurt my Foot:

So might a Boy or Woman, could they shoot.

A Point th' Effeminate person's Javelin wants:

My Spear not so, but this my fatal Launce

Who-e're it toucheth straight bereaves of Life,

Leaving his Children Orphans, and his Wife

Rending her Cheeks; his Bloud the Earth shall taint,

And Vulturs him shall more than Women haunt:

This said, to him *Ulysses* did advance,

And, sitting down behind him, drew the Launce.

K k

Then

(e) He speaks this, either because *Paris* was a Dishonour to Archery and Archers; or for that the Ancients, though the Hero's themselves were well skill'd in the Exercise, had τὸ σάκκον μάχης, the fighting *cominus*, hand to hand, in far greater esteem: whence they observe that *Ulysses* never used a Bow but once, and that ἔτι τὸ νυκταγασίας, when he scouted by night in the Trojan Camp.

(f) Gr. κῆρ ἀγλαῖ, ἢ κίρῃς being such a Curl of the Hair as the Athenians called κρόκος, in fashion round like a Horn; which was a Badge of them that were free-born and of noble Parentage. So *Juvenal Sat.* 13.

—Et madido torquentem Cornua Cirro.
whose unctuous Hair in horned Curls doth fall.

Though *Aristotle* interprets κῆρ ἀγλαῖ by αἰδὼς Σεμνότητος.

Then extreme Anguish through his Body shot,
 And Grief tormented him : in's Chariot got,
 His Charioteer he charged not to stay,
 But to the Navy drive the nearest way,
 Leaving alone *Ulysses*, who, dismay'd,
 Thus to himself a deep Sigh fetching said;

Ah me ! what shall I doe ? my Streights are great.
 Either I must with Terrour struck retreat,
 Or tarry to be slain or taken here,
 Since *Jove* hath us posselt with Panick Fear.
 Why idle Questions make I thus in vain,
 Since valiant men to quit the Field disdain ?
 Cravens will run, stout *Hero's* never yield ;
 They stand their Ground, will kill or else be kill'd.

Whilst to himself he thus discours'd, a Troup
 Of *Trojan* Targeteers came marching up,
 And, opening, drew behind him and before.
 As Dogs and Huntsmen circle in a ^(g) Boar ;
 (Forth from a Wood the savage Monster draws,
^(h) Whetting his Ivory Tusks with foamy Jaws :
 They charge him round, his Teeth he angry grates;
 Not all their Threatnings the chaf'd Foe amates)
 About *Ulysses* so the *Trojans* drew.

And first renown'd *Deiopites* he slew
 With his strong Spear, and (fair Advantage watch'd)
 Bold *Thoon* next and *Ennomus* dispatch'd :
 Then slew *Chersidamas*, as down he leap'd
 From his high Steeds ; the Launce his Belly ripp'd
 Beneath his Shield. He tumbled on the Sands,
 Earth's brittle Surface moulding in his Hands.
 Then *Charopes* he wounded with his Launce ;
 Whom to assist bold *Socus* did advance,
 Resolv'd to give his dearest Brother Aid,
 And, drawing near, thus to *Ulysses* said ;

Thou

(g) *Gr. χείριον*, which hath its denomination *χρῆς* *χρῆς*, τὸ ἀσπάζειν, the wild Boar being of a hot Constitution, and thence sacrificed to *Venus*, especially by the *Argives*, who held a Feast to her called thence *Hysteria*. *Emst.*

^(h) *ὁ κύς, μέλαν εἰς μάχην ἵνα, πρὸς δὲ λείαν πρῶτα τοῦ ὀδύτης ὑποδύει, the wild Boar, before he fights, sharpens his Teeth against some smoother Rock or Stone, saith *Alian*, l. 8. c. 1. And thus the Elephant whets his Tusks against a Tree, and the *Rhinoceros* his against a Stone.*

Thou *Ithacus*, who never wearied art
 To act by Pains or Policy thy Part,
 This Day that thou hast slain two Brothers boast,
 Such as but few are nobler in the Hoast,
 And didst from them their Arms triumphing bear;
 Or else thy Death take from my conquering Spear.

This said, at him his Launce the Hero cast,
 Which through his Shield and high-proof'd Breast-
Ulysses Side. *Minerva* stepp'd between, (plate raz'd
 So that the Point pierc'd but the tender Skin.
 Finding the Wound not mortal, undismay'd
 He stepping back thus to bold *Socus* said;

Thy Death draws nigh, O thou who me didst stop
 Charging my Foes; for Life no longer hope:
 Slain by my Spear now thou without Controul
 Shalt grant me Honour, and grim *Dis* thy Soul.

Socus, this said, betook him to his Heels,
 When in his Back the fixed Spear he feels.
 The Point betwixt his Shoulders passage found
 Quite through his Breast: falling his Arms resound.

Then *Ithacus*; As nimble as thou art,
 Death hath o're-took thee, though thou hadst the Start:
 Nor shall thy Parents at thy Obsequies
 Lament thy Death, nor close thy dying Eyes,
 Which ravening Fowls out with their Beaks shall tear;
 When I shall have a royal Sepulcher.

This said, the Spear which warlike *Socus* threw
 He from his Body and bos'd Target drew.
 Out with the Javelin sprung a Stream of Bloud.
 But when the *Trojans* saw ⁽ⁱ⁾ a purple Floud
 Flow from *Ulysses* Wound, they all invade;
 Whilst he retires, calling aloud for Aid.
 Three times he cry'd for Help, as in Despair;
 And him as oft did *Menelaus* hear,

(i) Hence *Lycorgus* made a Law, that
 the *Spartans* in their Wars should
 wear no other Colour but Crimson,
 that so the Bloud they should lose
 might be less conspicuous.

And thus to *Ajax* standing by him spake;
 This is *Ulysses* Voice, or I mistake,
 As if that he in some great Danger were:
 The Enemy hath hemm'd him in, I fear.
 Let us break through and boldly rescue him,
 Whom we so love, so honour and esteem.

This said, he leads, that follows; where they found
Ulysses with the *Trojans* circled round.

(*) *Gr. Sōs*, which some render *Wolfs*. Others say it is a Beast begotten between the *Wolf* and the *Hyena*. It is no greater Enemy to the *Lion*, (as feeding both upon raw Flesh, *Arist. Hist. Animal. lib. 9. c. 1.*) than a friend to Man. *Ælian lib. 1. cap. 7.*

So (*) *Wolves* beset a *Deer* but newly shot:
 He flies their Fury whilst the Blood is hot;
 Till fainting with the Wound, the savage Crew
 In his warm Entrails thirsty Jaws imbue.
 But when a *Lion* comes, affrighted they
 The Quarry leave, and he devours the Prey.
 So round about stout *Ithacus* advance
 Many and valiant Foes. He with his Launce
 Himself defends 'gainst their united Power,
 Till *Ajax* with his Target, like a Tower,
 Came to his Aid. Then straight the *Trojans* fled,
 And *Menelaus* off the Hero led,
 Till near his Horses with his Chariot drew.
 Then mighty *Ajax* 'mongst the *Trojans* slew
 Bold *Doryclus*, King *Priam's* natural Son,
 And through the Body *Pandocus* did run;
Lyfander, *Pyraeus*, *Pylartes* wounds.
 So falls a Torrent from the higher Grounds,
 And with a Deluge covers all the Plain,
 When *Jove* offended sends huge Showrs of Rain:
 Groves of large Oaks, tall Firrs and pitchy Woods
 Rowl down with Stones and Rubbish to the Flouds.
 Thus scour'd renowned *Ajax* all the Field,
 And flying *Trojans* with their Horses kill'd.
 This *Hector* heard not, whilst the left-hand Ranks
 He busie charg'd on swift *Scamander's* Banks;

Where

Where in fierce Conflict many *Greeks* he slew.
 Loud were the Clamours, hot the Battell grew
 'Gainst *Nestor* and *Idomeneus* ; where
Hector performed Wonders with his Spear,
 Putting their routed Regiments to Flight.
 Nor had the *Græcians* then declin'd the Fight,
 Staining their Honour with so foul a Blot,
 But that Prince *Paris* stout *Machaon* shot :
 Through his right Shoulder went the barbed Flight.
 The *Greeks* indeed fear'd, left in chance of Fight
 He might be slain. *Idomeneus* then spake
 To *Nestor* thus ; Mount, and *Machaon* take
 Along with thee, thou who our Glory art,
 And from the bloody Battell straight depart ;
 Since in our Host his equal is not found,
 (1) To draw an Arrow, or to dress a Wound.

Nestor, this said, his Chariot did ascend,
 And took *Machaon* up, his wounded Friend,
 The great Physician, *Æsculapius* Son.
 Straight to the Fleet his Steeds free-mettled run.

But when bold *Cebrion*, *Hector*'s Charioteer,
 Saw how the valiant *Trojans* routed were,
 To him he said ; Here we turmoiled are
 In all th' Extremities of bloody War ;
 Whilst yonder broken Squadrons spread the Plain,
 Both Horse and Men by cruel *Ajax* slain.
 I know him well, his Javelin's Points are steeld,
 And or'e his Shoulders hangs his ample Shield.
 Thither let us our Steeds and Chariot drive,
 Where Horse and Foot so furiously strive ;
 Where equal Audits of fresh Slaughter rise,
 And Shouts unintermitted shake the Skies.

This said, the fair-main'd Horses felt the Whip,
 And to the Battell swiftest Winds out-strip :

Bodies

(1) *Machaon* was skilled in the Chirurgicall and Therapeutick part of Physick, the Dieteticall being the later invention of *Hippocrates*, and brought to greater perfection by *Herodicus*, *Praxagoras*, and *Chrysippus* : whence *Dionysius* is much faulted by the Ancients, for that, feigning *Hercules* sick, he makes *Silenus* to prescribe him a Clyster. *Enst.*

Bodies and Shields they spurn and trample o're,
 The chafed Axle's stain'd with purple Gore :
 The carved Rails, which grac'd the Hero's Seat,
 Sprinkled with dashing Horses Heels were wet.
 He furiously amongst the thickest flew,
 And breaking through their Squadrons many slew
 With his strong Spear, his Sword and ponderous
 But still great *Ajax Telamonius* shuns. (Stones:
 And him *Jove* struck with Fear, that he at last
 (m) His seven-fold Shield over his Shoulders cast,
 And, like a wary Panther, gazing round,
 Left (n) step by step his former-gained Ground.
 Or as when Dogs upon a Lion fall,
 With Rustick Swains, to force him from the Stall :
 All Night they watch their Herd, he oft affails,
 And, though by Hunger spurr'd, as often fails;
 For they stand round, well arm'd with Steel & (o) Fire;
 Which makes him, though so terrible, retire
 Early and sad : So with a heavy Heart,
 Griev'd for their Fleet, bold *Ajax* play'd his part.
 As the dull (p) Ass moves through the ranker Wheat,
 Whom Boys untill they break their Truncheons beat,
 Yet feeds he on, not minding childish Blows,
 And hardly forth, though highly feasted, goes :
 So thick at him the Foe their Spears discharge,
 Which like a Tempest thunder on his Targe.
 Yet sometimes *Ajax* boldly fac'd about,
 And Squadrons did of forward *Trojans* rout :
 And sometimes turning made a fair Retreat,
 Yet suffer'd none to pass unto the Fleet.
 Betwixt both Armies oft he rushing stands :
 Some well-aim'd Javelins, thrown from warlike Hands,
 Stuck on his Shield, some fixed in the Ground,
 Who long'd to banquet in a bleeding Wound.

When

(m) To defend him from the Arrows and Darts which the *Trojans* sent after him.

(n) Gr. *πρὸ γυρδὸς ἀνέλκω*, changing Knee with Knee, that is, not promoting his right Leg a second time, till he had brought up his left and set it down by it : which kind of progressive motion Aristotle calls *ἄν' αὐτῷ*, Pliny *pedatim*, foot by foot. By this Homer setteth forth the slow and unwilling Retreat of *Ajax*, who in his Flight also resembled the Lion, who flies still *ἀποτρέποντα*, or, as Homer here, *ἐντροχάων*, turning him oft about, and shewing himself to his pursuers.

(o) *ὃν ἔχουσιν τῶν ἀσπερδαμυχέων ὀπποῦν*, *ἡλίου δὲ ἔχουσιν*, The Lion, saith *Alian*, by reason of his great innate and inward Heat and Fire, fears and flies the outward : and thence with the *Agyptians* he is sacred and consecrate to *Vulcan* and the *Sun*, who is hotter in no one Sign of the Zodiack then in the Lion. *Gesner* saith, that the Sharpness of his Sight is the cause that he abominates Fire; whence such as hunt him make use of Fire-brands. Of which his Fear, thus *Oppian*;

Ἐξ ὧν δὲ δέδοται περὶ μὲν ὀφθαλμοῦ λέει, οὐδ' ἐμὲν ὅν τετλῶν ἀσπερδαμυχέων ὀπποῦν.

Only from Fire the shaggy Lion flies,
 Nor dares behold those Flames with open Eyes.

And this *τὸ ἐνδοχρὸν ἢ οἷς πυρῶδες*, this ingent Heat of his is the cause that *ἔσθ' μὲν κοιμῶντος, ἔσθ' πλὴν ὄντος*, that he sleeps with his eyes open, and is born seeing, which no Creature else is, as *Democritus* affirms. *Enst.*

(p) He resembles *Ajax* to a Lion, *ἡ δὲ τὸ ἡρώδες*, for his Gallantry; to an Ass, *ὡς τῷ ἄσπυρῳ*, for his enduring : *κοιμῶντος δὲ ὁ ἄσπυρ ὡς ὄντος*, *ἄσπυρτος δὲ ἐκείνῳ ὡς ὄντος*, for falling on as a Lion, he retreats leisurely as an Ass. *Enst.* To the first, to a Lion, desirous of Flesh, but not encountering; to the second, to an Ass, forced out a-field, but first satisfied.

When bold ^(q) *Eurypylus*, *Euemon's* Son,
His Danger saw, up straight the Hero ran
Him to assist. He boldly did advance,
And threw at Prince *Apisaon* his Launce.

^(r) His Liver pierc'd, his Soul dislodged flies,
And his bright Arms became the Victor's Prize.

When *Paris* saw that he his Spoils had got,
He drew his Bow, and at the Hero shot,
In his right Thigh breaking the barbed Flight.
Great Anguish him enforc'd to leave the Fight.

When thus aloud he calls; *Greek* Princes, stay,
Left this to *Ajax* prove a fatal Day.
Whom, overwhelm'd with Spears, unless you give
Sudden Assistance, we shall ne'r relieve.
Turn some for shame, and *Telamonius* aid.
Thus to the *Greeks* the wounded Hero said.

They face about, preparing for the Charge:
Each from his Shoulder takes his ponderous Targe,
And bracing't on, their Spears in posture set.
Stout *Ajax* drawing off the Squadron met,
And joyning with them up with them he came.
All straight engag'd, and fought like ^(s) raging Flame:
Whilst *Nestor's* speedy Horses in a Foam
Brought from the Field him and *Machaon* Home.

Achilles, standing on his lofty Stern,
Beheld them driving off, and could discern
The puzzled *Greeks* but weak Resistance make;
Then to *Patroclus* call'd, his Mind to break;
Who left his Tent hearing *Pelides* Tongue:
From whence the Source of his Misfortune sprung:

Why calls my Prince, he said? what's to be done?
Then he reply'd, Dearest *Menæti* Son,
Now sure the *Greeks* will make Address to me,
Forc'd by invincible Necessity.

(q) *Eustathius* observes that *Eurypylus* came to *Ajax's* Rescue uncall'd, ὡς δ' Ἀϊάων πρὸς τὸν ἑλπίσαντα τὸν ἑλπίσαντα, is becoming not *Ajax* to call out for Help, as did *Ulysses*.

(r) *Gr.* Ἡπαρ καὶ καρδιά, that is, the *Diaphragma*, as *Plato* first called it; as those that came after, ὁπώρας, for that this Membrane being full of Nerves, the Brain much sympathizeth with it, inasmuch as the Inflammation of this part is accompanied with a Phrensy. *Eust.* & *Did.*

(s) That is, either with Courage and Resolution, ἡμῶν πνεύσει καρπία ἔσσι, of which Fire the Heart is the Hearth; or with mutual Slaughter, from the destructive quality of that Element: Fire in the same sense as *Hesiod* useth it, in his comparison of a good and evil Wife, *Erg.* 700.

Ὁ μὲν γὰρ πρὸς γυναικὸς ἀνὴρ ἀνέστη ἀμεινον
τῆς ἀγαθῆς ἢ δ' αὖτε κακῆς ἢ ἴσμεν ἄλλο,
δεινολόγος, ἢ τ' ἀνδρὸς καὶ ἰσχυρὸν περὶ ὄντα
εὖναι ἀπορὸν δαλῆ, καὶ ὁμῶς γῆρας δύναι.

A good Wife the best Purchase is, the worst
A bad: a gadding Gossip, or a curst,
Wastes without Fire her Husband in his prime,
Delivers him up to Age before his time.

Go,

Go, and ask *Nestor*, who in's Chariot
Wounded he now with him from Battell brought.
Behind he seem'd *Machaon* : such a Pace
His Horses ran, I could not see his Face.

This said, with Speed from thence *Patroclus* went.
When they arriv'd at ancient *Nestor's* Tent,
They straight alighted on th' all-fostering Earth.
Eurymedon, his Charioteer, came forth,
And from the Chariot takes the weary Steeds.
They near the Ocean dry'd their sweaty Weeds.
Which done, to cool Retirements they repair'd,
Where ⁽¹⁾ *Hecamede* a Cordial prepar'd.
Old *Nestor* her (*Arsinous* Child) enjoy'd,
After *Achilles* *Tenedos* destroy'd :

Which choicer Gift they did for him select,
So much did they his Parts and Worth respect.
First she for them a curious Table plac'd,
With Eben Feet and antique Carvings grac'd :
^(u) An Onion in a stately Charger set,
With Honey, and the Seed of sacred Wheat : (*boft*,
Next brought the Old man's ^(x) Bowl, with Gold in-
Which had four Handles wrought with mighty Cost.
On each two golden ^(y) Pigeons fought their Food,
And on two Feet the ample Goblet stood :
Which fill'd with Wine few hardly could lift up,
Yet he himself at pleasure rais'd the Cup.
In this ^(z) old *Pramnian* Wine the Lady puts,
And with a brazen Knife in Slices cuts
A Goats-milk Cheese, which in the Bowl she throws,
And purest Flow'r o're all the Mixture strows ;
Then bids them drink : about the Goblet trouts.
Then, having quench'd their Thirst and chear'd their
With various Discourse their Time they spent, (Souls,
Untill *Patroclus* drew into the Tent.

Him

(1) All the Hero's, *Menelaus* excepted, had their Concubines ; *Nestor* also, as old as he was, and *Phanix* : for not being debauched, but temperate, in their Youth, they were healthfull and able in their Old age. *Eust.*

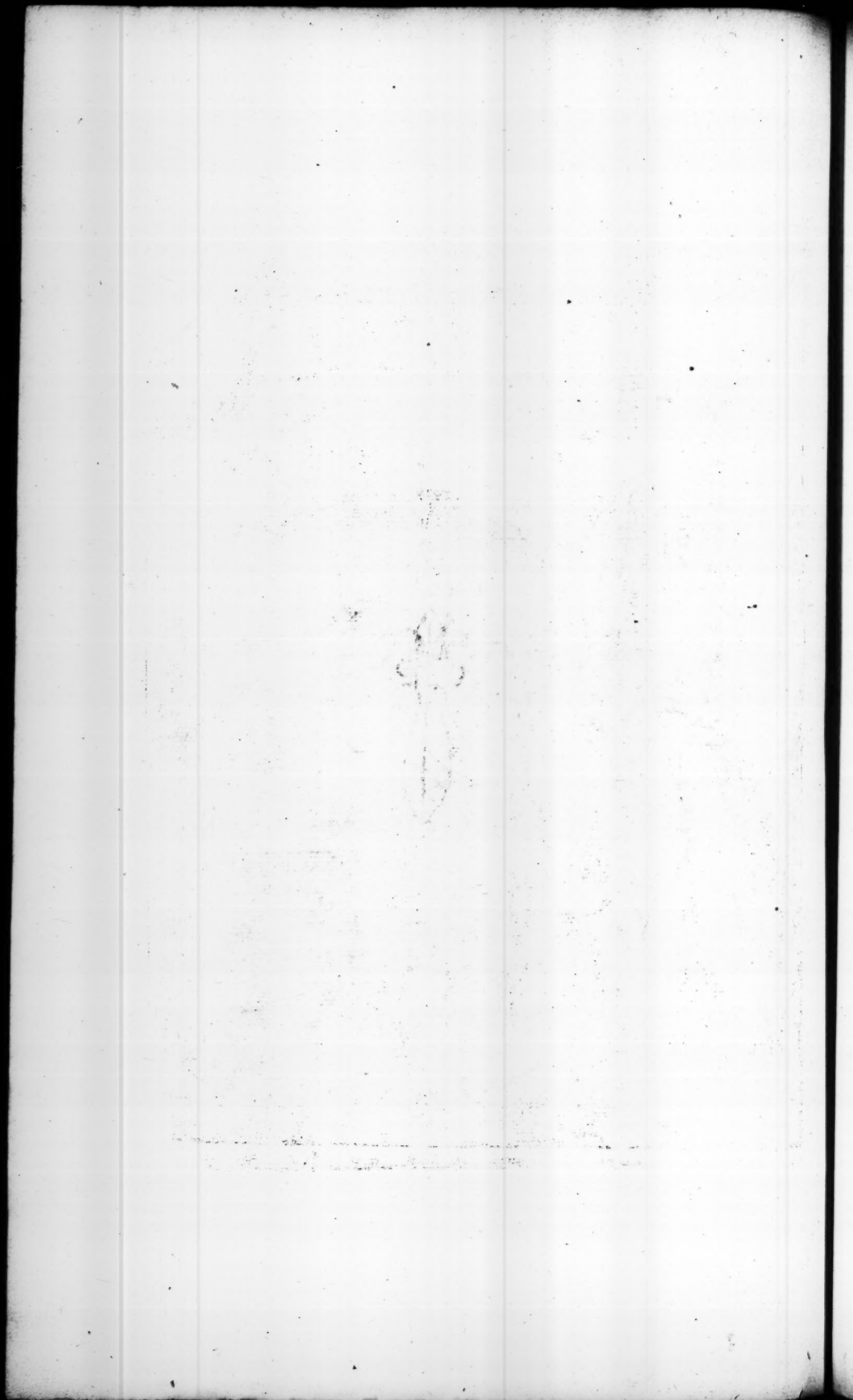
(u) Gr. *κεφάλιον, ποτὶ ὄψον*, that is, to make them relish their Drink ; the Ancients calling all Viands ὄψον, that is, Sauce, save Bread onely, they all serving to cause us to eat that the more savourly, Bread being the Staff of Life : onely *Salsapit omnia*, Salt gives that too a Relish, and all things else. And these they called ὄψον, not that they are them onely in the Evening, but because the feeding upon Flesh, and all things but Bread, was a more novel practice, men living at first upon the Fruits onely of the Earth. Others say he calls it ποτὶ ὄψον, because the Onion being hot procures Thirst, and rectifies superfluous and peccant Humours in the Body, and dries them up. *Eust.* and *Did.* Besides, being Diureticall, it prevents Fevers, incident to such as be wounded, and is prescribed to be taken presently by such as are bitten by a mad Dog. *Eust.* *Plutarch* saith that *Machaon* drunk of this Potion of *Hecamede's* preparing, of whose Ingredients some were *φασγανισματα*, others *φασγανισμα* either to shew the slowness of his Hurt, or the greatness of his Art, that taking things contrary, he could notwithstanding cure himself. *Plut. lib. de Homero.*

(x) Some make this Cup of *Nestor's* a description of the World. It was after presented to *Diana*, and preserved in her Temple at *Capua* in *Campania*.

(y) By *πλειάδες* here some understand not Pigeons, but that Constellation called the *Pleiades* ; of which, as also for the Figure of this Cup of *Nestor's*, consult *Athenaeus* l. 11. One calling this Cup *Mars* his Vial, another called it a silver Well.

(z) Or *Pramnian* Wine, from *Præmna* a Mountain in *Ithaca* ; where Vines first were planted. Others derive its name from its lasting, *ὡς πέτρῃ παραμυθίω* *ἡντινείων*.





Him *Nestor* first espying straight arose,
And leading in, desir'd him to repose.
But he refusing modestly thus said;

By no means, noble *Nestor*, me persuade.
Who most I love, most honour and admire,
Imploy'd me hither, that I should inquire
What wounded Prince thou brought'st along with
Now since my Friend *Machaon* 'tis, I see, (thee.
This to *Æacides* I straight must tell,
And beg your Pardon; for you all know well
His ^(†) hasty Nature, who will lay the Blame
Still upon me, although I faultless am.

Then *Nestor* thus; And will *Achilles* no
Compassion on our wofull Army show?
The *Grecians* Sufferings little he resents.
Our prime Commanders wounded in their Tents
Disabled lie: there *Diomed* he may view,
Wise *Ithacus*, great *Agamemnon* too,
And there *Eurypylus* shot in the Thigh
With barbed Steel; and now another, me,
Hurt with a cruel Shaft, brought off the Field.
Yet he nor cares, nor will Assistance yield.
Staies he till they upon our Navy fall
With hostile Fire, and there destroy us all?
Much I am alter'd from what I was young:

^(†) Ah! would I were as youthfull now and strong,
As when 'twixt *Pylus* and the *Elean* State
Wrongs Peace transform'd to War, and Love to Hate.
Itymoneus, (who in *Elis* dwelt)
Rescuing their Cattell, first my Fury felt.
Amongst the foremost with my well-aim'd Dart
Through all his Arms I pierc'd him to the Heart.
He falln, the Rusticks fly: We thence convey
In Triumph to our Walls a glorious Prey.

L I

To

(†) Parallel to this is the Character which *Horace* gives him in his *de Arte*,

*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura negas sibi nata, nihil non arrogas
Armis.*

(†) *Neleus* the Son of *Neptune*, having an excellent Breed of Horses, sends them to *Elis*, to a Race appointed by *Augeas*; where winning the Prize, *Augeas* seizeth the Steeds, and dismisses their Riders. *Neleus* dissembling the Affront, his youngest Son *Nestor*, getting an Army together, enters *Elis*, regains the Horses, and returns with a great Booty.

(†) This was done before *Nestor's* Expedition against the *Eleans*, onely *Homer* purposely disturbeth the true and natural order of Transactions, this being more according to Art, and more taking with the Auditor: those that are Masters in Poetry telling us, that whereas Τὰ ἐν τοῖς ἀρχαίοις ἐστὶν ἀντι-ζημάτων ἀπὸ ἀρχῆς ἐντέλως ἐπὶ τῷ ἀφί-γητον ἵστα, ἀμβλυτέρῃ καὶ ἡσυχῇ τὴν ἀνέστα-σιν τὸ ἐν τῇ ἀρχαίᾳ ἀρχαίᾳ, ἡδύ-ειν τε καὶ ἐναρμονιώτερον, In long Narra- tions to proceed orderly from the Begin- ning of an Action to its End and Issues, flatters the Relation it self, and tires out the Patience of the Hearer: to begin with the most busie and remarkable pas- sages, keeps not onely up the gran- deur and height of a Story, but con- tents the Auditor, and commands his Attention. So *Eustathius*.

(a) *Hercules*, *Angeas* refusing to reward him for cleansing his Stables, which was the tenth of his Oxen, say- ing that he did it upon *Eurystheus* Com- mand, and not willingly, or set a-work by him, chose *Phyleus*, *Angeas's* own Son, to be Umpire between them, who, giving Sentence for *Hercules*, was forced by his Father to fly his Country. This *Hercules* after subduing bestowed upon *Phyleus*, sending for him to *Dulichium*, where he lived retir'd. There be- ing a great Scarcity of men, for that many perished in this War, *Hercules* makes his Army accompany with the Widows of them that were slain, and founds the *Olympick Games* at *Elis* in honour of his Father *Jupiter*. *Eust.*

(l) These were the Sons of *Nep- tune*, reputedly onely of *Astor*: they had two Heads, four Hands, and as many Feet, and thence had the better in all Fights, and Games or Exercises. *Hercules* being not able to overcome them by Strength, supplanted them cunning- ly, laying an Ambush for them, and so destroying them. *Did.* Of which thus *Pindar*, — Πρωτόδωρον

Πέρον Κρέατον ἀμύμανα.

Πέρον δ' Εὐρύτην ὡς Ἀδελφὸν ἀδελφῶν,

"Αλκὸν δ' ἐκὼς μωδὸν ὑπέρβιον

Πρωτόδοτον, λόχμαστον δὲ δουρὸς ἀσας

Ἵπὸ Κλεωνῶν, δάμασσι καὶ κεί-

ναις Ἡρακλῆος ἐπ' ἐδῶ,

"Οπ' οὐδὲ ποτὲ

Τρωάδων ἱερὰς αὐτῷ σέβων,

Μυρσίον αὐμῶν "Ανδρῶν,

Μολίωνες ὑπερβίοι. *Olymp. Ode 10.*

where he *Cteatus* and *Eurytus* slew,

After proud *Angeas* his due

Deny'd to pay for Stables purg'd.

Shelter'd near the way

In *Cleon* Groves he lay

Close in Ambuscade,

To seek Revenge of former causes urg'd,

Because the haughty *Molions* had

Near *Elis* Walls the hap

His Army to entrap,

And routing quite

Them slaughter'd, took, or put to flight.

To fifty Herds as many Flocks did joyn
Of fleecy Sheep, fat Goats, and bristly Swine;
Thrice fifty pregnant Mares, whose Milk supply'd
As many Foals, each tripping by their Side:
These we to *Neleian Pylus* drove by Night,
Which much my ancient Father did delight,
Glad I so young this great Exploit had done.
Next Morn the Heralds by the rising Sun
Warn'd all that had in (†) *Elis* Money due.
The *Pylian* Princes straight together drew,
Sharing the Spoils according to their Debt.
Us at that time did many Woes beset:
Whom (a) *Hercules* had in sad Condition left,
And all our primer Youth of Life bereft.
Twelve valiant Sons my Father *Neleus* had:
I onely live, and all the rest are dead.
The proud *Epeians*, seeing us thus low,
Daily contriv'd our Citie's Overthrow.
For to their Herds and Flocks my Father had gone,
Three hundred Head of Cattel seizing on,
Summs to discount to him in *Elis* due,
For four Race-horses and their Chariot too,
Whom, for the Prize, a *Tripod*, thither sent,
Their King *Angeas* seiz'd upon, and sent
Their Guider home with a full heavy Heart.
For this the Old man (angry) took his Part,
And all the rest distributes, taking care
That every one should have his rightfull Share.
Then to the Gods our Sacrifice we pay'd.
But the third day they a strong Party made,
Led by two (b) *Molions*, Youths who yet had not
In bloody Conflicts Fame for Prowess got.
Upon a rising Hill *Thryoeffa* stood,
On sandy *Pylian* Borders, by the Floud

Of sweet *Alpheus* : here close Siege they lay,
 When they had scour'd the Champaign every way.
Pallas by Night glides through Heav'n's starry Arch,
 Commanding us to muster, arm, and march.
Neleus from me my Steeds and Arms conceal'd,
 Unfit, he thought, to venture in the Field.
 The ready *Pylians* drawn in Bodies up
 March, and on foot I led a gallant Troup,
Minerva kindly me conducting on.
 Where ^(c) *Minyus* Streams into the Ocean run,
 Near to ^(d) *Arena*, there our Army lay,
 In expectation of the rising Day.
 From thence by Noon our *Pylian* Forces came,
 And up we drew close by *Alpheus* Stream.
Jove's Altars there with sacred Rites we fill'd,
 Two ^(e) Bulls for *Neptune* and *Alpheus* kill'd ;
 A Heifer next *Minerva* we present :
 Then all the Army to their Supper went.
 Compleatly arm'd we lay in order'd Ranks
 Upon the pleasant Rivers flowry Banks.
 Th' *Epeians* hop'd the City they should take ;
 They first a greater Work must undertake.
 We, when the Sun on Earth's dark Surface shin'd,
 Imploring *Jove* and *Pallas*, Battell joyn'd.
 Soon as both Sides engag'd their utmost Force,
Idomeneus slew, his Chariot seiz'd and Horse,
 Who did *Augeas* eldest Daughter wed,
 (That ^(f) skilfull Simpler, beauteous *Agamede*.)
 He fain in Dust I to his Seat did vault,
 And a new Champion in his Chariot fought.
Epeians fly disperfed through the Plain,
 Beholding thus their valiant Leader slain.
 I like a Storm came on, or swallowing Beach,
 And fifty Chariots took ; ^(g) two men in each

(c) This River was called, faith *Strabo*, ἀργεῖον ποταμὸν. It was so called from the *Minyans* which came thither with *Chloris* the Mother of *Nesfor*.

(d) There were two Towns of this name, one in *Messene*, another in *Triphylia*. *Steph. Byzant.*

(e) They sacrificed a Bull to the River, ἢ βλαύς ἐστι, τὸς κίεαν ἀναβάντων τὸν γλῶ, because of the strength of his Horns, with which he tears up the Earth. Hence Mythologists interpret *Hercules* his breaking one of *Achelous* his Horns, fighting him in the shape of a Bull, his divesting or cutting off one of his Channels, that River having two before.

(f) The Country about *Elis* was πολυπλοκάμη, abounded in all kind of *Simples*. Hence *Medea*, flying *Athens* for fear of *Egeus*, having prepared a Potion for *Theseus*, resided here, and practised her Art of Sorcery.

(g) Every Chariot carried two, the ἑνὸς αὐτοῦ, he that fought from it, and the ἡνίοχος, he that drove it; whence it was called *hippos*, and *hiochos*.

Fell by my Spear, and dying bit the Ground.
Old *Actor's* Sons had then like Mercy found,
But *Neptune* pleas'd them in a Cloud to save.
So *Jove* to us a signal Victory gave.
The Foe we chas'd, slaught'ring, and plund'ring Arms
Untill we reach'd *Buprasium's* fertile Farms,
Th' *Olenian* Rock and *Alese* spacious Field.
There *Pallas* stopp'd us, and no more I kill'd.
Our men their Steeds back from *Buprasium* drove
To sacred *Pyle*, and there gave Thanks to *Jove*
Above all Gods; to *Nestor* 'bove all Men.
So much was I in Estimation then.

But great *Achilles* the Fruition
Of his own Vertues loves to take alone.
Sure when our Armie's lost, he needs must grieve.
Your Father, Sir, did graver Counsel give,
When you he first to *Agamemnon* sent :
I and *Ulysses* heard each Document.
When Men to raise we went from Court to Court,
And, 'mongst the rest, to *Peleus* made Resort;
There in his Palace we *Menætiüs* found,
'Thee, and *Achilles*, now so much renown'd.
In the base Court *Peleus* the brawny Thighs
Of Beeves to thundring *Jove* did sacrifice;
And rich Wine from a golden Goblet pour'd
On sacred Victims, which the Flames devour'd.
But we meanwhile did in the Portall stand,
Till us *Achilles* taking by the Hand
Led friendly in, desiring we would sit;
For Strangers Entertainment all things fit
Before us plac'd. When feasted to the height,
There to this War you both I did invite :
Both willing were. Then both your Fathers grave
Advice to you, b'ing well experienc'd, gave.

Peleus

Peleus his daring Son *Achilles* charms,
Never to be out-done in Feats of Arms.
And thus *Menatius* did admonish thee :

Son, though *Achilles* thy Superiour be,
And stronger much ; yet thou the Eldest art,
And prudent Counsel may'st to him impart :
Thou may'st command him, and shalt be obey'd,
When him to what is good thou dost persuade.

These Precepts now are in Oblivion drown'd.
But to *Achilles* this thou may'st propound,
And some kind Power may make him condescend :
For powerfull are th' Advices of a Friend.
If any Oracle his Mind dissuade,
Or ought from *Jove* his Goddess-Mother said ;
Yet thee he out may with his Squadrons send :
So thou the *Greeks* from Ruine may'st defend.
If thou but in *Achilles* Arms appear,
The *Trojans* will retreat, surpriz'd with Fear.
Then the distressed *Greeks* may breath a while,
And find some Respite, weary'd out with Toil.
Fresh Souldiers may at ease the Foe defeat
With Duty tir'd, and drive them from the Fleet.

These Words in him so deep Impression made,
That his Return *Patroclus* nought delay'd.
Now when he reach'd *Ulysses* Vessel, where
They sat in Council, and their Markets were,
Where ^(b) sacred Altars were in order set,
There sad *Eurypylus* he wounded met,
Halting from th' Field : Sweat in a brinie Floud
Ran down his Head and Shoulders ; purple Bloud
In Streams as ample issued from his Wound :
Yet still his Heart was good, his Judgment sound.
Whose Chance *Patroclus* pitying, much dismay'd,
Thus with an undissembled Sorrow said ;

(b) Here every God had his peculiar Altar, erected him by the Nations by whom they were worshipped.

O *Græcian* Princes, you most wretched are,
 Who from your Friends and Native Country far
 Must Banquets be for Dogs and Birds of Prey.
 But tell me, dear *Eurypylus*, oh! say
 Whether the *Greeks* can stand *Hector*, or all
 That him oppose must by his Javelin fall.

Then he reply'd; No longer can we make
 Resistance, but our Navy they will take.
 Now at our Fleet those who most valiant are
 Lie wounded by the various Chance of War:
 And still the *Trojans* gather fresh Supply.
 Oh! help, and draw this Arrow from my Thigh;
 And with ⁽ⁱ⁾ warm Water wash away the Gore,
 Then Balm infuse that may the Limb restore.
 Such Skill, they say, you from *Achilles* got,
 Whom *Chiron*, that renowned *Centaur*, taught.
 For *Podalirius* and *Machaon*, who
 Such great Physicians are and Surgeons too,
 One in his Tent sore wounded lies, although
 He skilfull be, the other stands the Foe
 In cruel Fight. Then said *Menæti*us Son;

How may this be? or how shall this be done?
 For I from *Nestor* now a Message have
 Unto *Achilles*; yet I would not leave
 Thee in such Misery, *Patroclus* said,
 And him embracing tenderly convey'd
 To his own Tent, whose Servants took him in,
 And lay'd him softly on ^(k) a Bullock's Skin.
 He from his Thigh the deadly Arrow got
 Out with an Instrument, with Water hot
 Wash'd off the clotted Blood; then neatly bruise'd
^(l) A bitter Root, whose healing Juice infus'd,
 He sudden Ease from its great Virtue found,
 Which stanch'd the blood, & clos'd the gaping Wound.

HOMER'S

(i) *Ναρόν*, that is, *εὐκράτον*, moderately warm'd; hot Water easing the Pain for the time, but procuring a greater Efflux of Blood; and cold Water chilling the Wound, and repelling the Spirits.

(k) These Hides being the common Couches whereon the Heroes repos'd, *Eustathius* conceives they had something in them more than ordinary, then other Skins, and that he thinks to be their Softness, contracted by the Currier's dressing them; whereas those of the common Souldier were raw and undressed.

(l) This Herb some will have to be *Aristolochia*, called also *Ischemon*, *Birchwort*; others *Millefolium*, *Tarrow*, which *Pliny* saith was called *Achilleia*, as being found out by him: it mitigateth Pain and stauncheth Bleeding. Hence the *Scholias*t observes that the ancient Latineall Art was merely Botanical, by Roots and Herbs.



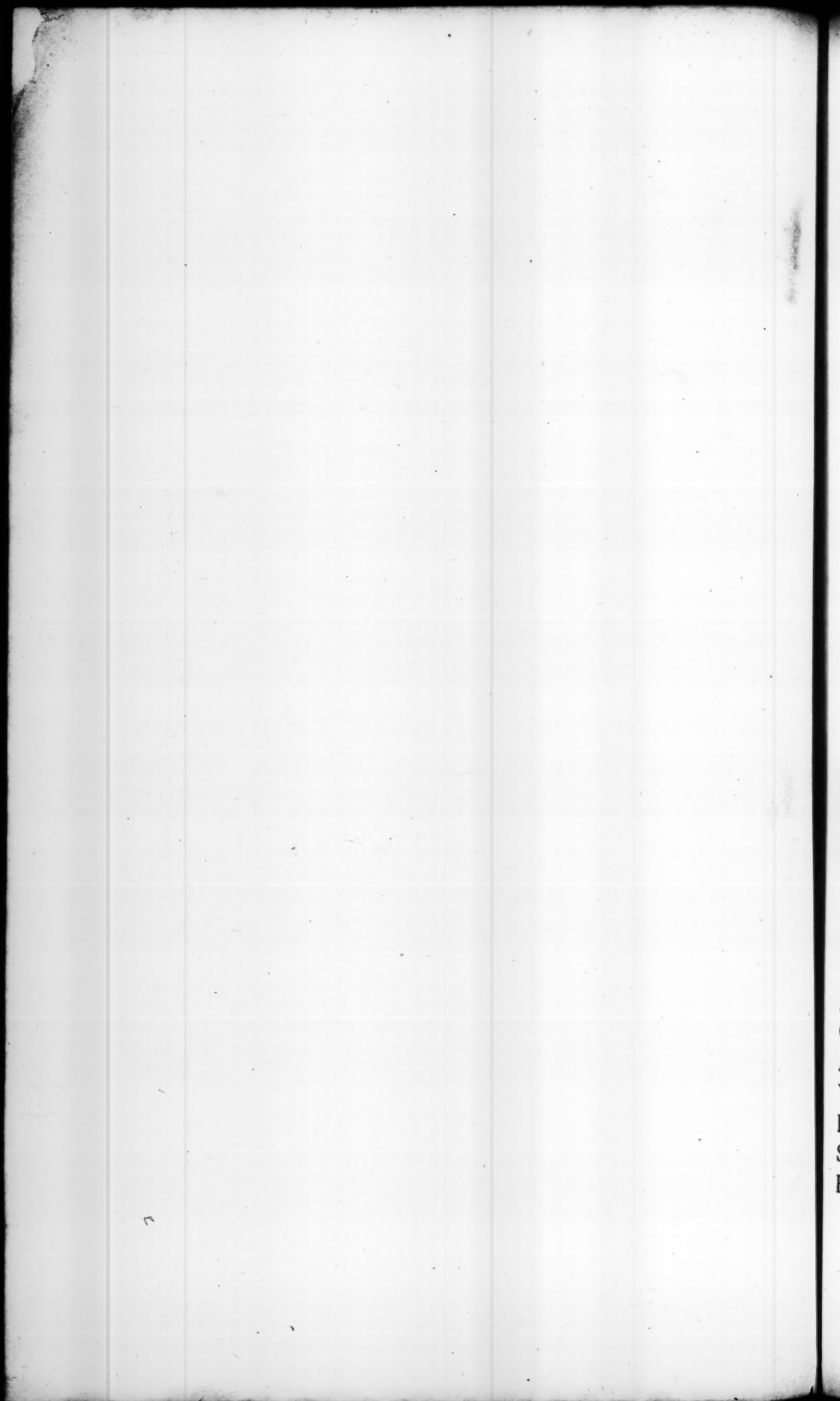
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Do. Johāni Cutler de Harwood
Ebor. Equiti & Bar^o. Tabulam



et Gauthroup Comitatu
hanc. L.M. D.D.D.
10

Libra 2. 144





HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Trojans resolve on Foot their Camp to take.
The Battell of the Eagle and the Snake
Stops them attempting, as a bad Presage.
 Polydamas forbids them to engage.
The Lycians boldly the first On-set give,
Whom Hector and his Regiments relieve.
He batters down their Gates, and mounts their Walls;
And the whole Army on the Navy falls.

THus he the Anguish of his Wound
 asswag'd;
 Whilst in mixt Parties *Greeks* and *Tro-*
jans rag'd.

No longer now could Trenches, Walls, nor Banks,
 Beat off bold *Hector* and his conquering Ranks,
 Which they (yet to the Gods no Offering gave)
 Rais'd high, their purchas'd Spoils and Fleet to save.
 (a) Works which, though wondrous, rear'd without their
 A little Time did easily supplant. (Grant,
 Yet during *Hector's* Life, *Achilles* Chafe,
 King *Priam's* being in his City safe,
 So long these *Græcian* Walls did firm remain.
 But many Chiefs being on both Sides slain,

When

(a) *Homer* onely (saith the *Scholi-*
ast) erected this Fortification, and
 that purposely to honour *Apollo*, slight-
 ing it presently again, lest he should
 be prov'd a Liar; Posterity not obser-
 ving any Remains of it, or so much as its
 Ruines. Some make this Wall to be
 overthrowen with a Deluge and Earth-
 quake, the one caused by *Jupiter*, or
 the Sun, he being *νεφεληγερέτης* the o-
 ther by *Neptune*, & *Γενετήριος ἡ ἐννοχίας* &c.
Eust.

(1) By Hills understand the severall *área* or *Tops* of *Ida*, which were four, *Lettum*, *Phalacra*, *Gargarius*, and *Sigeum*; of which two had Cities upon them of their own name, viz. *Gargarius* and *Sigeum*, of which last *Enst.* hath this Story: A witty Wench, and Lady of Pleasure, meeting with an impertinent Companion, one that was extreme talkative, he telling her that he came from the *Hellepont*, the demands of him, how it happened that coming thence he repaired not to the principal Town: whereupon he inquiring which she replies, *as Sigeon*, to *Sigeum*; so flouting him for his lavish Tongue, the word importing *Silence*.

(c) So named from the many Circuits it fetches about *Cale pence*, which it compasseth (so *Strabo* tells us) seven times.

(d) Called also *Rhebas*.

(e) The same with *Scamander*, so called for that it quenched *Hercules* Thirst, so *ῥιγματον ἀνδρὸς πικρὸν ποταμὸν ὕδατος*, easing his Labour.

(f) Which, falling into *Æsepus*, is called after *Pitys*.

(h) *ἑννήμερ*, nine days, which some read *ἑνήμερ*, one, making so much shorter work of it, and that the better to save the reputation of their Gods; it no little derogating from their Power, to be nine daies demolishing that which the *Greeks* erected in one.

(1) *Ἐννομή*. For whereas all other Naturalists imputed Earthquakes to Wind pent up in the Caverns of the Earth, tearing and rending her Entrails to find a Vent, the most ancient of the *Greeks* ascribe the cause of it to *Neptune*, to Water contained in some greater quantity and impetuously born, forcing continually and beating against it, to unbowl it self, and make a Chanell. The *Romans*, not resolved what should cause it, being in all other their Devotions, Rites and Ceremonies most punctual and precise, when they were sensible of an Earthquake themselves, or were told of it by others, though they proclaimed a Cessation from all kind of Work and Labour, forbore yet to nominate any God from whom they held it to be, lest they should possess their people with a false Religion: whence when any had so profan'd those *Ferie*, that there needed an Expiation to be made, he offered his Sacrifice *SI DEO, SI DEÆ*, to whether God or Goddesse; and this according to the Pontifical Directory, *Quoniam & à qua vi & per quem Divum Dearumve Terra tremet incertum esset*. So *A. Gellius*, lib. 2. cap. 28. Of the latter of these Causes (which was the opinion of *Dionysius*, albeit he make a double Motion then of the Earth, as in our Pulse, one caused by the Accession of Rain-water to that under ground, and the Veberation of both to find some Receptacle or make a Passage; the other by the Recession and Attraction of the by the drier parts and Cavities of the Earth) thus *Lucretius*:

in primis Terram fac ut esse rearis

Sulter item, ut supera 'st, Ventis atque undique plenam
Speluncis, multisque Lacus multisque Lacunas
In gremio gerere, & Rupes deruptaque Saxa;
Multaque sub tergo Terræ Flumina tellæ
Voivere vi fluctus, submersaque Saxa putandum 'st, &c.

The reasons now of Earthquakes I'll disclose.

You first her ample Body must suppose
Both under and above to be all one,
With Caves, Lakes, Streams replenish'd, Rocks torn down,
And broken Stones born with the heady force
Of Waters in precipitated course.
She being all one produceth this effect.
These things considered well we may collect,
Earth shakes above from Ruines in her Womb,
Where in fawn Rubbish Caves themselves intomb,
Torn down with Age. Thus shook, whole Mountains fall
And with the Clap a Trembling runs through all.
Which is most clear: so loaden Wagons make,
Jolting along the Streets, our Houses shake.
Each Roof no lesser Trepidations feels
When swift Steeds Chariots draw with iron Wheels.
So a huge piece of Earth torn down with Age
Will without Wind on Lakes make Billows rage.
A Basin full of water totters so,
Until within the Liqueur quiet grow.

Of the former thus:

Est hac ejusdem quoque magna causa Tremoris,
Ventus ubi atque anima subito vis maxima quedam
Aut extrinsecus, aut ipsa à tellure coorta,
In loca se cava Terræ conjecit, ibique
Speluncas inter magnas fremit ante tumultu,
Versabundaque portatur post incita cum vis, &c.

Another cause of Earthquakes we may find.
When a gross Vapour rarifi'd to Wind,
Which from above or else beneath had Birth,
Hath got into vast Caverns of the Earth,
And pent in Dungeons roaring flies about;
Then with strange Violence at last breaks out,
And on the Surface tears a hideous Gap:
As did at *Cydon* and at *Æge* hap.
For with such force th' abortive Issue goes,
It shakes whole Cities, many Walls o're-throws;
And many Towns, their People, Coin and Goods,
Sunk in the Sea, are swallow'd in the Flouds.
And though it break not forth, such is the Force
And raging Strength in its impetuous Course,
Dispers'd each-where through numerous Crannies, that
It puts the Earth into a trembling fit.
As in an Ague when our Limbs grow chill,
We are inforc'd to shake against our will.

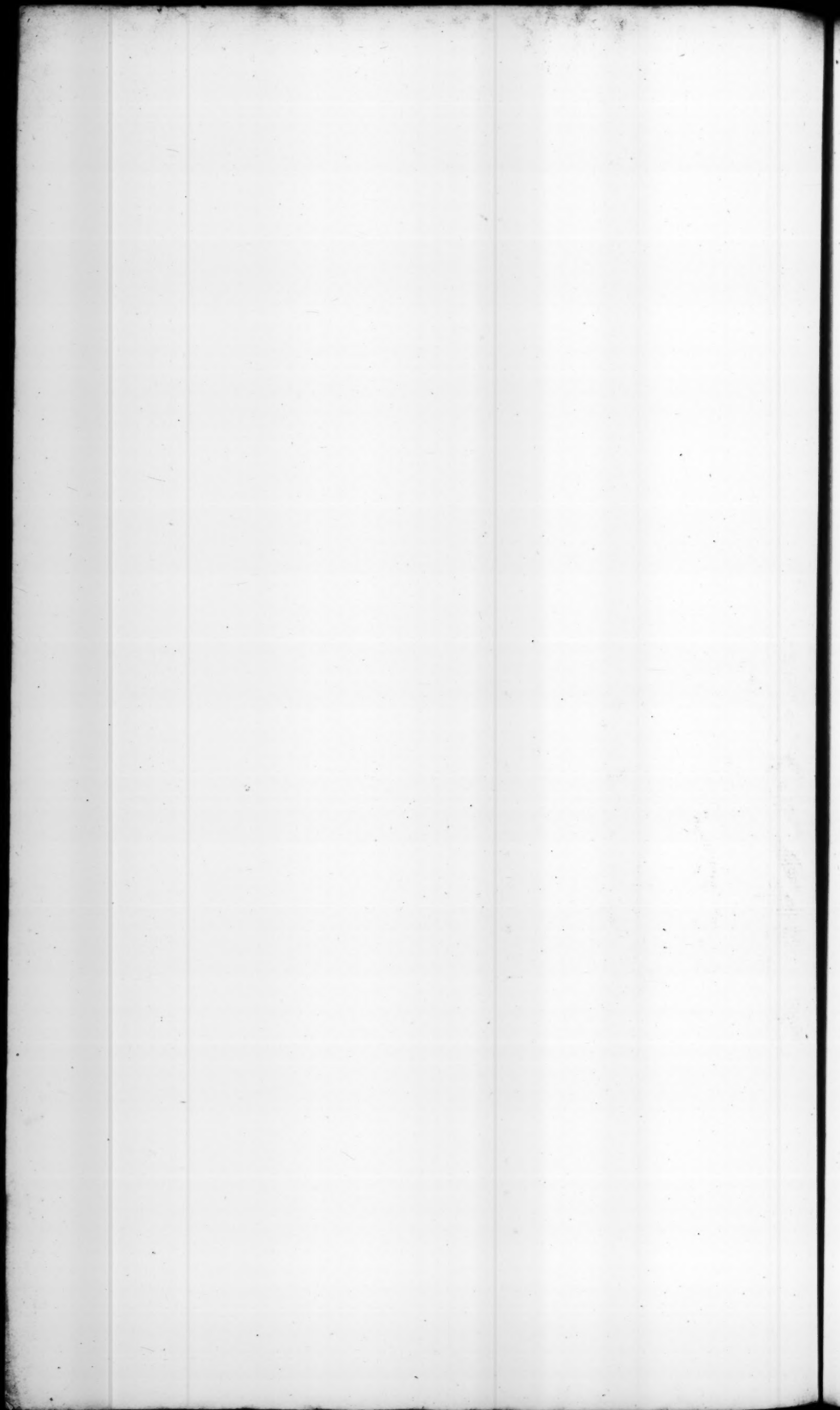
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Dom. Reale de Steve
Guerre de l'année



Sardone in Com. Notté
l'année I. M. D. D. D. I. O.



Till their proud Tow'rs were levell'd with the Main,
And spreading Sands invest their own again;
Then bids his Waves back to their Chanell run.
This was by *Neptune* and *Apollo* done.

But now these Walls the valiant *Trojans* round
With Arms beset, and batter'd Tow'rs resound.
The *Gracians*, down by *Jove's* Chastisement brought,
For Preservation, not for Conquest, fought.
They *Hector's* Prowess fear, his Force admire,
Who like a Whirlwind charg'd, or raging Fire.
As when a Lion or a Boar in Chace,
Trusting his Strength, will Dogs and Huntsmen face:
They, in defensive Posture standing, throw
Whole Show'rs of well-aim'd Javelins 'gainst the Foe:
His valiant Heart all Terrour doth disdain,
He knows not Fear, whose Valour proves his Bane;
But oftner his Pursuers he defeats,
And where he chargeth the whole Troup retreats:
So *Hector* turn'd, and through the *Trojan* Ranks
Encouraged his Friends to leap the Banks.
But their swift Steeds durst not goe on, but shrink,
And Neighing stood upon the rising Brink.
Deep Precipices sunk on either side,
With Ranks of Palisado's fortify'd,
Deterred them: the Stakes were strong and large,
To break the Fury of a sudden Charge;
Impossible with Chariots to be storm'd.
Such Work on Foot perhaps might be perform'd.
Then grave *Polydamas* to *Hector* said,
And thus did all the Cavalry persuade;

Fondly you strive, although with able Horse,
To pass these Trenches, and such Works to force:
Thick Palisado's guard th' opposing Bank,
Which Walls defend, and well-mann'd Bulwarks flank:

M m

Charge

Charge here we cannot, such the Streights we see;
 Nor yet retreat, but needs must worsted be.
 If *Jove* intends their Army to destroy,
 And us will as his Instruments employ;
 I wish it done, and that their Names be lost,
 As well as Lives, far from their Native Coast.
 But should they face, and force us to retreat,
 And at these Trenches in Disorder beat;
 I fear scarce one there would be left to tell,
 How re-inforced they upon us fell.
 But let my Counsel at this time prevail:
 On Foot, compleatly arm'd, their Bulwarks scale,
 And let your Servants with your Horses stay,
 And all as one *Hector* our Prince obey.
 Nor shall the daunted Foe our Charge sustain;
 If now their utter Ruine Fates ordain.

This prudent Counsel *Hector's* Judgment charm'd,
 Who from his Chariot leap'd compleatly arm'd.
 His great Example takes, and all with Speed
 Doe what unimitable *Hector* did;
 Ordering their Charioteers to keep their Ranks
 In readiness upon the Hostile Banks.
 Straight they resolv'd, and suddenly array'd,
 And five Brigades as many Chiefs obey'd.
Polydamas and *Hector* had the Power
 Amongst the *Trojans* to select the Flower.
 All strangely zealous undertook the Work,
 To force those Walls where sculking *Græcians* lurk,
 And fight it out to firing of the Fleet.

Hector conceiv'd *Cebriones* most fit
 To be the Third man in his Squadron grac'd,
 And in his Chariot a worse Souldier plac'd.
Agenor next, ^(k) *Paris*, *Alcatbous* lead;

^(l) *Deiphobus* and *Heleus* precede

(k) His Mother, being big of him, dream'd she was delivered of a Fire-brand; whence he was no sooner born then exposed. A Shepherd observing a Bear to suckle him, bred him up. From escaping this untimely End he was called *Paris*; and *Alexander*, from his assisting the Shepherds against wild Beasts and Thieves.

(l) *Deiphobus*, the Son of *Priam*, married *Heleus* after the decease of *Paris*. He was slain by *Menelaus* at the storming of the Town, and his Body cast out unburied, which was metamorphos'd into an Herb called *Accephalos*, of approved virtue against the Diseases of the Spleen. *Enst.*

The third Brigade, both Princes of the Bloud,
 And *Asius*, who from sweet *Selleens* Floud
 Four gallant Horses brought of wondrous Worth.
Anchises valiant Off-spring had the fourth :
Archilochus and *Achamas* took place
 Next him, both valiant, both *Antenor's* Race.
Sarpedon fifth with the Auxiliars goes :
 He ^(m) *Glaucus* and *Asteropæus* chose,
 Who did in Martial Discipline excell
 All but himself ; he had no Parallel.
 Each buckles on his Bull-skin quilted Shield,
 Not from the Service now to be withheld,
 Thinking the Foe could not their Charge withstand,
 But would beyond their Ships out-run the Land.
 The *Trojans* Army thus themselves array'd,
 And bold *Polydamas* grave Advice obey'd.
 But sprightly *Asius* not on Foot would go,
 And leave his Chariot and his Horses so:
 Against their Portalls he with them must run,
 And fondly drive where Death he could not shun ;
 For wofull Fate did entertain him there,
 Slain by *Idomeneus* cruel Spear.
 He charg'd a Passage on the left-hand Side,
 Through which the Foe us'd to the Field to ride.
 To such high Speed his foamy Steeds he put,
 That he was there before their Gates were shut,
 B'ing onely strongly guarded, that they might
 Stragglers receive came flying from the Fight.
 Hither his Course with nimble Steeds he bends ;
 And with loud Clamours his whole Troup attends,
 Bragging the Foe them durst not stand, but they
 The flying *Greeks* should slaughter to the Sea.
 Two *Lapithæ* standing at the Gates they found,
Pirithous Son, so much in Arms renown'd,

(m) *Enstathius*, enquiring why *Sarpedon*, being the Son but of *Bellerophon's* Daughter *Laodamia*, should be preferred to have the Conduct of the *Lycians* before *Glaucus*, who came of *Hippolochus*, *Bellerophon's* Son, answereth, that this was done in honour of his Mother, who, when there was a Contest between her two Brethren, *Isander* and *Hippolochus*, about the Succession, and a Challenge upon it to shoot a Ring hung on the Breast of a Child lying upon his Back, profered them to make the Experiment upon her own. *Enst.*

(n) The *Lapithæ* were a noble Family in *Thessaly*, Enemies to the *Centaurs*, descended from *Lapithæ*, the Son of *Apollo* and *Sijibæ*. These *Pindar* calls *ὑπερβόλους*, for their Resolution and Valour.

Bold *Polypætes*, and conjoyn'd with him
Leontius, whom like *Mars* they did esteem.
 As Oaks that stand accustom'd to sustain
 Affiduous Guts and Deluges of Rain,
 Whose Roots about the Centre fixed are :
 So did these stand, nor more did *Asius* fear,
 Who with his Party fiercely on did march,
 Raising their Shields; Shouts scal'd Heav'n's marble
Iamenus, *Achamas*, *Thoon*, renown'd (Arch.
Orestes, *Oenomaus* do him surround.
 Whilst they within cheer one another up,
 To stand the Fury of so fierce a Troup.
 But when they saw the Enemy draw near,
 The *Græcians* clamour, struck with Panick Fear.
 Those *Lapithæ* before the Portals fought,
 That two wild Boars a man would them have thought,
 Who on the Mountains stand th' approaching Rage
 Of Men and Dogs, and, earnest to engage,
 Their Tusks sharp whet the Enemy to gaunch,
 Tearing intangling Shrubs up Root and Branch :
 Their gnashing Teeth resound, till in the Strife
 One with a Javelin falls depriv'd of Life.
 So glittering Arms on these mens Bosoms rung :
 Stones from above they boldly fighting flung.
 Not onely Stones, some Spears and Javelins throw,
 Which fell as thick as Hail or driven Snow,
 When blustering Winds the feathery Flakes divide,
 And spacious Plains with silver Atomes hide.
 No lesser Show'rs the bold Assailants feel,
 Their Targets thundring under Stone and Steel.
 When raging *Asius* said, and beat his Thighs ;
 Art thou, O *Jove*, the Father too of Lies ?
 I little dream'd the *Greeks*, though valiant, would
 Once stand our Charge; or, if they durst, they could.

But

But they, as Wasps or Bees in numerous Swarms
In dusty Paths build Nests to shield off Harms,
Where they in Posture Pillagers expect,
Resolv'd their Wealth and Offspring to protect;
So these two shrink not, but their Gates maintain,
Fighting untill they taken be or slain.

These Words affected ~~foze~~ no more then Wind;
That great Success for Hector he design'd,
But how each where the Grecian Works were storm'd,
Some God must sing, not else to be perform'd.

(c) Heav'n-kindled Heat on the bold Trojans brought.
The Greeks, though sad, yet for their Navy fought:
And all the Gods who took the Grecians Part
Look'd on the Battell with a heavy Heart.

Whilst on the Lapithe did so fiercely fall,
That their Example Courage gave to all.
There Polypætes, fam'd Pirithous Son,
His Spear quite thorough Damasus Helmet ran;
Nor could his Cask, though strong, the Point restrain,
Untill it made a Medley of his Brain.

Down falls the Hero: after whom he flew
Great Pylon and renowned Ormenus too.

Hippomachus Leonteus Javelin felt,
Furiouſly driven through his massie Belt.

His Sword drawn, at Antiphates then he flew,
Whom rushing through the bloody Fight he flew:

Dead on his Back he lay upon the Ground.
Meno and Iamen like Fortune found.

Next at Orestes furiously he leaps,
And Pile-waies up their slaughter'd Bodies heaps.

Whilst these were busied stripping of the Dead,
Polydamas and valiant Hector led

Their Squadrons on, who bold and many were,
To fire the Fleet, and down their Rampires tear.

But

(c) Gr. *Θαμνδαὶς πυρ*, a fire divinely kindled, by which he expresseth the great Heat and Fury of the Fight, *τὸ θυμὸν ὃ μάλιστα ἀνέβη καὶ γαυροῦντος*. Eust.

(p) *Macrobins*, comparing this Passage of our Poet with the like in *Virgil*, prefers this much before the other; *Virgil* taking notice of the Prey onely and Quarry of the Eagle, &c. but passing over without any the least mention that which was the Life and Soul of the Relation, its *Omen* or *Augury*: whence *Homer's* Verses here, being full of Vigour, Life and Spirit, he resembles *Virgil's* to a dead Corps, or *caput mortuum*. His *prætermisiss* (quod sinistra veniens vincens prohibebat accessum, & accepto à capivo serpente morsu, prædam dolore deiecit, factoque tripudio solistimo cum clamore dolorem testante prætervolat) quæ Animam Parabola dabant, velut exanime in Latinis verbis Corpus remansit. So he lib. 5. cap. 13.

(q) The Augurs of old prognosticated future Events from Fowls or Birds three waies. First, from their manner of Flight or Wing, and Place of their perching: these Birds, as also the Place where they lighted or rested, were called *Præpetes*; to which were opposed those they called *Inferæ*: whence we may conjecture that the lucky Birds were such as *Homer* calls *τυραννίπυγας*, such as having an expanded and able wing made the strongest and highest Flight. The second way was by their Note or Cry: and those Birds they styled *Oscines*. The last from their Meat when they fed them, they observing how it fell, and whether it bounded; and this was term'd *Solistimum tripudium*, à solo, from the Ground. See *A. Gel.*

(r) Naturalists tell us, that there is a natural Antipathy between the Eagle and Dragon, each seeking to destroy the other's Egg; and therefore the Eagle in-counters him where-ever they meet: but the Serpent so winds about him, and pinions his Wings, that many times they come both to ground together. Of the Gratitude of an Eagle freed from such fatal Embraces see *Alian's Hist. Animal.* lib. 17. cap. 36.

But yet they cool'd awhile in drawn-up Ranks,
Making a Halt upon the Trench's Banks.

(p) For they above (q) a soaring Eagle 'Ipy'd
Cutting soft Aire upon their left-hand Side,
Bearing a speckled (r) Serpent yet alive,
Which did for Life and Preservation strive.
This gripes with Pounces, striking with her Beak;
That turning bites with a distorted Neck.
For Anguish then away her Prize she threw,
And down the Wind (her Loss lamenting) flew.
At which the *Trojans* much discourag'd were,
Viewing the coyl'd-up Serpent drop so near:
This Prodigy their Fury much allay'd:
When thus *Polydamas* to *Hector* said;

Me for my Counsel you have often blam'd,
Of which I neither was nor am asham'd.
In Court or Field it none of us behoves
Advice to give which not your Power improves.
But now to speak my Mind I shall not spare.
This Day th'intrenched Enemy forbear:
Much I suspect what the Event may be.
As we this towring Eagle here did see
Grasping a speckled Serpent by us glide
Through yielding Aire on our sinister Side;
And how b'ing worsted down sh' among us flung
A Feast provided for her callow Young:
So should we force our way, and break at length
Down these proud Bulwarks with united Strength,
And to their Ships the routed *Græcians* beat;
Yet we perhaps too swiftly may retreat,
And many of us falling short be slain,
So well they may their Fleet and Camp maintain.
So would a skilfull Augur judging say
That this portends, and th' Army should obey.

Then

Then, frowning on him, *Hector* thus reply'd ;

(i) *Polydamas*, I am not satisfi'd

Nor pleas'd at all with your pretended Skill :

You may advise us better if you will.

But if this as your Judgment you impart,

I am persuaded thou distracted art ;

To say that I should *Jove's* Command neglect,

Whose Grant I have our Army to protect.

Must I mark Birds when they their Wings expand ?

Leave sure Designs upon their Countermend ?

Let them for me to (i) right or left Hand fly,

Where the Sun riseth, or forsakes the Sky ;

Jove's Pleasure we should doe without Delay,

Whom Mortals and immortal Gods obey.

'Tis a good (u) Sign we for our Country fight.

Why should these Omens thee so much affright ?

For in this bold Adventure should we there

Perish each man ; thou hast no cause to fear :

For thou not valiant, thou no Fighter art.

Yet if thou dar'st this Enterprize desert,

Or dissuade others, look not to survive,

For this my Spear shall thee of Life deprive.

This said, he leads ; with Shouts all following march,

And horrid Clamours rend Heav'n's crystall Arch.

Then *Jove*, from *Ide* raising a sudden Gust,

Drove on the Navy a thick Cloud of Dust ;

Which the defensive Party much dismay'd,

As much did *Hector* and the *Trojans* aid.

Chear'd with this Sign, they on like Furies fall,

Storming at once in many parts the Wall.

They seize the Battlements, at Turrets reach,

And tear down jetting Props (to make a Breach)

Lay'd by the *Græcians* to sustain those Tow'rs ; (vours.

Whilst their whole Works their swallowing Hope de-

Nor

(i) *Hercules*, having plundered *Priam*, assailing the Government, sent to consult the Oracle about the present state of Affairs. They that went brought not onely the Response of the God; but his Priest also *Pantheus*, who, wedding *Pronome* the Daughter of *Chytus*, had by her *Polydamas*; whence he taught the Art of Augury. It is affirmed that *Hector* and he were born the same night. *Schol.*

(i) *Δεξιὰ τὴν ἀνατολὴν, αὐτὴν δὲ τὴν ὄψιν, The East in Southsaying or Augury was accounted the right Side of Heaven, the West the left. Did.* But the *Hetrurian* Augurs (and so also Poets) give the right Hand to the North, and to the South the left.

(u) That little credit is to be given to this kind of Divination, appears from that Story of *Messolam* the *Jew*, related by *Josephus*, lib. 1. *cont. Appionem*. A Southsayer commanding the Souldiers to make a Halt till he consulted a Bird, that perch'd close by, concerning the Success of their Expedition; the *Jew*, taking his Bow and Arrows privily with him, kills the Bird before the Diviner could perfect his Observation: whereat he with some others being highly offended; he tells them they were mad men to enquire of that Bird the event of their Affairs, which was altogether ignorant of what so nearly concerned her self, her own so imminent Peril; and who would never have come certainly to that place to be killed by him, had she had any Perception at all, or the least Prevision.

Nor shrunk the *Gracians*, but withstood the Foe,
And from their Bulwarks wounded them below ;
When both the *Ajaxes* themselves bestirr'd,
And on the Turret up their Souldiers chear'd ;
This on with fair Words, that with rougher set.
When they saw any from the Fight retreat,

You (said they) who in *Mars* his School were nurst,
Who-e're is best among you, or who worst,
(Since all in Arms are not improv'd alike)
You all have Hands to shoot, to throw, or strike.
This well you understand, there's no Retreat,
No Hope to be expected at the Fleet,
When at your Heels the threatning Foe you hear :
Therefore stand to't, and one another chear.
Perhaps great *Jove* may us like Favour show,
And we to *Ilium* drive th' insulting Foe.

Thus heightned by these Hero's, with a Shout
Afresh they charg'd, resolv'd to fight it out.
As thick as Flakes of Snow in Winter fall,
When *Jove* sets open his vast Arsenall,
And from the middle Region of the Skie
Dischargeth all his cold Artillery ;
(The blustering Brethren sleep, untill he hides
Mountains high Foreheads and their Rocky Sides,
Covering with fleecy Sheets the fertile Plain ;
Harbours and Shores wax white : but th' ample Main
Swells still in Purple, though the God his Power
Shews in a sharp unintermitted Shower)
So thick the *Greeks* down Stones and Javelins cast,
Which from the *Trojans* upward rain'd as fast.
Shouts scale the Skies. Yet *Hector* and his Mates
Had not prevail'd, and broken down the Gates,
Had not great *Jove* his Son ^(x) *Sarpedon* sent
Against the *Greeks*, who like a Lion went.

(x) He was the Son of *Jupiter* by *Europa*, or, as our Poet, of *Laodamia*, the Daughter of *Bellerophon*. *Jupiter* prolonged his Life to three Ages. *Apolodor. Bib. lib. 3.* But he was not so much engag'd to his Father for his Lease of three Lives, but he is more to *Homer* for transmitting his Memory to all Ages, and that by his Verse. And to this haply *Pindar* relates in that his *Encomium* of Poetry, *Pyth. Ode 3.*

Νέστορ δὲ Λύκιον
Σαρπηδὸν ἀνδρῶπιον φάνη
Ἐξ ἑπὶ καλὰ δει-
νόν, τέκτονος οἷα σαρπεί
Ἄρμενος· γινώσκμεν αὖ
Δ' ἀπὸ κλητοῦς εὐδοκῆς,
Νεστὶα τελέθει
Πάριος δὲ πρὸς ἑὸν ἐμμενέμεν.

Thou may'st observe how *Nestor's* Name
And *Lycian Sarpedon's* Fame
All times from Age to Age rehearse,
Preserv'd in well-composed Verse ;
Such as learn'd Poets write, whose Laies
To Virtue add immortal Praise.
Few to the Hero's Actions give
Such Life as make them ever live.

Before

Before he held his Shield which th' Artist gilt,
 And strongly lin'd with a tough Bull-skin Quilt;
 From whose Circumference to the Centre large
 Circles of Gold did splendent Beams discharge.
 Arm'd with this Shield he fiercely did advance,
 And brandish'd in either Hand a Launce.
 As a huge Lion who the Mountain haunts,
 Famish'd for Food, persuaded by his Wants,
 (Although the Forest-King) descends to thieve,
 And 'mongst the bleating Flocks himself relieve;
 When to receive him stands a ready Guard
 Of Dogs, and Swains with Pikes and Prongs prepar'd;
 Yet he, all Danger slighting, takes his Chance,
 Either a Prey, or Death upon a Launce:
 So (fearless) rushing on *Sarpedon* rag'd,
 But first illustrious *Glaucus* thus engag'd;

Why, my dear *Glaucus*, are we so renown'd,
 At Feasts sit highest, our large Goblets ⁽⁷⁾ crown'd,
 In wealthy *Lycia* like their Gods ador'd,
 On *Xanthus* Banks our vast Possessions stor'd
 With spreading Vines, or cloath'd with golden Grain;
 But that in Field we valiantly sustain,
 Fighting i'th' Front, the Fury of the Day;
 Where 'mongst the well-arm'd *Lycians* some may say,
 Our Princes no unworthy Leaders are;
 They drink delicious Wines, and highly fare,
 But yet themselves upon all Dangers throw,
 And still in Battell worst the daring Foe?
 Could we, dear Friend, this War declining, have
 From Age a Dispensation and the Grave;
 I would not first adventure in the Fight,
 Nor thee to this bold Enterprize invite:
 But since we are so many waies beset
 By our approaching Fates, whom never yet

(7) Those that served at Table at greater Entertainments filled still the nobler Guests Brimmers. Now that the *Lycians* were φιλοπότης, would take off their Cups, appears from the numerous and various forms of Cups which bore their name, λυκιουργεὶς φιάλας, and λυκιουργεὶς ἀνέγυρτος for that any Cups took their name from their Inventer, or the Artist, this *Athenaeus* denies, affirming that they were all denominat'd from some City or Country. *Eust.*

N n

Any

Any escap'd, come, let us bravely go,
And Glory give to, or get from the Foe.

Glaukus, this said, assented, and straight up
They brought their *Lycians* in a mighty Troup.
Menestheus first this gather'd Tempest saw
Against his Tow'r, bearing Destruction, draw;
And, troubled much, cast round his piercing Eye,
Could he some Help, some valiant Leader spy,
Who would with him so hard a Task divide.
At last he both the *Ajaxes* espy'd,
And *Teucer* new abroad : but since his Voice
Could not be heard for Shouts and rattling Noise
Of Gates, Shields, Helms, which like to Thunder
The echoing Circles of the yielding Air : (tare
(For all drawn up their whole Endeavours try,
To force their Passage through the Enemy)
He to *Thootes* his grave Herald said ;

Go call the *Ajaxes* unto our Aid :
Straight to repulse yon Foe it will behove,
Or else this Fort our Slaughter-house may prove.
To storm this Tow'r the *Lycian* Kings prepare ;
We no Experience want how much they dare.
If from their Duty both can not be mist,
Let *Ajax Telamon* alone assist,
And with him *Teucer*. Haste *Thootes* made,
And to the valiant *Ajaxes* thus said ;

You who the bold and well-arm'd *Gracians* lead,
Menestheus desires your Help with speed :
Straight to repulse yon Foe it will behove,
Or else yon Fort our Slaughter-house will prove.
To storm the Tow'r the *Lycian* Kings prepare ;
Nor do w' Experience want how much they dare.
If from the Service both can not be mist,
Let *Ajax Telamon* alone assist,

And

And with him *Teucer* bring. He ne'r delay'd,
But e're he went t' *Oiliades* he said ;

Do you and *Lycomedes* tarry here,
And carefully the fainting Souldier chear ;
Yonder distressed Tow'r I must relieve,
And straight returning you Assistance give.

Thus saying, *Telamonius* forsook
His Station, and his Brother *Teucer* took
Along with him : with these *Pandion* went,
With *Teucer's* Bow attending ready bent.
But when they to *Menestheus* Turret got,
They found them busie, and the Service hot.
Mounting the Works, the *Lycians* charge amain,
With no less Fury then a Hurricane,
And yielding Air with Shouts and Clamours rend.

First *Telamonius* *Sarpedon's* Friend
Epicles slew, and did his Fury stay,
With a huge Stone which on the Bulwark lay.
No man this Marble could with both Hands raise,
Such as spent Nature brings forth now-adaies ;
Which he with ease did lift, and hit him full,
And, his Cask breaking, batter'd in his Skull.
Down like ^(z) a Diver from the Tow'r he sunk :
Whilst his Soul mounts, down drops the liveless Trunk.

(z) Gr. ἀπὸ τοῦ ὕδατος, ἀπὸ τοῦ ὕδατος, from
Lamb's who gore the Air with their
Head. Others expound it of the male
Dolphin, who after a Storm springs and
tumbles upon his Head; these being the
swiftest, not of all maritime onely, but
terrestrial creatures, insomuch that,
as *Aristotle* tells, they cast themselves
over a Ship; ἀντιπρὸς τῷ πλοῦ-
μα, ἀντιπρὸς τῷ πλοῦμα, ἢ τὰ τὸ πλοῦμα ὡς βέλος
ἀφίαν, for holding their Wind as a
String, they spring and shoot forth their
Bodies as an Arrow. So *Ælian* de Ani-
mal. lib. 12. cap. 12.

But *Teucer* did a Shaft at *Glaucus* draw,
Wounding him where his Arm he naked saw,
In his Advance : but he got closely off,
Left at his Hurt th' insulting Foe should scoff.
Sarpedon griev'd to see his Friend depart,
But would not the Engagement though desert :
And first *Alcmaon*, *Thestor's* Son, he slew
With a tough Spear, then back the Javelin drew.
Clear'd of the Launce he tumbles on his Back,
His Armour rattling like a Thunder-crack.

His brawny Arms then up *Sarpedon* stretch'd,
 And with a Leap th' oppos'd Bulwark catch'd,
 Which pulling down, the Walls denuded were,
 And a Gap op'ned like a Thorough-fair.
 But *Ajax* and bold *Tenzer* ply'd him hot.
 An Arrow this through his rich Baldrick shot :
 But *Jove* preserv'd his Son, nor would admit
 Fate should arrest him e're he seiz'd the Fleet.
 And *Ajax* with his Javelin pierc'd his Shield,
 That he gave back, but did not leave the Field :
 Nor could you call his lost Ground a Retreat,
 Because his Hopes to purchase Fame were great,

Who to his *Lycians* said ; Why shrink you back,
 And thus your Force in Heat of Battell slack ?
 'Twere hard for me, though ne'r so strong and stout,
 To force my Way, and these alone to rout :
 But now stick close : this is no Work for one,
 With many Hands it will be better done.
 Nor do his Men their Prince's Threatnings slight,
 But fresh they thronging round about him fight.
 Nor do despairing *Greeks* their Bulwarks leave,
 But their fierce Charge courageously receive.
 Neither the *Lycians* could with all their Power
 Gain farther Passage through the ruin'd Tower ;
 Nor could the *Græcians* drive the *Lycians* back,
 Who still maintain'd the Ground they first did take.
 But as two Farmers will to neither yield,
 Measuring the Bounds which part a common Field,
 For small Shares striving of a little Land :
 So Breast to Breast they in the Passage stand ;
 The Bull-skin Buckler and light Target sounds,
 Their Bodies carbonado'd are with Wounds :
 Mix'd in commutual Gore both Parties stood,
 Sprinkling the Walls and Battlements with Bloud.

But

But so the *Greeks* would not throw up their Game,
And turn by Flight their Honour into Shame.

As ^(a) a poor Spinster who her Living gains,
Day and Night working with unweary'd Pains,
Her Children to provide ^(b) a little Bread,
With one Hand Yarn, with th' other puts the Lead
Into the Scales, then lifts the Beam, to poise
Her Work and Weight in equal Balances:
So stood the Fight; None could the better vaunt,
Till *Jove* that Honour did to *Hector* grant,
That he should first surmount the *Græcian* Walls;
Where thus he to his bold Assistents calls:

Come, follow on; we shall no more retire,
Till, breaking through, their painted Ships we fire.

These Words th' Ear's winding Lab'rinth's Passage
And them at once encourag'd and inform'd; (storm'd,
Who all at once obeying his Commands,
Leapt on the Towers, strong Javelins in their Hands.
But *Hector* first took up a ponderous Stone
Lay at the Gates, all pointed, such a one

^(c) As two, employing their whole Strength and Art,
Could hardly lifting lay upon a Cart,
Such men as Nature brings forth now-adaies.
This he with much Dexterity did raise,
And twirl about, as 't were a limber Wand.
But *Jove* had in this Miracle a Hand.

As a Ram's silver Fleece some Shepherd lifts,
And, sporting, from one Hand to th' other shifts:
So to the Gates this Stone bold *Hector* brought,
Whose Leaves with two large Bars were strongly
As many Iron Bolts the Work did knit, (wrought;
And one huge Key their severall Locks did fit.
Drawn at small Distance, there the Hero stands,
Fixing his Feet to re-enforce his Hands,

(a) With how equal Valour on either Side this Pass was disputed, *Homer* illustrates by this rich *Simile* of a poor Spinster: where he puts not the Beam or Balance into any wealthy Woman's Hand, or into a Servant's; neither of which might not have been so exact, it's probable, in the Weight, but added rather to it, the one out of Bounty, the other for want of Care; but into her Hand who was first *ἀλκή*, just, then *χρηστική*, one who got her Livelihood by her Labour, and, lastly, who had Children, and so a Charge; who, as just, would not, as poor, could not here transgress, lest she and hers might suffer for it. *Eustathius* conceives *Homer* relates here to his own Mother *Crischeis*, who in *χρηστική*, living by her Labour, took in Work (as *Herodotus* tells us in *Homer's* Life) sometime of one, sometime of another. She was employed in this kind by *Phemius* of *Smirna*, who at length importun'd her to marry him.

(b) *Gr. ἀνία μισθός*, which the *Schooliast* interprets by *ἐὺ τιμὴ καὶ εὖ τιμή*, a poor and pitifull Reward. They that think *Homer* here intended his Mother, tell us, that as he commended her for her Justness, so he again condemned her for her being mercenary; *ὡς ἀλλοτρίων μισθῶν*, as though to die ought for Reward or Wages were illiberal and sordid, and *μισθός* were no other then *μισθὸς θῖνος*, an unworthy letting a man's self out for Hire. Hence the *Athenians*, to take off some of the Odium of the thing, and sweeten it a little, *μεταλλάσσοντες τὸ μισθὸς εἰς δαδία*, changing by an Euphemism Wages into Admiration, in stead of *μισθὸς θῖνος*, of paying a Salary, used *τὸ θαυμάσιον*, to admire, instancing in that of the Comædian, *καὶ τὸ θαυμάσιον καὶ τὸ δαδίαλον*. And thus they collect from the harsh Epithet here, *ἀνία*, which denotes properly ought that is undecent.

(c) *Homer* makes his Hero's in Bulk, Stature and Strength, far exceed those of his own Time, or any that lived after them. *Herodotus*, in his first Muse, tells us that *Orestes's* Body being taken up was found to be seven Cubits, that is, twelve Foot and a quarter long: whereas *Varro* fixeth seven Foot as the ultimate term of humane Growth in respect of Height. *Vastiora prolixioraque Corpora hominum antiquorum*; at nunc, quasi jam Munda senescente, rerum atque hominum Decrementa sunt; the Dimensions of mens Bodies being much every way greater in ancient times, whereas the World being now in its decline, Men and all things else decrease with it. *A. Gell. lib. 3. cap. 10.*

And

And in the midst th' opposing Portall hits.
The violent Blow the loosed Hindges splits;
The Stone, broke through, did from the Earth rebound,
Though ponderous, and the shatter'd Gates resound;
The Bars were broken, all the Plankers ripp'd.
In a like Spirit valiant *Hector* leap'd,
(His Brow more dreadfull then a stormy Night,
His splendent Arms cast a prodigious Light)
Shaking two Spears: no Mortal could have stood
Him in his fierce Advance, none but a God.
When to call in his following Troups he turn'd,
His rowling Eyes kindled with Fury burn'd.
They all obey, the Bulwark these ascend,
Others their course through broken Portalls bend.
The routed *Græcians* to their Navy fly,
The *Trojans* following; Shouts ascend the Sky.

I.

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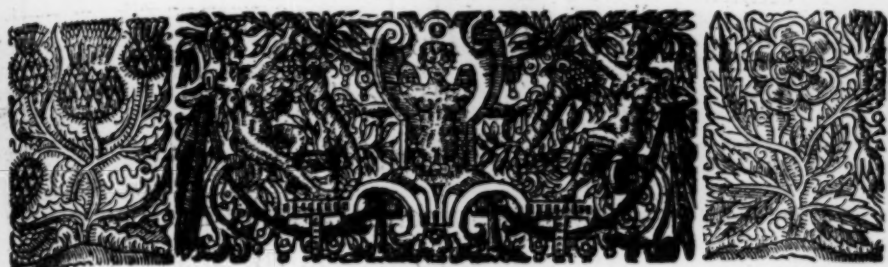
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HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Neptune, like Calchas, th' Ajaxès first cheers :
 To many prime Commanders next appears.
 Hector their Camp (through Works deserted) fills.
 Idomeneus stout Othryoneus kills.
 The rallied Græcians roughly entertain
 The enter'd Foe : on both sides many slain.

When Jove had brought the Trojans to the
 Fleet,
 Where they did rougher Entertain-
 ment meet,

He, turning thence his splendid Eyes, explores
 Renown'd for Chivalry the Thracian Shores ;
 The ⁽¹⁾ Mysians, who in drawn-up Squadrons fight ;
 And Hippemolgians, that in ⁽²⁾ Milk delight ;
 And ⁽³⁾ th' Abian Race, for Justice most extoll'd :
 But no more Trojan Bulwarks did behold ;

Presuming

(1) A Nation of Asia near the Hellespont, bordering upon Troas.

(2) Their onely Sustainance (they abstaining wholly from all other living Creatures) was Honey, Mare's milk, and Cheese. So the Pythagoreans Diet was Honey and Bread.

(3) Gr. ^{Abians}, so called (say some) ^{q. ἀναξίβητες}, because they lived not in Houses, but in Carts and Wains. Strabo saith they were so called for that they lived without Women. None invaded their Territories, as containing nothing desirable ; in which respect also they were ^{ἀκταί}, as suffering no Violence. Others will have them so called ^{q. πρὸ ἀμα τῶν βίῶν}, as living by their Box. Those that came after Homer conceive them so styl'd, either because of their long Life, occasioned by their thin and spare Diet ; or from their great Strength, ^{q. πρὸς βίαν}. They were esteemed the justest of men, as having all things common, besides the Weapons they wore and Cups they drunk in, and eating onely what the Earth brought of her own accord without Culture or Tillage ; Covetousness alone being the Root and Source of Rapine and Injustice. *Enst.*

Prefuming none of the Supernall Lift
Durst venture *Greek* or *Trojan* to assist.

But *Neptune* fate no idle Looker on,
The Fight surveying from the shady Crown
Of ^(d) *Thracian Samus*, whence he lofty *Ide*,
The *Dardan* Towers and *Græcian* Fleet espy'd.
The worsted *Greeks* much did his Passion move,
And highly incens'd him 'gainst o're-partial *Jove*.
At which, his Prospect (troubled) he forsook,
And, marching down, the Groves and Mountains shook.
He at three Steps and a prodigious Stride
Came to his Palace (where he did reside)

At ^(e) *Ægæ*, whose Roofs beneath vast Billows lay,
Adorn'd with Gold which never would decay.
Here he his ^(f) Horses harness'd, who, more fleet
Then Winds, had golden Manes and ^(g) brazen Feet;
Puts on ^(h) gold Armour, takes his golden Whip;
His Chariot mounting, curbing Reins lets slip:
O're Waves he glides; ⁽ⁱ⁾ Whales, dancing in a Ring,
Their Caves forsaking, Homage pay their King.
In Brine his brazen Axle hardly dips,
So swift his Horses hurry to the Ships.
A vast Cave lay with Billows skreened o're,
Twixt ^(k) *Tenedos* and ^(l) *Imbrus* cliffy Shore.
Th' Earth-shaker here takes out his sweating Steeds,
And with *Ambrosian* Delicates them feeds,
With golden Spancills fettering up their Feet;
Then hasts alone to the engaged Fleet.

But the stout *Trojans* following *Hector* came
On, like ^(m) a Tempest or devouring Flame,
With Shouts and Cries, not doubting to prevail,
But, slaughtering all, to seize a thousand Sail.
When *Neptune*, who embraceth in his Lap
The ample Earth, coming in *Calchas* Shape,

From

(d) The *Samians* of *Ionia* received an Oracle the 209. year after the building of *Troy*, to remove into *Thrace* in the *Trojan* Territories; which they doing into this Island, it was thence called *Samothracia*; or, as others, from *Samos*, which denotes Height, from its high Situation. It was formerly called *Melise*, (so *Strabo*.)

(e) An *Achaian* City near *Peloponnesus*. Here was celebrated a Feast to *Bacchus*, upon the day of which anniversary Solemnity the Vines of that Country, called thence *ionææ*, budding in the Morning, yielded Wine in abundance by Night to the *Menades* celebrating that Festival. *Schol.*

(f) *Neptune* had four Horses appointed him by the Poets: *Eriole*, so called from the cold-breathing Winds; *Glaucus*, from the Colour of the Ocean; *Sthenon*, from the Strength of that Element Water, whence also *Dynamene*, one of the *Nereides*, had her name; and *Enceladus*, *Ἰὼν ἑκαστὸν ὄνομα*, from the resounding of the Sea. He had Horses assigned him, as the first Inventor of Horsemanship: albeit some make these his Horses no other than Sea-Calves, or Whales, contrary to the Sense of *Homer*.

(g) They are said to be *χαλκίμοδε*, to have brazen Feet, to intimate *ἡ σπινθὴρ ἡ ἰσχυρία*, their Solidness and sounding, no Metall being more vocal and sounding than Brass.

(h) *Homer* makes the Furniture of his Gods still of Gold, to denote their immortal nature, Gold, of all Metalls, never contracting Rust.

(i) Thus *Callisthenes* made the *Pamphylian* Sea to rise and fall again under *Alexander's* Vessel, in Adoration, as it were, of so great a Personage. *Eust.*

(k) Anciently *Triodos*, because invironed with three Seas, the *Ægean*, *Hellepont*, and *Nigropont*, or the black Gulf. *Eust.*

(l) *Imbrus* was an Island in the *Nigropont* or Black Sea, not far off from *Troy*.

(m) He resembles the heady and rash Volence of the *Trojans*, not to the force of any animate Creature, but to that of those two unruly and masterless Elements, Fire and Water, their Shouts and Cries resembling the noise of either; *ὡς* noting the Crackling of the Fire, and *ἡ ἰσχυρία* the Clamour of a Storm or Tempest.

Whilst such Discourses these bold Hero's had,
 Of their inspired Strength and Courage glad,
 With a fresh Spirit *Neptune* others fir'd,
 Whom he found resting with hard Dutie tir'd.
 Griev'd to behold the Foe broke in they stood,
 And could not stop that inundating Floud;
 Tears from their Eyes in briny Rivers run,
 Not seeing how their Ruine they might shun.
 But *Neptune* 'mongst the wofull Bands resorts;
Teucer, *Leitus*, and *Peneleus* courts,
Deipyrus, *Tboas*, *Meriones*,
 With stout *Antilochus*, and thus he saies;

Blush you not, Sirs? Ne'r yet did I suspect
 But that your Valour would our Fleet protect;
 Which if you now desert, this Day we shall
 By the insulting *Trojans* perish all.
 What may be styl'd a Miracle we see,
 And which I deem'd impossible to be:
 The Foe is at our Heels, the *Trojans* here,
 Who us'd to run like Herds of flying Deer,
 Which Lynxes, Leopards and stern Wolves are wont
 Through Groves and Desarts as their Prey to hunt.
 So these (now dreadfull Conquerours) ne'r durst
 Stand the least Shock of warlike *Greeks* at first,
 Who here assault our Fleet, encourag'd both
 By a ^(?) King's Folly and his Souldiers Sloth.
 Who Factious will the Navy not maintain,
 No Quarter shall, when we are slaughter'd, gain.
 If *Agamemnon* guilty be, who hath
 By Contumely stirr'd *Pelides* Wrath;
 We by no means our Duty should neglect,
 But our gross Errour chearfully correct.
 Ingenuous Souls most corrigible are.
 But You, the prime Commanders in this War,

(?) He hints at *Agamemnon*, though wounded.

Forget

Forget your selves. Cowards I would not blame
To shrink, but I with You offended am.
Negligence is then Cowardice more base,
And does more Mischief ten to one in place.
The Shame and Scandal then consider thus.
Great are the Dangers too which wait on us.
For *Hector* through the Breach and broken Gates
Comes pouring on with his insulting Mates.

(r) Encourag'd thus, and strengthen'd by the God,
With th' *Ajaxes* two bold Brigades up rode.
Pallas or *Mars* 'gainst these could find no Piques,
All were such expert, strong and valiant *Greeks*.
Firmly they stand expecting *Hector's* Charge, (Targe;
Spears guarding Spears, and Targe b'ing lin'd with
Shields clash 'gainst Shields, Helms Helms, Backs against Breasts,
Casks touch with waving Plumes and glittering Crests:
So thick they Files drawn up in Bodies joyn,
Brandishing Javelins which like Lightning shine.
The *Trojans* first the bloody Fight begun,
By *Hector* led, and furiously fall on.

A hanging Stone so from a Mountain's Crown
With an impetuous Torrent tumbles down,
Which washing Show'rs above had loosen'd round:
It bounding skips, the circling Groves resound;
Whilst headlong hurries the torn Rock, untill
It settle at the bottome of the Hill.
Such Opposition did bold *Hector* meet,
Cutting his Way through Slaughter to the Fleet,
Untill he came where the main Bodies stood;
Who with a sharp Dispute their Ground made good,
And forc'd him with their Swords and Javelins back.
When thus he, chearing up his Squadron, spake;

Stout *Trojans*, *Lycians*, and bold *Dardans*, stay,
They shall not long our Victory delay.

O o 2

Though

(r) In that feigned Contest betwixt
Homer and *Hesiod* at the Funerals of
Amphidamas; which of the two was
the Poet Laureat, either being willed
by *Panades* (who, being Brother of the
deceased *Amphidamas*, was made Um-
pire also of this learned Difference) to
repeat some Verses; *Homer* repeating
these his Verses as the best (so he con-
ceived) of his Poem, had Judgement gi-
ven against him, and so lost the Prize;
contrary to the Merit of his Cause and
the expectation of the Auditors; and
that upon this account merely, That
Hesiod writ of a Peaceable Argu-
ment, Tillage and Husbandry, *Homer's*
Subject was War and military Atchieve-
ments.

These were *Hesiod's*, *Oper. lib. 2.*
Πάντα δ' ἄνδρ' Ἀτλάζων ὄντα λαογονίαν
Ἀρχὰς εὖναι, ἀείρειν δ' ὀνόμαζαν, &c.
Begin to sow when Atlas Daughters rise,
And plowing end when they forsake the
Skies,
Who forty nights their radiant Heads
conceal,
And when thou grind'st thy Share, thens
new reveal.
These Village-Rules all keep dwell near
the Main,
And who remote from Seas the fertile
Plain
And Valls plant. Sow naked, naked
plow,
And naked reap too; that the better thou
May'st Ceres works endure, and that thy
Field
In season may a plentiful Harvest yield;
And lest thou, by an empty Crop grown
poor,
Should'st go a-begging to another's door.

Though like a brazen Wall this Shock they bear,
 I'll shatter them with my all-conquering Spear :
 Since me Heav'n's King, great *Juno's* thund'ring Lord,
 His promised Assistance will afford.

This Speech their Strengths recruits, and cheers their
 When first *Deiphobus* out boldly starts, (Hearts,
 King *Priam's* Son, against the hostile Troups,

And, his ^(r) Shield raising, with his Body stoops :

At whom *Meriones* a Javelin cast,
 Which, lighting on his Target, onely rac'd
 The Bullock's Skin. With strength and skill he threw,
 Yet near the Point the Spear in Splinters flew.

Deiphobus had held his Shield at Guard,
 Since of his Enemy's Spear he was afraid.
 Then shrunk the *Græcian* Prince into the Rear,
 For his lost Conquest vex'd and broken Spear;
 And for another went. The rest on fought, (Vault.
 Whilst Shouts and Clamours scale Heav'n's marble

And first bold *Imbrinus Teucer's* Javelin felt,
 Rich *Mentor's* Son, who at ^(t) *Pedæum* dwelt
 Before the *Græcians* did beleaguer *Troy*,
 And *Priam's* natural Daughter did enjoy,
Medesicastes : but when they did come
 With their revengefull Fleet to *Ilium*,
 He took Command, and liv'd in equal Port
 With *Priam's* Sons, residing in his Court.
 Him valiant *Teucer* pierc'd beneath the Ear;
 Who backwards fell, when he had drawn his Spear.
 Like a tall ^(u) Ash (which on a Prospect stood,
 The Glory of a Mountain cloath'd with Wood)
 Hewn down, his green Boughs rufle on the Ground :
 Such was his Fall, so did his Arms resound.
 In *Teucer* hastens, *Imbrinus* Corps to strip,
 Whilst *Hector* at him let a Javelin slip;

Which

(r) *Gr. ὀλισθήσας* by which some understand a kind of *Metachin* Dance, or military Measures : others expound it of his keeping his Body within the Ambit or Orb of his Shield, it being not of the largest size, or *ἀμφιγύριον*, such being of that latitude and compass as to cover the whole Body. *Spond.*

(t) A City of *Caria*.

(u) This Tree growing seldome in the Vallies, (as *Pliny* observes) as delighting in higher Grounds or Mountains, and thriving there best.

Which he espy'd, and did by stooping shun.
 But yet *Amphimachus*, ^(x) *Cteatus* Son,
 Did not so 'scape: for, as he onward prest,
 It quite pierc'd through his Corset and his Breast.
 Down falls he dead: to finish his bold Task,
 In *Hector* runs to seize his glorious Cask.
 At whom strong *Ajax* struck, but did no Harm,
 Since high-proof'd Brass did all his Body arm.
 His bossie Shield rung with the dreadfull Blow.
 So with great Courage he repuls'd the Foe,
 Forcing him from both Bodies to retreat,
 Whom the *Greeks* after vent'ring in did get.
 Bold *Stichius* and *Menestheus*, who were
Athenians, off *Amphimachus* did bear.
 Then the stout *Ajaxes* no time delay'd,
 But Hast to bring off *Imbrinus* they made.
 Two Lions snatch a Goat from greedy Hounds,
 And bear their Purchase high through woody Grounds:
 So they the Corps from the Earth raising stript,
 And off his Head inrag'd *Oiliades* whipt,
 And like a Ball, where hottest was the Fight,
 Amongst them threw't; which did by *Hector* light.

Then *Neptune*, angry for his Nephew slain,
 Chear'd up the fainting *Gracians* once again,
 And Mischief for the *Trojans* did prepare.
Idomeneus, famous for his Spear,
 Met * him, returning from a Friend who came
 Late from the Battell wounded in the Ham:
 Born off by Friends he left him under ^(y) Cure,
 Nor longer from the Battell could endure.
 To whom the Earth's Imbracer thus begun,
 (Resembling *Thoas*, stout *Andraemon's* Son,
 Who ^(z) *Pleuron* rules and *Calydon's* high Shore,
 Whom all his People like a God adore;)

(x) This *Cteatus* was *supposed*,
 being reputed the Son both of *Ator*
 and *Neptune*, who hence seeks to be
 revenged on the *Trojans* for the death
 of *Amphimachus* his Grandchild.

* *Neptune*.

(y) There being other Physicians in
 the *Gracian* Camp beside *Machaon* and
Podalirius, every Nation having their
 own Chirurgeons which they brought
 with them to the Leaguer.

(z) These were Cities of *Atolia*,
 so called from *Atolus* the Son of *En-*
dymion, whose Son *Pleuron* had issue
Cures and *Calydon*: these denomina-
 ted the Nation *Curetes*, and its two
 principal Cities, *Pleuron*, and *Calydon*.
Schol.

Where

Where are, *Idomeneus*, all our Vaunts,
And high-flown Threats made in our drunken Rants,
Slighting the *Trojans*? they are laid aside.
To whom the *Cretan* General reply'd;

Blame no man, *Thoas*, since I know we are
All hardy, valiant, and expert in War;
Nor any here to venture on are loth,
Stopp'd by base Cowardice or droufie Sloth:
But to our Shame great *Jove* is pleas'd, I fear,
That far from Home we all shall perish here.
But thou, who hast been formerly renown'd
For valiant Deeds, now make them stand their Ground;
The Sluggish chide, and man by man persuade
To save their Honour. Thus then *Neptune* said;

May ne'r that man return from *Troy*, but there
His Limbs may greedy ^(*) Dogs and Vultures tear,
Who disobedient shall refuse to fight,
Hoping to save himself by fordid Flight.
Come, let us arm with Speed, and let us two
Try what our Forces may united doe.
Cowards conjoyn'd doe much; but well we know
How to receive the Fury of the Foe.

This said, the God into the Battell went,
Idomeneus to his royal Tent;
There claps on glittering Arms, and takes two Spears,
And shines like Lightning 'midst the gloomy Sphears
By angry *Jove* from steep *Olympus* hurl'd,
A dreadfull Omen to the guilty World.
So glitter'd he, marching in Arms compleat,
And his lov'd Friend *Meriones* first met,
Going in haſt to fetch another Spear:

To whom he said; O thou to me moſt dear,
Why com'ſt thou hither, and haſt left the Field?
Wounded art thou and ſo inforc'd to yield,

With

(*) Naturallists observe that the Lion devouring all his Prey, Dogs, having glutted themselves, make Sport with the remainder, by tumbling it up and down. *Schol.*

With bitter Pain and loss of Bloud grown faint ?
Or com'st with some Concerns me to acquaint ?
To stay in Tents I nor in Sloth delight :
Battells rejoyce me, and I love to fight.

Then he ; I come to borrow at thy Tent
Another Launce, for that I had is spent.
If yet thou hast another left at Home,
Pray let me have it ; therefore am I come.
Mine other, though 'twas made of knotted Oak,
I on *Deiphobus* his Target broke.

Then he reply'd ; If thou wouldst have a Spear,
Against the Walls stand one and twenty there,
Shining in order, from the Bodies ta'ne
Of valiant *Trojans* by my own Hands slain.
Fighting, I use not at a Distance stand,
And cast my Spear, but come up Hand to hand.
Hence 'tis so many Spoils my Valour yields,
Not onely Spears, but Breast-plates, Helms and Shields.

Meriones then ; My Ship affords me store
Of *Trojan* Spoils , and my Pavilion more :
But these too distant are so soon to get.
I far have ventur'd, and am valiant yet,
And still in Front, where braver Men appear,
I most delight, and love to charge them there.
And though my Deeds to others are unknown,
Yet well canst thou attest what I have done.

Then he reply'd ; Thy Prowess, Friend, I know,
That what thou sayst thou able art to doe.
Should for an Ambush we choice men design,
(For there true Virtue will more clearly shine)
The valiant then, and those whose Spirits fail,
Plainly appear : the Coward's Cheeks grow pale ;
Fear shakes him from his Covert, up he gets,
And stooping mounted on his Tiptoes sits ;

His

(b) Gr. ἐν τῷ αἵματι τῆς ψυχῆς, that is, he fears not over-much; Aristotle not exempting his valiant man from all Symptoms of Fear, so he had an eye to observe these Circumstances, quid, ejus gratia, ut oportet, & quomodo. Eth. 3. ad Nicom. cap. 7. And Plato takes notice, that Homer commends Aeneas and others for their prudent Flight, καὶ αὐτὸν δὲ Αἰνείαν καὶ τοὺς ἐκφυγόντας, καὶ τοὺς ἄλλους ἐκφυγόντας, καὶ ἄλλους αὐτῶν ἐν μάχῃ περὶ τὸν ποταμὸν. So he in *Lachetes*.

(c) Elsewhere he makes *Deimos* and *Phobos*, that is, Fear and Terror, two of *Mars*'s Horses.

(d) The *Thracians* were a warlike Nation, whence *Mars*, the God of War, is made there to have his most constant Residence, and is thence denominated *Thracius*; as from other Nations *Gerienus*, and *Odrysus*.

(e) There were four Cities so called; one in *Thessaly*, another in *Epirus*, a third in *Elis*, and a fourth called after *Corinth*. Those the Poet here intends were the Inhabitants of the first, that in *Thessaly*, called after *Crannon*. *Schol.* In this *Ephyre* or *Crannon* were never seen above two Crows at once; the old ones, when they had brought forth their own number, beaking them to their Wing, and quitting the Country. *Enst.*

(f) These *Phlegians* were an Atheistical people of *Phocis*, who first plundered *Apollon's* Temple at *Delphos*: they inhabited *Gyrtona*, and lived upon Theft and Rapine. The *Thebans* bordering upon them were greatly afraid of them, and that for a long season; untill such time as *Zebus* and *Amphion*, drawing Stones together by the Harmony of their Lyre, environed *Thebes* with a Wall: but after their Decease the *Phlegians*, under the Conduct of their King *Eurynechus*, taking the Town, committed many Outrages; for which, although done by the Permission of *Jupiter*, they were destroyed by *Apollo*. *Schol.* After this the Town lay wast, till *Cadmus* rebuilt it. *Enst.*

His panting Heart his troubled Bosome warms,
And his Teeth chatter at pale Death's Alarms.
But the courageous lies in Ambuscade,
Ne'r changing Colour, nor ^(b) one jot dismay'd:
His onely Misery is there to stay;
He longs to fight, and onely fears Delay.
In such Attempts none thee could ever blame;
And in pitch'd Fields th' hast wone immortal Fame:
Nor ever didst thou fighting quit thy Ground,
To have thy Back-parts branded with a Wound;
But valiantly thy Bosome didst expose
Against all Fury of the daring Foes.
But let's not stay like prattling Children here,
Left for this Halt a just Reproof we bear.
Go, quickly fetch a Javelin from my Tent.

This said, with Speed the valiant Hero went,
And a strong Launce from his Pavilion takes,
Then Hast to bold *Idomeneus* makes.
As furious *Mars* to Battell marcheth on,
Pale ^(c) *Terrour* by his Side, his dearest Son,
In Strength and Valour like his dreadfull Sire,
From whom stout Hero's discompos'd retire:
When they from ^(d) *Thrace* against th' ^(e) *Ephyrians* arm,
Or give the valiant ^(f) *Phlegians* an Alarm;
To either Partie these small Favour show,
But Victory now here, now there bestow:
So on these Hero's to the Battell march,
Whose dazzling Arms dim Heav'n's resplendent Arch.
Then to the *Cretan* Prince *Meriones* said;
Which way shall we our Friends distressed aid?
To the main Body, or the Right-hand Wing,
Or to the Left, shall we Assistance bring?
For I suppose th' engaged *Greeks* we shall
Not idle find, there's Work enough for all.

When

When thus to him *Idomeneus* said ;

They at the Navy have sufficient Aid ;
There both the *Ajaxes* are joyn'd with bold
Tenecer, so much for Archery extoll'd,
Who Hand to hand in Battell fights as well.
Sure these are able *Hector* to repell.
Though War and Battells be his sole Delight,
His onely Study Fields, and how to fight ;
Yet he shall find it difficult to get
Of these the better, and to fire the Fleet :
Unless great *Jove* himself their Force withstand,
And cast amidst the Fleet a burning Brand.
Renowned *Telamonius* never fled
From any mortal Man who liv'd by Bread,
Who could by Stones or dint of Sword be kill'd.
He in pitch'd Battells standing in the Field
Equals *Achilles* ; though he must give place
(c) To him in Swiftnes and the well-breath'd Race.
Let us the left Wing help, and quickly so
Or Glory give to, or get from the Foe.

This said, *Meriones*, like the God of War,
Unto the place appointed did repair ;
And with him up *Idomeneus* came,
Like a wing'd Tempest or devouring Flame :
Whose joyfull Presence did their Friends excite ;
And now grown fierce more desperately they fight.
As in a Summer when a sudden Gust
Raileth obscuring Clouds of scatter'd Dust :
So shew'd the Battell ; neither Side would yield,
Both conquer and are conquer'd, kill, and kill'd.
The bloody Charge all with Amazement struck,
To see dire Spears in dying Bosomes stuck.
Splendour of Arms, bright Helms and glitt'ring Shields
Dim mortal Eyes, and dazle all the Fields.

P p

In

(c) *Homer*, with the Ancients, makes Aguity and Fleetness a commendable Property, and part of Proverbs. Hence *Zeus* and *Calais*, the Sons of *Boreas*, are feigned to have Wings on their Shoulders, and *Perseus* at his Heels, styled thence by our Poet ἀεζυγέπτερος. Eust. Of *Achilles* his Activity and Speed thus *Euripides* in his *Iphigenia* in *Aulide* :

Τὸν ἰσχυρόν τε ποδῶν
λαφροδέμον Ἀχιλλῆα,
τὸν δ' ὅστις τίκα, καὶ
κρίων ἐξυπνάσων,
εἶδον αἰγυιαίοισι
Παρὰ τε κροτάλῃσι
Δορὶ μὲν ἔχοντα σὺν ἔπλοις·
Ἄμμιαν δ' ἐπὶ ποδῶν
Πεῖς ἄρμα τίτρωρον
Ἐλίσσον σὺν νήεσσι.
Ὁ δὲ διρηλάτης βοᾷ· Ἐυ-
μολοεῖς φρεσὶν ἰδοῦναι,
ὣς καλλίστα εἶδον
Χρυσόδακτυλοις ἑτάροισι πύλους
Κίρην θειομένης· τὸς
Μὲν μίσους ζυγίους ἀν-
κιστὴν τετρή βαλὺς,
τὸς δ' ἔξω σινοφύρας
Ἀντίρρις χαμπῶσι δειρμῶν
Πυρρῶν τευχῶν, μόνον-
χαλα δ' ἑσθ' στυγῶν
Ποικιλοδερμῶν.
Οἷς περιπλάσσο
Πηλείδης σὺν ἔπλοις παρ' ἄνθρωποι,
καὶ σινοφύρας ἀρμαλῆες.

Whom forth fair Thetis brought,
And Chiron taught,
Who running left behind
The Wind,

I saw in Arms compleat
Flying towards the Fleet.
Match'd he with a Chariot ran
By four Horses drawn ;

To gain the Prize
He lies,
And out-speeds
Fumelus rated Steeds.
I saw his golden Reins ;
As he drove o're the Plains

His Foals
To the Goals ;
Two amidst dapple gray,
Two without bright bay ;
Whom Chains did bind,

And confin'd,
Link'd with Steel
As they did wheel.
These strong and fleet,
With dappled Feet,
He out-ran,
His Armour on,
And all out-strips
First breathing at the Grecian Ships.

In this sad Medley mix'd who could be glad?
But rather at such horrid Objects sad?

(b) *Jupiter and Neptune.*

Thus ^(b) *Saturn's* valiant Sons midst Parties rag'd,
And Gods and Hero's in dire Wars engag'd.
On *Hector* *Jove* would Victory bestow,
Honouring *Achilles*; and would Favour show
To *Thetis*, yet not totally destroy
The *Græcian* Army at the Walls of *Troy*.
And from Sea *Neptune* rising in a Mist,
Did covertly the worsted *Greeks* assist,
Against his thundering Brother spurr'd with Ire.
Though both were of one Lineage, had one Sire;
Yet *Jove* was eldest, and more Prescience had;
Whence *Neptune* durst not them in publick aid,
But did their Rage in humane Shape excite.

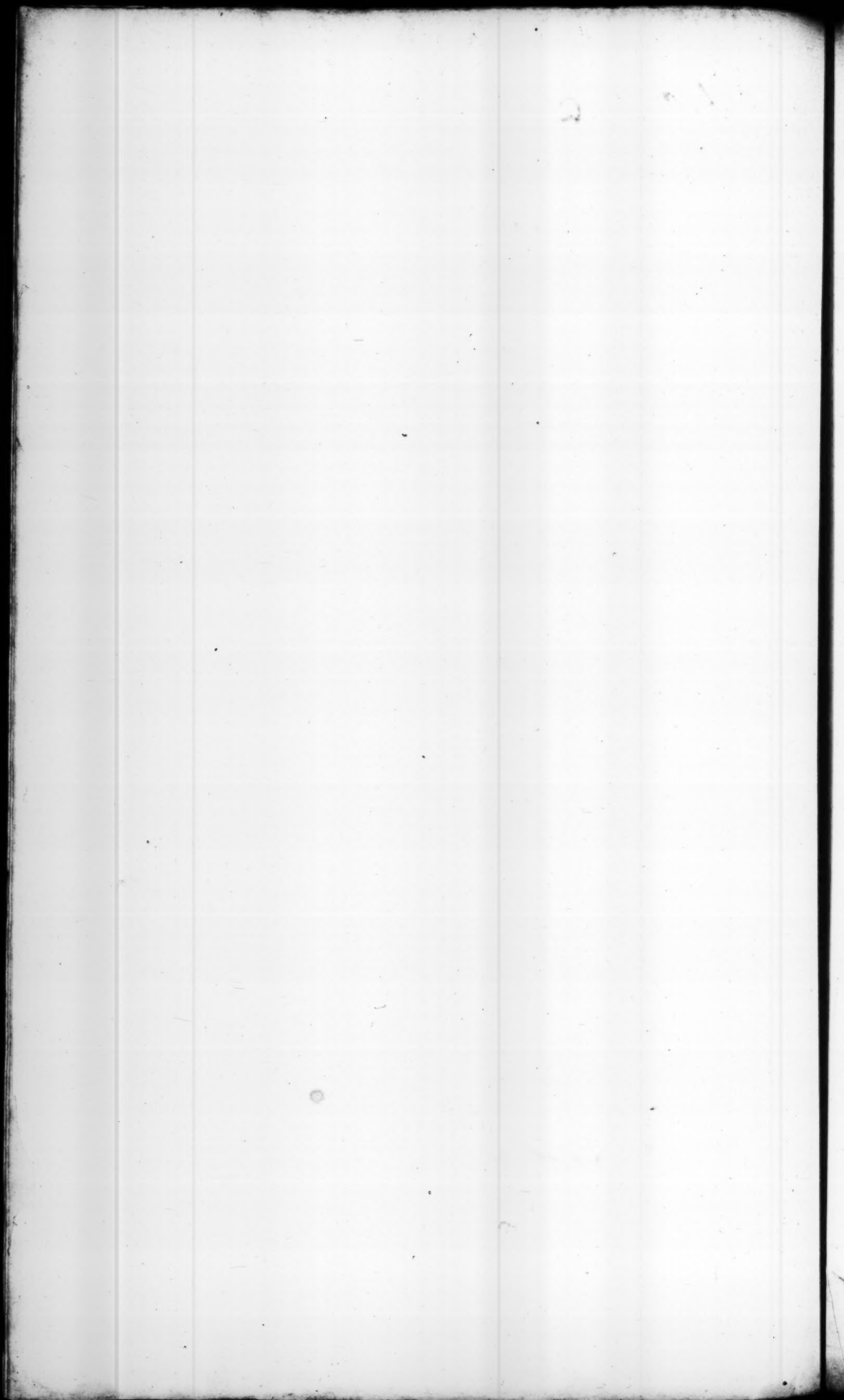
Now equal stood the counterpoised Fight:
A Chain inviolable o're they threw,
And bound the Battell up, which many slew.
Idomeneus first, though almost gray,
Leap'd in, and chang'd the Fortune of the Day,
Killing *Othryoneus*, who lately came
From ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Cabesus* by War's inviting Fame.
He ^(k) fair *Cassandra* offer'd without Dower
To wed, and promis'd with a mighty Power,
Spight of their worst, to drive the *Greeks* from thence.
That she should be his Bride the King consents.
He for his Princess bravely did advance:
At whom *Idomeneus* couch'd his Launce,
And in his proud Career did him assail.
Nor did his high-proof'd Breast-plate ought avail;
Run through the Belly down the Hero falls,
T'whom thus aloud th' insulting Victor calls;
Othryoneus, thee, who dost so much transcend
All Mortals else, I highly must commend,

(i) Some make *Cabesus* to be in *Lycia*, and this *Othryoneus* *Sarpedon's* Brother. *Enst.*

(k) *Gr. εἶδος αἰετῶν, the fairest*, which some of the Ancients interpret, *αἰετῶν* & *Coḡia* *ἔδος*, understanding by it the Gift of Prophecie, which was given *Cassandra* by *Apollo*, but together with another, (for falsifying her Promise) never to be believed; as if *ἔδος* here were no other than *ἔδναι*. From which acception of the word that so famous Southsayer *Peleides* took also that his name. *Enst.*

HOME





If thou dost what thou didst engage to doe,
 When *Priam* his fair Daughter promis'd you.
 Let us upon the same Conditions joyn,
 And *Agamemnon's* Daughter shall be thine;
 Whom thou at *Argos* marrying shalt enjoy,
 If thou wilt us assist to ruine *Troy*.
 But come along where farther we'll advise;
 The *Græcians* will not prove thy worst Allies.

This said, off by the Foot the Corps he drew.
 Him *Achilles* breathing Vengeance did pursue,
 Whose Steeds came puffing at his Back, so near
 Their Master driven by his Charioteer.
 To kill *Idomeneus* he did intend:
 But from *Idomeneus* he got his End,
 Run through the Throat: down sinks he with the Stroke.
 Like a tall ^(l) Poplar, ^(m) Pine, or stately Oak,
 Which long had flourish'd on a Mountain's Crown,
 By Shipwrights cut for Naval Timber down:
 So he before his Steeds lay in a Swoon,
 Biting in Death's Convulsions the Ground.

When him thus slain his Charioteer espy'd,
 At his Mishap extremely terrify'd,
 He could not shun, yet durst not entertain
 The Foe, nor back his head-strong Horses rein.
 Him with a Spear *Antilochus* assail'd,
 Although of Steel, his Breast-plate nought avail'd;
 The Point a passage through his Bowells found.
 He from his Chariot tumbled on the Ground;
 Whilst *Nestor's* Son his beauteous Steeds did get,
 And from the *Trojans* drove them to their Fleet.

Deiphobus pursuing in his Rear,
 To revenge *Achilles*, at him cast a Spear;
 Who saw when he his Javelin did discharge,
 And shrunk his Body close within his Target.

(l) *Hercules*, going to *Tartarus* to fetch thence *Cerberus*, espying there a Poplar, and being much taken with it, girt his Temples with a Coronet made of its Boughs, and so adorned ascended. It bears not, and is thence consecrate to *Pluto*: whence *Proserpine's* Meadow is said to be planted with these, *irîas* & *aiyâieis*.

(m) The first Vessels were made of Pine.

Which neatly brac'd forth on his Arm he held,
 Quilted with Hides, with Steel all over shell'd.
 Above his Shoulder went the murmuring Launce,
 And grazing on his Target thence did glance.
 But not in vain the well-aim'd Javelin flew:
 It a great Leader, bold *Hyppenor*, flew,
 Piercing his Liver: down he falling dies,
 When thus *Deiphobus* insulting cries;

(n) Gr. πολῆρτος κερταερίῳ, he calling *Pluto* the strong Porter, διὰ τὸ δυσ-
 εἶπτον, for the difficulty of egress, the
 Gates of Hell being ὡς ἔσωθεν φεῦται,
 ὡς ἔσωθεν δεῖται, neither to be forced by
 any from within, nor visible to any with-
 out. Eust.

Not long at *Pluto's* (n) Adamantine Gates,
 To be reveng'd expecting, *Astus* waits:
 This his offended *Manes* will content,
 That I so soon him a Companion sent.

The *Greeks* were vext to hear this *Trojan* boast;
Antilochus storm'd, whom it concerned most.
 Yet, though much griev'd, his Friend he not neglects,
 But with his Target the dead Corps protects;
 Whose Body off two dearest Friends did bear,
 Divine *Alastor*, and stout *Echius* Heir,
Mecistens, much deploring, to the Fleet.
 But fierce *Idomeneus* raging yet
 Kills and pursues, resolv'd to take his Lot,
 To beat them back, or die upon the Spot.

Alcathous, whom *Jove-lov'd Aesyetas* bred,
 Who did *Anchises* eldest Daughter wed,
 Fair *Hippodam*, (who won her Parents Hearts
 With Beauty, Wit, and Skill in curious Arts;
 Honour'd her Kindred and her Father's House;
 Therefore the best in *Troy* did her espouse)
 Him *Nepune* overthrew (he daz'd his Eyes,
 And stopt his locomotive Faculties)
 By the stern *Cretan*. He could neither stoop,
 Nor yet retire into a *Trojan* Troup;
 But like a Pillar, or a standing Oak,
 Just on his Bolome he receiv'd the Stroke.

The

The Javelin through his glittering Corset went,
Which heretofore did sudden Death prevent.
Down falls the Prince, his pierced Arms resound,
And his huge Body thunders on the Ground.
Fix'd in the Seat of Life, the cruel Dart
Shook with the Palpitations of his Heart :
The Steel from him both Strength and Courage took.
When boasting thus *Idomeneus* spoke ;

Should we, *Deiphobus*, account again,
All Scores are quit, nay, three for one are slain.
Since thou with so much Vanity dar'st rant,
Stand me, and make the fourth ; thy self acquaint
With one from ^(o) *Jove* descended : *Jove* begat
My Grandfire *Minos*, who first reign'd in *Crete* ;
Minos, *Dencalion* ; I from him did spring,
Now o're a large and wealthy Region King,
Who a tall Fleet conducted to destroy
Thee and thy Father, *Trojans* and proud *Troy*.

Deiphobus, this said, stood much in doubt
If he alone this Prince should single out,
Or else some other Chieftain with him joyn.
Soon he resolv'd upon this last Design,
And to *Aeneas* in the Rear-guard went,
Where him he found extremely discontent,
(p) Troubled at *Priam*, who did alwaies seem
His frequent noble Acts to disesteem :

To whom he thus ; Great Prince, thy Kinsman aid
(If ought in his behalf can thee persuade)
To save *Alcathous* Body ; follow me.

He, who so oft both fed and dandled thee
When thou wert young, lies bleeding on the Plain,
By stern *Idomeneus* Javelin slain.

These Words straight turn'd his Discontent to Rage,
And up he comes his Fury to assuage.

(o) A noble Extraction is no little improved and heightened by commendable Qualities and heroick Actions. So *Enripides* ;

Δενδὲς ἡγεσμένη καὶ πατρὶς ἐν βροτοῖς
Ἑσλὸς ἡμῶν, καὶ πρὸς ἑρῶν ἔρχεται
Τὴν οὐρανὸν τῶν αἰσίων.

To be well-born deserveth Praise :
But such as by their Vertue raise
Their House most worthy are of Baies.

Whereas, as saith *Luc. ad Pisonem*,
perit omnis in illo
Nobilitas, cujus Laus est in Origine sola.

Nobility in him is lost
Who onely Ancestors can boast.

(p) *Priam* discountenanced still *Aeneas*, either as being jealous of him for affecting the Government, he being very popular ; or else because his Mother *Venus* had occasioned the Rape of *Helen* by *Paris*. Beside, there was a Prophecy concerning him, That *Troy* being sackt, *Aeneas* should reign. *Enst* ;

The

The Greek shrunk not like a young Child, but stood
 As stands a Boar making the Mountain good,
 Nor, hearing Shouts, his Station will forsake,
 A Stand of Bristles threatning on his Back ;
 His Eyes dart Fire, his foamy Tusks he whets,
 Then fiercely both on Hounds and Huntsmen sets :
 So for the Foe *Idomeneus* staid,
Ascalaphus first calling to his Aid,
Deipyrus, *Aphareus*, and old *Nestor's* Son ;
 And in these words unto them he begun ;
 Quickly your Friend deserted now assist.

(q) He fears not *Aeneas* his Valour,
 but distrusts his own Imbecillity and
 Age, being no whit his inferior for
 Courage, but onely for Strength : O-
 therwise Force without Resolution is
 fruitless and ineffective ; for, as *Hip-
 potoon* in *Stolatus*,

Τῆς δὲ νύκτων κρείσσον ἀκμαίων νεότης.
 Old Lions better are then tender Hindes.

To which is consonant that of *Enripides*
 in his *Andromache*,

Πολὺν νέων γὰρ καὶ γέρον ἐν πολέῳ ἢ κρείτ-
 τον.
 Τί γὰρ δὲ δειλὸν ὄντι εὐσεμαλῶν ;

Old men, if valiant, play their parts
 Better then Young men wanting Hearts.

(r) Sheep never thrive better then
 when they drink often ; whence in the
 Summer-season the Shepherds anci-
 ently gave them Salt to augment their
 Thirst, proportioning a Bushell to a
 hundred. *Eust.*

(*) *Aeneas* and *Id meneus*.

(q) I am too weak yon *Trojan* to resist,
 Who makes such dreadfull Havock still in Fight,
 And boasts young Strength and Courage at the height.
 Were we of equal Age, him I would meet ;
 He Fame on me, or I on him would get.

This said, they all drew up to help the Prince,
 Casting themselves in posture of Defence.
 At which *Aeneas* did to *Paris* call,
Agenor and *Deiphobus*, who all
 Up chearfully to his Assistance came,
 Their Squadrons following, as the Flocks the Ram
 To (r) watering from the Field, (their Shepherds glad :)
 Such chearing Joys *Aeneas* Breast invade,
 To see so many ready at his Call.

On for *Alcathous* Corps the Hero's fall
 With pond'rous Spears, Steel on their Breasts resounds,
 Blows answ'ring Blows, and Wounds requiting wounds.

Meanwhile extremely both the (*) Princes rage,
 Like cruel *Mars*, much thirsting to assuage
 Their Wrath with Bloud, and fiercely they advance.
 But first *Aeneas* threw a well-aim'd Lance ;
 Which soon perceiv'd he stooping wav'd the Wound.
 Deep fix'd the Javelin trembling in the Ground,

And

And from the valiant Hero flew in vain.
 But *Oenomaus* was by the *Cretan* slain,
 Who through his Arms him in the Belly thrust.
 Dying he falls, and grasps the bloody Dust.
 Back then he plucks his Spear, but could not get
 His Arms, so thick they threw, nor yet retreat;
 Nor could he, now grown ancient, nimbly run
 In for his Javelin cast, nor Javelins shun.
 So standing to it firm he kept off Fate;
 For fly he could not. Whilst with easy Gate
 Back now he gave, *Deiphobus*, his ^(s) Foe,
 At him a Spear did with full Vigour throw.
 But missing, it *Ascalaphus*, the Son
 Of mighty *Mars*, did through the Shoulder run.
 The Hero falling, his bright Arms resound,
 Whose Elbows took possession of the Ground.
 But *Mars* heard nothing of his Off-spring's Fate,
 He on the Spire of steep *Olympus* sate,
 'Mongst golden Clouds, where other Gods did sit:
 For *Jove* him to engage would not permit.
 Whilst 'bout *Ascalaphus* the Fight grew hot,
Deiphobus his curious Helmet got.
 In leaps *Meriones* like the God of War,
 And ran quite through the *Trojan's* Arm his Spear.
 From his numb'd Fingers falls the glittering Cask
 Upon the Ground; then, finishing his Task,
 Like a fierce Vultur in he flies, and warm
 Pluck'd out the Javelin from his wounded Arm,
 Retiring straight. *Polites* 'bout the Wast
 His Brother-german strictly then embrac'd,
 And brought him off from Danger to the Rear,
 Where stood his Chariot, Steeds and Charioteer;
 Which to the Town (his Hand distain'd with Gore)
 Him much lamenting and tormented bore:

(s) As his Corival, *Idomeneus* also
being a servant of *Helen's*.

Whilst

Whilst they fight on, and Clamour scales the Skies.

Against *Aphareus Caletorides*.

Aeneas ran, and him with's Javelin smote,

As he wheel'd round to meet him, in the Throat.

His Head hung down, down drops his Helm and

And Death his Eyes in lasting Darkness feel'd. (Shield,

Antilochus Thoon, as he wheel'd about,

Hit on the Back, and let his best Bloud out,

Cutting ^(c) a Vein which ran up to his Neck.

Lying along i'th' Dust, he could not speak,

But to his dearest Friends his Hands extends.

Antilochus off from his Shoulders rends

His curious Arms. The *Trojans* him surround :

Huge Blows upon his ample Shield resound.

But *Neptune* still preserv'd old *Nestor's* Son

From Swords, from Shafts, from deadly Javelins thrown.

He ne'r gave Ground, nor shrunk into the Rear,

But alwaies fought and brandished his Spear,

His time observing when his Launce to throw,

Or Hand to hand assault some daring Foe.

Whom *Adamas*, observing as he wheel'd,

Tilting in full Career, struck on his Shield.

Neptune, his Point rebating, in that Strife

Would not *Antilochus* should lose his Life.

Like a burnt Stake half stuck upon his Shield,

The other half lay broken in the Field.

He Death avoiding towards the *Trojans* flew,

Whom with his Spear *Meriones* ran through,

^(u) Betwixt his Navell and his Privy parts,

Where most a Wound receiv'd in Battel smarts.

There stuck the Point ; the Hero in a Trance

Shook with Death's Agony th' infixed Launce.

As when an Ox strong Shepherds from a Hill,

With Cordage ty'd, hale down against his Will :

(c) The *Vena cava*, which arising from the right side of the *Spina dorsi*, near the Liver, passeth through the Diaphragm to the Heart, and from thence to the Neck. See *Arist. Hist. Animal. lib. 2. cap. 3.*

(u) *Περὶ τὸ ἦεν*, or *κατασπιν*, or, as *Suidas* calls it, *καύεν*, a part full of Nerves, and so impatient of Pain.

So shook the *Trojan*, till the *Greek* drew near,
And gave him Ease by drawing out his Spear,
Closing his Eyes in Night's eternall Shade.

But *Helenus*, with a ^(x) broad *Thracian* Blade,
Pierc'd *Deipyr's* Forehead through his Cask of Steel.
Down on the Ground the struck-off Helmet fell,
Which snatch'd up prov'd some greedy Souldier's prize;
Whilst Death's cold Fingers clos'd his dying Eyes.

But *Menelaus* raging did advance,
Threatning the Hero with his brandish'd Lance,
Who ready had his Bow : so up they drew,
And both at once discharg'd ; this shot, that threw.
The winged Shaft on his strong Breast-plate sounds,
Steel striking Steel, and over-match'd rebounds.

As leap on Threshing-floors (when Winnowers cleanse
With fanning Breezes) Pease or husky ^(y) Beans;
So from the *Spartan's* Arms the Shaft did glance,
Whom *Menelaus* wounded with his Lance.

Quite through both Hand and Bow the Javelin past,
Which made hard Yew 'mongst tender Fibers fast.

He to his Friends retreats surpriz'd with Fear,
And trails along fixt in his Hand the Spear:

Agenor drew the Javelin, and the Wound

Up in a ^(z) Lamb's-skin Rowler neatly bound,

Which his Attendant had. *Pisander* straight,

Spurr'd towards his Ruine by unlucky Fate,

Up'gainst the *Spartan* boldy drew, that he,

O *Menelaus*, so might fall by thee.

Soon as these Chiefs within just Distance were;

Atrides throwing mist: *Pisander's* Spear

Broke on his Shield, and no Impression made;

Yet he with hop'd-for Victory was glad.

But stern *Atrides* his sharp Faulchion drew,

And at him like a winged Tempest flew ;

Q q

Who

(x) Of all the barbarous Nations
that came to assilt *Troy*, the *Thracians*
only used broad Swords.

(y) *Enstatius* observes here, that it
was not lawfull for Priests to eat Beans,
because of the black Specks in them;
they accounting it all one as to eat the
Brains of their Parents.

Δειλοί, πάνδελοι, κλέμων ἀπὸ γαστρὸς ἔχοντες.
Ἰσὲν τοὺς κλέμους τὴν γαστῆρ, καρὰς τὴν πύ-
κλιν.

Touch not a Bean; you most prophane:
As good you eat your Parents Brain.

Others say, these being their chief Food
or Bread under *Saturn*, or in the Gol-
den Age of the World, their use was
prohibited by *Jupiter*, to extinguish so
the Memory of his Father. *Aristotle*
saith, *Pythagoras* interdicted the eating
of Beans, ὅτι οὐκ ἔμοιρον εἶναι πύκλιν
ἀποθανόντων δ' ὁμών, because they resembled
the Gates of Hell, and are Enemies to
Generation; (so some would have it,
whereas they conduce rather, being
of a flatuous nature) or for that they
are inflexible, and so resemble *Pluto*,
whom the Poets make inexorable. *La-
ertius* saith, that being pursued by the
Acragantines, *Pythagoras* chose rather
to die then to set his Foot in a Field of
Beans; of which that Author thus:

Αἱ, ὦ, Πυθαγόρης τί τῶν κλέμους ἐπιβάνη;
Καὶ δὴν πομπαῖς ἀμύμα τῶν ἰδίων;
Χεῖρον γὰρ κλέμων, ἢ αὐτὸς τὸς ἑαυτοῦ
ἔξ' Ἀκραγαντῶν ἐπ' ἴδαν ἐπὶ γαστρί.

Why did *Pythagoras* honour Beans so
much?
Who with his Scholars, rather then to
touch
A Stalk, or trample down one tender
Cud,
Resolv'd to die and perish in the Road.

(z) The *Scholiast* observes, that
anciently they quilted the ends of their
Slings (τὰ κῶλα) with Wool, that so
they might be the easier, and stretch the
more. Others add, that Servants only
used them in War, as here *Agenor's*.

Who takes his Pole-axe from beneath his Shield,
 The Haft smooth-Olive, and the Head well steel'd.
 So on each other furiously they set.
 This from his Crest his waving Plumage beat;
 That on the Brow hit him a Blow so just,
 His Eyes drop out, and rowl in bloody Dust
 Close at his Foot. He sinks in Death's Arrest,
 Whilst stern *Atrides* treads upon his Breast,
 And stripping him says thus; So shall you quit,
 Insolent *Trojans*, at the last our Fleet,
 You who are never satisf'd with War,
 (You in such Qualities not wanting are)
 Who injur'd me, and Wrong return'd for Love,
 Nor fear'd the Wrath of Hospitable *Jove*.
 He will on you his Indignation pour,
 Who stole my Wife and her so ^(a) wealthy Dower,
 Without Pretence, and her in *Troy* detain,
 Who you so courteously did entertain;
 And now once more maliciously conspire
 Our Chiefs to slaughter, and our Fleet to fire.
Jove, thou who dost in Wisedome far out-shine
 All Men and Gods, are not their Actions thine?
 For now thou grant'st this impious Nation Aid,
 Who Bloud-shed love, and make of War a Trade.

(a) *Heien* being forced away as she was going to Sacrifice, all her richest Vessels being born before her.

(b) So *Pindar*,
 καὶ μέλι, καὶ τὸ πικρὸν ἄνδρα ἀφροδισια.

Honey it self will glut,
 And Venus pleasant Fruit.

(c) The more commendable kind of Dancing (intended here by *Homer*) was invented by *Minerva*, or, as others, by the *Dioscuri*, *Castor* and *Pollux*: the more scurrilous and Theatricall, i. the Comicall and Scenicall, by *Pan* or *Bacchus*. *Phrynichus* the Tragick Poet gave such as invented any new way or Scheme of Dancing *trio-bolum*, which occasioned that Adage, *ῥῆμα καὶ ῥητάβολον*. Albeit others deduce it from *Pythagoras*, who, to encourage his daller Scholars, gave them so much for every Mathematicall Figure they were able to demonstrate, purchasing so their Industry and Diligence. *Enst.* *Galen* commends Dancing as much conducing to Health. Of the severall kinds of it amongst the Ancients, see *Jal. Scal. Poet. lib. 1. cap. 18.*

(b) Enough of Sleep, enough of Love's Delights,
 Singing and (c) Dancing, cloy our Appetites:
 But those who love the Sports of cruel War,
 Ne'r have enough; and such these *Trojans* are.

This said, from him his bloody Arms he strips,
 And sends them by his Servants to the Ships.
 Then went he back into the Battel, where
Harpalion charg'd him, King *Pylemen's* Heir,
 Who under his dear Father bore Command,
 And now no more must see his Native Land.

His

His Spear *Atrides* Shield did never pass,
 Through all those Foldings plated o're with Bra
 Then looking round about he did retreat,
 Fearing a sharper Javelin him might hit.
 At him *Meriones* shot : the barbed Point
 On his right Side pierc'd the Sciatick Joynt.
 Quite through his Bladder's Neck the Arrow pass'd.
 He in his Friends Embraces breath'd his last,
 And like a Worm lay stretch'd upon the Ground,
 A Purple River gushing from the Wound.
 Whose Corps the wofull *Paphlagonians* laid
 In his own Chariot, and to *Troy* convey'd.
 With them ^(d) his Father went, and made great Moan,
 Not staying to revenge his slaughter'd Son.

When *Paris* saw him weltring in his Goar,
 Who him with many *Paphlagonians* more
 Had treated oft, enrag'd, a Shaft he drew,
 And rich *Polyides* Son, *Euchenor*, slew,
 Who dwelt in *Corinth*, and his Fate did know,
 Yet in this Expedition needs would go,
 Though oft fore-told by his ^(e) Prophetick Sire,
 He should at Home by ^(f) sad Disease expire,
 Or else be at the *Græcian* Navy slain.

Which ^(g) Destinies he strove to shun in vain.
 Beneath his Ear the deadly Arrow stuck,
 Whose Soul his Body suddenly forsook ;
 Death his Eyes feeling in eternall Night.
 Thus like devouring Flames both Armies fight.

But on the left Hand *Hector* knew not yet
 The strong Resistance his bold *Trojans* met ;
 Where *Neptune* had the *Greeks* victorious made,
 And did with mighty Strength and Courage aid ;
 He keeping where he first had past the Banks,
 Discomfiting the Target-bearing Ranks ;

Q. q 2

Where

(d) Some here querying how *Pylæmenes* could accompany the Corps of his Son, being formerly said to be slain by *Menelaus*, solve it by saying, that there were two of the same name, both Leaders of the *Paphlagonians*. Others understand it of his Father's Ghost only, whose Carcass lay uninterr'd : it being a generally-received Tradition amongst the Heathen, that the Spirits of such whose Bodies were unburied, their Funeral Rites unperformed, hovered still about their late-left Mansions. Thus *Polydorus* his Carcass floating upon the Ocean, and beating upon the Beach, *Enripides* makes his Ghost to prologue it to his *Hecuba*. Others, to elude this Objection, read thus the latter part of the Verse,

— μετὰ δ' ἔπειτα παρὲς αὐτὸν δάκρυα
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(e) *Polyides* was the Son of *Cleitus*, *Cleitus* of *Mantius*, *Mantius* of *Melampus*. *Euchenor* and a Brother of his called also *Cleitus*, having assisted the *Epigoni* at the taking in of *Thebes*, engaged after with the *Greeks* in their Expedition for *Troy*.

(f) He prefers a glorious Death, though sudden and violent, before a long languishing Sickness ; chusing rather to die in the Field, fighting for his Country, by the Sword of an Enemy, than to perish piecemeals and by degrees by a lingering Disease.

(g) Gr. Ἀργαῖον δούλω, i. κατὰ πένοντα ἡμίαντα, a pecuniary Fine or *Mulct* set upon such of their Heads as refused to serve their Country in their Wars, and that a very high one.

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Where *Ajax* and *Protesilaus* Ships
Lay on the Beach, drawn up from briny Deep; ;
Where they their Wall had builded low and slight;
Where Horse and Foot so furiously did fight.

Here the ^(b) *Bæotians* and ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Laons* were,
The *Locrians*, ^(k) *Phthians*, and *Epeians*, there
Conjoyn'd to force great *Hector* to retire ;
But could not, who came on like cruel Fire :
Though there th' *Athenians* *Peteus* Off-spring led,
Whom *Phidas*, *Stichius*, *Bias* seconded ;
Though *Amphion*, *Dracius*, and *Phyles* Son,
Podarces, *Medon* led the *Phthians* on.

Medon was *Oileus* natural Son, yet him
His Brother *Ajax* highly did esteem.
He did inhabit, forc'd by long Exile,
Phylacean Lands, far from his Native Soil,
'Cause he *Eriopis* Brother in sad Strife
Had slain, (she was his Father *Oileus* Wife.)
But swift *Podarces* was *Iphiclus* Son.

These brought the *Phthians* and *Bæotians* on :
Whilst *Ajax* *Oileus* Off-spring firmly stood,
And made his Ground with *Ajax* *Telamon* good.

^(l) As two black Steers, turning up deeper Soil,
Work at the Plough with equal Strength and Toil ;
Drops of faint Sweat about their Horns appear,
Whilst they smooth Fallow into Mountains tear,
And all the Field plow up in Furrows large :
So fighting they their Duties did discharge.
Great *Ajax* Friends, when Labour made him yield
To sweating Faintness, bore his ponderous Shield.
Nor did *Oiliades* with *Locrians* try

^(m) In front the Fury of their Enemy.
They wore no Helmets plum'd with Horses Hair,
Nor did round Shields and ponderous Javelins bear :

But

(b) *Eustathius* writes of the *Bæotians*, that after their memorable Engagement at *Leuctra*, they much degenerated from their pristine Valour, devoting themselves to Gluttony, and spending the greatest part of their Substance in Feasting. Whence *Eratosthenes* reports, that one *Pempelus* being demanded, τί γὰρ αὐτῷ δοῦνεν ὁ Βωτοί, εἰπεῖν, Τί γὰρ ἄλλο ἢ τοιαῦτα ἐλάλουν, οἷα ἂν καὶ τὰ εἰσγῆα φωνῶν λαβόντα, πότον ἔσας ἔχοντες, What he thought of the *Bæotians*, replied, That he believed when they met, they questioned one the other, what Vessels would ask could they speak, How much each held.

(i) These *Laons* were the *Athenians*, so called from *Ion* the Son of *Crensa* and *Erechtheus*. He calls them *ἰωνοειεῖς*, because before *Pericles* his time they wore their Garments long like Women ; whence also the *Caræes* had that their name, οἷα σαρδάβους ὡς αἱ κέρες, because of their long Vests, being habited like *Virgins*. They are stigmatized ὡς ἀπὸ καλῶν, for their cross disposition and ill treatment of all men ; having these four Qualities peculiar to them, φονεῖν, καταλακίζειν, ἐξοστρακίζειν, δαράζειν, καὶ καλῶν τὰς ἀέρας. Instances whereof were *Aristides*, *Socrates*, *Alcibiades*, and innumerable others. *Eust.*

(k) The *Phthians* were the Retainers of *Protesilaus*, and Inhabitants of *Phthia*, a City of *Thessaly* ; whereas *Achilles* his Souldiers were stiled, not *Phthii*, but *Phthiota*.

(l) By this Simile *Homer* insinuates these three things concerning the two *Ajaxes* ; their Unity in Affection, their Union in Action, and their Proximity in Place, either still assisting other.

(m) For τοῖς ἀποβολισμῶντος ἡσθῆτος, using onely such Arms as wounded at distance, they were otherwise but lightly armed, such as the *Romans* called *Vesites*, the *Greeks* *ψαλῆς*, and so could not so well withstand the Shock of the Enemy.

But trusting Bows and Slings they march'd to *Troy*,
 And did with these the *Trojans* much annoy.
 He 'gainst the Foe these light-arm'd Souldiers brought,
 Who with bold *Hector* and the *Trojans* fought,
 And at a Distance on the Foe did fall,
 And sculking them with Shafts extremely gall,
 That they scarce able were to keep their Ranks.
 Then had they leap'd once more the Walls and Banks,
 And basely beaten back retreated Home,
 And shelter fought in lofty *Ilium*,
 Had not *Polydamas* to *Hector* said ;

Hard is the Task, great Prince, thee to persuade.
 Although thou us in Valour dost excell,
 Others there are who may advise ⁽ⁿ⁾ as well :
 At all things none are expert ; *Jove* imparts
 To this great Skill in Military Arts,
 That well to Dance, this well to touch his Lyre ;
 Another he with Wisedome doth inspire,
 The Fruits of which whole Nations oft enjoy :
^(o) Prudence great Cities saves, and so may *Troy*.
 What now seems best to me I shall propound.
 Hedg'd we are in with Hostile Squadrons round,
 Since we their Walls did force, and put to Flight
 The *Greeks*. We but a few with many fight,
 Dispers'd about the Navy: therefore all
 Your prime Commanders back to Council call :
 There let's consult, if we shall farther go,
 (If *Jove* on us will Victory bestow)
 And we with all our Forces charge the Fleet ;
 Or safe with Honour from their Ships retreat :
 Since much I fear the worsted *Gracians* may
 Their last Night's Score with Interest ^(p) repay.
 A ^(q) Prince so warlike at the Navy lies,
 May make us by too sad Experience wise.

(n) Albeit *Polydamas* seems to divorce these two here, Prudence and Prowess, as doth also *Euripides* in his *Rhesus*,

(Εἶδ' ἦδ' αἰὲρ σύμβουλος, ὡς δ' ἔσται χεῖρ.
 Ἄλλ' ἢ γὰρ αὐτὸς πάντ' ἐπίσταται βροτῶν
 Πότῃ κεν, ἄλλω δ' ἄλλο πείσεται γέρας,
 Σὲ μὲν μάχεσθαι, καὶ δὲ βυλάειν χαλῶς.

Would thou wert wise as valiant.
 But no man e're all Parts could want.
 Thou expert art in Feats of War ;
 Another's Reach is deeper far.)

and that to abate the Haughtiness of *Hector*, highly opinionated of his own Abilities and Perfection: yet are both of them requisite to compleat a Commander in chief, according to that of the same *Euripides* in *Phœnissæ*, where *Eteocles* putting this Question,

Θάρσεν περὶ κίνου, ἢ φρονεῖν εὐβουλία ;

Doth Courage prompt thee thus, or Policy ?

Creon replies,
 Ἀμφότερον ἀπαιτῶν γὰρ ἴδεν δάμνην.

Both, because neither must neglected be.

(o) As if all other the Sciences, Arts and Exercises, had in them no Knowledge at all, or were not worthy the name of Sciences, compared to Prudence; according to that of *Epicharmus* in *Plutarch*,

Νῦν ὁρᾷ, νῦν ἀκούει, τὰλλα δ' οὐ φρονεῖ
 Καὶ κωφὰ πύγχει, λόγῳ δὲ μὴ δύνανται.

Our Soul sees all and hears: all but our Mind
 Are void of Reason, deaf and blind.

(p) Gr. ἀποτίσσωται, i. repay it by weight: for Money being not then coined or current, the Ancients made all their Payments and Returns by Weight. Hence that Piece of money called *Stater*, ἡ *Statera*, from the Balance. Schol. Whence the more castigate Lesson and best approved of by the old Grammarians, ἀποτίσσωται.

(q) He means *Achilles*, whose name he conceals in favour of *Hector*, they being

— duo Fulmina Belli,
 the two Thunderbolts of the *Trojan* War.

This

This graver Counfel *Hector's* Fury charm'd,
 Who from his Chariot leap'd compleatly arm'd,
 And thus reply'd ; Thy Counfel I obey :
 But here a while with all these Princes stay,
 Till I that Party yonder do relieve,
 And then returning forth new Orders give.

This said, he through the Regiments did go
 Like a huge Mountain cover'd o're with Snow.
 Soon as the *Trojan* Prince his Leaders heard,
 All to *Polydamas* with Speed repair'd ;
 Whilst *Hector* went to find *Deiphobus*,
Adamas, *Asius*, and Prince *Helenus*,
 Through all the Battell : but he none could meet,
 Alive, or hurt ; they at the *Græcian* Fleet
 Lay slaughter'd by the Foe in cruel Fight,
 Or ^(r) wounded in the Trenches in their Flight.
 At last he *Paris* on the left Wing found,
 Labouring the *Trojans* to maintain their Ground :

(r) For some of them being hurt
 with Arrows and Stones from Bows
 and Slings, others were wounded with
 Swords and Launces.

To whom he thus ; O thou, whose comely Parts
 Are onely fit to captive Womens Hearts,
 Ah ! where is *Helenus* and *Deiphobus*,
Adamas, *Asius*, *Othryoneus* ?
 Now *Priam's* lofty Tow'rs I falling see,
 And dreadfull Vengeance waiting upon thee.

Paris reply'd ; Why lay'st thou so much Blame,
 Brother, upon me, who not Guilty am ?
 Once I retreated ; true, once, and no more :
 Our Mother never me a Coward bore.
 Since to the *Græcian* Fleet thou mad'st thy Way,
 I held the Foe continually in Play.
 Slain are some Friends of whom thou hast enquir'd :
Deiphobus and *Helenus* retir'd,
 Both with long Javelins wounded in the Hand ;
 But *Jove* their present Slaughter did withstand.

Now

Now lead, and, where thy Courage prompts, let's go
Gladly together, and our Valour show,
Stretching our joyn'd Performance to the Height.

(1) Beyond their Strength and Courage none can fight.

(1) So Euripides in *Helena*,
Τὸ γὰρ πλεονάζον ἀνδραγαθὸν ἐστὶν ἐν σφῶν.

Hector these pliant Words did well resent,
And where the Fight was hottest thither went.

With them *Polydamas* and *Cebriones* goe,

Phalces, *Orithæus*, *Polyphætès* too ;

Palmus, *Ascanius*, *Morys*, the same way,

Hippotion's Sons, who did but yesterday

Come from *Ascania's* fertile Banks to *Troy*.

These *Jove* against the *Græcians* did imploy.

All charge together like a *Hurricane*,

Which with dire Thunder hurried o're the Plain

Falls on the Sea ; high-swelling Billows rore,

Waves Waves recruiting beat against the Shore ;

The briny Spry surmounts the stormed Beach,

All th' Ocean plow'd into one silver Breach :

So with Supplies they one another fed,

Glittering in Steel up by their Chieftains led.

Bold *Hector*, like the God of War, before

His orb'd Shield, lin'd and well plated, bore :

His glittering Cask, adorn'd with Horses Tails,

Wav'd with the Wind, where he his Foe assails,

Striving to bear down Squadrons with his Shield.

But not one Inch the charged *Græcians* yield.

Then unto *Hector Ajax* thus ; Draw near.

Think'st thou to scare us with a Panick Fear ?

We want nor Skill nor Courage ; 'tis the God

That us chastifeth with this heavy Rod.

Our Ships your Hopes have swallowed ; but yet

Faster then you advanc'd you may retreat ;

And we, by Fortune's Smiles encourag'd, may

In Dust your haughty Bulwarks levell lay.

It

It is not long e're thou shalt worsted lie,
Imploring *Jove* and all who plant the Sky,
Thy Steeds may swift as Falcons cut the Aire,
And thee in dusty Clouds to *Ilium* bear.

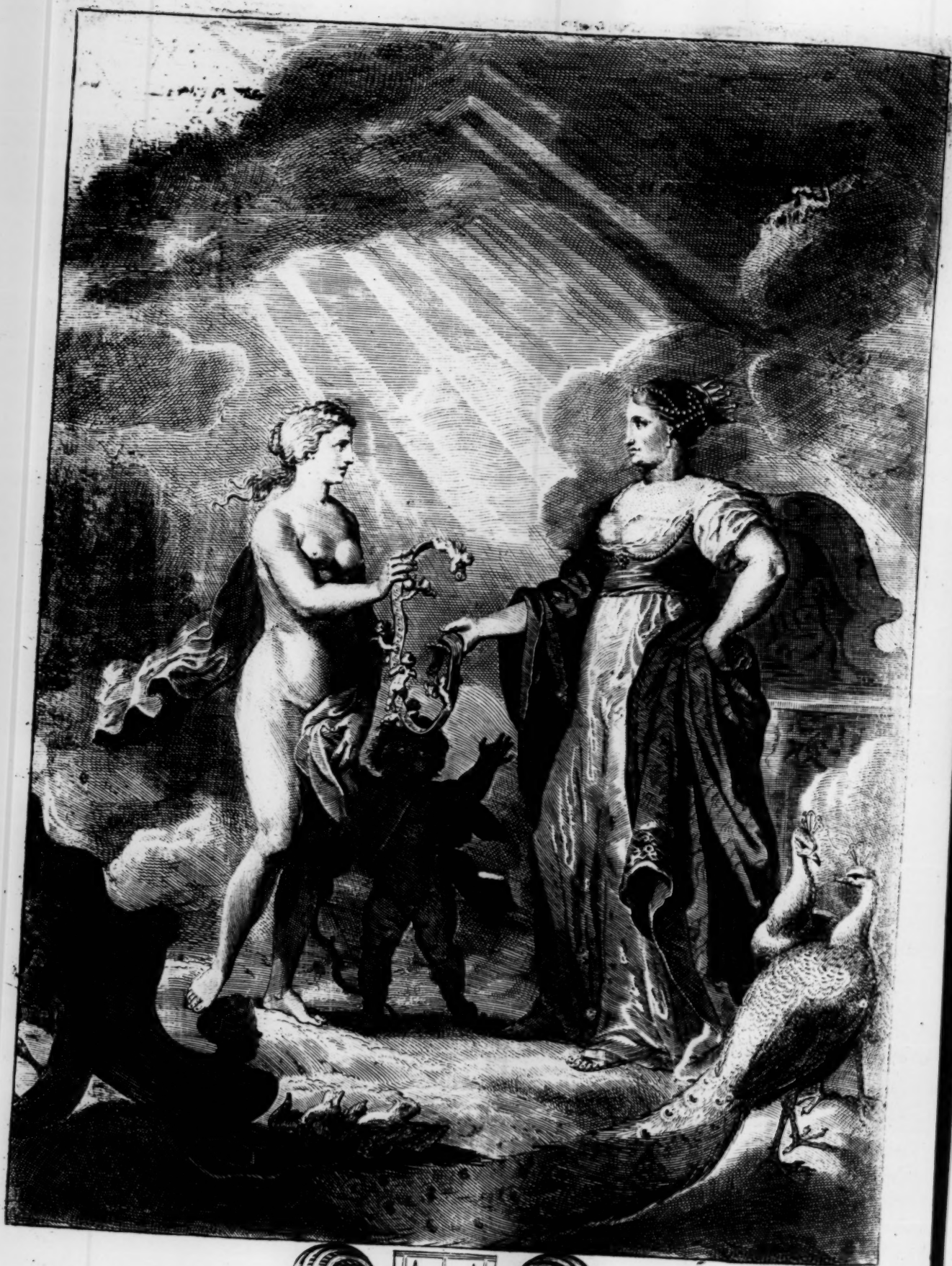
This said, on's right Hand he an Eagle spy'd,
Confirm'd his *Omen* : loud the *Græcians* cry'd.
When thus illustrious *Hector* Answer made ;

(1) Unwieldy Trunk! what hast thou vaunting said?
Oh! could I be as certain that I were
Sprung from great *Jove*, and *Juno* me did bear,
And that all Mortals should to me, as they
To *Pallas* and *Apollo* Offerings pay ;
As I'll this Day bring Ruine on you all.
And if thou stand'st me, this my Javelin shall
Thy (2) tender Body pierce : then Vulturs there
With greedy Dogs thy Limbs shall feasting tear.
This said, he leads, all follow with a (3) Shout ;
The *Greeks* shout too, resolv'd to fight it out.
Firmly they stand ; reiterated Cries
Scale *Jove's* bright Court, and combat in the Skies.

(1) *Gr. Βαυδός*, by which word he upbraids him for the Vastness and Inactiveness of his Body, the word being compounded of *γῆα* the Earth, (and so noting his Unwieldiness, τὸ βαυδὸς ἐν-ματὸς ὡς δουλιότητος) and *βῆς* as Ox, (and so his greater Bulk and Corpulency, τὸ ἐμ-ψυχον μὲν, πάλυ δὲ τὸ μεγίστου, the word *βῆς* being never used in composition but to express some Magnitude greater than ordinary, and sometime ἀναισθησίας Stupidity,) *Eust.* The Ancients called such an one *βαυλοποιον*.

(2) He taxeth the Tenderness of his Skin, ὡς ἐσπιατὰ ἐνδύον, as if he had been tenderly brought up, and not injured to Hardness: which yet *Eust.* saith was occasioned διὰ τὸ ἐν βάλους ἀγυμνασθὶν τὸ ἔσθαι, by his want of Exercise by reason of his Bulk.

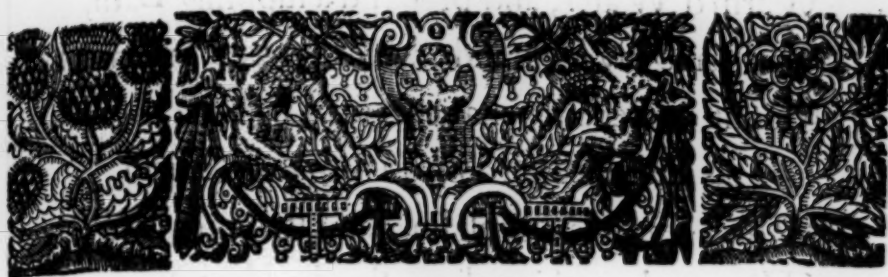
(3) *Εὐψυχίας σημεῖον ἢ ἐν πολέμῳ ἰαχὴ*. A Shout in Battell was a sign of Courage and Resolution.



Gualtero Chetwind filio
Chetwind de Grindon
Armigeri Tabulam



Senatu Maximo Gualteri
in Comitatu Warwick
hanc L.M.D.D.D.I.O.



HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Startled with Clamour, Nestor leaves his Tent;
The Princes wounded to the Battell went.
Juno from Venus gets her amorous Cest;
Then visits Jove, in gorgeous Habit drest.
Surpris'd with Sleep and Love's bewitching Charms,
He casts off Care, and slumbers in her Arms.
Calchas cheers up the Greeks: the Trojans fly,
And conquer'd Trenches with their Slaughter dye.*

THough ^(a) Nestor drinking fate, attentive
Care
Presents the rising Clamours to his
Ear;

Who thus to *Æsculapius* Off-spring said;
Hark, louder Cries the echoing Skies invade
Of furious Youth encountring near the Fleet.
Do thou therefore here, dear *Machaon*, sit,

R r Drinking

(a) Not that Nestor was carowing all this while, from the close of the XI. Rhapsody; but Homer, re-assuming his discontinued Discourse concerning Nestor, takes Rise from what he left him there doing. Schol.

Drinking rich Wine, till *Hecamede* hath
Warm'd Water, and prepar'd a suppling Bath,
To cleanse thy Wound ; whilst on yon Summit I
Mount, to behold what this may signifie.

This said, he brac'd on *Thrasymedes* Shield,
Which ready lay, well lin'd and strongly steel'd ;
(His own he to his valiant Son had lent)

Then takes a Spear, and gets without his Tent.
But straight a wofull Object he beheld,
Their Trenches past, Walls forc'd, and *Greeks* repell'd.
As when dark Seas with fullen Frowns preface
Th' approaching Motion of a Tempest's Rage ;
The silent Ocean listning stands unstirr'd,

Till ^(b) Winds, their Prison broken, give the Word :
So stood old *Nestor* unresolved yet,
If to assist the *Græcians*, were more fit,
Or else repair to *Agamemnon* first.

Upon the last he fix'd, as not the worst : (Wounds,
Whilst they fought on, and Weapons sheath'd in
Whilst solid Steel with Swords and Spears resounds.
Ulysses, *Diomed*, *Atrides* rose,

Though wounded, thus alarm'd by their Foes ;
And vent'ring forth on *Nestor* coming light.
Their Vessels at great distance from the Fight
Did on the briny Ocean's Margents lie :
The foremost, bedded in the Sand, fate dry, (Prores
Walls ranging with their Sterns, their streightned
Lay pinched up upon the narrow Shores :

Like ^(c) Ladders steps in Ranks the Vessels lay,
The large ^(d) Jaws fringing of the trending Bay.
Earnest to be inform'd of the Event,
On long Spears leaning they together went :
When with a heavy Heart, and much dismay'd,
Encountring *Nestor*, *Agamemnon* said ;

Renown'd

(b) Gr. *καταβύοντες*, which *Homer* opposeth (as *Hesiod* his *ἐκνεύειν αἶψα*) *πυκνωμένους ἃ ἀπ' αὐτοῦ*, to those that blow uncertainly, shifting the Points of the Compass.

(c) For that the Shore being high, and the Vessels drawn up one above the other, the Beach being too short to hold them placed in length, they shewed like Scaling-Ladders to such as viewed them at a distance.

(d) Gr. *ἀνέγες*, that is, either *τὰ ὡς πτερὰ πτεροειδῆ*, the two Wings of their Navy, the two extreme or outmost Squadrons of the Fleet, the Vessels of *Achilles* and *Ajax*, (though *Euripides* in his *Iphigenia in Aul.* place *Ajax* his Bottoms in the main Body ;) or else all that long Tract of Land that made up the *Rhætan* and *Sigæan* Promontories.

Renown'd *Neleides*, O thou who art
 Our greatest Honour; why dost thou desert
 Thy Friends engaged thus? Ah! I suspect
Hector will bring his Threatnings to effect;
 Who told the *Trojans*, he would ne'r return
 To *Ilium*, till our Navy he did burn,
 And put our numerous Army to the Sword.
 Thus us he threaten'd, and will keep his Word.
 Others displeas'd besides *Achilles* are,
 And will no more adventure in this War;
 Who now, to wreak their long-concealed Spight,
 The Army, Fleet, and their own Danger slight.

Then *Nestor*; Ah! *Atrides*, 'tis too true;

(c) What they have done *Jove* cannot now undo:
 Our Walls are shatter'd down, and Works which we
 Did once conceive impregnable to be:
 The Battell nearer still and nearer draws;
 They fight incessantly, and never pause:
 Nor couldst thou by observing tell me where
 Our Friends engag'd in greatest Danger were;
 Slaughter so reigns, and Clamour deafs the Skies.
 Yet what is best to doe let us advise.

But you I'll not persuade to charge the Foe:
 Who wounded are should not to Battell goe.

Then spake the King; Since they our Fleet assail,
 Since Trenches, Walls and Bulwarks nought avail,
 Which with such Art and Pains we did erect,
 Supposing they our Navy would protect;
 Since *Jove* is pleas'd that, after all this Toil,
 We perish here far from our Native Soil,
 Who once our Army did assist and guide;
 Since he our Feet hath wing'd, our Hands hath ty'd:
 Invincible Necessity let's obey,
 And launch those Ships lie nearest to the Sea:

R r 2

There

(c) He disputes not, much less denies, the Power of *Jupiter*; onely he avers it impossible *factum infectum reddere*, to recall a thing past, or make it not to be past, a thing not fecible by God himself: not that there is any Impotency in him or want of Power, but that there is an Impossibility in the thing it self; it being not possible for both parts of a Contradiction to be true at once, for a thing to be and not to be, to be past and yet not past at one and the same instant. Μὴν γὰρ αὐτὸ καὶ εἶναι καὶ οὐκ εἶναι, ἀπὸ τοῦ περὶ αὐτὸ ἀντὶ τοῦ ἀδυνατοῦ. So *Agathon* in *Aristotle* 5. *Moral. Eudem.*

There let them Anchors drop, their Vessells moor,
 And ride in deeper Water nigh the Shore,
 Untill dark Night her gloomy Curtains draws.
 Then, if the *Trojans* grant a little Pause,
 We'll launch the rest into the swelling Main.
 To fly by Night is no such ugly Stain.
 Better a Deluge shun, then stay to be
 Swallow'd in one common Calamity.

Then boldly *Ithacus* his Mind declar'd; (Guard?)

What Words have scap'd thy Teeth, that Ivory
 Ah! would an Host of Cowards thou didst lead,
 And not command o're us, whom *Jove* decreed
 Our flowry Youth and hoary Age to spend
 In cruel Wars, untill our Lives we end.
 And wouldst thou now quit *Troy*, where we, inur'd
 To Woes, ten thousand Miseries have indur'd?
 Let this Propofall go no farther now,
 Which none of settled Judgment would allow
 Who bore Command, and such an Army sway'd,
 And as thou art were honour'd and obey'd.
 I utterly your Counsel disapprove,
 That we in such Confusion should remove;
 From Shouts and pressing Foes to Sea retire.
 The *Trojans* could not more themselves desire.
 Then suddenly th' impending Storm would fall,
 O're-whelming in the same Destruction all.
 No more your Men will fight, when they have spy'd
 Your launch'd-off Ships on swelling Billows ride,
 But in Disorder from the Battell run:
 And thou shalt rue too late what thou hast done.

Then said *Atrides*; Your Reply is smart:
 I did not counsel any to desert
 The Camp against their Judgment: whosoere
 Knows better Counsel, him I'll freely hear.

Then

Then ^(f) *Diomed*; No long Inquiry make,
 I am the Man, if my Advice you'll take.
 Let not your Judgments Prejudice supplant,
 Because I'm youngest, and Experience want.
 My Father Honour hath on me conferr'd,
Tydeus my Sire, who ^(*) lies at *Thebes* interr'd.
 Three Sons had *Porteus* who did all excell:
Agrus and *Melas* did in *Pleuron* dwell
 And *Calydon*; stout *Oeneus* was the third,
 My Grandfire, much before the rest preferr'd.
 My Father at ^(g) *Argos* fixed his Aboards
 By *Jove's* Decree and Pleasure of the Gods;
 Where he *Adraftus* ^(h) Daughter did espouse,
 And kept a rich and hospitable House.
 Great store of Flocks he had, and sow'd much Ground;
 His Fields with Groves and Vineyards did abound.
 He all surpass'd at the ponderous Spear.
 These things, since true, with Patience you may hear;
 Nor slightly look on my Advice, though young,
 Since from a wise and valiant Sire I sprung.
 Invincible Necessity obey:
 Let us, though wounded, march without delay
 Up to the Battell, but not there engage,
 Lest our old Wounds with new Impressions rage;
 Where at some Distance we'll the *Greeks* excite,
 And those who flinch encourage fresh to fight.

The Counsel pleas'd, and all with one Consent
 (*Atrides* leading) to the Battell went.
 Meanwhile not idly on did *Neptune* look,
 But like an aged Sire t' *Atrides* spoke,
 Grasping his Hand; Our Slaughter and sad Flight
 To stern *Achilles* ⁽ⁱ⁾ is a joyfull Sight,
 Who yearning Bowells wants and Pity: may
 The Gods to him like Disregard repay,

(f) He makes *Diomed*, the youngest of the Company, to make this Proposition, not *Nestor*; because Age being cautious in difficult Emergencies; Youth is still then most forward to put forth it self. Besides, *Diomed's* former Counsel succeeding well, he presumes and is confident the rather now of his own Abilities. *Schol.*

(*) *Gr. ὅν θάβησι γῆν καὶ γαῖα καλύψει* where γῆν is ἡ τῆς γῆς καὶ τῆς γαῖας ὅτι καλύβη γῆν, that Earth properly which covers such as be interr'd, and that ἡ θάβησι, ὅτι καὶ γῆν, not Clouds, (the Heavens conceiving the dead to be sensible of any Pressure or Weight) but Dust. Hence that Prayer and Inscription also on the Busts of the Romans, *Sic tibi terra levis*, that the Earth might be light upon them.

(g) *Tydeus*, having slain *Leucopem* and *Alcathous* his own Children, fled upon it. Others say, that his Father being deposed and expelled his Kingdom by the Sons of his Brother *Agrus*, *Tydeus* slew his Cousins for it, and with them unwittingly his Father's Brother: of which fact he was assailed by *Adraftus*, marrying *Deiphile* his Daughter. *Schol.*

(h) *Diomed* insists long upon his Pedigree and Descent, to make his Counsel the more set by for his noble Lineage and Extraction. To this purpose is that of *Hecuba* in *Euripides* to *Ulysses*:

Τὸ δ' ἀξίωμα; καὶ κακὸς λόγος, τὸ σὺν
 Πείσει. Λόγος γὰρ ἔκ τ' ἀδελφύων ἰσὺν
 Καὶ καὶ δακρύων, αὐτὸς ἢ ταῦτα τὰ δάκρυα.

So much your Worth would us persuade,
 We your Advice should take, though bad;
 For Great mens Counsels we respect;
 The same in meaner men reject.

(i) This the *Greeks* call in one word; elegantly, ἐμχαρῆς, i. e. rejoicing at others Calamities;

Who

Who are themselves less angry. But I trust
That these insulting *Trojans*, who with Dust
Hide all the Plains, may such Resistance meet,
Shall make them fly to *Ilium* from the Fleet.

Thus clamouring through the Camp he went, as
Engag'd in Battell ^(k) many thousand Men, (when
Breathing Defiance, mix in hot Contest:

Such Voices thundred from great *Neptune's* Breast;
Which with fresh Courage arm'd the shrinking Bands,
And indefatigable made their Hands.

When *Juno*, Heav'n's great Empress, looking down
From lofty Spires on steep *Olympus* Crown,
Observ'd how *Neptune* there himself imploy'd,
Busie in Battell, she was over-joy'd.
But straight that Comfort cool'd, when she espy'd
Jove supervising from aspiring *Ide*.

Then female Arts she mustering puts to stretch,
And all her Wiles how *Jove* to over-reach.
Of many, this as best she did select,
To visit *Ide* in gorgeous Habit ^(l) deck'd,
And with her best-improved Beauty *Jove*
Allure ^(m) to Sports of long-neglected Love;
His drowsie Temples next in *Lethe* steep,
And on his Eye-lids pour Care-curing Sleep.

She to her Chamber went, which *Vulcan* had
With curious Doors elaborately made,
Fitting a Key whose ⁽ⁿ⁾ Wards all others mock'd;
Where entring, she her self in private lock'd,
And with *Ambrosia* clearing first from Soil
Her beautious Body, then with ^(o) heav'nly Oil
Her Snow-white Skin anoints, whose fragrant Smell
All Aromatick Sweets did far excell;
Which if but touch'd, the subtile Odour flies (Skies.
Through *Jove's* high Court, vast Earth and ample
She

(k) Gr. ἐνθάχῃ καὶ ἐνθάχῃ. *Aristarchus* reading it ἐνθάχῃ καὶ ἐνθάχῃ, as if *Neptune* had cried no louder then nine or ten common men, lessens much the Miracle, and makes him inferior to *Stenor*, who cried as loud as fifty.

(l) Gr. ἐνπύσαν, i. ἐπιδέσαν, arm'd. Beauty set out and adorned being those Arms whereby that Sex seduces and subjugates Men. *Enst.* Of which thus *Antenor* neatly;

Φύσις κλέπτει τὰ πύργους,
Ὅπλ' αὖ δ' ἐδωκεν ἱπποῖσι,
Ποσειδῶν λαγῶνι,
Λύσι γὰρ μὲν ἰδόντων,
Τέτις ἰχθύσι τὸ πικρὸν,
Τοῖς ὄρνιθι πικρὸν,
Τοῖς ἀνδράσι φρόνημα.
Γυναιξὶν ἔτι ἔτι.
Τὶ ἔν δ' ἰδὼσι; καλλὸν,
Ἄλ' ἀπιδὼν ἀπασάν,
Ἄλ' ἐγγὺν ἀπάντων.
Νικᾷ δ' ἡ σιδεῖον
Καὶ πῦρ καλὴ πῆ ἔστι.

Horns to Bulls wife Nature lends,
Horses she with Hoofs defends,
Hares with nimble Feet relieves,
Dreadfull Teeth to Lions gives,
Fishes learns through Streams to slide,
Birds through yielding Air to glide,
Men with Courage she supplies;
But to Women these denies.
What then gives she? Beauty: this
Both their Arms and Armour is.
She that can this Weapon use
Fire and Sword with ease subdues.

Mr. Stanley.

(m) For, as *Quintus Calaber* hath it,
lib. 1.

Ὅ γ' ἄνθρωπος ὁλοῦτερον ἄλλο βροτοῖον
Ἐς ἀέρος ἰερώμενος, ἢ τε ἀφρονά φῶτα πίνουσι,
Καὶ πνύοντες ἔονται.

Nothing more hurts
Then Love's Delights and Venus Sports,
Which Mortals fool, though ne'er so wise.

(n) Gr. Κληῖς χρυσῆ, i. a hidden Key: either because the Doors were made fast with something on the Inside, not visible to those without; or that the Lock and Key were so artificially forg'd, as not to be counterfeited, being such as the Comick Poet calls *καυονδίσματα*, ill-conditioned.

(o) The more sober and sage amongst the Heathen interdicted *ἐνπύσαν* μύρον, compounded Ointments; Solon prohibiting any to profess the Art of Perfuming. They anointed anciently their Breasts, as the Seat and Receptacle of the Heart; the Head, διὰ τὸ καλὸν αὐτῶν τιμῶν, for its Dignity and Supremacy. *Enst.*

She, thus perfum'd, combs her celestia Hair,
 Plaiting those Tresses which immortal were;
 Then fits her Royal Vest, that *Pallas* had
 With golden Buttons curiously made;
 Ties a rich Zone about her slender Waist,
 And next her Ears with costly Pendants grac'd;
 Her sparkling Broach of Diamonds puts on,
 Whose dazzling Luster far out-ty'd the Sun;
 Last, golden Buskins to her Ankle ty'd,
 And issued forth as glorious as a Bride;
 Then calling beauteous *Venus* from the rest,
 To her apart thus she her Mind exprest;

Wilt thou, dear Daughter, grant me one Request,
 Or still old Grudges foster in thy Breast,
 Because thou *Troy*, and I the *Grecians* aid?
 When thus to her the *Cyprian* Goddess said;

Great Queen of Gods, old *Saturn's* Off-spring, say
 What your Commands are, and I shall obey:
 I'm ready to perform what may be done;
 Then *Juno* thus to work her Wile begun:

Grant me Love and Desire, by whose Power you
 All Mortals and immortal Gods subdue.
 I on a Visit now am setting forth
 To th' utmost Confines of all-fostering Earth;
 To *Tethys* and *Oceanus* I go,
 (Who in their Court did me much Favour show,
 Taken from *Rhea's* Breast, and bred me well,
 When conquering *Jove* threw *Saturn* down to Hell,
 And under Earth in lasting Darkness bound,
 Old Differences betwixt them to compound.
 They long abstain'd have from the Nuptial Bed
 And Amity, by froward Passion led.
 Could I this Pair with all my Rhetorick move,
 Arrears to render of neglected Love,

All

All Honour they would owe me and Respect.

Then *Venus*; 'Tis not fit I should reject
Her Suit, what-e're, whose fairer Bosome warms
The King of Gods, reposing in his Arms.

This saying, off she takes her curious Cest,
Where all Allurements were of Love exprest;

(p) Dalliance, Desire, Courtship and Flatteries, which
The wisest with their Sorcery bewitch;
And it presenting said; This Girdle grac'd
With curious Figures gird about your Waist,
Containing in it all you can require,
By which you may accomplish your Desire.

Juno the *Cestus* takes, and all the while
She put it on, could not forbear to smile.

Venus, this done, to *Jove's* high Court retires,
Whilst *Juno* leaves *Olympus* lofty Spires,
Cutting (q) *Pierian* and *Emathian* Skies,
And over Snow-crown'd *Thracian* Mountains flies;
Then, waving Earth, from towry (r) *Athos* bends,
And to the swelling Ocean descends;

At last reach'd (s) *Lemnos*, *Thoas* royal Seat,
Where she with *Sleep*, (t) *Death's* elder Brother, met,
Whom taking kindly by the Hand, she said;

Thou (u) who by Mortals art and Gods obey'd,
If e're thou heardst my Suit, now condescend,
And me for ever know thy real Friend.

Jove after our Encounter cast asleep,
His watchfull Eyes in drowsie *Lethe* steep;
And I'll present thee with a golden Throne
By *Vulcan* made, an everlasting one,
Which with a curious Foot-stool he shall fit,
That thou at Feasts mayst rest thy tender Feet.

To whom the gentlest of the Gods replies;
Great *Saturn's* Daughter, Empress of the Skies,

I cast

(p) By these *Plutarch*, *De audiend. Pottis*, understands broken Musick, wanton Measures or Dancing, lewd Sonnets, loose Discourse, and what-ever else effeminates mens Minds.

(q) *Macedon*, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Athria*, had two Sons, *Pierus* and *Amathus*, from whom two *Macedonian* Cities took their Denomination, *Pieria* and *Amathia*. Others taking *Pieria* for a Mountain of *Macedonia*, or one of the Tops of *Olympus*, sacred to the Muses, understand by *Emathia* the whole Country. *Schil.*

(r) *Athos*, a Mountain or Promontory in *Thrace*, which jetting forth into the Sea, and making an *Isthmus* of twelve Furlongs, was digged down and levell'd by *Xerxes*, for wrecking his Navy, to terrifie the *Greeks*. It was so called from a Giant, upon whom *Neptune*, in their War with the Gods, cast this Load. Being three hundred Furlongs distant from *Lemnos*, it yet casts its Shadow upon that Island, such was its excessive Height; whence that Proverb or Adage,

**Adus Cuius est vultu Athosius Boreas,*

The Lemnian Heifer's Back tall *Athos* shades,

because its longest Evening Shadow extended as far as the Statue of an Heifer in that Island, purposely erected. *Eust.* adds, that *Dionysius*, an Artift of *Rhégium*, promised *Alexander* an Image of that Mountain in the form of a Man, holding the City *Myriandros* in one Hand, and a River streaming from the other, at least that such as fail'd by should so apprehend it.

(s) *Sleep* is made to reside in *Lemnos*, either as being enamoured on *Pasithea*, the Sister of *Charis*, the Wife of *Vulcan*; or for that *Lemnos* abounded with rich Wines, which procure *Sleep*. Besides, the *Lemnians* were great Drinkers, as being the Off-spring of *Thoas* the Son of *Bacchus*. Others say *Sleep* purposely resided then at *Lemnos*, to gratifie *Philoteus*, and make him the less sensible of his Torments. *Eust.*

(t) Hence *Menestarchus*, an ancient *Comedian*, calls *Sleep* τὸ μυστὸν τὸ θανάτου μυστήριον, as if that too were a kind of *Death*; whence *Homer* after makes them *disphudora*, *Twins*.

(u) So *Sophocles* also, who styles *Sleep* παντοκράτης, i. e. οὐκ ἀνταρξία, he commanding all as an universal Monarch.

I cast with ease all other Powers asleep,
 Can in soft Slumbers charm the raging Deep;
 (b) But near great *Jove* I dare not come, unless
 He bids me him from anxious Cares release.
 I well remember thou didst me employ,
 When his great Off-spring sail'd from sacking *Troy* :
 Then felt my Power the Father of the Gods;
 Whilst (c) you with Winds plow'd up the swelling
 And, far from all his Friends, to *Coos* drove (Flouds,
 Renown'd *Alcides* : but at last great *Jove*
 Awak'd, and storming flung the Gods about
 Th' *Olympick* Hall, eager to find me out :
 Whom he had cast from Heav'n into the Flouds,
 But that (d) swift Night, who sweetens Men and Gods,
 By timely interposing, then asswag'd
 His dreadfull Wrath, though he extremely rag'd.
 (b) Her ostely Reverence did him restrain.

And wouldst thou put me on like Work again?
 When *Juno* thus, pressing her Business, said;
 Why dost thou fondly thus thy self persuade?
 Think'st thou that *Jove* loves so the *Trojans*, he
 As much for them as him would angry be?
 Ah! yield; and I'll to thee in Marriage joyn
 Lovely (e) *Pasithea*, and devote her thine.
 Thou shalt a younger of the *Graces* Wed,
 And tast the Sweets of her long-wish'd-for Bed.

When thus replying (d) joyfull *Somnus* spake;
 Swear by th' inviolable (e) *Stygian* Lake,
 Taking in one Hand (f) *Earth*, in th' other Seas,
 (And the fix'd Land with floating Water poise)

(c) The Gods feared and abominated to swear by *Styx*, an infernall Lake, either ἐν πελάγῳ θοῖς ἢ σεῖθεν τὸ ὕχρον περιέχοντι ὄντι, for that all Moisture is inimious and formidable to the Gods, being themselves of a fiery Constitution; or, ἐν τῷ μὲν τὸ πᾶν ὕδωρ περιέχον, ὡς ἀρχὴ τοῦ ὕδατος, in honour of that Element, as the Original of all things, (for which cause also taking *Earth* in one Hand, she takes *Water* in the other, Drought and Moisture being the material and integrating Parts of the Universe;) or lastly, ἐν τῷ γὰρ τὰ ἐν ᾧ δα, ὡς ἀπὸ ζῶντος, as loathing all things in *Hell*, or *Hades*, as perishable, they themselves being immortal and eternall. *Eust.*

(f) The Scholiast observes, that *Somnus* makes her adjure the heaviest of the Elements, to re-mind her of not being of a light and fickle Faith, falsifying her Word and Promise, καὶ δαπνὸς ἐν τῷ ὧν ἡ βία ἀγροῦν, ἐπεὶ δὲ ὕχρον.

S f

That

(y) Because, though the Sea be sometime calm, and seems as it were asleep, and the Air also, when it is serene, no Breath stirring; yet *Jupiter*, that is, the Sky, is in continuall Motion, never at Rest, being thence styled *Aether*, ἀεὶ ζῶν ἀπὸ αἰὲτος, from its perpetuall Revolution. Others by *Jupiter's* not sleeping understand the great Vigilancy expected from such as are intrusted with the supreme managing of Affairs.

(z) *Hercules* being cast by a Storm, occasioned by *Juno*, upon the Island *Coos*, was prohibited coming a-shore by *Eurypylus* the Son of *Neptune*, whom, forcing his Entrance, he slew with his Sons, and lying with his Daughter *Chalciops* begot *Thestalus*. *Schol.* The Island was so fruitfull, that there went this Adage of it, ὅτι ἡ Σπύλην Κῆς, ἐὰν ἴσῃ ἀγροῦν, That whom *Cos* would not maintain, neither would *Egypt*. It abounded with Sheep, which the *Carians* call *κῶας*.

(d) Sleep being said to be the Son of Night, it being then most natural, flies to his Mother for Protection.

(e) *Jupiter* is made to reverence Night, the being venerable, ὡς ἀρχαῖος πρὸς αὐτὴν, ἢ πρὸς τὸ ἀρχαῖον, for her Seniority or Antiquity, and for that she and *Chaos* were the Origin and Seminary of all things, according to the *Græcian* Theology. *Eust.*

(c) *Homer* makes Sleep enamoured of one of the *Graces*; the youngest, because *Courtesies*, though never so fresh and new, are many times forgotten; according to that in the Comedy, πρὸς τὴν ἀμὰ πεπλησῖα ἢ πῶν κεν ἢ χάρις, or that we must not be unmindfull of Benefits, no nor sleeping, ἐπεὶ καὶ μνηστέον ἐστὶν χάρις. *Pasithea* is made one of the *Graces*, to intimate that our Charity and Courtesie ought πανταχοῦ εἶναι, to extend to all, ἢ καὶ κρυπτοῦσι τὸν χρόνον, ἀλλὰ ἀποκαλύπτει, and not to be hid or secret, but visible to all. She is said to be young, in token μὴ γηραῖν, ἀλλ' ἀκμῆζειν αὐτὴν, that Courtesie should not grow old and decrepit, but vigorous still and youthfull, ἰπποτέγων; as *Homer* here, younger every day than other. Some make these *Graces* the Daughters of *Lethe*, because, as saith *Pindarus*, παλαιὰ ὀδυρῶντες χάρις, old Courtesies are so far from being requited and returned, that they are quite forgotten. *Eust.*

(d) Δῶκεν ἢ δῶκεν αὐτοῖς, Presents prevail with the Gods themselves: whom Gold cannot move, even those are won by Women.

That so th' Infernall Powers attending now
On *Saturn* may attest thy sacred Vow,
That thou wilt make the fair *Pasithea* mine,
For whom so long I pin'd, and still do pine.

This said, Heav'n's Queen o're-joy'd, and nothing
Assenting straight took that so solemn Oath, (loath,
And all those Gods, the ^(g) *Titans* lodg'd in Hell,
Invoked with an execrating Spell.

These Rites perform'd, they, leaving *Lemnos*, shroud
Their Heav'nly Bodies in a gloomy Cloud,
And in a trice over vast Waters glide,

Till they arriv'd at Fountain-fostering *Ida*.
On ^(h) *Lection* they alight, and Seas forsook;
Beneath their Feet the curled Forest shook.

Somnus, lest *Jove* descry his coming, stops,
Perching upon a ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Firr*, whose lofty Tops
(Scaling the Skies) the Mountain-Groves out-vy'd;
Whose spreading Leaves him shrowded un-esp'y'd,
Transformed to that Bird which Mortals all

^(k) *Cymindis*, but the Gods do *Chalcis* call.

Juno meanwhile mounts *Gargarus* lofty Crown:
Whom *Jove* no sooner saw, (then looking down)
But through his Bosome runs a sudden ^(l) *Flame*,
And melting Fires; such as when first he came,
^(m) Conceal'd from all, to her long-wish'd-for Bed:
To whom approaching thus the Thunderer said;

Why comes my Dear without her Chariot down
And fleeter Horses from *Olympus* Crown?

When *Juno* thus; I now am setting forth
To th' utmost Confines of all-fostering Earth.
To *Tethys* and *Oceanus* I go,
Whom for old Kindness I much Favour owe.
These I intend to visit, and remove
Those Discontents, obstructing so their Love,

That

(g) The *Titans* were *Saturn*, *Ceius*, *Hyperion*, *Iapetus*, *Cass* the Father of *Latona* and *Oceanus*, &c.

(h) So called from *Jove's* accompanying there with *Juno*. It was one of the three Tops of *Ida*, *Gargarus* and *Phalacra* being the other.

(i) The Poets after *Homer* allow no *Firrs* to grow on *Ida*.

(k) A Bird much addicted to Sleeping, and which still hides its Head amongst the Boughs; not seen but in the Night, having no Sight to endure the Day-light. It encounters in such sort with the Eagle, that the Shepherds take them both up oft from the ground together.

(l) *Gr. ΐσως*, that is, *Love*, and that notwithstanding the Fable, which tells us that *Cupid*, being sentenced by the Gods, that he might trouble Heaven no more, was condemned to lose his Wings, which they assigned to Victory, as a Trophy of their Conquest over him. Howbeit *Enbulus* denies Love to have Wings, for that Love is a Malady not easily born, and hardly cured. *Alexis* saith Love flies not, but the Lover; such as be in Love shifting oft their Thoughts, never continuing upon any long. *Enst*.

(m) Some say he had his Mother's Consent for it, the yielding to it upon condition, that after he had bedded her he should marry her. Courting her transformed into sundry Shapes, he won her Affection at last in the form of a weather-beaten Cuckoe. Others say, that after *Saturn* was secured in *Tartarus*, *Oceanus* and *Tethys* delivered *Juno* to *Jupiter* for a Virgin, though then with Child of *Vulcan*, who (she pretending him to be got without her knowing any body) was put out to *Cedalion*, a Blacksmith of *Naxos*, to be taught his Craft, in which he proved famous. *Sirabo* tells of a *Dæmon* about *Tanais* of a contrary mind to *Juno*, to whom the greatest Beauties of those parts being consecrated, he commanded them first to be prostituted, and after offered in Marriage, none refusing them the more for it. Others make *Juno* to be deflowered by *Eurymedea*, one of the *Titans*, by whom she had *Prometheus*; which coming to *Jove's* knowledge, imprisoning the Giant in *Tartarus*, he fixed *Prometheus*, upon pretence of his surreptitious Fire, to the Mountain *Caucasus*.

That they abstain both from the Board and Bed,
By Passion onely, not by Reason, led.
Now at the Mountain's Foot my Horses stand,
Ready to bear me over Sea and Land.
From Heav'n to know your Pleasure I descend,
Because I would not willingly offend,
Stealing from hence, and without Leave resort
T' *Oceanus* and *Tethys* watry Court.

Then *Jove* reply'd; A while you might doe well
To stay with us, till we your Licence seal.
Let's tast sweet Love's Delights before you go.
Ne'r Woman yet nor Goddess took me so.
(*g*) *Ixion's* beauteous Spouse mov'd me not more,
Who that bold Hero stout *Pirithous* bore;
Nor yet (*r*) *Acrisius* Daughter, *Danae*, when
I *Perseus* got, that Miracle of Men:
Nor *Pheenix* Off-spring could like Conquest vaunt,
Who brought me (*s*) *Minos* and stern (*t*) *Rhadamant*:
Nor for (*u*) *Alcmena* I nor *Semele*
So much erst burnt, as now I burn for thee;
Though by that *Theban* I (*x*) *Alcides* had,
And chearing (*y*) *Bacchus* *Semele* made glad:

by the Tide to the Island *Seriphus*, where *Perseus* was educated by *Polydeutes*, and received the *Argive* Kingdome after *Acrisius* deserted it. Schol. (*s*) *Minos* was first a great Robber, though after a severe Judge. (*t*) He had that name from a *Rose* which his Mother longed for, blowing in the Nostrils of that Bull that ravished her.

(*u*) *Alcmena* denying to marry *Amphitryo*, unless he reveng'd the Death of her Brother upon the *Teleboans*, taking the *Baotians* to his Assistance, he subdues them. Wedding her, *Jupiter* and he having both the use of her the same Night, the tenth Month after she was delivered of two Sons; *Hercules*, begot by *Jupiter*, and *Iphicles*, by *Amphitryo*. Some adde, that when *Jupiter* lay with her, he prevailed with the Sun not to rise for three Daies together; whence *Hercules* was styled *ἥρως*. Schol. See *Hesiod's* *Aspis*.

(*x*) Being formerly called *Alcans*, he was named *Hercules* upon this Oracle,

Ἡρακλῆς δὲ σὺ τοῦτ' ἐπώνυμον ἔξομαλξαι,
Ἡρὰ γὰρ ἀνδρῶπιος φέρον κλέος ἄρδον ἔξαι.

(*y*) Of *Semele's* prevailing with *Jupiter* (moved to it by *Juno*) to accompany with her as he did with his Queen, and her perishing by his Thunder, and becoming abortive, thus *Euripides* in his *Baccha*:

Ὅν ποτ' ἔχουσ' ἐν ὠδῶν λοχίαι ἀνάγκαι,
καί, πλάσσει δαίς βροτῶν,
ἦ δὲ τοῦ ἱεροῦ μάτηρ
ἔπειτα, λίπ' αἶμα
νὰ κεραυνῶν πλάγῃ.
Λοχίαι δ' αὐτῆς νιν
δέξασθ' ἀλάστοις Κρονίδου Ζεὺς.
Κατὰ μὲν γὰρ χελεύει,
Χρυσάινη Σωπείδει
Παρθέναις κρυπτοῖσιν αἶψ' Ἡγεί.
Ἐπικυ δ' ἀνίκα μῶρῳ
τίλειαν πανεργαστὴν δίδει,
Σπερματώσιν τι δρᾶνόντων
Σπερμῶν: ἔνθεν ἄγχι
Θαλάσσης Μαινάδες ἀμφιβέβησαν
τῷ πλοκάμῳ.

Phœbus will call'd thee *Hercules*, whose Name
For helping Mortals should be spread by Fame.

to accompany with her as he did with his Queen, and her perishing

At whose Birth *Jove* did to the Child-bed come,
And him with Lightning struck from his Mother's Womb:

Th' Abortive dropp'd down from her Lap,

She dying with the Thunder-clap.

But he, to her fair Issue mild,

Snatch'd up the Child,

Where it did sprouting lie,

And shut it up in's Thigh

With golden Buttons, lest the Boy

Juno perceiving should destroy.

When he had brought him forth, the Fates bestow'd

Horns on the little God,

Crown'd him with wreathed Serpents; whence

The *Maenades* e're since

Hunt Snakes, which in their Tresses thick

And curled Locks do dangling stick.

S f 2

Not

(*g*) That is, whom *Ixion* married after, she being first tasted by *Jupiter*. Thus the Heathens countenanced, nay commended, the grandest Crimes, not by the Permission onely, but Precedent and Practice, of their greatest Gods, deifying their very Vices. Of *Jupiter's* Lubricity, whom none could escape, thus *Apollon. Rhod. lib. 4. v. 793, &c.*
Οὐρανὸν ἐκ ἑταίης οὐκ ἴσμεν ἰσχυροῖο
Ἀΐαδ' ἀνὴρ γὰρ ἀπὸ τῆς ἑταίρας μίμλεται,
ἥ δὲ Σὺν ἀδελφῆς δὲ Σιντῆον ἰαίνει.
Since to a God thou gav'st not up thy
Fort;

Which he desir'd, who alwaies lov'd the
Sport;

And did Immortals still or Mortals
court.

(*r*) *Acrisius* receiving an Oracle, that the Issue of his Daughter *Danae* should be his Death, of purpose to elude it immures her in a Tower of Brass, and sets a strong Guard upon her: but Fate being not to be defeated, *Jove* first corrupts her Keepers, and then the Prisoner by golden Showers, thus described by *Horace, lib. 3. Ode 16.*

Inclusam *Danaen* turris aenea,
Robustaque Fores, & vigilum Caenum
Tristes excubiae, munierant satis
Nocturnis ab Adulteris;

Si non *Acrisium*, *Virginis* abditæ
Custodem pavidum, *Jupiter* & *Venus*
Risissent: fore enim tutum iter & patens
Converso in *Pretinno* Deo.

A brazen Tower, strong Gates well
barr'd,

Of cruel Dogs a Watch and Ward,

To *Danae* were sufficient Guard,

Nocturnall Lovers to with-hold.

But at *Acrisius*, who his Child

Lockt up, both *Jove* and *Venus* smil'd,

Since Brass would melt and Dogs grow
mild,

A God appearing turn'd to Gold.

Acrisius, conceiving her corrupted
by *Jupiter*, lock'd her with her Son *Perseus*
in a Chest, and cast them into the
Ocean. The Chest floating was waisted

Not *Ceres* golden Locks me so inflam'd,
Nor bright *Latona* for her Beauty fam'd.

Then subtle *Juno* thus made good her Plot :
Fie, fie, forbear, my Dear, now touch me not ;
Not here at least : what ? on the top of *Ide*,

(z) *Apollo* in *Pindarus*, enquiring of *Chiron* how he should enjoy *Cyrene*, one of the Forest-Nymphs, *Chiron* makes him this Reply, *Pyth. Od. 9.*

κρυπαὶ
Κλαῖδες ἐνὶ *Cerēs*
Πειθὺς ἱερῇ φιλοτάτῳ,
Φοῖβε· κ' ἐν τε θεοῖς
Τὸ το καὶνὸν ὁμῶς
Αἰδῶντ' ἀμφοτέρω εὐ-
δοίης τυχεῖν τὸ πρῶτον εὐνάς.

The Keys of sacred Love are still,
O *Phœbus*, private kept, nor will
Gods nor Mortals take delight
To mount a Beauty at first sight,
But by degrees their Aims acquire,
Kindling Love's Flames with gentle Fire.

(z) Where is no Shade, all open, on each side
Nothing but Heaven ? Should the searching Eye
Of Gods or Mortals our stoln Sports espy,
Rising from thy lov'd Side I ne'r thy House
Would visit more, thy Sister though and Spouse.
But if you must, and such is your Desire,
To our Bed-chamber let us straight retire,
Which *Vulcan* building shew'd his utmost Skill :
There we may sleep, and you have what you will.

Jove, no Delays enduring, thus reply'd ;
Fear not to be by any God espy'd
Or Mortal : thee with glittering Dew I'll shroud,
And hide thy Blushes in a golden Cloud,
That *Phœbus* self our Dalliance sha'n't espy,
Who has the brightest and most piercing Eye.

Her on a verdant Couch he then embrac'd,
Which *Tellus* with her choicest Beauties grac'd,
With Tulips, Lilies, Roses white and red :
There they repos'd upon that fragrant Bed,
A golden Curtain round about them drawn
Of watry Atomes, Ushers of the Dawn.
On lofty *Ide* thus lay deluded *Jove*
In *Juno*'s Arms, surpriz'd with Sleep and Love.
Whilst gentle *Somnus* hasten'd to the Fleet,
That he might *Neptune*, th' Earth's Embracer, meet :
Whom finding out, the Deity thus said ;

Ah! now or never the faint *Græcians* aid,
And up a while their falling Honour keep,
Since *Jove* now lies in *Juno*'s Lap asleep,

Doubly



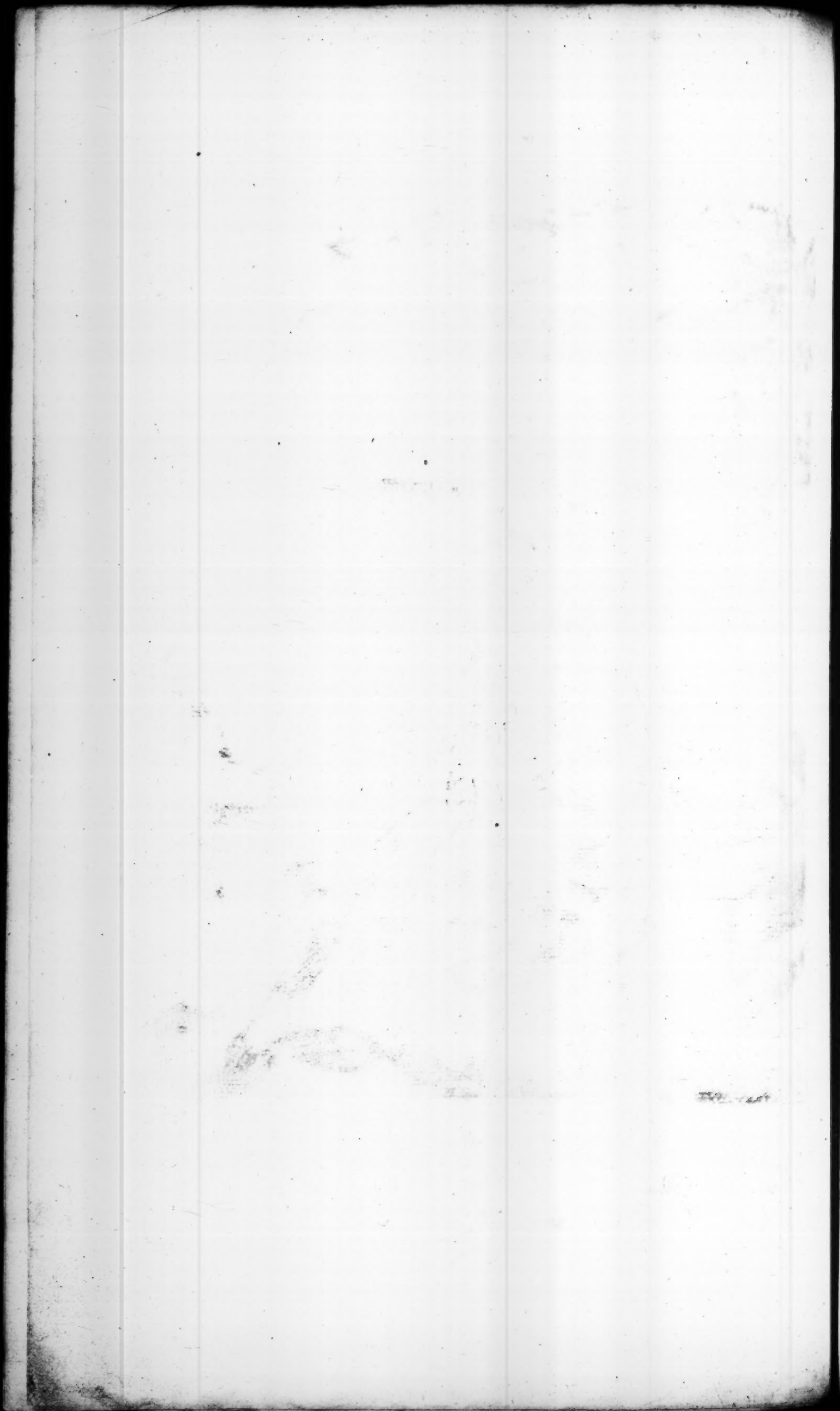
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Honoratiss: Domino
Donne. Tabulam



Do Thomae Pore Comiti
hanc, L. M. D. D. D.
I. O.

Lib. 12. P. 150.



Doubly secur'd, in *Lethe's* powerfull Charms,
And tender Clasps of *Juno's* twining Arms.

This said, the God more resolutely goes
To aid the *Greeks* 'gainst their prevailing Foes,
And thus his Words their Swords and Courage whet;

Shall *Hector* once again the better get ?
And with our Ships our Honour too be lost ?
Those are his Hopes, nor lesser is his Boast,
Because *Æacides* will not engage,
But at his Fleet distemper'd lies with Rage;
Who, though so valiant, need not much be mist,
Would we each other, as we ought, assist.

This I advise ; perform your severall Tasks :
Who have best Shields and who the strongest Casks
And longest Spears, with me upon them set,
And *Hector*, though so furious, shall retreat :
Let him that's stronger to the weaker yield
His lesser, and receive his greater, Shield.

All like his Counsel, and to charge prepare :
The Kings themselves, although they wounded were,
Tydidēs, *Ithacus* and *Atreus* Son,
Bestirr'd themselves to see the Business done ;
They change their Arms, the strongest got the best,
The weaker took the lightest and the least.
Then up they march ; them *Neptune* did command,
A Sword like dreadfull Lightning in his Hand,
Which brandish'd none in Battell durst oppose,
Its glittering Rays so terrifi'd his Foes.
Against him *Hector* did his Troups prepare :
Hector, and *Neptune* rough with curled Hair,
Together must contend in martial Lists :
The *Trojans* this, the *Græcians* that assists.

And now full Sea had wash'd their Tents and Fleet,
When they with Shouts and hideous Clamour meet.

Not

Not louder Waves, their Fury spending, roar
By rougher Winds dash'd 'gainst th' oppos'd Shore;
Nor crackling Flames w^{ch} broke from Caverns, haste
The Woods w^{ch} cloath the neighb'ring Hills to waste:
So stormy Winds 'mongst towring Oaks resound,
Whose louder Fragours lesser Noises drown'd,
As those did when they met. Earth shook, the Skies
Trembling re-echo'd dismall Shouts and Cries.

First *Hector* at bold *Ajax* threw a Lance,
As he came fiercely on, which hit by Chance
Upon (z) his Breast, there where his Buckler's Belt
Lay cross his Sword's, his Sword with Silver Hilt:
Which sav'd his Body. *Hector* in Disdain

That he should throw his Javelin thus in vain,
Minding his Safety, fairly off retreats.
But *Ajax*, following, up a huge Stone gets,
(Many such lay as Hawfers for the Fleet,
Which now were trampled under Souldiers Feet)
And *Hector* smote upon the Collar-bone,
Above his Shield: the Flint so ably thrown
Turn'd (a) *Hector* like a Top upon his Toes.

As when great (b) *Jove* with Thunder overthrows
(Tearing up Root and Branch) an ancient Oak,
Filling the vacant place with sulphury Smoak;
None dares draw nigh the wond'rous Chance to see,
Since sad th' Effects of dreadfull Lightning be:
So wounded *Hector* (c) fell, and in that Trance
His Helmet dropp'd, his Target and his Lance;
His ponderous Corslet rattled on the Ground.
With joyfull Shouts the *Græcians* him surround,
Hoping to gain his Body; up they drew,
And thick as Hail their Darts and Javelins flew.
But all their Launces disappointed mist,
For many *Trojan* Princes him assist;

Polydamas,

(z) *Spondanus* hence observes, first, that *Ajax* at this time had on no Breast-plate; secondly, that notwithstanding *Homer* makes him never to have received any Wound, yet was not *Ajax* invulnerable, it being not any such Indult of the Gods, but Strength of his two Belts, that now preserved him: albeit *Aschylus* be otherwise minded, that he was elsewhere invulnerable, being not to be hurt but in his Arm-pit onely, as *Achilles* in his Heel.

(a) *Hector*, not the Stone: and this Interpretation not onely better agrees with the Greek here, *Στεῖφος δ' αὖς ἐκείνου βλάστη*, but is preferred also by *Eustathius*. Others understand it either of *Ajax*'s self, that he was turned round by the great Force wherewith he threw; or of the Stone it self, that it turned as a Top when it came to ground; which is the opinion (amongst others) of *Mr. Chapman*, whose Authority alone is too weak to carry it, without better Arguments than he hath yet produced in justification of his Translation of this place.

(b) The Ancients, as *Pliny* observes, (*lib. 2. cap. 20.*) conceived Thunder to be nothing else then Fires that fell from the three superiour Planets, *Saturn*, *Jupiter* and *Mars*; and that they were rather appropriated to *Jupiter*, as proceeding more especially from his Planet, as situate in the middle of the three, and so being of a mean or middle nature and Constitution; that above him, *Saturn*, being cold and moist, that below him, *Mars*, hot and dry. *Latet plerisque, magnâ cæli affectatione compertum a principibus Doctrinæ viris, superiorum trium Siderum ignes esse qui decidui ad terras Fulminum nomen habent, sed maxime ex iis medio loco sui: fortassis quoniam contagium nimii Humoris ex superiore circulo, atque Arderis ex subiecto, per hunc modum egerat; idemque dictum Jovem Fulmina jaculari, &c.* So he.

(c) Of which *Ajax* thus boasts in *Ovid lib. 13.*

*Hunc ego, sanguinea successu Cadis ovantem,
Emissis ingenti respicuum Pondere fudi.*

—Him, as he Conquest led
Through Blood and Slaughter, with a
mighty Stone
I struck to Earth. *Mr Sandys.*

Polydamas, Æneas and divine
 Sarpedon, Glaucus and Agenor joyn
 Straight to his Aid; nor did the rest neglect,
 But with their Shields their General protect,
 And up they rais'd him, maugre all their Spight,
 Bearing him safely from the bloody Fight,
 Where, by his Order, waited in the Rear
 His Chariot and his trusty Charioteer:
 Him groaning they convey'd towards *Ilium*.
 When they to *Xanthus* pleasant Streams were come,
 Where shallow Billows purl his edging Flouds,
 (*Xanthus*, Son to the Father of the Gods)
 His Steeds they stopt, and set him on the Ground,
 Where he from ^(d) sprinkled Water Comfort found,
 His Senses coming to him by degrees.
 Black Bloud he vomits, resting on his Knees:
 But sinking backwards straight, o're-come with Pain,
 Night's sable Pinions close his Eyes again.

Now when the *Græcians* saw stout *Hector* gone,
 More fierce they grew, and desperately fell on.
 Then first *Oiliades* at *Satnius* flew,
 And ran him with his ponderous Javelin through.
 Him beauteous *Nais* unto *Enops* bore,
 Feeding his Herd upon the *Satnian* Shore.
 Run through the Belly, on his Back he lay,
 Whom either Party strive to drag away.
 Polydamas 'gainst *Ajax* did advance,
 Threatning Revenge, and with a ponderous Launce
 Through the right Shoulder *Prothoenor* thrust,
 Who grasp'd in Death's Convulsions the Dust.
 Then thus insults he o're his dying Foe;

Panthous valiant Son did never throw
 From his strong Hand a well-poiz'd Launce in vain,
 But some kind *Greek* would ever ^(e) entertain

(d) So Hippocrates lib. de Humiditate usu, Aphor. 7. ἡ δὲ ἀρχὴ ἐν νεκρῶσι τοῖς πυλῶσι καταχέουσι ἀφ' ἑαυτῶν, Sprinkling the extreme parts of the Body with Water much avails in swoonings. Which yet some confine to such swooning-fits onely as are occasioned by the Excurſion of the Spirits to the outward parts, Water then sprinkled repelling them to their former Receptacle and Centre of the Body: but when the swooning proceeds from the Obſtipation of the Spirits, ſo that the Heart is oppreſſed by them, then they preſcribed Water not lightly ſprinkled, but violently caſt, that ſo this ſudden greater Coldneſs of the extremer Parts might alarm them forth and ſummon them to their Relief and Reſcue. Ariſtotle ſaith, that the Coldneſs of the Water hinders the Evaporation of the Spirits and Congelation of the Blood, by obſtructing the Pores.

(e) Gr. ὤμων, as if they had kindly and purpoſely received his Spear into their Bodies, ſupporting themſelves by it, and uſing it as a Staff in their way to *Elyſium*. Enſt.

It in his Breast, and so goe bravely off
To *Pluto's* Palace, leaning on a Staff.

The *Græcians* chaf'd to hear this *Ranter* boast;
But *Telamonius* seem'd concerned' most,
Because next him he fell; and, drawing near,
Threw at *Polydamas* his ponderous Spear;
Who stooping, so untimely Fate to shun,
The Launce *Archilocus*, *Antenor's* Son,
Hit on the Neck, (so had the Gods design'd)
Cutting those Nerves the ^(f) *Vertebers* conjoyn'd.

(f) The uppermost *Vertebra* of the Neck, or the Neck's *Atlas*; so called, for that it bears up the Head, as that Giant Heaven. *Eustathius*, commenting upon this place, upon the word ἀσπράζων, saith that *Diogenes*, detesting Money, made a Law in his Policy or Commonwealth, νόμισμα ἢ ἀσπράζων, that those kind of Bones should be current Coin.

Long on the Earth lay grovelling his Crown,
Before his Knees, before his Heels came down.

Then *Ajax* thus aloud; Proud *Trojans*, say,
Doth not this Prince *Prothoenor's* Loss repay?
Sure he's of high Extraction; ten to one
This is *Antenor's* Brother, or his Son.

Thus he, the slaughter'd Prince well knowing, said.

Then Grief and Rage the *Trojans* desperate made.
Bold *Acamas Promachus* slew, as he drew off
His Brother's Corps, thus girding with a Scoff;

Accursed *Greeks*, who still such Vaunters are,
Not we alone do suffer Toil and Care,
But you sometimes like Share of Woe do feel.
See there your *Promachus*, physick'd by our Steel,
Now sleeps in Peace, though once so stern and strong:
Nor to revenge my Brother stay'd I long.

Of the same Lineage still may one remain,
Thus to take Vengeance for a Kinsman slain.

These vapouring Words incense the *Græcians* much,
But most of all renown'd *Peneleus* touch,
Who at him throws: the Dart the Hero shuns;
But *Ilioneus*, wealthy *Phorbas* Son,

Who gain'd by ^(g) *Hermes* Favour ^(h) Riches store,
(The onely Off-spring his fair Mother bore)

(g) *Mercury*, one of the great Favourers and Protectors of Shepherds, as having been of that Profession himself. Besides, ἐμπροσθεν, a peaceable and happy close of Life, when men died a natural Death, as also what-ever Gain men encountered casually and by Fortune, was appropriated likewise to *Hermes*; and the last, what was found, called thence εἶμας, which being anciently equally enjoyed by them that found it, a Mother taking a comely Personage over-familiar with her Daughter, would needs share with her upon this account; *Καὶνὸν, ἢ θυγάτηρ, τὸ εἶμας*. *Eust.*

(h) *Gr.* κτήνη, Possessions; which word, as also κτήματα, which denote Riches, *Eust.* deduceth ἀπὸ τοῦ κτήντος, from Cattel, the Wealth of the Ancients consisting chiefly in these.

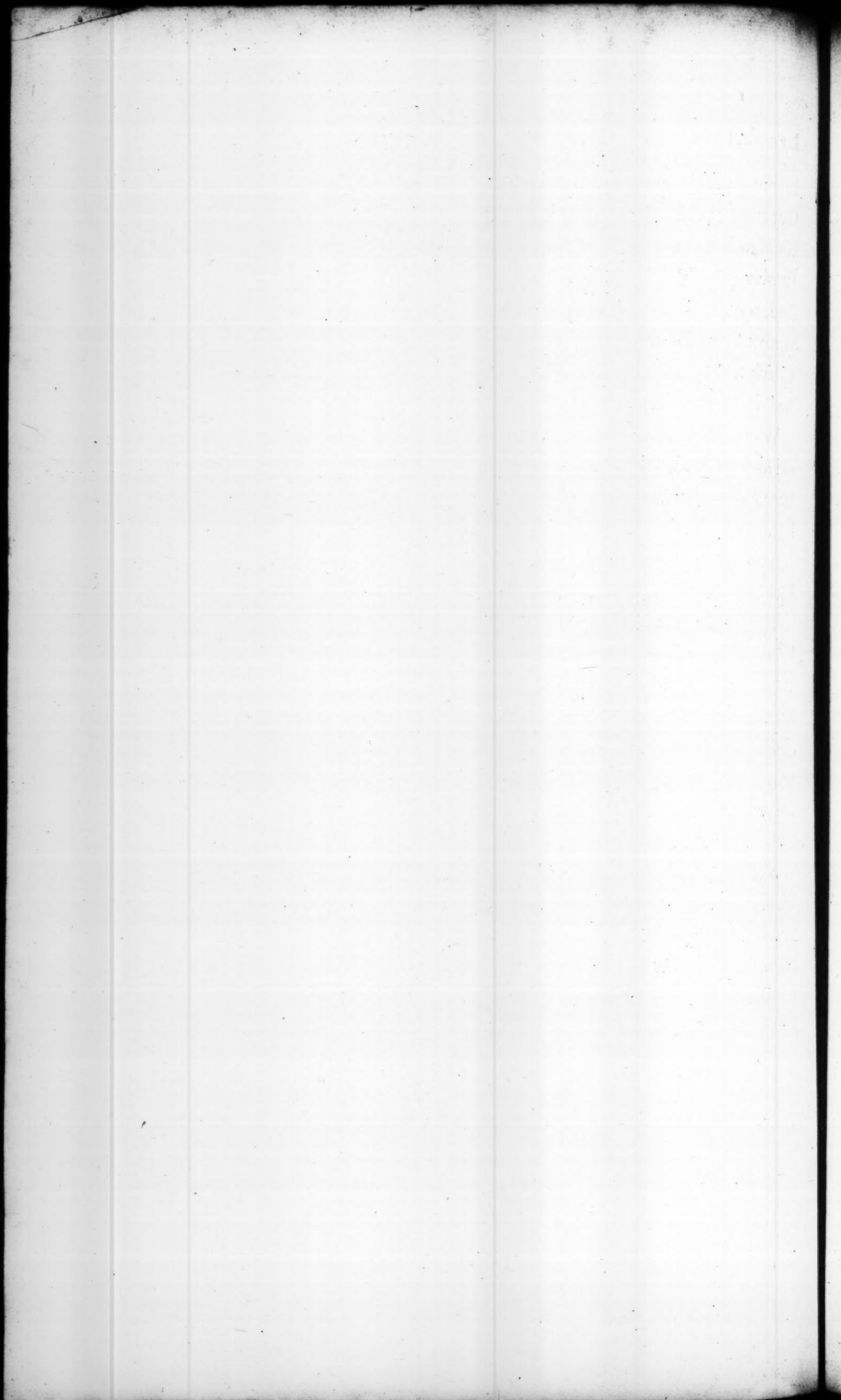
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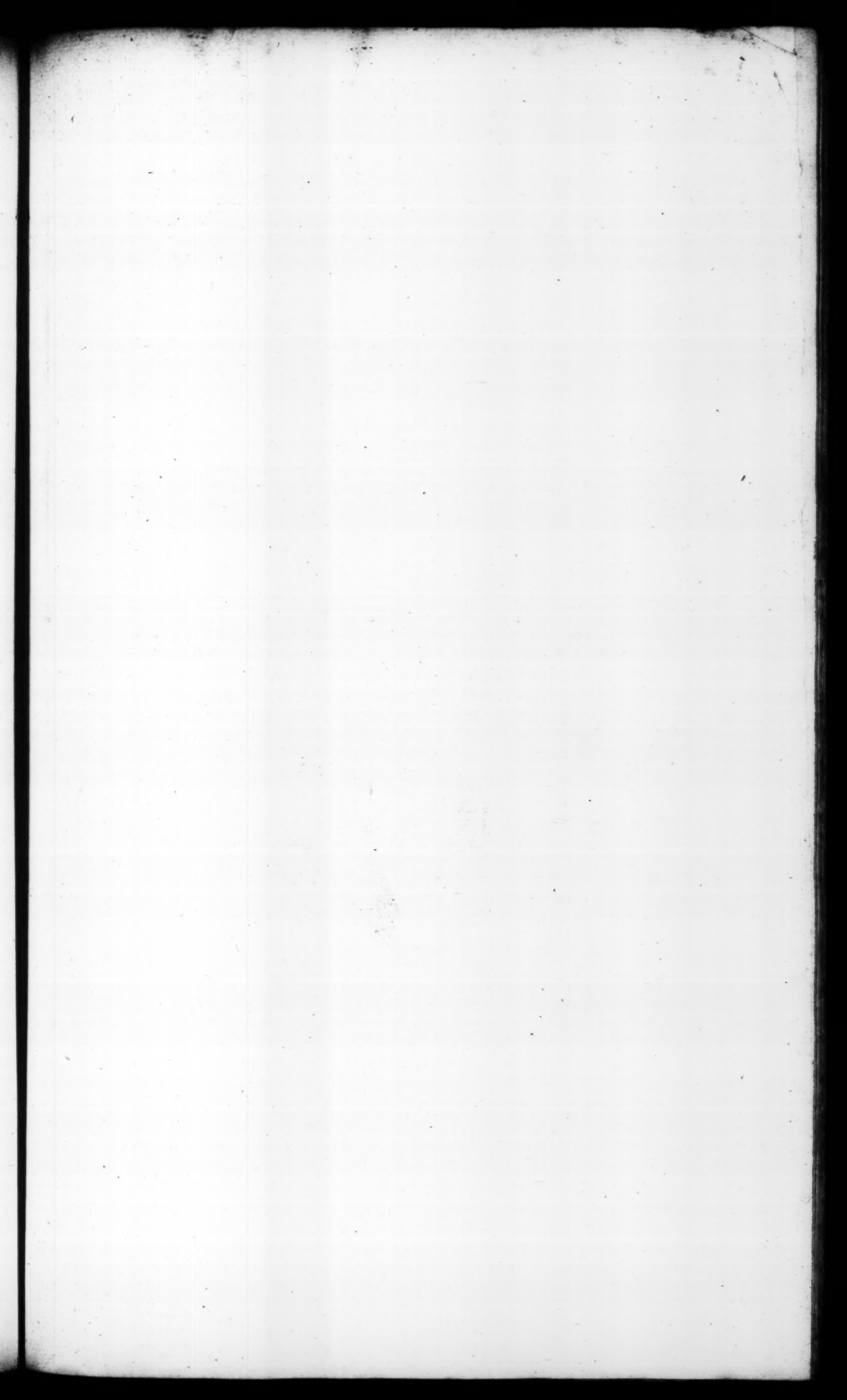
He ran quite through the Cryſtall of his Eye,
Out at his Neck, whence vital Spirits fly.
His Hands he falling ſtretch'd out in a Trance.
Peneleus quits his executing Launce,
And, running in, out his ſharp Faulchion drew.
With a ſmart Blow off Head and Helmet flew ;
Which fix'd yet on the Spear he rais'd aloft,
And thus triumphing the ſad *Trojans* ſcoff'd ;

When Conquerors you to *Ilium* return,
Bid *Ilioneus* hapleſs Parents mourn ;
Since *Promachus* his Wife as little Joy
Is like to find, when we return from *Troy*.

At this the *Trojans* much aſtoniſh'd fled,
Each one contriving how to ſave his Head.

Say, Muſes, who in Heav'nly Manſions dwell,
Whoſe bloody Spoils firſt to the *Gracians* fell,
When *Neptune* did the fainting *Greeks* recruit.
Great *Ajax* firſt ſlew *Hyrtius* in Purſuit :
Antilochus Phalces and *Mermerus* ſpoil'd :
Meriones Morys and *Hippotion* kill'd :
Tencer left *Periphetes* and *Prothoon* dead :
Atrides Hyperenor wounding ſped,
Whoſe panting Bowells ſmoak'd upon the Ground,
His Spirits iſſuing at the dead Wound,
Whiſt his bright Eyes eternall Darkneſs ſeal'd.
But many more *Oileus* Off-ſpring kill'd,
As from the Fight diſcomfited they flew,
Be cauſe he was more nimble to purſue.

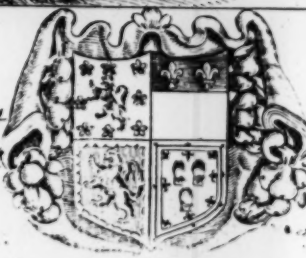






P. Lombart. Sculpfit. Londoni.

Honoratissimo Henrico Pierrebont
 Marchi Dorchester, de Old
 Lacum hanc.



fratri Honoratissimo Henrico
 Cots, Comitatu Derby.

D. D. D. L. M. I. O.



HOMER'S I L I A D S.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Jove wakes, and sees the Trojans overthrown.
He Juno chides : then sends Apollo down,
Hector to comfort, and his Bruise to cure :
Whose furious Charge the Græcians don't endure.
They quit their Fleet ; bold Ajax last retires.
Protesilaus Vessell Hector fires.*

WHEN routed they had Works and
Trenches crost,
And many in Retreat and Battell
lost ;

When those who kept the Chariots in the Rear
Forsook their Stands, surpriz'd with Panick Fear ;
Then *Jove* awaking rose from *Juno's* Side,
And, mounted on a swelling Summit, spy'd
The *Greeks* and *Trojans* ; viewing how these fled,
And those pursu'd, whom *Neptune* chear'd and led.

T t 2

But

(a) *Gr. ἐμεία*. The City *Emeia* took its name from *Thyestes* his vomiting up his Children, whom his Brother *Auratus* had dress'd for him. *Enst.*

(b) The Anvils *Jove* took from off *Juno's* Feet were cast by him to the Ground not far from *Troy*, where, as some Geographers relate, they were long after to be seen. *Enst.*

But when he *Hector* saw upon the Ground,
 (His Friends and sad Attendants waiting round)
 (a) Vomiting Bloud, breathless, his Senses lost,
 Hurt by the strongest of the *Græcian* Host ;
 Pity on him the Gods great Father took,
 And much incens'd thus to *Juno* spoke ;
 This is thy Plot, thy mischievous Design,
 To make bold *Hector* quit the *Græcian* Line,
 And force the *Trojans* basely to retreat. •
 I know not if I should for this Deceit
 Again (so much my Patience thou dost urge)
 Pay thee as erst, and without Pity scourge.
 Hast thou forgotten since thou hung'st so high,
 When I two (b) Anvils to thy Feet did tie,
 Binding with golden Chains thy tender Wrists,
 And bleaching left thee 'mongst the Clouds and Mists ?
 Not all the Gods who in *Olympus* dwell,
 Though griev'd, could help thee, nor dissolve the Spell.
 For whomsoe're I intermeddling found,
 I breathless hurl'd from Heav'n unto the Ground.
 Nor for *Alcides* could I so assuage
 My bitter Grief and just-conceived Rage,
 When thou of *Boreas* didst a Storm obtain,
 Which up in Mountains plow'd the briny Main,
 And him (plotting's Destruction) didst enforce
 To *Coos*, far from his intended Course.
 • But my dear Off-spring to the *Spartan* Shore
 After much Hardship I in safety bore.
 This I re-minde thee of, that thou may'st leave
 Such treacherous Plots, and that thou may'st perceive
 Our Love and Bed shall soder up no Breach,
 When thou lay'st Trains how me to over-reach.
 When *Juno* thus submissively replies ;
 Let vast Earth witness and the ample Skies,

Dull

Dull *Stygian* Waves, and thy most sacred Head,
And the first Pleasures of our Nuptial Bed,
(An Oath I never violated yet;)
I did not *Neptune* on the *Trojans* set:
He with the *Græcians* did in Pity joyn,
Not on my Score, but on his own Design.
But him I shall advise to go that Way
Which thou direct'st, and thee great *Jove* t' obey.

The Father then of Men and Gods, this said,
Thus smiling did his beauteous Queen persuade;

Wouldst thou our Business, what-e're, not decline,
But in Consults unanimously joyn,
Neptune, though loth, would from's Design desist,
And put in Execution what we list.

If thy (once distant) Heart and Tongue are joyn'd,
Go, carry on our Work, and *Iris* find

And *Phæbus*, who at Court now feasting are.
Straight bid her to the *Græcian* Camp repair,
And *Neptune* charge the Battell to decline,
And in his watry Realm himself confine.

But *Phæbus* must send *Hector* to the Fight,
Strengthen him so, that he his Pains may flight
Which now torment him: once more he must set

Upon the *Greeks*, and force them to retreat,
Whom the prevailing Foe shall close pursue,
Untill they perish in *Achilles* View;

That he may send *Patroclus* forth, who shall
A Sacrifice to *Hector's* Fury fall.

But first in Field he must great Honour gain,
And my *Sarpedon* by his Hand be slain.

Then *Hector* on *Achilles* Spear must die,
And after that the *Trojans* alwaies fly,

Untill the *Græcians* close beleaguer *Troy*,
And *Priam's* Tow'rs by *Pallas* Aid destroy.

Mean

Mean time shall none of the Supernall List,
 Goddess or God, the *Trojan* Power resist,
 Nor shall they hinder my intended Ire,
 Till I perform *Æacides* Desire,
 The Grant I made his Mother late, when she
 Humbly besought me, (and embrac'd my Knee)
 I would to Honour turn th' Injustice done
 Unto that ^(c) City-Sacker, her bold Son.

(c) He calls *Achilles* the City-Sacker, not relating at all to *Troy*, but those three and twenty Cities he had taken before that Leaguer; *Hylles* being styled *πολιτάρχης* only in respect of *Troy*.

This said, fair *Juno* mounting swiftly flies
 Through unpath'd Regions to the Crystall Skies.
 As when a Traveller considering staies
 To chuse the shorter of two tedious Waies;
 At last resolv'd, with Speed his Course he bends:
 So she demurs, then straight to Heav'n ascends,
 Reaching *Olympus*, where the Gods in State
 In *Jove's* bright Palace quaffing *Nectar* fate.

(d) Gr. *καλλιπάρης*, fair-cheek'd, *διδασκτρων*, *ὡς ἐπὶ δισκτρων* τούτων ὄντων, to hint us, that all just Governours, they and their People, are such, that is, amiable, and in a flourishing condition; according to that of *Hesiod*,

Τότα τέχνη πάλαι, λαοὶ δ' αὖθις ἐν αὐ-
 τῇ,
 Such Cities flourish, and their People thrive.

(e) *Homer* makes *Juno*, refusing to pledge any of the rest of the Gods, to take the Cup out of *Themis* her Hand only; intimating, *ὡς ἐπὶ ἄλλων θεῶν ἀρετὴν τῷ δαῖτι ἀποδίδειν τῷ ἀρχοντι*, that no Virtue is so requisite for persons in supreme Authority as Justice; and thence the Ancients made Justice a constant Assistent of *Jupiter's* Throne; not that all was just that Great ones did, but that they should not attempt ought that was not. *Enst.* Some by this Table-Justice understand the Vertue of Temperance.

(f) *Lacrymas ridet & intus habet*: which kind of Laughter *χεῖλασιν* with the Lips onely, (so *Homer* here) but from the Teeth outward, the Ancients called *Sardonicum risum*, as being accompanied ever *μετὰ δρυμὶν ῥαγίας*, with a Gnarling of the Heart: for Laughter being caused through the Heat of the *Præcordia* or Midriff, (whence some receiving a Wound in that part have been observed to laugh, long of the Heat occasioned by the Wound) such as are in Grief are ever cold, the very Breath of such as mourn and cry being constantly cold, but theirs that be chearfull much warmer.

Soon as the Goddess entring they beheld,
 Cups they their Queen present with *Nectar* fill'd.
 The rest refus'd, she from ^(d) fair ^(e) *Themis* took
 Th' immortal-Liquour, who to her thus spoke;
 Why scal'st thou Heaven with such cloudy Brows?
 Sure *Jove* hath anger'd thee, thy thundering Spouse.
 Question me not, dear *Themis*, she reply'd;
 Thou well his Obstinacy know'st and Pride;
 Amongst the Gods their Feasts thou order'st, where
 His mischievous Contrivements thou may'st hear.
 Yet I believe his Projects please not all,
 No not these Gods who Banquet in his Hall.

This said, she fate, and swelling Passion curb'd.
 Whilst this Complaint their Merriment disturb'd,
 She ^(f) simpring feign'd a Smile, but knew not how
 The Anger to unfurrow on her Brow,
 Nor longer Indignation to contain,
 But thus in Passion straight breaks forth again:

O senseless

O senseless Gods! 'gainst *Jove* we fondly strive,
And Privilege against Prerogative
Set up in vain him to compell: remote
He sits, and cares not what we act or Vote;
At all our Dignities and Projects jests,
And saith that Royall Power which him invests
Makes us all Slaves, and, him when-ere we urge,
He'll us severely, though Immortal, scourge.
Well then, since Patience is our onely Cure,
What-e're the Tyrant will inflict, endure.
Nor *Mars* for his Misfortune must complain,
Although his much-admired Son be slain,
Renown'd *Ascalaphus*, whom he did boast
To be his Off-spring, now in Battell lost.

This said, the God, striking his brawny Thighs
With open Hands, complaining thus replies;

I hope in this Celestiall House are none
Will take it ill should I revenge my Son.
Jove shall not me with Thunder stop, though I
Amongst the Dead in Bloud and Dust should lie.

This said, he buckles on his Arms, and bids
Pale *Fear* and *Terrour* harness straight his Steeds.
Then *Jove* a greater Vengeance had prepar'd,
Of which all Heav'n's Inhabitants had shar'd,
Had not *Minerva*, him to intercept,
Leaving her Throne, beyond the Threshold leap'd;
Where she his Helmet off and Target tore,
Fixing his mighty Javelin on the Floor,

Charming him thus; Wilt thou destroy thy self,
By thy own Fury drove upon a Shelf?
Heard'st thou, (or of that Sense art thou bereft,
Of Shame forsaken, and by Reason left?)
Took'st thou no Notice of what *Juno* said
New come from *Jove*, much troubled and dismay'd?

To

To suffer Sorrow dost thou Pleasure take,
 And to be sent roughly-entreated back,
 Bringing a Mischief with thee on us all?
Jove straight will leave humane Affairs, and fall
 Upon the Gods, as conscious of the Plot,
 Chastising who are guilty and who not.
 Not for your Son so much distracted be,
 Since many stronger, valianter then he
 Are slain, and shall be. Hard it is to save
 One born of mortal Parents from the Grave.

This said, she brought him back into the Hall,
 Whence *Juno* forth did bright *Apollo* call,
 And *Iris* still attending *Jove's* Affairs:
 To whom she thus her Husband's Will declares;
 Great *Jove* commands you presently descend
 To *Ida*, and his Pleasure there attend:
 What he shall order must with Care be done.

Juno, this said, returned to her Throne;
 Whilst they with Speed through airy Regions glide,
 Resting at last on Fountain-fostering *Ida*.
Jove they descry'd, where he on *Gargarus* Crown,
 Veil'd in a^(g) perfum'd Cloud, sat looking down:
 To whom they straight humbly themselves present,
 Who well their Care and Duty did resent,
 Because his Queen's Injunctions they obey'd,
 And thus the God to winged *Iris* said;

To *Neptune* speed, and this our Message bear;
 (That thou inform him well take special Care)
 Bid him the Field, on our Displeasure, leave:
 Our Court must him or his own Realm receive.
 If he presume our Order to despise,
 Let him take Heed and warily advise
 Ere he begin, lest he his Rashness rue;
 Since he is younger, and the weaker too.

(g) A Sweetness occasioned partly
 by those odoriferous Herbs and Flow-
 ers which the Earth brought forth at this
 Meeting of those two Deities, or from
Juno's rich Perfumes and Ornaments.

Nor let him think (as high as he aspires)
To equal *Jove*, whom all Heav'n's Court admires.

This said, the Virgin from the Mountain flies
To sacred *Ilium* through the Crystill Skies,
Swift as a Storm of Hail or Drift of Snow,
When cold Cloud-chasing Winds in Winter blow,
And through the aiery Realms her self convey'd;
Then drawing near to curl'd-hair'd *Neptune* said:

Earth's great Embracer, and the Ocean's King,
From *Jove* to thee this Embassy I bring:
Thou must the Fight leave, as thou dread'st his Ire,
And to his Court or thy own Realms retire.
If thou resolv'st his Order to despise,
He bids thee think and warily advise
E're thou beginn'st, lest thou thy Rashness rue;
Since, being younger, thou art weaker too.
Sooth not your self (as high as you aspire)
To equal him, whom all the Gods admire.

Highly incens'd, then *Neptune* thus reply'd;
This speaks too much his dis-obliging Pride,
To threaten us his Equal and Co-heir.
Rhea three Sons did to old *Saturn* bear,
This *Jove*, my self, and *Pluto* King of Hell;
And unto each a several Portion fell.

(k) *Pluto* pale Shades and lasting Darknes got;
To rule the sacred Ocean was my Lot;
The Skies to this Insulter's Share did fall:
But Earth and Heav'n are common to us all.
For him I'll not draw off, though ne'r so strong,
Since he my Right invades, and doth me Wrong.
His Language moves me not, with which he might
Do well his Sons and Daughters to affright:
I scorn his Threats; but roundly chidden they
Of force must yield, and his proud Will obey.

(k) Hence *Neptune* is called *παιὼν*, *ἐνοσίγαιος*, *ἐνοσίχθων* and *Pluto* by *Euripides* *χθονίος* *Ζεύς*, a terrene God, and *Ζεύς* *καταχθόνιος*, the infernal *Jupiter*. *Enst.* saith that *Jupiter* had Interest in the Earth, as it contains in its Caverns all kind of Winds and sulphurous Mines; and *Neptune*, in respect of the Waters both contained in its Bowells, and encompassing its whole Globe.

To whom thus *Iris* said; *Neptune*, shall I
Return great *Jove* this sharp and rash Reply?
Think on't again; the wisest don't despise
To change their Minds, when better they advise.
You know, on elder Brothers still attends

(i) That Hag Revenge, the cruellest of Fiends.

Then he reply'd; Thou hast, celestial Maid,
Advis'd me well, and most discreetly said;

(k) That Messenger doth still deserve great Praise,
Who knows well to deliver what he saies:

But I can ne'r endure that he should me,
Equal to him in Birth and Dignity,
Threaten as his Inferiour. Bitter Words
Pierce gentle Bosomes more then sharpest Swords.
But now, though I disdain him, I'll retreat,
Yet thus my Answer mingle with a Threat:

We not consenting, I nor *Mercury*,
Pallas, *Juno*, nor *Mulciber*, should he
The *Trojans* save, and *Ilium* not destroy,
Forcing the baffled *Greeks* to rise from *Troy*;
Let him on this without Dispute conclude,
That betwixt us shall be (l) immortal Feud.

Neptune, this said, div'd under Sea, and left
The *Græcian* Princes for themselves to shift.
When thus Cloud-gathering *Jove* to *Phæbus* spake;

My dear *Apollo*, Hast to *Hector* make:
Neptune is to his Watry Kingdome gone,
And warily doth our Displeasure shun:
Th' Infernall Gods else, who with *Saturn* dwell,
Had heard of this our Difference in Hell.
But better 'tis for both, he understands
My Power so well, and yields to my Commands.
When private Quarrells come to publick Blows,
They end in Ruine, or but ill compose.

Straight

(i) *Erinny*, it said to attend such as
be above others, not to afflict them; not
as she attended *Orestes*, after he had
revenged his Father's Death upon his
Mother, but to punish all such as, be-
ing any way inferiour, should attempt
to injure their Elders and Superiours.

(k) This Passage is thus recited and
recommended by *Pindar*, *Pyth. A.*

Τὸν δ' Ὀμήρου καὶ τὸν Σωκράτους
ἦμα, πρὸς αὐτὸν Ἀγέλαον ἔσλον ἔφα
Τιμὴν μέγιστον πρᾶγματι παντὶ φέρειν.

In *Homer's Book* this Sentence prize;
A Messenger that's great and wise,
Adds Value to the Enterprize.

(l) *Gr. ἀνίκητος*, not to be cured;
Anger being not more a Passion or Per-
turbation, then a Malady and Disease.

Straight put thou on my Shield, whose glittering Light
May, brandish'd, the amazed *Greeks* affright;
And take of *Hector* an especiall Care;
His Spirits, Strength an Courage so repair,
That he may drive the *Gracians* to the Fleet;
And I'll consult what after shall be fit.

After they've smarted for a little while,
They shall again have Respite from their Toil.

This said, the Business *Phæbus* undertakes,
And a swift Flight down from ^(m)Mount *Ida* makes,
(A long-wing'd Hawk, the swiftest Bird that flies,
After a Dove so cuts the yielding Skies)
And *Hector* finds newly recovered, who,
Come to himself, his Friends about him knew?

Cold Sweats were gone, Swoonings and shorter Breath,
Since *Jove* the fainting Hero rais'd from Death.

When thus to him far-shooting *Phæbus* said;

Why sitt'st thou thus retir'd, so much dismay'd?
What Sicknes is 't afflicts thee? what thy Pains?

He languishing to *Phæbus* thus complains;

O thou (who-e're) the best to me of Gods,
Hast thou not heard in thy supreme Abodes
How *Ajax* me, when I had Havock made,
With a huge Stone upon my Bosome pay'd?
Then, falling down, I was so near my End,
I thought I should to *Pluto's* Court descend.

Then *Phæbus* thus; But now in me confide,
Whom to thy Aid *Jove* sends from lofty *Ida*.
Behold *Apollo* with ⁽ⁿ⁾ the golden Sword,
Who oft to thee and *Troy* did help afford.
Thy fainting Squadrons Courages revive,
And to the Navy thy swift Chariots drive.
I'll lead thee on, and for thy Horses I
Will plain the Way, that all thy Foes shall fly.

(m) Gr. Ὀλύμπου ὄρος in the plural, to express its Greatness. So *Emoda*, a Mountain of *India*, is never used but in that Number, to denote its Magnitude. *Enst.*

(n) Gr. χρυσοειδής, which some understand of the golden Belt at which hung either his Lyre or Quiver. Others understand it of a golden Sword: but not so well, in the opinion of the *Scholiast*, he being ἀγνός θεός, a harmless Deity. He adds, that *Mercury*, after he had invented the Harp, stole the Cattel of *Apollo*; and that being detected by *Apollo's* Prophetick Faculty, and threatened for so doing, he stole his very Bow from off his Shoulder: at which he being highly taken, gave *Mercury* his prophetick Wand, from whence he is styled χρυσόραβδος, and he him his golden Lyre, whence he is called χρυσολύρα. *Schol.*

This said, the Prince's Bosome he inspir'd,
 And's fainting Spirits with fresh Courage fir'd.
 As when a Horse high pamper'd breaks his Reins,
 And, leaving's Stable, flies to th' open Plains;
 Either through Meads he seeks a Stud of Mares,
 Or to accustom'd Watering repairs;
 Wanton, with Head erected, loud he neighs,
 His Mane upon his Neck and Shoulders plaies:
 Chearing his Friends so nimbly *Hector* stirr'd
 His supple Knees, after he *Phæbus* heard.
 As rougher Swains and eager Hounds in view
 A shaggie Goat or crested Deer pursue,
 Who, finding Covert amongst craggie Rocks
 Or sheltring Groves, their Expectation mocks;
 When rous'd by Clamours they a Lion spy,
 All leave the Chase and in Disorder fly:
 So close the *Græcians* follow'd in the Rear,
 Great Slaughter making both with Sword and Spear;
 But when in Front bold *Hector* they espy'd,
 (o) Their Courage fell, and they were terrifi'd.

(o) Gr. *μεγάλην ἰσχυρίαν ἐκείνην*, Their
 Courage fell into their Feet. So Demosthe-
 nes said of his Athenians, *παραπρόσωπον*
ἐκείνην ἐν τῇ στήνῃ καὶ ἐν τῇ στήνῃ, that their
 Brains were sunk into their Heels: And
Amphis the Comick Poet said of some
 seemingly-grave Philosophers, That
 their Souls resided in their Foreheads.

Thoas, *Andramon*'s Son, the valiantest
 Of all th' *Ætolian* Leaders and the best,
 Who well could fight on Foot, well throw a Dart,
 And was in speaking Master of his Art,
 (Such was his Eloquence, that few the Prize
 E're bore from him) then gave the *Greeks* Advice:
 Behold a Wonder; *Hector*, see, again
 Appears, who all hop'd was by *Ajax* slain.
 Some God his Life hath sav'd, who us'd to spill
 Such Seas of Bloud, and many Hero's kill.
 He'll doe the like again, just what he lists;
 For I believe *Jove* his Attempt assists.
 Take my Advice, and doe what I desire.
 Let our main Body to the Fleet retire.

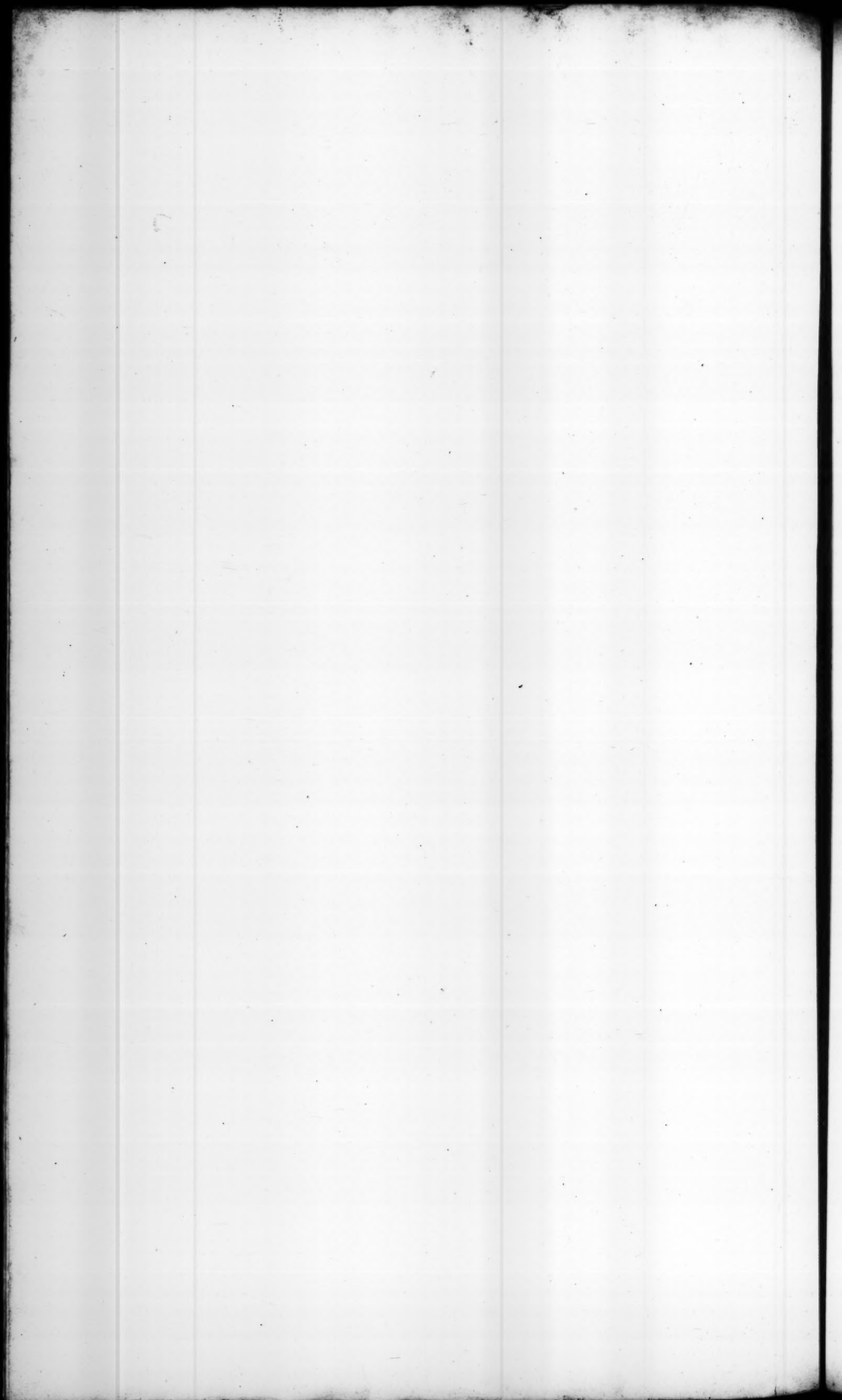
Let



Arthur Ingram
Tabulam



Mercatori Londin:
hanc. D.D.D. L.M.I.O.



Let us who boast our Valour draw up here,
And with a Stand of Pikes made good the Rear.
Hector, though bold, to charge us any-where
Upon such Disadvantage will beware.

The Counsel takes, the Chiefs no time delay'd ;
Th' *Ajaxes* and *Idomenus* ready made,
Teucer, *Meriones*, and *Meges* too,
And full of Resolution up they drew
Against the Enemy, with Fury fir'd ;
Whilst the main Body to the Fleet retir'd.

By *Hector* led the *Trojans* first begun,
Who like a Fury brought his Squadrons on.
Before him goes *Apollo*, who in Clouds
And dusky Mists his shining Body shrouds,
Arm'd with that dreadfull and immortal Targe
Which *Vulcan* made with so much Art and Charge
Presenting it to *Jove*, with Edges purld,
And dazling Beams to terrifie the World.
Up he conducts them with this wondrous Shield :
The *Greeks* stood firm, and stoutly kept the Field.
Whilst Shouts and Clamours rattled in the Sky,
From twanging Bow-strings deadly Arrows fly,
With a resounding Storm of Javelins mixt :
Some in the Bodies of bold Warriours fixt ;

(q) Others fell short and stuck upon the Ground,
Missing their Aim t' inflict a mortal Wound.
Whilst *Phæbus* shook not his (r) so-dazling Shield,
Indifferent Slaughter dy'd the equal Field.
But when the *Græcian* Squadrons in their Charge
Beheld *Apollo* brandishing his Targe,
And heard his Voice, their Courages soon quail'd ;
Amaz'd they stood, and all their Forces fail'd.
As two stern Wolves do in (s) the dead of Night
A Flock of Sheep or grazing Bullocks fright,

Suddenly

(q) Gr. Πολλὰ δ' ἐμίσσεντο, many stuck in the midst, which the ancient Grammarians understand of their Javelins, being thrown with that strength that they ran half way into the Earth. *Enst.*

(r) This Shield was made of the Skin of that Goat which gave suck to *Jupiter*: for when the Giants, assisting *Saturn*, made War upon him, he was advised by *Themis* to make him a Shield of the *Amalthea*; (so was that Goat called) for that the *Titans* or any other should not be able to endure the sight of it; which doing, he obtained the Victory. *Schol.* From bearing this Shield he is styled *αἰγίοχος*.

(s) Gr. νύκτις ἀμολγῶν, that is, either ὅτε ἢ μολγῶντες, when men work not, or ὅτε ἢ μολγῶντες, when men travell not. The old Grammarians expound ἀμολγῶν, τὸ ἀκμῶν, making so νύκτις ἀμολγῶν to be Midnight. *Enst.*

Suddenly coming, and no Keepers by :
 So frighted did the scatter'd *Græcians* fly :
Apollo made their Squadrons quit their Ground,
 That *Hector* and his Troups might be renown'd.
 Great was the Execution as they flew.

Hector Arcefilæus and *Stichius* slew ;
 This the well-arm'd *Bæotians* did attend,
 The other bold *Meneſtheus* dearest Friend.

Æneas Iasus and *Medon* slew,
Medon, *Oileus* natural Off-spring, who
 Remote in ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Phylace* dwelt, when in sad Strife
 He'd slain the Brother of ^(u) his Father's Wife.

Iasus led the bold *Athenians* on,
 Worthily call'd renowned *Sphelus* Son.

Polydamas Mecistes overthrew,

Polites Echius ; *Agenor* slew

Clonius ; and ^(x) *Paris* in the Shoulder sped
Deiobus with his Javelin as he fled.

Whilst these disarm the Slain, the broken Ranks
 O're Trenches fled and Palisado'd Banks,
 At severall places clambering o're the Walls.
 Aloud then *Hector* to his *Trojans* calls :

Straight to their Ships : who-e're I plundering find,
 Staying (neglectfull of the Work) behind,
 Shall surely die, nor ^(y) shall his Kindred bear
 Him to the Pyre, but Dogs in pieces tear.

This said, he whips his Steeds, his Souldiers cheers.
 The following Chariots, Horse and Charioteers
 With hideous Shouts and Clamours fiercely charge.
 Down *Phæbus* spurns their Banks, opening a large
 And gaping Breach, wider then one could throw
 A Spear, where Horse and Foot a-breast might go.
 They all pour in : first on *Apollo* falls,
 And, brandishing his Shield, tears down the Walls,

Stupendious

(i) *Phylace* was a City of *Thessaly*.

(u) *Eriopis*.

(x) *Hecuba* exposing *Paris* upon Mount *Ida*, because of her Dream, that she should be delivered of a Firebrand, he was taken up by a Shepherd, who knew nothing of it, and kept by him *εὐμήπεα*, and thence received the name of *Paris*. Schol.

(y) Hence the Law-givers after *Homer* took their hint of making their Law against Traitors, to deny them Burial and Funeral Rites. So the Scholiast cited by *Victorius*, 'Εντεῦθεν νόμος, τὸν ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐπὶ δάφνει, παρὰ δὲ τοῦ νομοδότην των ὀνομάσθαι.

Stupendious Works and Battlements destroys.

(c) As near the Ocean often little Boys
A sandy Pile erect for childish Sport,
Then slight again their late-admired Fort :
So, *Phæbus*, thou their Battlements didst spoil,
On which the *Greeks* bestow'd such Cost and Toil,
And mad'st them fly the Enemy's Assault ;
Till at the Fleet they stopping made a Halt,
The Gods imploring for their present Aid.
When *Nestor* thus with Hands erected (a) pray'd ;

O *Jove*, if ever we the brawny Thighs
Of Bulls and Rams to thee did sacrifice,
And for our safe Return to *Greece* did pray ;
O hear, and save us from this fatal Day.
Let not (auspicious Powers) the *Trojans* boast,
That they have ruin'd such a numerous Host.

In Thunder *Jove* straight his Consent declar'd,
In Confirmation that he *Nestor* heard :
Which did the *Trojans* Anger so excite,
That all fall on, and with more Fury fight.
As when a high-swoln Billow rowling breaks
On a Ship's Side, raking quite o're her Decks,
Winds bearing watery Mountains to the Skies :
So they the Bulwarks storm'd with hideous Cries.
The Horse with cruel Javelins charge the Fleet ;
The *Greeks* aboard with (b) Poles their Fury meet,
Which for a Naval Fight lay ready still,
Their sharp Points fortifi'd with biting Steel.

Whilst thus the *Græcian* and the *Trojan* Ranks
Fought near the Navy and the Trenches Banks,
With hurt *Eurypylus* *Patroclus* fate,
Cheating his Anguish with Discourses sweet,
And healing Balsam to his Wound apply'd.
But when he heard the shouting Foe, and spy'd

(c) This Simile is highly commended by an old *Scholias*t, cited by *Victorinus*, for that, being familiar, it was known by all : *κατανοήσιμον ὅτι οἱ πάντες ἔγνωσαν*. So he.

(a) *ἄσπετος ὁρμή* & *οὐκ ἐκείνη* *ἀνδραγαθία*, *ἐν τῇ δυνάμει*, The Extremity of pressure and Despair of Relief is the opportunity for Prayer. So the old *Schol.* cited by *Victorinus*.

(b) These Poles *Homer* calls *καλῶν*, because they were not *μὴν*, made all of one piece, but of two joyn'd together, that so they might be the longer. *Schol.*

The

The routed *Græcians* run, then, much dismay'd,
Beating his Thighs, he thus lamenting said ;

With thee I dare no longer tarry here,
To tend thy Cure ; loud Clamour strikes my Ear.
But let thy Servant wait, whilst I persuade
Achilles his distressed Friends to aid.
Perhaps he'll to my Motion condescend.
Good is the Admonition of a Friend.

This said, he leaves him : but the *Græcians* stood
Firmly their Foes, and made their Station good.
The *Greeks* the *Trojans* could not make retreat,
Nor could the *Trojans* back the *Græcians* beat.
Like as a skilfull Shipwright draws a Line,
To square his Naval Timber, by divine
Minerva's Art : so equally they stand,
Their Fronts extended, fighting Hand to hand.

Whilst every-where courageously they fought,
Hector 'gainst *Ajax* up his Squadron brought :
Both for one Vessell strove ; neither retire ;
This labours to defend, and that to fire.

(c) *Clytus* was Brother to *Priam*,
and so *Caletor* Cofin-german to *Hector*.

Then *Ajax* stout *Caletor*, (c) *Clytus* Son,
As he brought Fire, did through the Bosome run.
He falling dies, and drops the sparkling Brand.

When *Hector* saw his Kinsman on the Strand,
Weltring in Bloud close to the Vessell's Side,
He to the *Lycians* and his *Trojans* cry'd ;

O save *Caletor*, faln by *Ajax* Ship;
Let not the greedy Foe his Body strip.
Having spoke, he at *Ajax* threw his Spear ;
Which, missing, hit bold *Lycophron*, whose Ear
The Javelin pierc'd. With *Ajax* in Exile
He long had liv'd, forc'd from his Native Soil,
Where by Mischance he one of Note had slain.
Down from the Stern he tumbled on the Plain,

Where

Where soon his vital Spirits him forsook.

Then *Ajax* troubled to his Brother spoke;

Hector our ^(d) Friend *Mastorides* hath kill'd,
To whom we kindly did Protection yield,
When he in Exile visited your Seat,
And entertain'd as we our Parents treat.

Where are thy Arrows now and fatal Bow,
Which erst God *Phæbus* did on thee bestow?

This said, he brought his Quiver from his Tent,
And from his Bow a well-aim'd Arrow sent.

The Shaft *Polydamas* Favourite, *Clitus*, hit,

As he gave licence to the curbing Bit,

And up his Chariot (to gain *Hector's* Love)

Where hottest was the Battell fiercely drove.

The well-drawn Shaft encountred with no Check,

Untill the barbed Steel transpers'd his Neck.

Down falls the Prince, his boggling Steeds retreat,

And with their Heels the empty Chariot beat.

To seize his Horse *Polydamas* did run,

And to *Astynous*, *Protiaon's* Son,

Gave them, with strict command to keep in Sight,

Returning straight where hottest was the Fight.

Teucer at *Hector* then another Shaft

Aim'd, which the Hero had of Life bereft,

And he then perish'd at the *Græcian* Fleet,

But that all-seeing *Jove* would not permit,

Who him protected, and depriv'd the Foe

Of th' Honour: for, as *Teucer* drew his Bow,

He broke the String, made strong of Hempen Twist;

Down fell his Bow, and so his Arrow mist.

Then *Teucer* frighted to his Brother said;

Our Counsels by some God are frustrate made:

Out of my Hand my trusty Bow he threw,

And brake my String, which was this Morning new.

X x

Then

(d) Gr. *Σειδωνες*, by which word, as also by *οἰκῆται*, is not meant in *Homer* such as are really *Slaves* or *Servants*, but such onely as live under one and the same Roof, or *Household-friends*; such as was *Meriones* to *Idomeneus*.

Then *Ajax*; Since some spitefull Deity
 Thus disappoints us, lay thy Quiver by,
 And take thy Target with thy ponderous Spear,
 So charge the *Trojans* and the *Græcians* chear;
 That though they conquer us, they may not yet
 Our Navy without Blows and Labour get.
 Let's to the last Man fight it out. This said,
 In his Pavilion up his Bow he lay'd,
 Claps on his Shield, and straight his Brows impales
 With a bright Helmet, grac'd with Horses Tails,
 Whose stately Plumage with each Motion shook;
 Then takes a Javelin up of knotty Oak;
 Straight running in his Brother to assist.
 When *Hector* saw that *Tencer's* Arrow mist,
 Thus he aloud, chearing his Friends, did call;
Trojans and *Lycians*, and bold *Dardans*, all
 Your Strength and Valour to the utmost show:
 These Eyes beheld when *Jove* broke *Tencer's* Bow.
 We now with Ease may see whom he protects,
 Whom he encourages, and whom dejects;
 How now the *Græcian* Forces he unnerves,
 And us as an Auxiliary serves.

(e) *Patriæ Charitas una omnes omnium Charitates superat*: whence *Socrates* in *Plato* affirms, we must doe and suffer more for the preservation of our Country, then of our Parents; whence the Welfare of those also, and all other our Relations, being involved in that, we may not refuse to die in Defence of it; no Death being so honest, none more honourable, according to that of *Tyrtæus*:

Τηροῦνται γὰρ καὶ ἐν ἀποφύξει πάντες
 "Ἄνδρες ἀγαθοὶ, αἰεὶ ἢ πατρίδι μαρτυρήσιν.

Death honourable is to every man
 Dies fighting for his Country in the Van.

(f) *Gr. ἡ πῦξ ἐπὶ τῶν υἱῶν*, that is, their Children in succession, or posterity after them: so the Scholiast cited by *Victorius*, καὶ ἡ ἐπὶ τῶν υἱῶν, ἀπὸ τῶν πατέρων τὸ τίλος παρέρχεται.

(g) *Gr. καὶ ὁ Λόγος*, his Lot, that is, his Possessions, especially Land; because anciently, when they mastered or possessed themselves of any place, they divided it full by Lot.

Let's charge them home, nor grant the *Græcians* Breath.
 If any of's here wounded meets his Death,
 His sudden Fate receiving, let him lie;
 (e) (Their Honour lives who for their Country die)
 His Wife and (f) Children shall his (g) State enjoy,
 If e're we drive these cursed *Greeks* from *Troy*.

These Words encouraged his Friends amain.
 Whilst *Ajax* thus spoke unto his again;
 For Shame, you *Græcians*! shall the Foe us beat?
 Resolve to perish, or preserve the Fleet,
 And drive them back. Can any here believe,
 If *Hector* take our Navy, we shall live

To see our Native Homes? does any trow,
 Our Ships once fir'd, Home we ^(b) on Foot can goe?
 Hear you not how his Souldiers Hearts he chears
 To make a way for Fire with Swords and Spears?
 He to no Masks or Balls his Men invites,
 But heartens them on to most cruel Fights,
 To bloody Battells. Come, your Valour try.
 Better we bravely in this Action die,
 Then live to be consum'd in lingering War
 By such who so much our Inferiours are. (fill'd.

(b) *Gr. ἐν γαλῶνι* by which some understand *ἐν γαλῶνι ποταμῷ*, a kind of Souldiers Dance or Measures, such as was that of the *Lacedaemonians*, when they returned home Victors. *Enst.*

These Words their Bosoms with fresh Courage
 Then *Hector Sebedius*, *Perimed's* Off-spring, kill'd.

Ajax Laodamas, *Antenor's* Son,

Who led up Foot, did through the Body run.

Polydamas ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Cyllenian Otus* sped, won son with

Meges great Friend, who bold *Epeians* led.

Meges, beholding of his sad Mischance,

Straight at *Polydamas* turning threw a Launce.

Missing his Aim, (*Phaebus* would not permit

The deadly Spear should ^(k) *Pantbus* Off-spring hit)

He *Cræsmus* hurt; who falls before the Ships,

Whom *Meges* of his glittering Armour strips.

Him *Dolops* charg'd, renowned *Lampus* Son,

Whose Grandfire was the fam'd *Laomedon*.

He his strong Javelin ran through *Meges* Shield,

But yet his high-proof'd Breast-plate would not yield,

Which *Phyleus* brought from sweet *Selleens* Floud,

(A Gift *Euphetes* on his Guest bestow'd)

His Body to defend in Martial Strife.

This now preserv'd his noble Off-spring's Life:

But through his Crest *Meges* his Javelin thrust,

And lay'd his ^(l) purple Plumage in the Dust.

Whilst *Meges* thus striving for Victory fought,

Timely Assistance *Menelaus* brought,

(i) *Cyllene* was a Mountain in *Arcadia* sacred to *Mercury*, he being styled thence *Cyllenius*.

(k) As being skill'd in the Art of Divination, of which he himself was the Founder, at least the tutelary Patron and Protector.

(l) His Crest being of Bone or Ivory, and dy'd into Purple.

(m) He was *Hector's* Brother's Son,
and Grandchild of *Priam*.

Who, stealing close behind bold *Lampus* Son,
Quite through his Shoulder did his Javelin run,
Till at his Breast appear'd the brazen Tip.
He falls, in run the *Greeks* his Corps to strip.
When *Hector* (who, calling his Kinsmen, came
To aid him) thus did (m) *Melanippus* blame;
(He e're the War a stately Oxen Breed
Did in *Percote's* fertile Pastures feed.
But when the *Greeks* beleaguer'd *Ilium* round,
To *Troy* returning he was much renown'd.
There he in *Priam's* Court was entertain'd,
And with his Sons like Love and Honour gain'd)
Shall we, O *Melanippus*, thus neglect
Thy slaughter'd Cofin, nor his Corps protect?
Seest thou not how to gain his Arms they strive?
Come, follow me: if these we leave alive,
Not one can scape inhabits spacious *Troy*,
But they with Fire and Sword will all destroy.

Hector, this said, like to a God led on:
When *Ajax* to his Party thus begun:
Shew your selves Men, and sensible of Shame;
Be tender, Sirs, of your untainted Fame.
More flying fall then in the Battel die;
Safety and Honour both flie those who flie.

(n) Defending it with their brazen
Shields: so *Apollo* calls the *Gracian*
Navy a wooden Wall.

Spurr'd with these Words, the *Greeks* obedient all
Maintain'd their Navy like a (n) brazen Wall,
Though *Jove* against them for the Foe appear'd.
Then *Menelaus Nestor's* Son thus chear'd;
Since younger's none then thee in all the Host,
None that more truly can his Prowess boast,
(For I thee fleet and valiant can attest)
Go, single out some *Trojan* from the rest.

Having thus said, he flew on without Fear:
Antilochus advancing threw his Spear.

The

The Foe retreated seeing him advance,
 Who sent not an unsignifying Launce :
 The Point bold *Melanippus* charging met,
 And ran him through the Bosome near the Teat
 He dying falls, and his bright Arms resound.
 As o're the Chace a tender-sented Hound
 Pursues a Fawn sore wounded by a Swain,
 Who, put from Covert, dies upon the Plain :
 So for thy Arms in, *Melanippus*, flew
 Grave *Nestor's* bolder Son : but when in View
Hector appear'd advancing to thy Aid,
 Thy Corps he quits, and leaves the Field dismay'd.
 And as a ^(o) Mountain-Lion, Mischief done,
 The Dog or Master slaughter'd, thence doth run
 Before the Rusticks and the Country rise :
 So bold *Nestorides* from *Hector* flies.
 After the fleeter Prince the *Trojans* send
 Vollics of Shouts, and Showrs of Javelins spend.

And now they charge the Navy : Such the Will
 Of mighty *Jove*, who them assisted still,
 And with fresh Vigour had their Breasts inspir'd ;
 Whilst the *Greeks* fainted with hot Service tir'd.
 For *Hector* now immortal Fame must gain ;
 And *Thetis* th' Issue of her Suit obtain.
 But when the *Gracian* Ships begin to burn,
Jove will assist the *Greeks*, the Tide shall turn.

And now *Jove Hector* mov'd, (though prompt before)
 That so the God the *Gracians* might restore.
 Like *Mars* the Hero rag'd, or burning Cops,
 Whose tap'ring Flames transcend the Mountains Tops;
 His Mouth all Foam, his Eyes like Comets shin'd,
 His waving Plumage danc'd to every Wind :
 And with such Strength his Spirits *Jove* recruits,
 That singly he with their whole Power disputes :

Since

(o) They that write of the nature of Animals affirm it to be the Property of the Lion, and such ravenous Beasts, having done Mischief, to fly upon it, as conscious of what they have done, and fearing to be punished for it. *Eust.* But *Aristotle* saith, that the Lion, opposing still his Pursuers upon the Plains, never runs but in Woods and Forests, where the Thickness of the Covert may conceal the Ignobleness of the Action.

(p) Th's *Jupiter* did to make him some Compensation, to eek out the Scantness of his Life with the Perpetuity of his Fame; lest he complained as *Achilles* to his Mother, lib. 1. that being *μυυρδωτος*, he was also *ἀμωτος*, that his Honour was answerable to his Life.

(q) This Simile is highly extoll'd by that excellent Hypercritick *Dionysius Longinus*, in his Book *de uisus*, where comparing it with *Aratus* his Imitation of this passage,

—ὀλίγον δ' ἰδὲ ξύλον αἰὲρ ἰσόμεν,
Only a slender Plank 'twixt them and Death,

he much prefers this of *Homer*: for that *Aratus* *μυυρδὸν αὐτὸ καὶ γλαυκὸν ἐπὶ πόντῳ*, instead of making the business formidable, he made it smooth and little, and ended the Danger, instead of heightning it; whereas *Homer* *ἔχ' ἀπὸ παλαιῆς τὸ δένδρ', ἀλλὰ τὸς αἰὲ καὶ μόνον καὶ πᾶν κύμα πλάκας ἀπολλυμένας εἰκονογεγῆς*, not content with once representing their Danger, describes them continually and variously perishing, and ready to be swallowed up by every Wave. Besides, by joyning together two Propositions of a different nature, forcing them, contrary to their ordinary use, to range together, [*ὅτ' ἐν θανάτῳ*,] *τὸ μὲν συνέμεινον μῆτις τὸ ἐπὶ τοῖς ἰσχυρίσιν*, he forces his Verse to conform to the Passion he treats of. *Τὴ δ' ἔπειτα συνέμεινον τὸ μὲν ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀπὸ πλάκας, καὶ μόνον ἐν πόντῳ τὴν ἀλγίαν τὴν κινδύνου τὸ ἰδιώμα*, By the Collision of his Verse he personates, as it were, the Passion of Fear, and so languageth it, as that the persons themselves engaged in that Perill could not better express it.

(r) The little Distance between them that are at Sea and Death *Anacharsis* well expressed, who, demanding how many Inches thick the Planks of the Vessel were, and understanding they were but three or four, replied, *τὸν καὶ τὸ θάνατον ἀπέχεται*, that they were so near Death. Whence *Antiphanes* said, That it was much better to want at Shoar, than to be rich at Sea, *ἐν γῇ πένετα, ἢ πλούσιον ἐν θαλάττῃ*.

(s) This *Copreus* was *Eurykleus* the *Argive* King's Herald, and communicated his Commands to *Hercules*, who stayed for that purpose without the City; he not permitting him, for Fear, to reside in it.

(p) Since short's his Life, and *Pallas* did prepare
The fatal Day and stern *Pelides* Spear.

Whole Squadrons home he charg'd, attempting where
Bodies stood thickest and best armed were.

But in close Order they withstood the Shock,
Like some strong Bulwark, or a mighty Rock,
Which, standing firmly in the Sea, defies
Th' united Fury both of Waves and Skies.

As little did the valiant *Greeks* retire, (Fire.
Though *Hector* charg'd them both with Sword and

(q) As when huge Waves, rais'd by a Tempest's wrath,
Break 'gainst a Ship in briny Spry and Froath,
Winds thunder 'mongst the Shrowds and flapping Sails,
Whilst the amazed Seamen's Courage fails;

(r) In yawning Flouds their gaping Graves appear:
In such sad Plight the worsted *Gracians* were.

As when a Lion stalketh through the Meads,
Whose rancker Grass a Stock of Cattell feeds;
Their Keeper unexperient'd, and affear'd
To fight for Preservation of the Herd,
Drives home his Charge; the Beast, with Hunger fierce,
Encountering one, makes all the rest disperse:
The Army so from *Jove* and *Hector* flew,
Who onely *Periphet*, (s) *Copreus* Off-spring, flew;
Whose Sire, by th' *Argive* King *Eurykleus* sent
With his Commands, to great *Alcides* went.

This in all Vertues did his Father far
Excell which usefull be in Peace or War;
Strong, Valiant, Active, and of Judgment clear:
Yet 'twas his Fate to fall by *Hector's* Spear.

For

For as about the nimble Hero wheel'd,
 Treading upon the Margent of his Shield,
 By th' Instep caught, he tumbles on the Ground:
 Then dreadfully his rattling Arms resound.
Hector straight knows the Prince, and in he flew,
 And (all his Friends Spectators) ran him through.
 His Death they much lamented, but none stay'd
 His Quarrell to revenge, or grant him Aid,
 (So much they *Hector* fear'd) but all retreat,
 Seeking their Preservation at the Fleet,
 Where the first Ranks lay farthest from the Floud.
 Before their Tents they re-imbodied stood,
 Far from a Rout. Though Fear spurr'd on to Flight,
 Yet Shame commanded them to stand and fight;
 Persuaded most by reverend *Nestor*'s Speech,
 Who by their Parents did them thus beseech:

Ah! in your Breast let Shame some Harbour find;
 Shew your selves Men, dear Friends, and call to mind
 Your Wives, your Children, Parents, and Estates,
 Those yet alive, and those surpriz'd by Fates.
 By what are dearest I you all conjure
 To keep your Ground, and the Assault endure.

Who fearfull were before, these Words made fierce,
 And *Pallas* did the ^(r) gloomy Cloud disperse,
 Bringing from Heaven an æthereall Light,
 That they might see the Posture of the Fight;
 Both where bold *Hector* on the *Trojans* led,
 And where the *Græcians* fought, and where they fled.
 But *Ajax* now no longer thought it good
 To keep his Post, and stand where others stood:
 Down straight he goes, & brought a Pole made strong
 With ^(u) Iron Rings, twenty two Fathoms long.
 As when a Vaulter, skilfull at his Tricks,
 Joyning ^(x) four Steeds, which he from many picks,

(r) The Danger of Death, or the Loss
 of the Day.

(u) These Rings or Hoops made fast
 the pieces of which this long Sea-spear
 consisted.

(x) These *ἀσπίδες* drew no Cha-
 riot after them, but were onely fastened
 together with Bridles or Reins, being
 called *Defultorii*, and he that rid them
Defultator, and that from his vaulting
 from one to another, and that in their
 full Career and greatest Speed.

Up

Up to the City drives the common Road,
Admir'd by all Spectators like a God ;
He, alwaies safe and certain, at full Speed
Pomadoes shews, and vaults from Steed to Steed :
From Ship to Ship so striding in his March
Swift *Ajax* bounds, whose Voice Heav'n's crystall Arch
Did with continuall Calls and Clamour rend,
Chearing the *Greeks* their Navy to defend.

Nor did renowned *Hector* idly stand,
Defended by a well-arm'd *Trojan* Band :
But as the swiftest Fowl, the Eagle, stoops,
Where feeding near some Stream loud cackling Troups
Of Geese or Swans or long-neck'd Cranes she spies ;
So *Hector* at a black-prow'd Vessell flies.
Him *Jove's* great Hand encouraged to fight,
Who those were with him also did excite.
Fiercely again each charg'd, with Fury fir'd ;
Nor couldst thou say they worsted were or tir'd ;
So earnestly both Parties fought it out :
For Desperation made the *Gracians* stout ;
And with like Fury on the *Trojans* fall,
Hoping to fire their Fleet and slaughter all.
Thus, mov'd by severall Passions so unlike,
Incessantly they strive, shoot, throw and strike.

But *Hector* did a stately Vessell seize,
Which bore *Protesilaus* through the Seas,
Yet back from *Troy* ne'r him to's Country brought.
Here Hand to hand the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fought.
No Spears they throw, nor use the barbed Flight,
But with broad Swords and Battell-Axes fight,
And furiously with Javelins strike and thrust.
Swords with bright Hilts lie tumbled in the Dust,
Dropt from their Hands or Shoulders where they stood
In hot Contest ; the Earth was dy'd with Bloud.

Yet

Yet *Heſtor* let ⁽¹⁾ not looſe the Hold he had
On the high Stern, but thus commanding ſaid;
Charge boldly with a Shout, and bring up Fire.

Behold the Day ſo long we did deſire:

Their Ships are ours, who, ⁽²⁾ in Deſpite of Fate,
Have us involv'd in this ſo ſad Eſtate,
Through our grave Council's Fears, who never yet
Would us once ſuffer to attack the Fleet.

Though then great *Jove* our Judgements did diſtract,
He with us now complies, and helps us act.

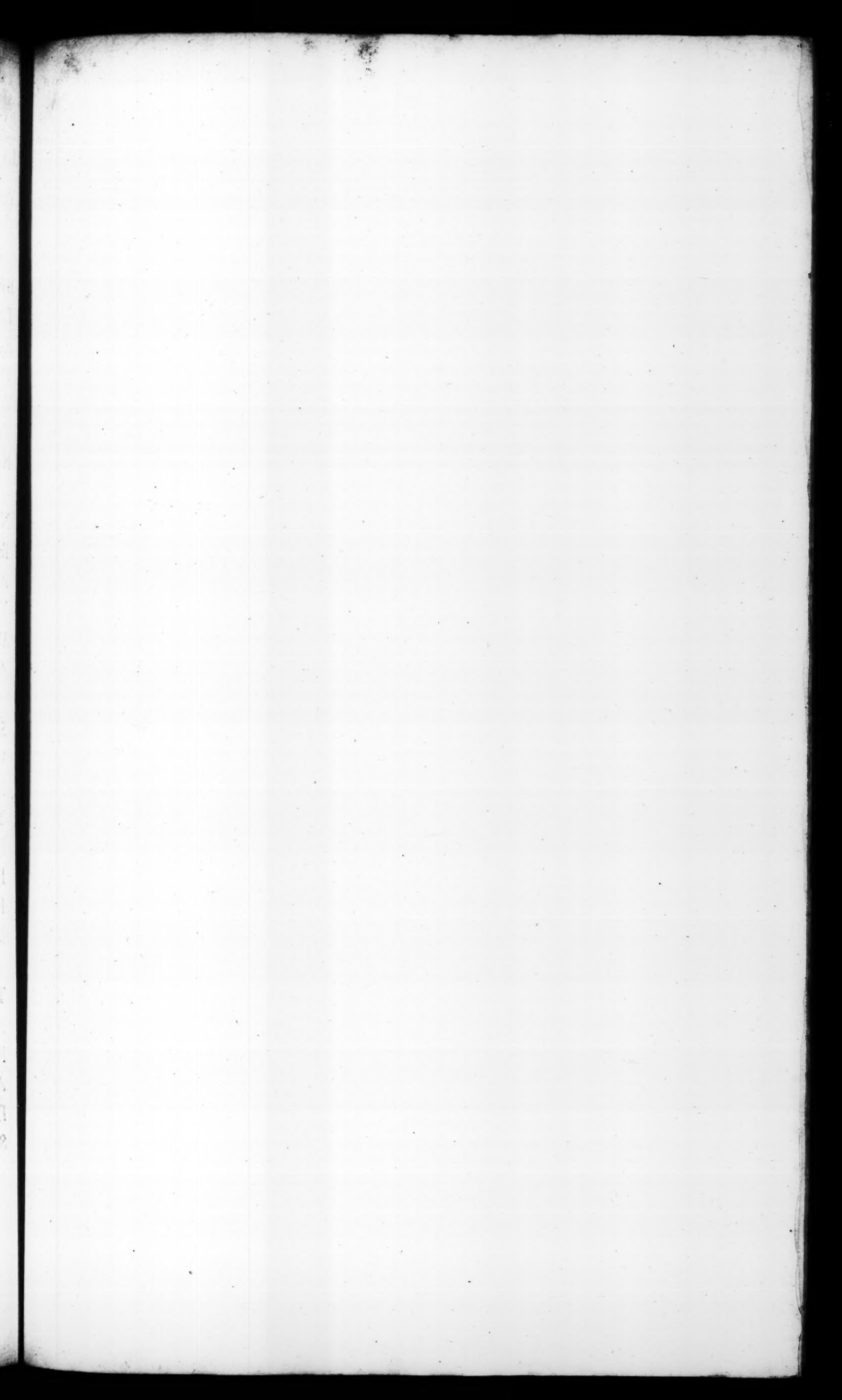
This ſaid, they all at once fell in amain;
Nor *Ajax* longer could their Charge ſuſtain,
But to a lower Bank himſelf betook,
And ſhunning Death the upper Decks forſook:
Yet ſo defends the Fleet, none could advance
With hoſtile Fire, but felt his deadly Lance.
And thus aloud the *Græcians* he exhorts;

Bold Princes, who delight in Martial Sports,
Stand firm your Ground, your wonted Valour ſhow.
We no Reſerves to entertain the Foe,
Nor ſtronger Bulwarks have which may deſie
Their Force, no City fortified nigh,
Nor favouring Friends who us may Succour yield;
But are ſurrounded in the *Trojan* Field,
Far from our Country, with the Ocean Sands.
Ill truſt they Feet whoſe Safety's in their Hands.

This ſaid, he ſo beſtirr'd him with his Spear,
That whoſoe're, aſſiſting *Heſtor*, near
Approch'd the *Græcian* Fleet with *Trojan* Fire,
Roughly entreated ſoon he made retire;
And twice fix *Trojans*, who on fiercely fell,
Did from the Fleet with mortal Wounds repell.
So bravely he the Foe's Impreſſion ſtood,
And brandiſh'd Fires extinguish'd with Bloud.

(1) *Homer* makes *Heſtor* ſeize the Ship onely of *Proteſilanus*, who was dead; that he might not ſeem to taxe the Cowardlineſs of any that were living; as he had, had he made him put Fire to any other's. *Schol.*

(2) He means that the Gods ſhew'd their Diſlike of this the *Greeks* Expedition by many ſad and diſaſterous Omens; they enduring much Extremity e're they ſet out on their Voiage, and during the Siege.





Honorat:

Robert Cholmondeley
Tabulam hanc.



de Cholmondeley
L. M. D. D. D. I. O.

Ed. 16. 1788.



HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Patroclus woes his Friend, that in his Stead
He in his Arms might forth his Squadrons lead.
Achilles yields. Much Trojan Bloud he spills,
Rescues the Navy, and Sarpedon kills.
Disarm'd by Phœbus, he, surpriz'd with Fear,
Hurt by Euphorbus, dies on Hector's Spear.*

VHILST for this Ship they play an equal
Game,
Patroclus shedding Tears t' *Achilles*
came.

Tears down his Cheeks in trickling Drops distill,
As from a ^(a) Rock descends a crystill Rill.
Whom when in this sad Posture, so dismay'd,
His Friend beheld, him pitying thus he said;

Why com'st thou like a Girl with blubber'd Eyes,
Who running by her busie Mother cries

(a) *Gr. αἰχμήνιος λίθος*, that is, such a Rock as is left by the Goat: and that either for its Barrenness, having nothing growing on it; or else for its extraordinary Height; for the Goat having a light Body, and his Legs armed with many and strong Sinews, delights still to feed upon Precipices.

To be ta'ne up, and by her Garments holds,
Till she the Fondling in her Arms infolds?
Such thy Demeanour, so thou pou'r'st forth Tears.
Weep'st thou for my Concern, or thy Affairs?
Any sad News from *Phthia* hast thou met?

(b) *Menæti*us, residing at *Opus*, leaving his Native Country, begot there *Patroclus*; who, killing unwittingly *Amphidamas* the Son of *Cleonymus*, flying for the Fact into *Phthia*, was kindly received by his Kinsman *Peleus*, and committed, together with his Son *Achilles*, to the Tuition of *Chiron*.
Schol.

(c) Not that they were active or Parties in the Injury done him; but because by interposing they hindered not *Agamemnon*.

(b) *Menæti*us lives, they say, and's lusty yet;
And *Peleus*'mongst his *Myrmidons* doth reign:
For both whose Deaths we could not more complain.
Or mourn'st thou for the *Greeks*, who slaughter'd be
Amongst their Ships (c) for so much wronging me?
Come, ease thy loaden Breast, and let me know,
That I may be Copartner in thy Woe.

Then fighting he reply'd; O thou the most
Admir'd for Prowess of the *Græcian* Host,
Be not offended that I thus lament,
Since they are hurt who be most eminent.

(d) *Patroclus* mentions *Agamemnon* neither first nor last, but puts him in the middle of this Catalogue. Not first, lest *Achilles*, disrelishing the Preface, should distaste the Sequel, and not grant his Suit: not last, lest the memory of the Injury received from him should exasperate him against all, who, when they might, neglected to interpose.

*Tydid*es, *Ithac*us, (d) *Atrides* lie
Maim'd, with *Eurypylus* shot in the Thigh.
Their Pains they strive to ease with healing Balm:
But thy incens'd Bosome ne'r will calm.

(May no such Passion harbour in my Heart!)
Thou who so rich in useles Vertues art,
Who yet unborn shall thy Assistance have,
If now thy dearest Friends thou wilt not save?
Not *Peleus* thee (hard-hearted!) did beget,
Nor beauteous *Thetis* suckle at her Teat:
Thee some hard (e) Rock topt by a (f) Billow bare,
The rougher Issue of a rugged Pair.

(e) The Stones of the Mountain *Pelion*, from whence his Father had the name of *Peleus*, and where he was educated by *Chiron*; and so, as the Race of *Deucalion* and *Pyrria*, was *durum genus*, of an obdurate Stock.

(f) As *Polyphemus*, and such other the Sons of *Neptune*.

(g) He was told, that engaging in the War against *Troy*, his Life should be short, but highly glorious; whereas remaining at Home, his Daies should be many, but his Fame obscure: of which, it being left to his Election, he chose the former, preferring an eternall Name before a temporary being.

(h) That he should withdraw, and forbear to engage.

If thus on thee some (g) Prophecie hath wrought,
Or (h) these Commands from *Jove* thy Mother brought,
Let me thy Squadrons lead into the Field,
That we our Friends may some Assistance yield.
That I may wear thy dreadfull Arms permit,
And, thee resembling, drive them from the Fleet.

Then

Then the afflicted *Greeks* may breathe a while,
 Gaining a short Cessation from their Toil.
 We then refresh'd shall get with Ease Renown,
 And drive the weary *Trojans* to their Town.

Thus he propos'd, and fondly woes his Friend;
 Tempting his Fate and near-approching End.
 When, deeply sighing, thus *Achilles* said;

To what would'st thou, *Patroclus*, me persuade?

Nor me those Oracles thou mention'st move,
 Nor mind I more those Messages from *Jove*:
 But this strikes deep, and wounds me heavily,
 That one who ne'r deserved more than I
 Should of my dear-earn'd Share thus couzen me
 By his Prerogativall Tyranny.

The Centre of my Soul these Sorrows touch,
 That her from me, for whom I toil'd so much,
 Whom all our Princes did on me bestow,
 On me who did her Father's Walls o'rethrow,
Atrides took, whilst Fury made him rave,
 And use me as his ⁽ⁱ⁾ tributary Slave.

But I'll not mind how much he us disgrac't,
 Nor shall our Indignation alwaies last.

Th' Affront I said I never would forget,
 Till the prevailing Foe should charge our Fleet.
 Take then our Arms, and lead into the Field
 Our hardy Troups, who know not how to yield;
 Since such a Cloud of *Trojans* more and more
 Comes gathering thick, and on the narrow Shore
 Shuts up the *Greeks*, and them would overwhelm;
 Beholding not our formidable Helm.

Which had they seen, they suddenly had fled,
 And fill'd the *Græcian* Trenches with their Dead;
 Had *Agamemnon* done but what he should:
 But now each Way they charge us uncontroll'd.

No

(i) Gr. ἀλλοτρίον παροικίον, that is, one who, as being an *Alien* and *Stranger*, cannot be admitted to bear any Office of Command or Trust in a Commonwealth.

(C) He intanceth in these two onely, as his greatest Antagonists: *Agamemnon*, who had apparently usurp'd upon him; and *Tydidēs*, who, not thriving in his Embassie, wished that the *Greeks* had never sought to him.

(1) He enjoyns him not to pursue the Foe being single, as misdoubting the Succes, himself not being by to assist him: a Sense insinuated by that of *Pindar, Olymp. Ode 9.* where, speaking of *Menæmus*, and *Achillei* his great Affection towards him, he adds concerning his Son *Patroclus*;

Τὸ πᾶσι, αὐτὸ Ἀρετοῦς
 Τὸ δῶραυτοῦ παῖδον μολῶν,
 Ἐπὶ σοὶ Ἀγαλλεῖ
 Μὲνός, ὅτ' ἀλκύντας Δαναοί,
 Τρέψας, ἀλίσσας
 Πρύμνους Τηλεῶτο ἔμβαλσιν.
 Ὅς ἔμμενον δέσχει
 Μαδῆιν Πατρίλας βιατῶν
 Νέον γ' ἐξ ὅθιπτο γό-
 νος ἑλὼν μιν ἐν ἄρσιν
 Πασσάρητον, μὴ πῦτι
 Στεφίτας ἀπερὶ ταχέϊδων
 Λαοσάμειος αἰχμῆς—

Patroclus, his renown'd Descent,
When he with Agamemnon went
To barrafs Teuthras fertile Plain,
Alone the Battell did maintain
With Achilles, when the stout
Græcians Telephus did rout,
And drove unto their Fleet.
Here he did find
The greatness of Patroclus Mind.
Pelides then did him advise,
Never to charge his Enemies,
Unless he buck'd him ready there
With his all-destroying Spear.

No more ^(k) *Tydidēs* rageth with his Spear,
Retarding Death ; I don't *Atrides* hear :
But *Hēktor's* Voice, who, forcing our Redoubts,
Hath took our Camp, which rings with *Trojans* Shouts,
Chasing the vanquish'd *Greeks* where-e're they fly,
Invades my Ear, and strikes the starry Skie.
Charge Home the Foe, nor suffer them to burn
Our Fleet, the onely Hope of our Return.
But mark what I enjoyn, that so my Name
Thy Acts may spread, and add unto my Fame.
Then me the *Greeks* shall honour, and restore
With many Gifts *Briseis*, whom before
They from us forc'd. But if great *Jove* permit
That by thy Prowess we preserve our Fleet,

(1) Retreat when thou hast driv'n them to the Plain ;
Left thou shouldst my unspotted Honour stain,
I not in Field: some God may thee resist ;
And *Phæbus* oft, thou know'st, doth them assist.
Draw off when thou hast put the Foe to Flight,
And let the *Greeks* in open Champaign fight.
O that the Gods would grant me my Desire,
That neither Party ever should retire,
But one another in the Field destroy!
Then thou and I alone would conquer *Troy*.

Meanwhile great *Ajax*, overwhelm'd with Darts,
 Could not maintain his Vessell, from all Parts
 So thick the *Trojans* threw; nor could resist,
 Since *Jove* resolv'd bold *Hector* to assist.
 His plumed Cask with Showrs of Javelins rung,
 His Shield now heavy on his Shoulder hung.
 Yet tir'd with Sweat and Service he'd not yield,
 Though Mischief Mischief follow'd at the Heel.

Inform me, Muse, that I, by thee inspir'd,
May tell who first the *Gracian* Navy fir'd.

With

With his keen Sword bold *Hector*, drawing near,
Lopp'd off the Head from *Ajax* knotty Spear,
Leaving an useless Truncheon in his Hand,
Whose brighter Steel rang on the glittering Sand.

When troubled *Ajax* saw against what Odds
Of daring Men he fought and favouring Gods;
How alwaies *Jove*, the *Trojans* did relieve,
And now would them a signall Victory give;
He straight retreats: the Ship the *Trojans* fire,
Whose growing Flames in curled Smoak aspire,
Seizing the Stern: which soon *Achilles* spies,
And to his Friend, beating his brawny Thighs,

He thus cries out; *Patroclus*, see a Ship
Yonder on fire; straight arm, no time let slip,
Lest the whole Fleet be lost, and we no more
Be able to retrieve our Native Shore:
And I'll draw forth our Regiments. This said,
Patroclus, arming, his dear Friend obey'd.
And first his glittering Buskins on he lac'd,
Which silver Buttons in rich Borders grac'd;
Next fits *Pelides* Corslet rarely gilt,
Girding his Faulchion with a studded Hilt;
Brac'd on his ponderous Shield; his Brows impales
With his bright Cask, stuck thick with Horses Tails,
On whose high Crest the horrid Plumage shook;
Last, fitted to his Hand a Javelin took,
Since he renown'd *Achilles* ⁽ⁿ⁾ ponderous Spear
Well could not wield, nor yet the ablest there:
Onely *Æacides* could it command,
Who the strong Staff shook like a tender Wand.
Chiron this Gift his Father gave, cut down
(The Bane of Hero's) from tall *Pelion's* Crown.
His Steeds *Automedon* (whom he admir'd
Next to his Friend) to harness he desir'd;

(n) This his Spear was onely refer-
ved to him, because *Vulcan*, it not per-
taining to his Profession, could not fur-
nish him with another. The Spear was
given *Peleus* by *Chiron* at his Marriage
with *Thetis*, when every one of the
Gods presented him with some Gift or
other. It was cut by *Chiron*, shav'd and
shap'd by *Minerva*, and arm'd or
Recl'd by *Vulcan*. *Schol.*

(a) These *Harpyes* were a ravenous kind of *Demons* or *Fowls*; of which there were three onely, *Aello*, *Ocyrete*, and *Polarge*.

(p) *Varro*, in his Books *de Re Rust.* reports that the *Mares* about *Lisbon* in *Pringel* conceive by the *Wind*; but that the *Foals* are not vivacious, not living above three years at most: of which Breed thus *Virgil*, *Georg. lib. 3.*

*Continuoque avidis ubi salsata flamma medullis,
Vere magis, &c.*

And straight with hidden Fire their Marrow burns,
But most in Spring, when heat of Bloud returns:

Then all to courting *Zephyr* turn their Face,
And plac'd on Rocks lascivious Gales embrace;

And often pregnant prove without a Mate,
Big with the Winds, full wondrous to relate:

Then over Hills and Dales are carried on;

Not to thee, *Eurus*, nor the rising Sun,
Nor *Boreas*, nor whence *Auster* doth arise,

And with black Showrs in mourning cloaths the Skies.

(q) He makes *Pedafus* mortal, because, being gelt, he could not propagate; the other two immortal, *διὰ τὸ ἀναδύσθαι ἐκ ἀνθρώπων, καὶ τὴν ἀθανάτην αἰῶνα ἀδυνατίζεσθαι*. The two first were given to *Thetis* by *Neptune* at her Marriage, and may thence be called immortal, as the Gift of a God.

(r) Here counted not the number of *Achilles's* Ships before in the Catalogue, for that he came not with the rest to the Leaguer, but after them, being lent by *Peleus* to *Agamemnon*.

(s) A River of *Thessaly*, which he calls *Σιμόντις*, as he doth many other, *διὰ τὸ ἀφανὲς ἔχειν τὰς πηγὰς, καὶ τὸ ἀγνωστὸν, ἐκ ὧν καὶ ἀφανίζεσθαι πῆν*, because their Fountains are unknown, like *Nilus* in *Agypt*, and thence said to flow from Heaven: *Homer* using *γενεῖν*, ἀπὸ τοῦ γενέσθαι, falling, for being begotten; it being familiar with him to derive Rivers from *Jove*. So *Xanthus*, *Ἰάνθης Σιμόντις*, ὅν ἀδύνατον γενέσθαι. Upon which account he makes all the *Nereides* or Sea-Nymphs his Daughters; according to that, *Νηρηΐδαι γενεῖται, καὶ αἱ Διὸς*. And so the *Rain* also is said to descend from him, he making the Mountain-plants to be fed *Διὸς ὕδατι*.

(t) So called from the many Head of Cattle she received for her Dowry. He makes *Mercury* enamoured of her, *αἰσθησάμενος ὡς ἀνδρὸς ἀγαθοῦ, αἰσθησάμενος*, he being one of the *Presidents* and great *Protector* of *Sheep* and *Shepherds*, as having been one himself.

Xanthus and *Balius*, whom (a) *Harpyia* bore
To (p) *Zephyr* feeding on the Ocean's Shore.

Behind these two swift *Pedafus* he plac'd,

Who, when *Achilles Etion's* City raz'd,

Fell to his Share: whom (q) mortal he conjoyn'd

With Steeds immortal, which out-stripp'd the Wind.

Pelides then his *Myrmidons* alarm'd,

Who from their Tents draw forth compleatly arm'd,

And like a Throng of eager Wolves appear,

Who (lately feasted on a stately Deer,

Their ravenous Jaws with Bloud distained) flock

Where flows a crystill Fountain from a Rock;

Their spungy Tongues, belching up Gore, they reach

To lap up Water; their gant Bellies stretch.

These Princes and Commanders all attend

Renown'd *Patroclus*, great *Achilles* Friend.

Dreadfull *Æacides* amidst them stands,

Rallying his Chariots and well-armed Bands.

Achilles, dear to *Jove*, commanded then

(r) Fifty tall Ships, in each were fifty men:

Them in five Regiments five Princes led;

Him all as *Generalissimo* obey'd.

First, stout *Menesthius*, who rich Armour wore,

Whom *Peleus* Daughter *Polydora* bore

To silver (s) *Sperchius*, *Jove's* beloved Floud;

A Woman so conceiving by a God;

Whom after *Boros*, *Perier's* Off-spring, had,

Obtaining with a mighty Dower her Bed.

Endorus next, much honour'd for his Worth,

Whom (t) *Polymela* brought in private forth.

Her comely Measures *Hermes* put to Pain,

Dancing amongst *Diana's* Virgin Train.

He to her Chamber up in private came,

And by Enjoyment cur'd Love's Hectick Flame;

Where

Where he begot on her a valiant Son,
 Who well a *Cestus* us'd, and well could run.
 But when *Lucina* had her Office done,
 And that her Issue saw the glorious Sun,
Echelus, *Actor's* Race, made her his Spouse,
 And well endow'd took her into his House.
 The Child much Favour from her Sire did find,
 Who was to him as his own Issue kind.

Pisander Third, who did the rest transcend
 In Martial Deeds, except *Achilles* Friend.

Old *Phœnix* Fourth : the stout *Alcimedon*
 Brought up the Fifth, renown'd *Laercus* Son.

Soon as *Achilles* had his warlike Bands
 And Leaders order'd, thus he them commands :
 Be sure, my valiant *Myrmidons*, that yet
 Your threatening Rants 'gainst *Troy* you don't forget;
 And how on my Retirement you did fall,
 Saying, Thy Mother nurs't thee up with Gall,
 Who us from Field dost 'gainst our Wills detain :
 We must not fight; let's plough the boisterous Main,
 Since thy fell Anger ne'r will be allay'd.

Such mutinous Language in your Cups you had.

Go, take your fill of what you so desire,
 And on th' insulting *Trojans* spend your Ire.

Chear'd with these Words, straight up their Squadrons
 Rallying imbody, and their King obey. (they
 As a strong Wall, well built with Stone and Lime,
 At Tempests smiles and all-devouring Time :
 So close with Helms and Targets came they on, (Man:
 That Shields propt Shields, Helms Helmets, Man propt
 Their glittering Crests, stuck thick with bushy Tails,
 Wave inter-clashing with inconstant Gales.

Patroclus with *Automedon* first arm'd,
 As if one Soul both Bodies had inform'd,

Z z

And

And to the Field leading their Squadrons went;
 Whilst back *Achilles* goes unto his Tent:
 Where off a curious Chest the Lid he took,
 (His Mother's Gift when he the Land forsook)
 Fill'd with embroider'd Vests, which, warmly lin'd,
 Were Fence 'gainst pinching Cold and biting Wind.
 There lay a Bowl engrav'd with rare Design,
 In which he onely drank delicious Wine,
 Pouring Libations from the stately Cup
 To none but *Jove*. This Goblet (taking't up)
 With ^(x) Sulphur-Flowr he hallow'd, after cleans'd
 With Water; next his Hands the Hero rinc'd,
 And fill'd the Cup: then thus to ^(y) *Jove* he pray'd,
 (And ^(z) Heav'n beholding due Libations pay'd;)

Great King of Deities, ^(a) *Pelasgian Jove*,
 Almighty Ruler of ^(b) *Dodona's Grove*,
 Where th' ^(c) *Selli* dwelt, for Prophecie renown'd,
 With ^(d) unwash'd Feet reposing on the Ground;
 Thou heardst my Prayer, and grantedst my Desire,
 And for my Sake the *Græcians* felt thy Ire:
 O hear once more; Though here I stay, my Friend,
 Whom Troups of valiant *Myrmidons* attend,
 Now takes the Field: Great *Jove*, his Heart inflame,
 And grant that he may win immortal Fame,
 Making proud *Hector* by Experience know,
 That he as well can singly fight the Foe;
 Nor onely then shews his resistless Rage,
 When I with him in bloody Fights engage.
 And when he makes the clamorous *Trojans* quit
 Their Ground, and fly amazed from the Fleet,
 Let him with all his Arms in Safety back
 Returning none of all his Squadron lack.
 Thus he requested. *Jove* heard his Request:
 Part of his Prayer he grants, denies the rest.

(x) *Pliny* tells us, *lib. 35.* that they purified also their Vessels with Brimstone: where also he speaks of a kind of Sulphur much used by Fullers for their purpose.

(y) Praying to *Jupiter Hercæus*, so called from his preserving all, *αὐτὸν ἑκαστος*.

(z) As praying to one of the Supernall Deities.

(a) The *Pelasgi* inhabited *Thessaly*, being expuls'd *Ætolia* by the *Ætolians*.

(b) *Dendalion*, after the Cataclysm or Deluge which happened in his time, had Oracles constantly given by a Dove from out of an Oak, where also, gathering such together as were left after the Flood, he inhabited, and called the place, after the name of one of the Sea-Nymphs, *Dodone*. Here *Jupiter* had his Temple, which *Sophocles* calls *πρό-γλυσσον*, from the multitude of Responses which were given by that Oracle. It was formerly called, with the Region about it, *Hellopia*.

(c) Those *Selli* were a people of *Epirus*, so called from the River *Selleis*. *Pindar* calls them *Helli*, from *Hellus* the Son of *Dryomus*, who first found out this Oracle. *Schol.*

(d) Which they did, either as retaining the ruder and ancientest manner of living; or for that the God required to be so ministr'd unto. Others say that, being a warlike people, they so inur'd themselves to Hardship. Some say, that never stirring from forth the Temple, they never foul'd their Feet, and so had no need to wash them. *Schol.* They lay upon Skins, and had their Oracles imparted to them by Dreams. *Lycophron* calls these Prophets *πυθιδες*, *Eust. Strabo* calls them *Tomaroi*, from *Tomarus* a Mountain of *Thesprotia*, at the Foot whereof this Temple was situate.

Grants

Grants, from the Fleet he should the *Trojans* drive;
Not, that he from the Field return alive.

His Prayer and Libations done, the Cup
He safe in former Custody lays up:

Then stood without his Tent, where best he might
Behold the various Fortune of the Fight.

Patroclus now had forth his Squadrons drawn,
Ready to fall with desperate Fury on.

As buzzing Swarms of angry (*) Wasps engage,
Whom near the Road unhappy Boys enrage,
Vexing their Cells, where they in quiet lay,
Till many smart in earnest for their Play;

When any near approacheth, though no Harm
Intending, yet they muster straight and arm;
Then drawing forth their Lives profusely spend,
Their Progeny and Fortrefs to defend:

So from the Fleet the *Myrmidons* (c) pour out,
And with like Courage raise a hideous Shout.

When to them thus *Patroclus* spake aloud;

You who to serve *Æacides* are proud,
Shew your selves Men, remembring what you are:
Honour your Prince, the valiantest by far
Of all the *Greeks*, and (to *Atrides* Shame,
Who him so wrong'd) immortalize his Fame.

Encourag'd thus, they charg'd the Foe, and round
The trending Shores re-echoed Shouts resound.

Soon as the *Trojans* saw *Menætiüs* Son
In glittering Arms, and stout *Automedon*,
All stood amaz'd, surpriz'd with sudden Fear,
Supposing stern *Achilles* had been there,
(He and *Atrides* Friends :) each, to save one,
Plots his Escape, and how best to be gone.

And first *Patroclus* cast a Javelin where
They in the hot Engagement thickest were

(*) He resembles them to Wasps or Hornets, διὰ τὸ διεμεῖν αὐτοὶ καὶ πανταπῶς, (Θυμὸν ζῶον ὃ ἐρεῖ καὶ ἀμυντικόν, καὶ μέγα οὐδ' ἐλάττω) for the Choler and Sting of that Creature, being angry and vindictive, especially those of them that are next the way, as being ofteneft irritated and provoked. *Enst.* The smallest Creatures not wanting will nor Weapons to revenge themselves; according to that old Adage, *Habet & Musca Splenem, & Formica sua Bilis ineft.*

(c) Τὸ ἐυκίνητον δὴλοῖ, καὶ ἱππικόν, καὶ ῥῆδον, καὶ ἀνταμπεδιστὴν τῶν Μυρμιδόνων στρατῶν. So *Enst.*

About *Protesilaus* Ship, and slew
Pyræchmes, who the crested *Pæons* drew
 From *Amydos*, where pleasant *Axius* flows.
 The cruel Point through his right Shoulder goes.
 Groaning he falls, and all his Souldiers fly,
 When they behold in Dust their Leader lie:
Patroclus Valour made them all retire.
 Then straight he clear'd the Fleet, and quench'd the Fire.
 Half burnt the *Trojans* left the Vessell there,
 And in Confusion fled, surpriz'd with Fear.
 The *Græcians* from their Ships now fallly out,
 And charge the Foe put in a panick Rout.
 As when great *Jove* removes a gather'd Cloud,
 Whose sable Curtains did high Mountains shroud,
 Presenting Groves in a delightfull Scene,
 Fair Hills and Dales, and all Heav'n's Face serene:
 Such Happiness the *Greeks* enjoy'd a while,
 And fickle Fortune seem'd once more to smile.
 But yet the Business was not finish'd quite;
 For though they had the *Trojans* put to Flight,
 And by their Valour drove them from the Fleet;
 The *Trojans* turn'd again, and stood to't yet.
 Afresh the bloody Fight does now renew;
 And many a Leader on both Sides they slew.

First *Areichus* by *Menætius* Son,
 As him he fac'd, was through the Thigh-bone run.
 The piercing Steel in Splinters broke the Bone.
 Down on his Back he tumbles overthrown.

Then valiant *Menelaus Thoas* kill'd,
 Piercing his naked Bosome near his Shield.
Phylides did *Amphichus* Speed observe,
 And pierc'd beneath his Calf the greatest Nerve.
 The ^(f) mighty Sinew cut in two, he fell;
 And lasting Darkness up his Eyes did seal.

(f) This the *Greeks* call *ραιορνή-
μιον*. It is compounded of many strong
 Sinews intermixt with Flesh.

Antilochus charg'd *Atymnius* standing near,
 And ran him through the Bowells with his Spear.
 But *Maris*, at his Brother's Death enrag'd,
 Close by the Corps *Nestor's* bold Son engag'd.
 Him *Thrasymedes* charg'd; his Spear not mist,
 But ran him through the Shoulder to the Wrist,
 Cutting the Bone. He falls, his Arms rebound,
 And Night's dark Curtains straight his Eys surround.
 So these bold Brothers, great *Sarpedon's* Friends,
 Slain by two Brothers, meet their wofull Ends:
 Whose Sire, ^(g) *Amifodarnus*, up had bred
 Dreadfull *Chimera*, that such Mischief did.

(g) Whose Daughter was married
 to *Bellerophon*. He was King of *Caria*.

Then next *Oiliades Cleobulus*
 Snatch'd from his Friends alive: his Prisoner thus,
 His Neck forthwith quite off the Hero slash'd:
 A purple Stream his reeking Faulchion wash'd.
Penelus then and *Lycon* next advance,
 And each at other threw in vain his Launce.
 Then with their Swords they came up Breast to Breast.
 Bold *Lycon* struck *Penelus* on the Crest,
 And broke his Blade: then leaps the *Græcian* in,
 Lops off his Head, which hung down by the Skin.

Meriones did *Acamas* pursue,
 And (as he mounted) ran his Shoulder through.
 He falls, and lasting Night clos'd up his Eyes.

At *Erymas Idomeneus* flies,
 And in his Mouth his cruel Weapon ran,
 The Bones dividing which support the Pan.
 His Teeth drop out; from's Ears, his Eyes and Nose
 Warm Bloud, as from so many Conduits, flows:
 Death her dark Curtains round about him drew.
 And thus each *Græcian* Prince his *Trojan* slew.

As ravening Wolves on Kids or tender Lambs
 (Who on the Mountains, severed from their Dams,
 Wander

(h) Gr. *Αἶας δ' ὁμίζας αἰὲν ἔσθ', &c.*
Where *Dem. Phalerens* observes that
Homer purposely affected this *Hiatus*
and *Cacophonie* of his Verse, making
it hang loosely and sound harshly, the
better to express the Magnitude and
Majesty of the Subject he was then up-
on.

Wander neglected by the careless Swain)
Seize, and their greedy Jaws with Bloud distain:
So charg'd the *Gracians* this disorder'd Rout,
Who, struck with Terrour, never fac'd about.

(h) *Ajax*, who strove to be for ever fam'd,
Sought *Hector* still, at *Hector* onely aim'd;
Who, well experienc'd, hangs athwart his large
And spreading Shoulders his huge Bul-skin Targe,
And well observes safe Distance, by his Ear,
From singing Arrows and the sounding Spear:
Knowing how fickle Fortune changes Sides,
He for his Squadron's Safety now provides.

As a dark Storm from steep *Olympus* flies,
When *Jove*, condensing Vapours, dims the Skies:
So Shouts and Clamour thunder from the Fleet.
Whilst in Confusion all the rest retreat,
Hector's fleet Steeds him from those black Alarms
Bore off in Safety with his ponderous Arms.
But those whom he commanded, 'gainst their Will
(Passing the Trench) do help the Trench to fill;
Whose frighted Steeds, their Team-poles broken, tear
Their Harness, leaving their maim'd Chariots there.

Chearing his Men *Menætiæ* Son pursu'd,
Spurr'd on with Glory and inveterate Feud.
A dusty Cloudy darks Heav'n from Horses Feet,
As they to *Ilium* flying left the Fleet.
Where them disorder'd most *Patroclus* spies,
There in he falls, there on he fiercely flies.
Some from their Chariots fall lie on their Backs,
Whilst o're their Bellies runs the burning Axe:
Others together with their Chariots lay.
O're all th' immortal Horses made their Way,
(Those Steeds the Gods on *Pelem* had bestow'd:)
For at high Speed he after *Hector* rode,

Spurr'd

Spurr'd on by Hope of Fame, and made no doubt
To overcome him, though so strong and stout.

As when Autumnall Tempests scour the Plain,
Jove dis-imboguing frequent Showrs of Rain,
Angry with those who wrest well-meaning Laws,
Or gain by Bribes or Perjury their Cause,
(Justice contemn'd and Reverence of the Gods;)
For this he musters inundating Flouds,
Whose Torrents break down Banks, and Trenches fill,
Swift Cataracts descending from the Hill,
Which falling in the Sea aloud resound;
The Labours both of Men and Oxen drown'd:
So Hector's Steeds ran panting towards the Banks.

Soon as Patroclus broke the foremost Ranks,
He cours'd them towards the Ships, nor would permit
That they their Walls (so much desir'd) should get,
But midst their Navy, Streams and Works them slew,
And for so many lost took Vengeance due.

First Pronous he with his strong Javelin kill'd,
Piercing his naked Bosome near his Shield.
Down falls the Hero, and his Arms resound.
And next he Thestor, Enops Off-spring, found;
(He sat in's Chariot crouching, struck with Fear,
And dropp'd his Reins:) Patroclus ran his Spear
Through his right Cheek and Teeth; fix'd on the Staff
Quite from his Seat lifting his Body off.

As when an Angler, sitting near a Brook,
A ⁽ⁱ⁾ silver Fish draws with a barbed Hook:
So from his Chariot he him gaping drew.
He, dropping down, to Nature pay'd her Due.

Eryalus after he of Life bereft
With a sharp Stone, which Head and Helmet cleft.
He falling on his Face, depriv'd of Breath,
Gives up Life's Mansion to intruding Death.
Erymas falls next, then Amphoterus,
Echius, Epaltes, and Tlepolemus,

(i) Gr. ἱερὸν ἰχθύον, an holy Fish, which Aristotle interprets of a Fish called Anthias, which is therefore called holy, for that where it frequents, there are not found any of a mischievous nature; and therefore such as dive for Sponges do it securely there, without fear of Danger. Others by it understand the Dolphin, or any other Fish friendly to Mariners. Eust. Others understand it of any greater Fish: so that Bone in our Bodies and the Falling-sickness are called, the one *Ossacrum*, the other *Morbus sacer*; the one from its Greatness, the other from its Malignity. Lastly, others by ἱερὸν understand *Δωρον*, a Fish which, being taken in a Net or otherwise, was thrown in again, as being under the Tuition of some Deities; and thence dismissed. Eust.

Pyres,

Pyres, Enippus, Iphens, Polymel,

All severall waies by his sole Prowess fell.

This wofull Sight *Sarpedon* strangely nipp'd,
Beholding how his slaughter'd Friends he stripp'd,
Who much incens'd thus his bold *Lycians* chid;

Ah! whither would you fly? you want no Speed:

Ah! make a Halt for Shame, untill I go
And be acquainted with yon daring Foe,
Who hath so many valiant *Trojans* slain,
And left their Bodies weltring on the Plain.

From's Chariot then compleatly arm'd he leapt;
The like *Patroclus*, him to intercept.

As on a Rock two cruel Vulturs light,
And screeching with their Bills and Talons fight:
So, raging they at one another made.

His Son then pitying *Jove* ^(k) to *Juno* said;

^(l) Ah me! my dear *Sarpedon*'s Fate draws near,

That he must perish by *Patroclus* Spear.

Which way shall I this Business best contrive?

Shall I from th' bloody Battell ^(m) off alive

Convey him back unto his Native Coast,

Or let *Patroclus* of his Slaughter boast?

When *Juno*; Why delight'st thou me to grieve?

Wouldst thou a Man, condemn'd by Fate, reprieve,

Prolong his Daies, and present Death prevent?

You may, but all this Court will ne'r consent.

Besides, should you by your Prerogative

Sarpedon send to his own Court alive,

The Precedent would be of ill Concern;

For other Gods would by th' Example learn

To save their Sons in this destroying War,

(Of which no few engag'd on both Sides are)

By thee set on. If then thy Love be such,

And th' apprehension of his Loss so much;

Yet

(k) When *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt* had married his own Sister *Arfinoe*, a thing much talked of and wondred at by the People, one of the then Sophists flattered the King with this Verse of *Homer*'s,

"ἦλυν δ' ἀποδείκνυσι κατὰ νῆπιον ἀλόνει πρὶν
intimating that he had done nothing but what *Jupiter* himself, the greatest God, had done before him. Whose Flattery he much better resented than *Sorades* his over-tart Truth; who telling him ἐπὶ εἰς ἕχ' ὅπλιν τετραμαχέω τὸ κίνηρον ἄθλῳ, was for so taxing his unlawfull March put by a Souldier into a leaden Chest, and cast into the Ocean, where he perished for his lavish and incontinent Tongue. *Enst.*

(l) *Clem. Alexandrinus*, taking his Hint from this place, justly taxeth the Vanity of the Heathens, for subjecting their greatest God to the power of Fate.

(m) Some by *Ζῶντι βίοντι* here, and *Juno*'s Reply after, conceive that *Jupiter* intended to make him immortal.

Yet be advis'd, and let him take his Chance,
 And with his Bloud distain *Patroclus* Launce:
 Let Sleep and Death, those silent Brothers, wait
 Then on his Body to the *Lycian* State;
 Where him his Friends and Subjects may interr,
 Rearing an Obelisk on his Sepulchre.

This said, the God consents, and ⁽ⁿ⁾bloody Drops
 Sheds on the Ground from steep *Idæan* Tops,
 Honouring his dearest Son, who far from Home
 Must by *Patroclus* fall near *Ilium*.

(n) *Eustathius* makes this not so much *πομπὴν πηλίκην*, a Poetical Fiction, as a real Truth; it being possible at least for such a Dew to distill from the like Exhalation, *πῶς τις ἰδέας πῆλιν* *Cusius* ἢ ὁμοίαν ἀναθυμῶσιν, *πομπὴν πηλίκην* αἷματι πλάσσει, the neighbouring Plain being frequently watered with humane Blood.

Now, both drawn nigh, *Patroclus* threw his Spear,
 And *Thrasymede*, *Sarpedon's* Charioteer,
 Depriv'd of Life, piercing him through the Breast.
 The *Lycian* then his Javelin threw, and mist;
 But *Pedafus* in the right Shoulder hits (quits
 With his strong Spear. Th' Horse falls, and groaning
 His Life in Dust. He lying thus o're-thrown,
 Their severall waies the other Horses run;
 The Axle groans, the Reins intangled were.
 But straight *Automedon* with ready Care
 Drew his bright Faulchion, and the foremost freed
 (The Edge well guiding) from the hindmost Steed.
 Then they together draw with one Consent,
 And fresh again to rough Incounter went.
 Another Javelin then *Sarpedon* flung,
 Which o're *Patroclus* Shoulder flying sung.
*Menæti*us Son then at the *Lycian* threw.
 From him no Spear unsignifying flew.
 The Launce, impuls'd with so much Strength and Art,
 The trembling Fibers pierc'd which guard his Heart.
 Just as an Oke, tall Pine, or Poplar, drops,
 (Which on some Mountain crown'd the under-Cops)
 Cut down by Shipwrights with remorseless Steel,
 To make a Mast, or fashion out a Keel;

A a a

So

So he extended by his Chariot lay,
 Grasping the Dust, and kneading bloody Clay.
 As when a hungry Lion forth doth cull
 The Glory of the Herd, a stately Bull,
 Who, slaughter'd in defending of his Cause,
 Lies groaning under the stern Monster's Jaws:
 So lay *Sarpedon*, drawing near his End,
 And dying thus calls to his dearest Friend;

Ah! now or never, *Glaucus*, act thy Part,
 If thou or valiant, strong, or active art.
 Chear up our Bands, that they with all their Might
 May for their Leader and their Honour fight.
 Ah! bring them up with Speed to my Relief,
 Lest that I prove to thee a lasting Grief,
 And a Reproch so long as thou shalt live,
 If that the Foe me of my Arms bereave.
 Therefore bestir thy self, and bring up Aid.

Eternall Darknes clos'd his Eyes, this said.
 His Foot *Patroclus* setting on his Breast,
 Pluck'd out the deadly Javelin from his Chest.
 The glittering Steel his Heart's best Bloud did 'noint,
 His Soul in Purple issuing on the Point.
 The *Myrmidons* his panting Horses got,
 Hurrying along the empty Chariot.

But bitter Grief did *Glaucus* Soul invade,
 To hear *Sarpedon*, whom he could not aid.
 His Hand then laying on his wounded Arm,
 Which pain'd him much, (hurt in that dreadfull Storm
 By *Tencer's* Shaft, when he the Works maintain'd)
 Thus unto *Phæbus* he aloud complain'd;

Apollo, whether thou ^(o) in *Lycia* art,
 Or else at *Troy*, since thou from any Part
 Hear'st the Complaints of those afflicted are,
 Hear me, whose Grief is turning to Despair.

(o) He being there especially honoured, and called thence *Λυκηνός*, from the lesser *Lycia*, which also was called the lesser *Troy*, or *Troja*.

This painfull Wound I in the Battell got,
Which rages much; my Hand by *Tencer* shot
Still bleeds and swells, nor have I power to clasp
My numbed Fingers, nor yet firmly grasp
My ponderous Spear, th' Encounter to sustain;
And yonder lies renown'd *Sarpedon* slain:
Yet cruel *Jove* will not his Son assist.

Oh! cure this Wound, and ease my pained Wrist:
Afford, great King, Strength, that I may excite
The *Lycians* for their Prince's Corps to fight.

Apollo hears sad *Glaucus* thus complain,
His Bloud he stops, and mitigates his Pain,
His Spirits spent with Sweat and Toil repairs.

Glaucus (rejoycing *Phæbus* heard his Prayers)
First to excite his *Lycian* Leaders goes,
The Corps to rescue from insulting Foes;
Then up to *Hector* and *Aeneas* came,
Agenor, and renowned *Polydame*:
And thus to bold *Priamides* he said;

Little thou tender'st those who bring thee Aid,
And far from Home, their Children and their Wives,
On thy Account adventure here their Lives.

Sarpedon's Body now thou wilt not save,
Who to thee (thankless) such Assistance gave.

He that by's ^(p) Power and Justice did maintain
The *Lycian* Realms, lies by *Patroclus* slain.

Scorn that the Foe his glorious Arms should take,
And on the Corps their Indignation wreak.

Achilles angry Squadrons let us meet,
Who rage for those we slaughter'd at their Fleet.

These moving Words the *Trojans* much incense.
They, though a Stranger, as their main Defence
Look'd on *Sarpedon*, who such Forces brought,
And in the Front so valiantly fought.

A a a 2

Straight

(p) Which two Qualities, Fortitude
and Justice, *Æschylus* hath also linked
together, and thus commended,

Ὅνα δὲ ἰσὺς Ἐὐρυΐαν ἀνδρῶν,
Ποῖα ζῶοντι τῆδε ἀντιπαύετα;

Valour and Justice join'd a couple are
Not to be match'd, ne'r drem a better
Pair.

Straight up they came, and furiously engag'd,
By *Hector* led, who for *Sarpedon* rag'd.
Patroclus hears the *Greeks* call'd to his Aid,
And to the ready *Ajaxes* thus said;

Bold Princes, now assist; ah! now restore
Our Honour lost: be what you were, or more.
Sarpedon's slain, who mounted first our Wall.
Come, on his Body let your Vengeance fall:
Tear off his glorious Arms, and let them feel,
Who-ever interpose, your vengefull Steel.

This said, they gather boldly to assist.
Soon as each Party drew up to resist,
Trojans and *Lycians*, *Myrmidons* and *Greeks*
Charge round the Corps with horrid Cries and Shrieks;
Clashing of Arms resounds: then o're the Fight,
Whilst they the Corps dispute, more black then Night
Jove draws a sable Cloud. The *Trojans* first
In this so desperate Charge the *Græcians* worst,
A *Myrmidon* of nobler Extract slain,
Agacleus Son, *Epigeus*, who did reign
Once in *Budeum*, there his Nephew slew,
And thence to *Peleus* and fair *Thetis* flew,
Who to *Troy* sent him with their valiant Son.
Him, the Corps seizing, *Hector* with a Stone
Struck on the Brow, which Head and Helmet cleft.
He on the dead Corps falls of Life bereft:
Death o're his Face her sable Wings extends.

Grief at this Loss *Patroclus* Bosome rends,
Who 'mongst the *Lycians* straight and *Trojans* flies.
As a swift Faulcon stoups at Crows and Pies;
Patroclus so, for his dear Friend enrag'd,
Both *Trojans* and Auxiliars engag'd,
And *Stbenelus* slew, *Ithamen's* Son,
Whose Neck he dislocated with a Stone,

Tearing

Tearing the binding Sinews. From his Ire
 Bold *Hector* and his forward Troups retire :
 As far as any can a Javelin throw,
 To gain the Prize, or charge the daring Foe,
 Worst'd they shrunk, and Ground new gotten lost.

Here first the Foe illustrious *Glaucus* fac'd,
 And *Batbycleus* slaughter'd, *Chalcon's* Son,
 Who, rich, in *Hellas* had much Honour wone.
 He, turning quick on him as he pursu'd,
 His well-couch'd Javelin in his Breast imbu'd.
 Falling, his Arms resound. The *Greeks* were sad,
 That such a Prince they lost, the *Trojans* glad.
 About his Corps they thronging make a Halt,
 But long they were not guilty of that Fault :
 Soon re-enforc'd the *Greeks* the Foe pursue.
 Then stout *Meriones* *Laogon* slew,
Oneter's Son, *Jove's* Priest, who his Abode
 Had on Mount *Ida*, honour'd like a God.
 Beneath his Ear the Point a Passage found,
 Sending his Soul to the infernall Sound.
 At him *Aeneas* did his Spear discharge,
 Aiming to take beneath his ample Targe.
 But he perceiving warily declin'd
 The Launce, by stooping forward, which behind
 Stood fixed in the Ground : the Butt-end shook,
 The deadly Point rebated firmly stuck.
Aeneas, when he saw his Javelin had
 Such ill Success, extremely chafing, said ;

Meriones, though thou so well canst ^(g) dance,
 I (had I hit) had sped thee with my Launce.

Then he reply'd ; Though th'art so strong, not all
 Whom thou encounter'st by thy Hand must fall ;
 And I believe thou also Mortal art,
 Whom if I miss not with this well-steel'd Dart,

Maugre

(g) There were three kind of Dances amongst the Ancients : *pyrrhichus*, which were certain military Measures practised by the *Cretans*, to render them more ready and expert at their Arms ; *chorus*, which was used in their religious Solemnities onely ; and lastly, *Corymbus*, which, being loose and lascivious, was used by such persons as were debauched. *Schol.* This last was invented and used by the *Phrygians* in honour of *Bacchus*, having its name from a Nymph, one of the Followers of *Cybele*. *Enst.*

(r) What *Patroclus* faults here in *Meriones*, is by some returned upon *Homer* himself, viz. that he is impertinent and tedious in his Harangues or Orations, making his Hero's argue it by Words, when they should dispute rather and decide the Controversie by their Weapons; for which *Philemon* thus excuseth him:

Τὸν δ' αὖ λέγοντα μὴ τόμῳ εἶναι μακρόν,
Μηδ' αὖ ῥόδῳ εἶπεν πολλὰ καὶ πολὺν χρόνον.
Τεκμήριον δ' ὅδ' αὖ τὸν Ὀμήρου λόγῳ.
Ὅδ' αὖ δὲ ἡμῶν μυριάδας ἱπῶν γέφυραι,
Ἄλλ' ἔδ' αὖ τις Ὀμήρου εἰρηκας μακρόν.

Think him not tedious who speaks well,
Though much and many things he tell;
Since, though *Homer's* Works are long,
None ever tedious call'd his Song.

Maugre thy Strength, thou shalt without controul
Give me fresh Honour, and grim *Dis* thy Soul.

Him thus *Patroclus* chides; *Meriones*, (r) why
Dost thou who art so valiant make Reply?
We with reviling Words shall never drive
Them from the Corps, whilst one remains alive.
'Tis not vain Language, as our Business stands,
The Work will finish, but our active Hands.
Talk not, but fight. This said, he boldly led:
Meriones follows with as little Dread.

Like the confused Noise of Wood cut down,
When Swains make bald a Mountain's bushy Crown;
So Stroaks re-echoing ring through all the Fields,
Of Swords, Casks, Spears, and rattling Bul-skin Shields.
And now *Sarpedon* none could know, all o're
From Head to Heel besmear'd with Dust and Gore,
Trampled and dragg'd, with Arms and Truncheons
Whilst each to gain the Corps their utmost did. (hid;
As buzzing Flies about the Milk-pail swarm,
When Vernal Season makes the Vessell warm;
So they about the Body throng: whilst *Jove*
Ne'r from the Battell did his Eyes remove,
But fate Spectatour still, and alwaies watch'd
How best *Patroclus* Death might be dispatch'd;
If *Hector* him should on *Sarpedon* kill,
Seizing his Arms; or he pursue them still.
Then he resolves, the Foe he Home should drive,
And many *Trojans* of their Lives deprive.
To work this Plot, first with a Panick Fear
He *Hector* strikes, who gallops to the Rear,
Bidding all shift, for he *Jove's* Pleasure knew.
At this the *Trojans* fled and *Lycians* too:
Their King 'mongst heap'd-up Bodies there they left,
Since many on him were of Life bereft

In that sad Fight. The *Greeks* *Sarpedon* strip,
Whose Arms *Patroclus* sends unto his Ship.

Then *Jove* to *Phæbus* ; My dear Off-spring clear
From Gore and Arms, and to a Fountain bear ;
There bathe, and with *Ambrosia* (dearest Son)
Anoint him, and immortal Weeds put on.

Let ⁽ⁱ⁾ Sleep and Death in joynt Commission wait
Upon the Body to the *Lycian* State ;
Where him ⁽ⁱ⁾ his Friends and Subjects may interr,
Rearing an Obelisk on his Sepulchre.

The God, his Sire ^(u) obeying, swiftly stoups .
From lofty *Ide* amidst the weary Troups,
And straight from Heaps of Spears and Bodies took
The Corps, then bathes it in a Crystall Brook,
'Noints with *Ambrosia*, cloaths with Heav'nly Weeds :
Then Sleep and Death, those nimble Brothers, bids
With all Dispatch the Body to convey
To his own Court in fertile *Lycia*.

Meanwhile *Patroclus* bids *Automedon*
Pursue the Foe ; which brought his Ruine on,
Who, had he kept th' Injunction of his Friend,
Had Fate escap'd and his untimely End.
But *Jove's* Design no Mortal may oppose,
Who daunts the bold, and Conquest takes from those
Who not without his own Expresse engag'd,
And to his Ruine now this Prince enrag'd.

Whom first, whom last deprivedst thou of Breath,
When Heav'n, *Patroclus*, had decreed thy Death ?
Adrastus, *Echeclus*, *Autonous*,
Epistor, *Melanippus*, *Perimus*,
Elafus, *Mulius*, and *Pylartes* kill'd,
He drove their worsted Squadrons through the Field.
By him led on, up close the *Greeks* advance,
And *Troy* had took, (so charg'd he with his Launce)

But

(i) He puts these two upon the Im-
ployment, it being besides all *Decorum*
to ingage the Gods to attend a Corps,
who were immortal. Besides, Sleep
and Death, being both of them *ἀλογ-
μοι*, leaving the Body destitute of Sense
and Soul, the one by a temporary Pri-
vation, the other by a total, this Im-
ployment was for none more proper.

(e) *Eustathius* questions much the
performance of this *Jupiter's* Injuncti-
on, supposing the *Lycians* had onely
some *κνήμιον*, some empty *Hem* or
Coffin, to represent it, not his real
Body, Sleep and Death being *ἡ σπέρ-
μα τῆς ψυχῆς*, *ἀλλ' ἀνυπόστατα πῶς*, no
substantial Realities, but immaterial
Passions, and so not fit for any such Im-
ployment, to undergoe any Weight or
Burthen.

(u) And that albeit *μυρία* οἱ θεοὶ
μὴ μόνον ἀνθρώπων ἀλλὰ καὶ θνητῶν
τὰς ὁρᾶν, the Gods abominated not onely
the touching of a Corps, but even the sight
of it ; for so *Euripides* in his *Hippolytus*.
Enst.

But that bright *Phæbus*, standing on a Tower,
 The *Trojans* help'd. Thrice, maugre all their Power,
 He mounts the Parapet, and the Bulwarks seis'd;
 As oft the God strikes on his Shield displeas'd.
 But when a fourth Attempt *Patroclus* made,
 Thus, menacing, aloud *Apollo* said;

Patroclus, back; the Fates do not decree
 That this great City shall be took by thee;
 No nor *Achilles*, who so far excells
 Thee both in Valour and all Vertues else.

This said, the Prince, fearing the God, retreats.
 But whilst that *Hector* kept the *Scean* Gates,
 (Doubtfull if he should fresh the Fight begin,
 Draw forth his Squadrons, or command them in)
Phæbus, transform'd to a bold Prince, he spi'de,
 T' *Asius*, his Uncle by the Mother's Side,
 (Whose Father, *Dymas*, in rich *Phrygia* dwelt
 Near *Sangar's* Stream.) The God his Pulse thus felt:

Ah! why the Fight thus leav'st thou? ah, the Shame!
 Would I, who so much thy Inferiour am,
 'Bove thee as much in Strength and Valour were,
 Then shouldst not thou the bloudie Field forbear.
 Pursue *Patroclus*, with thy ponderous Launce
 His Bosome pierce; this Honour *Phæbus* grants.

This said, he vanish'd. *Hector Cebrion* bids
 Straight to the Battell lash his fiery Steeds.
 But *Phæbus* went amongst the *Græcian* Host,
 And them disordering, their Attempts he crost;
 So to give *Hector* and his *Trojans* Fame.
Hector slights all, at none else takes his Aim,
 But at *Patroclus* drives; who straight alights,
 A Spear his left Hand grasp'd, a Flint his right,
 Which well his spreading Palm could not contain.
 This Stone he strongly threw, nor threw't in vain,

But

But *Heſtor*'s Charioteer, bold *Cebrion*,
 (His Baſtard-Brother, *Priam*'s natural Son,)
 Guiding the Steeds, hit on the Brow ſo full,
 It beat into his batter'd Brains his Skull.

His Eyes drop out before him on the Ground :

He, like a Diver, in a deadly Swound

Sunk from his Chariot, by his Soul forſook.

When thus in ſcoffing Terms *Patroclus* ſpoke ;

An active thou and ſkilfull Diver art.

If thou amongſt the ſwelling Billows wert

Seeking fair Oiſters, there thou Store wouldſt find,

Though Waves enraged were with boiſterous Wind :

So handſomely thou from thy Steeds didſt fall.

I ſee the *Trojans* are good Divers all.

This ſaid, ſtraight up to *Cebrion* he makes,

A Lion like, who, whiſt the Stalls he takes,

Wounded to th' Heart, by's Valour gets his Bane.

So thou, *Patroclus*, flew'ſt upon the Slain :

And *Heſtor* from his Steeds as fierce did light.

Theſe for the Body like two Lions fight,

Who on the Mountains ſlaughtering a Deer,

Contend which ſhall be Maſter of the Cheer :

Theſe expert Warriours ſo for *Cebrion* ſtrive,

And furiously at one another drive.

Heſtor about the Neck his Brother clasp'd ;

Him by the Feet *Patroclus* dragging graſp'd ;

Whiſt *Greeks* and *Trojans* all their Force engage.

As when fierce *Eurus* and ſwift *Notus* rage,

Charging a Mountain cloath'd with ſhadie Wood,

Where Beech, Aſh, Cork and Cornell long had ſtood ;

Extended Boughs with Murmur loud reſound,

And torn-down Branches ruſtle on the Ground :

So ſtruggling *Greeks* and daring *Trojans* fight,

And ſcorn, their Stations keeping, ſordid Flight.

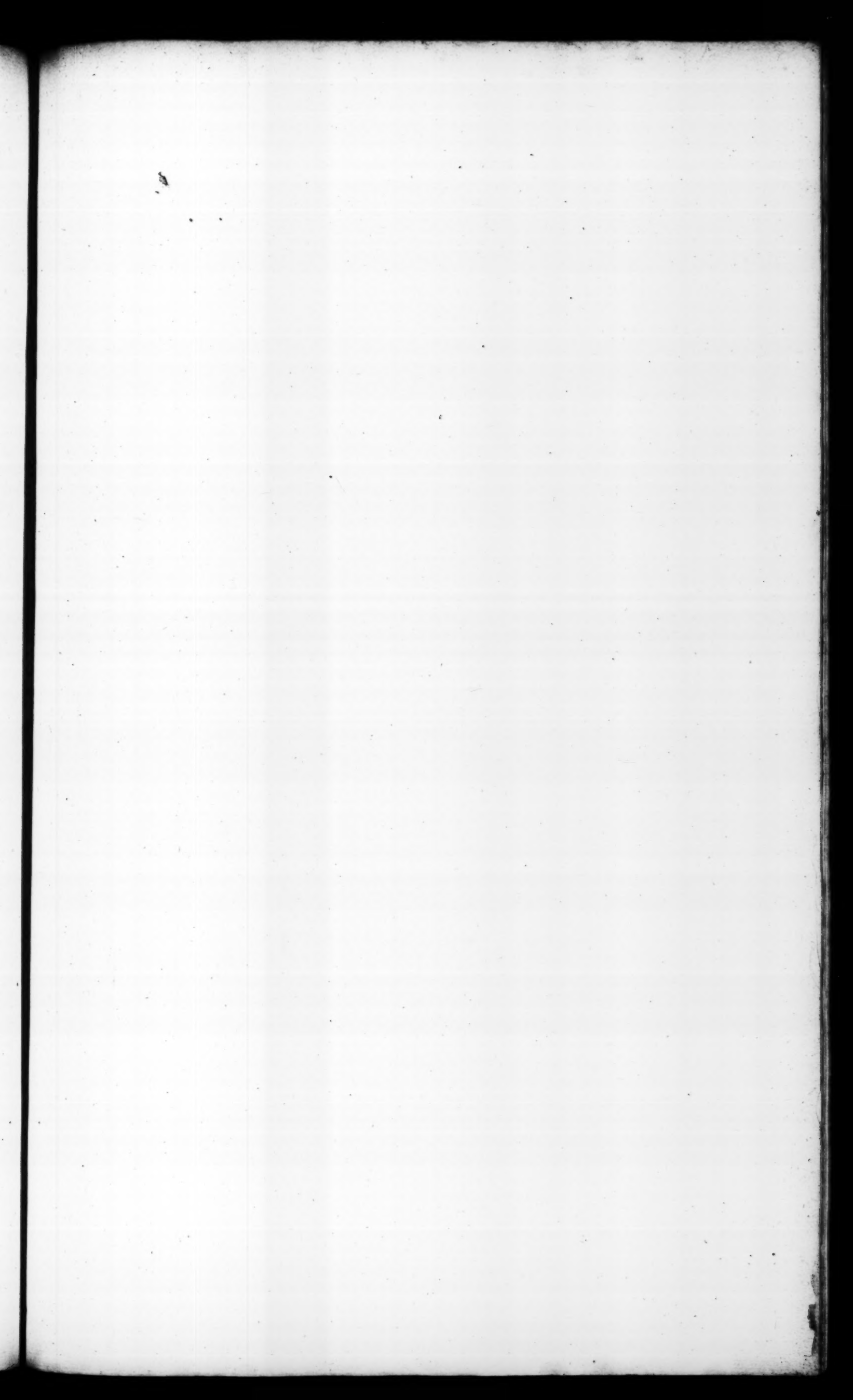
B b b

About

About the Corps whole Groves of Javelins thick
 As one could set them, and fallen Arrows, stick;
 In rocky Tempests Stones their Targets beat,
 Whilst one endeavours th' other to defeat.
 But *Cebrion*, roll'd in Bloud and Dust, forgot
 The skillfull driving of his Chariot.

Till the bright Sun scal'd his Meridian Height,
 Slaughters were mutuall, equal stood the Fight:
 But when his Carr descended to the West,
 The *Gracians* then prevailing had the best,
 And drew off *Cebrion* from the fierce Alarms
 Of clamouring Foes, then stripped off his Arms.
Patroclus thrice, like *Mars*, scour'd all the Field,
 And, direly raging, thrice nine *Trojans* kill'd:
 The fourth time charging like a dreadfull Fiend,
 Then thou, oh! thou drew'st near thy wofull End.
 Him *Phæbus* met, nor did he know the God,
 His Temples muffled in a gloomy Cloud.
 Betwixt the Neck and Shoulders him he struck,
 Dazling his Eyes, and off his Cask did pluck,
 His crested Plumes down on the Champain flung,
 Which trampled under Heels of Horses rung,
 Soiling his batter'd Helm with Dust and Gore,
 Which ne'r had been dishonour'd so before.
 What erst impal'd *Achilles* manly Brows,
 On *Hector*, as a Present, *Jove* bestows.
 His Death now near, *Phæbus* his Javelin broke,
 Though tipp'd with Steel, and made of knottie Oke;
 Sunk to his Foot his Target and his Belt,
 Tearing his Corset off so richly gilt.
 Bereav'd of Sense the Prince amazed stood
 Trembling, an Ague curdled up his Bloud.
 Behind him stole *Euphorbus*, *Pantheus* Son,
 And 'twixt his Shoulders in his Javelin run.

He





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Rogero Palmer de
Armigeri. Tabulam



Dorney Com: Bucks:
hanc. L. M. D.D.D.
I.C.

He well could throw a Spear, and most out-strip
 In Running, and excell'd in Horsemanship:
 He twenty Champions, when he learn'd to Just,
 Threw from their Seats, and tumbled in the Dust:
 He first in thee his Javelin did imbue,
 And back his Spear (the Wound not mortal) drew,
 Retiring straight, not daring Hand to hand
Patroclus, though disarmed, to withstand.
 By *Phæbus* struck and by *Euphorbus* Spear,
 T'avoid his Fate *Patroclus* fell to th' Rear.
 As soon as him illustrious *Hector* saw,
 Dangerously wounded, thus from Field withdraw,
 After him through the Squadrons close he flew,
 Forcing his steeled Spear his Body through.
 He falls, his Arms resound, his Friends deplore.
 As when a Lion grapples with a Boar,
 Who first shall of the Crystill Fountain tast;
 The savage Lion kills his Foe at last:
 So lay the slaughtering Prince by *Hector* slain,
 Who thus insulting spake with high Disdain:
 You thought to take our City, and as Slaves
 Our Wives to Greece transport through briny Waves.
 Them to preserve foremost my Steeds advance;
 And of all *Trojans* best I use my Launce.
Troy's Fate my Prowess forceth to retreat.
 But Vulturs thee (unhappy Wretch!) shall eat.
 Nor doth my Vengeance thy great Friend delay,
 Who did perhaps to thee at parting say,
 Return not to the Navie, I injoyn,
 Till *Hector's* bloudie Arms torn off prove thine.
 So he might say, and thee, perhaps, persuade.
 Then with a ⁽¹⁾ Groan dying *Patroclus* said;
Hector, thy Boasting's poor, since Victorie
Jove and *Apollo* joyn'd confer on thee.

B b b 2

'Twas

(1) The Ancients were of an Opinion, that the Soul deserting a Body which was come to its *αἰών*, full Growth, did pine and grieve, *ἀδύναμις καὶ πένθος*, fearing lest, suffering a Transmigration, (the Opinion of *Pythagoras*) it should be confin'd to a worse Habitation: especially if the person whom it formerly inform'd were truly valiant; Fortitude being so connatural a Vertue to Mankind, that it takes its name from thence, the Greeks calling it *ἀνδρεία*, *ἀνδρῶν*, and so *ἀνδρῶν*, as we Manhood from *Man. Eust.*

(1) *Brutus* unseasonably repeating this Verse of *Homer's* at a solemn Banquet,

Ἀλλὰ με μᾶλ' ἔλοθ' ἂν Ἀνδρὶς ἔκτατον ἴδῃ,

was much blam'd for it, as wanting Discretion. *Plus. in Bruto.*

(u) Albeit *Aristotle* deny all kind of Divination; yet dying men many times, we see, are indued with a divining Spirit; for that the Soul, then being united in it self, [the reason of *Artemon* the *Adiletian* in his Book of *Dreams*, αἷς ὅτι ἀδραιοῦν ἡ ψυχὴ ἐξ ὅλης τῆς σώματος πρὸς τὸ ἐκκενδρῆσαι, μαθηματικὴ γίνεται] is then free from the Incumbrances of the Flesh, and setting forth for the place of its Original.

Thus *Posidonius* tells of a *Rhodian*, who prophesied on his Death-bed, that six of his Associates should suddenly follow him, and in what order. So *Socrates*, in that Apology that *Plato* made for him; τὸ δὲ δὴ μὲν τὸ πρῶτον ὅτι μὲν γεννημένος, ὃ καταλείψαντες μὲν ἡ γὰρ εἴμι ἢ δὴ ἐνταῦθα ἐν ᾧ μέλει ἀνδρῶν γεννημένοι, ὅτις μέλλουσιν ἀποθανεῖσθαι. And now, my Accusers, since I am arrived at that part of my Life wherein men usually prophesie, the End or Close, I also shall acquaint you with somewhat that is to come. *Xenophon* also, in his Apologie for the same Philosopher, makes him take notice of this Passage in our Poet: for bringing him in first saying, ἀλλὰ μὲντοι ἀνέθικα καὶ ὁ Ὅμηρος, ἐπεὶ οἷς τῶν ἐν ἐκταλίσσιν ὅς τις περιγρησάμεν τὰ μέλλοντα, βέλομαι; καὶ ὁ γὰρ γεννησέναι π, That since *Homer* had made some prophesie at their End, he also would doe the like; he makes him tell of the future debauched Son of *Anytus*, one of his Accusers, which fell out accordingly.

(x) See note (f) in the Page before.

'Twas they disarm'd me, else I should not fear
Twenty like thee to slaughter with my Spear.

(t) First *Phæbus* slew me, by my sad Fate stirr'd,
Euphorbus next; thou kill'dst me but the third.

But what I now (u) foretell thou mayst believe;
Long after me expect not to survive:

The powerfull Fates and conquering Death draw near,
And thou shalt fall on stern *Achilles* Spear.

Thus Life and Speech an End together made,
His Soul descending to th' Infernal Shade,

(x) Repining, Youth and Vigour to forsake:

When thus bold *Hector* o're the Body spake:

Patroclus, how canst thou my Death foretell?

Who knows now but *Achilles* may as well,

(Though him a Goddess, beauteous *Thetis*, bare)

Imbue the Point of this my vengefull Spear?

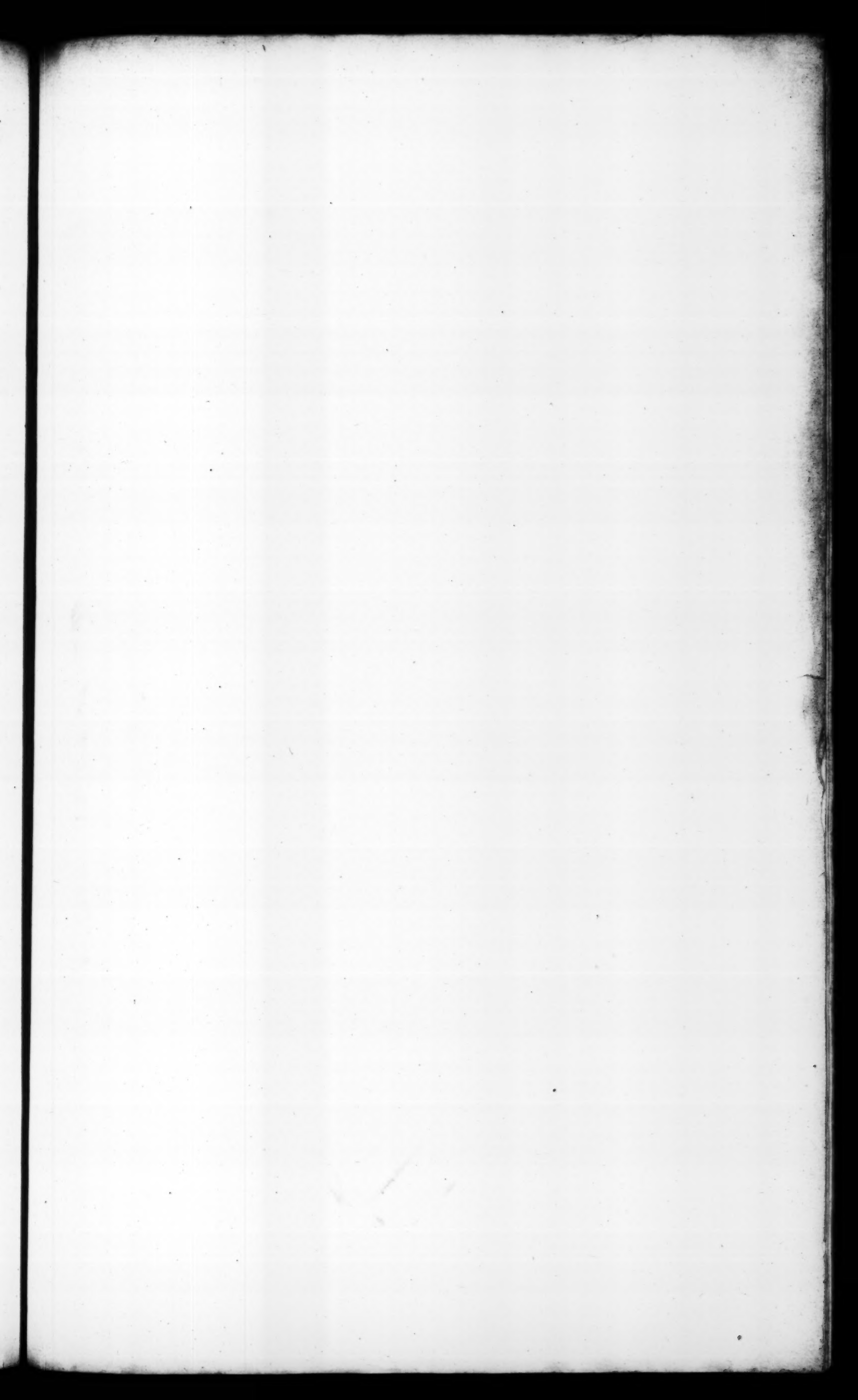
This said, setting his Foot on him, he drew
The Javelin forth, and back the Body threw.

This done, *Automedon* he next pursu'd,

Achilles Charioteer, with restless Feud.

But from his Rage on deathless Steeds he rode;

Which Gift the Gods on *Peles* had bestow'd.





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Thomas Stanley de
Hartford Arm. Tabula



Cumberlow in Comitatu
hanc. D.D.D.L.M.I.O.

Lib. 17. Vol. 49.



HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Spartan King Euphorbus kills, then flies.
Achilles glorious Arms prove Hector's Prize,
Who Ajax fears t' engage. Both Sides recruit,
Then for the Body bloudily dispute,
Which Ajax (sheltring t' with his seven-fold Shield)
At last brings off. On both Sides many kill'd.*

S MALL time from Menelaus Fame
conceal'd
How the bold Trojans had Patroclus
kill'd. (flung.
Straight through the Front and glittering Troups he
As the ^(a) Cow moaning rounds her tender Young,
Who ne'r before had prov'd Lucina's Throes;
About the Body so the Spartan goes,
His Spear in Posture put and ample Targe,
Prepar'd to slaughter whosoe're durst charge.

Nor

(a) He resembles Menelaus's *Βεαίη*
μηδ' ὦμα, ἀλλὰ σπυγνὰ δὲ σπυγνὰ, not
so any stronger creature, but so an Hei-
fer, and that for her Affection and Com-
passion to her young, especially her first.

(l) Which lay now upon the Earth,
Apollo having disarm'd him.

(c) Euphorbus, whose Soul by a *Metempsychosis* entred after into *Pythagoras*, as himself reported, and also into *Lucian's Cock*, as he tells his Master *Mycillus*. See *Lucian* in his *Gallus*. Of which thus *Diog. Laertius* in his *Life*;

Τὰς φρένας ἢν ἐδάλας τὰς Πυθαγόρου νοήσας,
'Ασπίδ' Εὐφρόβου βλάψας ἐς οὐρανὸν
Φησὶ γὰρ,
Οὐτ' ἐγὼ ἢν πρότερον βροτῆς. ἐς δ' ὅτι
ἐκ ἡν
Φέρεσκεν ὅτ' ὤν, δῆπν' ἐκ αὐτοῦ ὅτι ὤν.

Wouldst thoust' Opinion of Pythagoras
know?
Peruse Euphorbus Target, that will
show.
He said, he was that mortal. He who
saies
He was, not being, was not when he was.

(d) Hence the Lawyers dispute,
whether he that first wounds a wild
Beast, or he that kills it, were to have
the Spoil and Quarry. *Spon.*

(e) So *Epimetheus*, after he had opened *Pandora's Box*, who was thence
styl'd *ἀμαρτίνοσ* and *ἐλπίνοσ*. This sense
is thus cloath'd by *Hesiod*;

Δίκη δ' ὑπερβρίον ἔχει
Εἰς τίλ' ἐισπλάσσει· πᾶσι δ' ἐπὶ νῆπι
ἔργα.

Justice the Proud still overtakes,
And Fools Affliction wiser makes.

(f) *Phrontis*, the Wife of *Panthus*,
the Mother of *Hyperenor*, *Euphorbus*
and *Polydamas*.

(g) He addresseth his Prayer to *Jupiter*, as him that punisheth the Arrogant; according to that of *Menander*;

Ὁ Ζεὺς καλεῖται τὸν ἄγαν ὑπερβρίον.

Vengeance still meets with those are over-
proud.

Nor by the ^(b) Body stood old ^(c) *Panthus* Son
A mere Spectator, idly looking on;

But thus unto the daring *Spartan* spake;

Retire, *Atrides*, and the Corps forsake,

And leave these bloudie Spoils to me, who durst
Assault *Patroclus*, and him ^(d) wounded first:

Let me enjoy the Honour I have got,

Lest slain by me thou die upon the Spot.

Then sighing he; Vain Boasts are better spar'd.

The Lion, savage Boar and cruel Pard,

Whose brutish Natures none could e're reclaim,

Compar'd to *Panthus* haughty Sons are tame.

Yet I *Hyperenor* an Example made,

Lopp'd in his prime, when, scoffing me, he said,

(Slighting my Prowesse) he had never yet

Amongst the *Greeks* a greater Coward met.

But his own Feet him ne'r to *Troy* convey'd,

To make his dearest Wife and Parents glad.

So shalt thou fare, if that thou stand'st my Rage.

Take then a Friend's Advice, and don't engage;

Mixing with yonder Body wave thy Foe.

^(e) By late Experience Fools their Folly know.

Euphorbus then; I'll stay till 'twixt us twain

Accounts are balanc'd for my Brother slain.

His Wife thou mad'st a Widow soon as wed,

And bath'd'st in Funeral Tears her Marriage-bed.

But I shall bring the Mourner some Content,

When *Panthus* and my ^(f) Mother I present

Thy Head and Arms. Soon we'll decide this Strife,

And one by th' other's Prowess lose his Life.

At him, this said, he casts a Spear well steel'd,

Whose sharper Point rebated on his Shield.

The *Spartan* then, great ^(g) *Jove* imploring, throws:

The Spear through's Breast as he retreated goes.

He

He on his right Hand faln, it Passage found
 Amidst his Chine; his glittering Arms resound.
 His Tresses up in ^(b) Gold and Silver furl'd
 In twining Locks, so like the ^(c) Graces curl'd,
 Foul Gore distains. As a fair ^(k) Olive-plant,
 In sweet Recess where ^(l) Fountains are not scant,
 By cooland whispering Gales fann'd round about,
 Till Boughs expand, and silver Blossoms sprout,
 Which straight an all-destroying Hurricane
 Tears from her ^(m) Roots, and levells with the Plain;
 So fell *Euphorbus*, *Panthus* valiant Son.
 Then in to strip him *Menelaus* run.

As a stern Lion, pinch'd with Hunger, hies
 To seize a Bullock of the larger Size;
 Then hungrie breaks his Neck, and at one Sup
 Quaffs his warm Bloud and mangled Bowells up;
 Though Shouts and bawling Dogs beat Heav'n's
 Not any yet the Monster dare assault: (arch'd Vault,
 So none durst *Menelaus* charge; who'd got
Euphorbus Arms, but for *Apollo's* Plot,
 Who (like stout *Mentes*, the *Ciconian* Chief)
 Provok'd thus *Hector* straight to bring Relief;

In vain *Achilles* Steeds thou follow'st, who
 Too mettl'd are for Mortals to subdue:
 None well can manage that Celestiall Pair,
 Unlesse *Achilles*, whom a Goddess bare.
 Meanwhile *Atrides* with his Spear and Shield,
Patroclus guarding, hath *Euphorbus* kill'd.

This said, the God amidst the Tumult blends;
 But Rage and Sorrow *Hector's* Bosome rends:
 Who, looking through the Troups, the *Spartan* spy'd
 Stripping the Corps, whose Bloud the Champain dy'd.
 Up through the Ranks in glittering Steel he came,
 Roaring like a loud Breach or bellowing Flame.

Him

(b) For which *Myceilus* derides him in *Lucian's Gallus*, for going so accounted to War, ἔνθα σιδηροποιεῖν μάλλον ἢ χρυσοποιεῖν ἀμεινον ἦν, where Iron is much more serviceable than Gold.

(i) He resembles his Hair to that of the Graces, for the Beauty and Amiability thereof, being so set out. So *Myceilus* in *Lucian*, speaking to his Cock, sometime this *Euphorbus*; καὶ μοι δοκεῖ Ὀμῆρος διὰ τὸ τοιαύτην ὁμοίαν εἶπέν σ' αὐτὸς κόμην, ὅτι χρυσῶν τε καὶ ἀργύρου ἐσφόνοντο μακρὰ καὶ ἀμείνους δὴ λαοὶ καὶ ἑρασμιώτερας ἔφαινοντο σωματικὰ πλεγμαῖα καὶ χρυσῶν, καὶ σωματικὰ μὲν καὶ αὐτῶ. *Euft.*

(k) *Neptune* and *Minerva* contending about the naming of *Athens*, who should have the Honour to impose the Name; he striking with his Trident upon the chief Fort of the City, and raising the Sea, she made an Olive-tree to spring out of the Earth: whereupon *Cecrops*, the King of that Country, and Judge of that Controversie, adjudged that *Minerva* should have the Name, upon this account, ὅτι δάλαμα μὲν ἐστὶ πανταχῶς, τὸ δὲ εὐλὸν τῆς ἐλαίας ἴδιον Ἀθῆναις, for that whereas the Sea was every-where common, this Plant was her peculiar. *Schol.*

(l) The Olive, as it likes best in high places, the first growing in the *Acropolis* at *Athens*, so it loves and delights in Moisture.

(m) The Roots of the Olive lying shallow, and running upon the Ground, when they planted them, they let them into the Earth, that, taking the deeper Root, they might the better resist any impetuous Storm. *Euft.*

Him *Menelaus* heard, and sighing spake;
 Shall I, ah me! these glorious Arms forsake,
 And leave *Patroclus* in my Quarrel slain?
 Then justly may they all on me complain.
 But if I *Hector* stand, then he with all
 His Troups on me (singly hemm'd in) will fall.
 Why scruple I thus? Who fights 'gainst so much Odds,
 And one incounters honour'd by the Gods,
 May Mischief meet. Let none me therefore blame,
 Saying, to save one, off I basely came.
 But I and *Ajax* will our Force unite;
 Then we the *Trojan* and his God will fight,
 Rescuing from both *Achilles* dearest Friend;
 And so bad Fortune by our Valour mend.

Whilst thus the Hero to himself discours'd,
 Up *Hector* came, his Squadrons reinforc'd.
 But he retreated, and the Corps forlook;
 Yet turned oft with a disdainful Look.
 A Lion upon whom bold Rusticks fall
 With Dogs, and Spears, and Shouts, so leaves the Stall,
 And's hop'd-for Prey, extremely discontent;
 As from *Patroclus Menelaus* went
 To friendly Squadrons, where he *Ajax* fought:
 Whom on the left Wing finding, where he brought
 His Squadrons up, (by *Phæbus* much dismay'd)
 He, drawing near, thus to the Hero said;

Advance with Speed, to slain *Patroclus* hast,
 And for his Friend fetch off his Corps at least;
 Since *Hector* now is ⁽ⁿ⁾ Master of his Arms.

At this so heavie News great *Ajax* storms.
 Straight through the Ranks and glittering Troups they
 Whilst *Hector* off his glorious Arms had stript, (leapt;
 And to cut off his Head *Patroclus* dragg'd,
 To give fierce Dogs the Body, as he bragg'd.

(n) Homer makes *Hector* Master of *Achilles* his Arms, that being after worsted and slain by him, he or any else might not impute it to the Weakness of his Armour, but to the Valour of his Enemy. *ἵνα εἰς ἱόν αὐτὸν ἀγάγῃ τὸ Ἀχιλλεῦς, ἥμισυ δ' αὖτις ὥστε ἀμφοτέρους καμύσσει, μὴ δὲ δόξῃ ὅτι ἔκτωρ διὰ τὸ ἀργεῖν τὸν αὐτὸν ἐπ' αὐτῷ πρὸς τὸν Ἀχιλλεῦς.* So *Est.*

, Then

Then with his Tower-like Target *Ajax* sets
Upon the Prince, who to his Troups retreats;
The glorious Purchase sending to the Town,
No small Addition to his great Renown:
But sturdie *Ajax* cover'd with his broad
Target the Corps, and o're the Body strode:
As a stern ^(q) Lion guards his savage ^(p) Brood,
Beset with Huntsmen in a sheltring Wood;
And turning round the Enemie defies,
^(q) Pulling his frowning Forehead o're his Eyes:
So *Ajax* stood. And *Menelaus* next
His Place maintains, with Rage and Grief perplex:
When *Lycian Glaucus* up to *Hector* rides,
And him, his Brows contracting, roundly chides:

If thou thus shrink'st, thou art not what thou wert,
Or else hast purchas'd Fame without Desert.
Consider how thou *Ilium* mayst preserve
With thy own Forces: We'll no longer serve,
Since to the *Lycians* thou no Favour show'st,
Whose Lives are daily in thy Quarrell lost.
How wouldst thou bring a private Person off,
Who leav'st *Sarpedon* to be made a Scoff
And Spoil unto the Foe, so much thy Friend;
Who like a Bulwark *Ilium* did defend,
Nor Dogs dar'st from him drive? Bold *Lycians*, come,
Let *Troy* be ruin'd, and let us march Home.
Did but that Resolution you invite
Which warms their Breasts who for their Country
To *Troy* we might *Patroclus* Body drag, (fight,
And leave the Foe no such great cause to brag;
Who would for him *Sarpedon's* Arms return,
And we at his sad Obsequies might mourn.
His dearest Friend *Æacides* hath lost,
One, next himself, the stoutest of the Host:

C c c

But

(o) They that write of the nature of the Lion say, that he never permits his Lioneſſe to hunt with him, much leſſe that he doth *carry away*, lead forth or tend the Wheips; and therefore they underſtand this of the Female only.

(p) Naturalists write that *the Lioness brings forth once only*, and that but one. So *Herodotus*, ἡ δὲ θήλυ αἰῶνα ὦν ἰσχυρῶς τὸν ἕν ἄρσεν τὰν, ἀπὸς ἐν τῷ βίῳ περὶ αὐτὴν, ἡλικίᾳ δὲ σκεκασμένη τὸ τέκνον τὰς μήτρας, καίβειν ἑν Μάριον together with her young one. But *Homer* makes her bring forth many. And *Aristotle* rejects the contrary opinion as fabulous, adding, that her young are so feeble, that they be not able to go till they are two moneths old; and that they bring every Litter fewer, till at length they grow barren; and that they cast four Teeth only, those we call *caninus*, and this when they are six moneths old. *Arist. Hist. animal. lib. 6.*

(9) *Septē a venarumque obruta Terra* *conspiciuntur*, The Lionsess, saith *Solimanus*, fighting for her young, fixeth her Eyes upon the Earth, that the sight of the Weapons of such as pursue her may not affright her. The Scholiast observes, that to let down the Eye-brows is so proper to them that be angry, that the *Greeks* use to *κατακλίνειν*, *κατὰ τὸ ὀφθαλμίου*, from *κατακλίνω*, noting that part of the Body, the upper Eye-lid.

But thou still shrinking giv'st to *Ajax* place,
Nor as a Foe dar'st look him in the Face,
Still waving his Incounter, who excells
Thee both in Prowess and all Vertues else.
To *Glaucus Hector*, frowning, then reply'd ;

Why speak'st thou Words imbitter'd so with Pride?
I always thought thee prudent till this Hour,
But Passion now thy Judgment doth o're-power.
Thou say'st I *Ajax* dare not singly fight.
I fear no Swords, no Horses me affright,
But *Jove*, whose Will works out what-e're he lists,
Who those himself engages oft resists,
Daunting the bold. But draw thou up, and see
If, as thou say'st, I such a Coward be,
Or of my Honour have so little Sense,
To let the proudest bear the Body hence,
Or the Corps rescue from these conquering Hands.
This said, he thus cheers up his warlike Bands ;

Now *Trojans, Lycians* and bold *Dardans* fight,
Screw up your ancient Valour to the Height ;
Whilst I that fam'd *Achilles* Arms put on,
My Prize by Slaughter of *Menæti*us Son.

This said, the bloudie Battel he forakes,
And, running swiftly, soon them overtakes
That to the City bare the splendid Arms :
Then puts them on, remote from all Alarms,
And by that Partie sends to *Troy* his own.
Then girds he that celestially Armour on
The Gods to *Pelem* gave, who, aged grown,
The wond'rous Gift conferr'd upon his Son ;

(r) Hence *Dion Prusæus*, *Orat.* 28.
inserts *Hector* in his Catalogue of such
Hero's who, though highly favoured of
the Gods, died in their youth ; for so
did *Paroclus*, *Sarpèdon*, *Achilles*, and
Memnon.

(s) Who must not in his Father's Arms grow old.

When *Jove* beheld him shine in Steel and Gold,
Shaking his Brows, little (saies he) dost think
Thy Death's so near thee, now on *Lethe's* Brink,

Who

Who in his Arms thus prid'st whom all men fear,
(His valiant Favourite slaughter'd with thy Spear,
His Body left disarmed on the Spot.)

Though thee great Strength and Courage I allot,
Thou thus accoutred shalt not from the Fight
Return to thy *Andromache* at Night.

Jove ratifi'd this Sentence with a Nod.

But *Hector* arm'd, chear'd by War's dreadfull God,
His Aids invited to the bold Design,

Who saw him in *Achilles* Armour shine.

Then *Mesthles* he and *Glaucus* puts in Hope,

Thersilochus, *Disinor* and *Asterope*,

Hippothous whets, *Phorcys* and *Chromius* Swords,

Medon and *Ennomus*, with these chearing Words:

You bold Assistents, who vast Confines plant,
Great Multitudes of Men I did not want;

But such I from your severall Cities drew,

Whose Prowess might these daring *Greeks* subdue,

Protect our Children and our dearest Wives:

On which Account, besides large Donatives,

We on our People heavy Taxes fesse,

That so your Courage may with Pay increase.

Therefore now fight, or die, or Slaves be made:

So ends all War, such is of *Mars* the Trade.

Who-e're from them *Patroclus* Corps shall get,

Forcing yon sturdy *Ajax* to retreat,

The Spoils betwixt us shall divided be,

And equal Honour shar'd 'twixt him and me.

Couching their Spears, this said, they bend their Course
Against the Foe, (hoping the Corps to force)

Who of their Lives shall no small Havock make.

Then to the *Spartan* thus great *Ajax* spake.

To come with Safety off we may despair.

Not for *Patroclus* Corps so much I fear,

Which must by Dogs and Vulturs be devour'd,
 As here we both should suffer, over-powr'd.
Hector o're all an iron Tempest spreads,
 Th' impending Storm will break upon our Heads.
 Then call up others quickly to our Aid.
 Off *Menelaus* draws, no Time delaid,
 And breaking through the Ranks thus calls aloud;
 You Princes, who at publick Feasts are proud
 To sit at *Agamemnon's* Board and mine,
 Mixing high Banquets with delicious Wine,
 You, on whom *Jove* Honour and Power conferr'd;
 Since in this bloody Fight it will be hard
 To find you all, let some with Speed draw near,
 Disdaining Dogs *Patroclus* Corps should tear.

Oiliades heard loud *Menelaus* first,
 And through the Ranks and clos'd-up Squadrons burst;
Idomeneus, and his Favourite
Meriones, next, resembling *Mars* in Fight.
 Who can the Princes reckon up or name?
 So many to renew the Battell came.

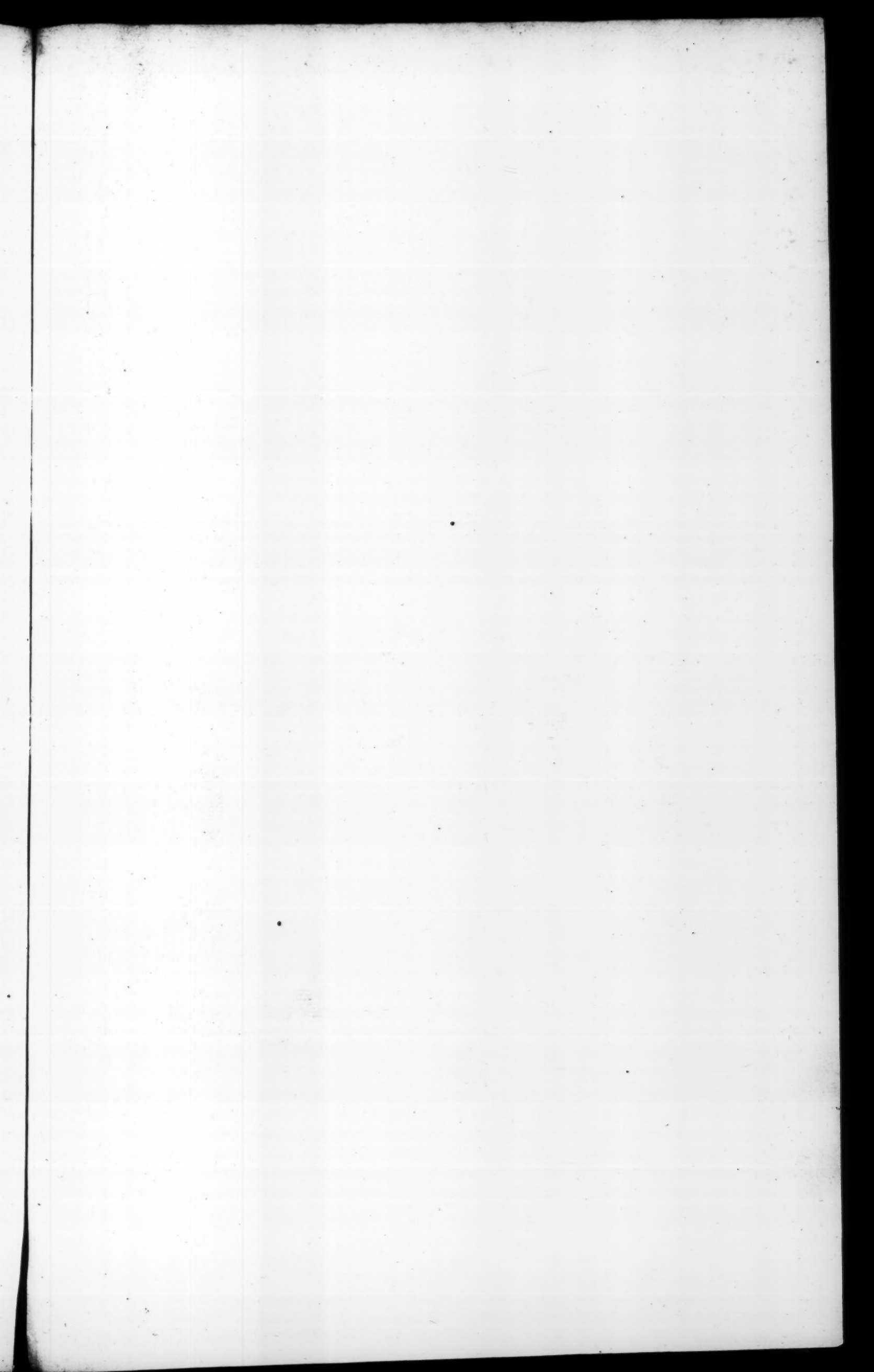
As ⁽¹⁾ in a River's Mouth swoln with the Tide
 Billows repulsed from the Ocean ride,
 A murmuring Breach 'gainst Banks opposing raves,
 The flowing Sea disgorging fresher Waves:
 So loud the clamouring *Trojans* Shouts resound:
 Whilst the bold *Greeks* *Patroclus* Corps surround,
 And with their Shields conjoyn'd the Foe resist,
Jove their bright Casks eclipsing with a Mist;
 Who lov'd *Patroclus* living, and now sends,
 To save his Corps from Dogs, so many Friends.

But first the *Trojans* with a desperate Shock
 Worsted the *Greeks*, that all the Corps forsook.
 Yet in their Flight the *Trojans* could not boast
 Any they slew, or that one *Greek* was lost.

(1) *Solon*, (or, as others, *Plato*) being ambitious of imitating *Homer*, comparing some Verses of theirs with his, reading this passage, were so highly displeased with their own, that they condemn'd them to the Fire, invoking *Vulcan* in this Verse of his, a little altered,

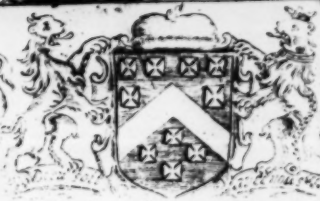
"Πραυτε, περιμολ' ὦδε, Πλάτων νύ π σείο
 χαίρειν.

Vulcan, approach, *Plato* thy Aid requires.





General's Domine De
Seagrave, Newbury.



Georgio Berkeley Baroni
Seagrave, of Breouse.
In fulmine J. M. D. D.

The Corps they 'gan to drag; but soon the *Greeks*
 Make up again, whom the great *Ajax* seeks
 (*Ajax*, for Form and Deeds of greatest Fame
 Next to *Achilles*) with fresh Heat t'inflame.

As a wild Boar who Dogs and Men assails,
 His Passage forcing from re-echoing Vales,
 Speeds to the safer Mountain; *Ajax* so,
 Making his Way, routs the opposing Foe,
 And disappoints their Plot, to gain Renown
 And purchase Fame by dragging to the Town
Patroclus Corps. *Hippothous*, *Lethus* Son,
 To doe this for the *Trojans* had begun,
 Who 'bout his Ankle-Tendons Chords did tie,
 And dragg'd him by the Foot: when suddenly
 His Fate (which none could e're avoid) drew near.
 For boisterous *Ajax*, rushing through the Rear,
 Him singles out, and with his Launce assails,
 Piercing his Cask adorn'd with Horses Tails.
 The Weapon's Point an easie Passage gains,
 A Hotch-potch following mixt of Bloud and Brains.
 His Soul dislodging flights her late Command:
Patroclus Foot drops from his dying Hand.
 On th' Corps he falls, far from his ^(r) native Soil,
 His Parents ^(s) Guerdon for their Care and Toil
 Not yet return'd: so short his Life, his Chance
 So sad, to perish by great *Ajax* Launce.

At whom his Spear enraged *Hector* threw,
 Which, *Ajax* stooping, o're his Shoulder flew.
 This *Schedius*, *Iphitus* Off-spring, felt,
 Who long in wealthie ^(x) *Panopea* dwelt,
 Amongst the *Phocean* Chiefs of primest Note
 And most Command: the Point transpierc'd his Throat,
 And through his Shoulder-blade a Passage found.
 Dying he falls, his glittering Arms resound.

But

(r) From *Larissa*, a City of the *Pelagian Argos*, or *Thessaly*.

(s) Gr. ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ ὅρῳ εἶναι ἀντί-
δοξα. From which expression of *Homer's*
Eustathius proves this Retaliation of
 Children to their Parents for their Care
 and Charge of their Education to be a
 Duty and Debt, not any Courtship. τὸ
 ἀποδοῦναι χάριν οὐκ ἔστιν ἀπὸ τῆς
 So he.

(x) A City of *Phocis*.

And next *Asperopæus* bore Command ;
Who, griev'd to see him weltring on the Sand,
Rush'd on (successe, though by Fury edg'd)
There where *Patroclus* lay with Targets hedg'd,
And with strong Guards of Launciers round beset,
By *Ajax* charg'd the Body not to quit,
Nor venturing singlie forth their Stations flight,
But still the *Trojans* in a Body fight.

A purple Floud then dy'd the verdant Plain
By *Trojans*, *Lycians*, and bold *Græcians* slain.
Thou wouldst have said, both Parties fell so thick,
Th' Account would puzzle all Arithmetick.
The *Greeks* yet fewer of their Number mist,
So well they one another did assist.
Both boldly fight, disdaining to retire,
Charging unwearied, like consuming Fire.
One would have thought, had he the Battell seen,
The Sun and Moon had both eclipsed been ;
So black a Cloud enveloped the Fight,
Where shining Weapons were their onely Light.
Whilst other Parties free from Darknesse fought,
Where Sun-beams chear'd Heav'n's ample azure Vault,
Th' Expansion cloudless, Mountains free from Mist,
That they could Javelins wave, or well resist.

But yet *Antilochus* and *Thrasymede*
No Notice had *Achilles* Friend was dead.
Him they thought still ingaged in the Fight,
Nor saw th' his routed Squadron put to Flight :
For they at Distance fought, following the Charge
Which *Nestor* gave them (drawing forth) at large.
Meanwhile both Parties for the Corps contest,
Sweating in hot Dispute, and never rest ;
Their Feet, Knees, Ancles dy'd in Bloud all o're,
Their Hands and Faces too besmear'd with Gore.

As

As when a Currier gives his Servants charge
 A Bullock's Hide with Labour to enlarge ;
 Standing about each way they tug the Skin,
 And pull and hale to work the Liquour in,
 Adding both Breadth and Length: so stood they round,
 Dragging the Corps o're a small Patch of Ground,
 This way and that way : these to *Priam's* Seat
 Would drag the Corps, those carri'e't to the Fleet.
 Had *Mars* and *Pallas* this dire Conflict seen,
 He had not blam'd them, nor she angry been :
Jove for *Patroclus* sake then such a World
 Of Mischief both on Men and Horses hurl'd.

But all this while *Achilles* nothing heard
 Of this Misfortune, and as little fear'd :
 They so far off fought near the *Trojan* Wall,
 He dream'd not of his Friend's untimely Fall ;
 But thought, the Foe repuls'd, he would retreat
 (As he had him advis'd) to the Fleet.
 He knew *Patroclus* never should destroy
 Without him, nor with his Assistance, *Troy*.
 This oft he from his Goddess Mother heard,
 Which *Jove* in private had to her declar'd.
 Yet she ne'r hinted his untimely End,
 Nor that he thus should lose his dearest Friend.
 But they the Corps with Javelins guarded still,
 And in Confusion mix'd are kill'd and kill.

When one *Greek* said ; Scorn longer to survive,
 And let the Earth first swallow us alive,
 Before we basely to the Fleet return,
 (The lesse Dishonour better may be born)
 And let the *Trojans* of their Prowess brag,
 Glorifying they did these Corps to *Ilium* drag.

A *Trojan* then ; Though there's no Hope to speed,
 Let's fight it out, and on the Body bleed.

Thus

Thus saying, each Side made a fresh Assault :

Clashing of Weapons storm'd Heav'n's marble Vault,
And Shouts the Air's untraced Regions ript.

Meanwhile *Achilles* mournfull Horses wept,
Knowing bold *Hector* had their Master slain,
And left his rifled Body on the Plain.

And though that often stout ^(a) *Automedon*
Labour'd the Whip, lashing to drive them on,
Yet they his Threats and fairer Language slight,

(a) As *Patroclus* was Charioteer to *Achilles*, so was *Automedon* to *Patroclus*, and *Aicimedon* to *Automedon*.

And neither would to th' Navie, nor the Fight;
But like a Tombe, the marble Residence
Of some great Person, stood, not budging thence;

Their Loss deploring, down they hang their Heads,

^(b) Watering with briny Drops the parched Meads;

(b) The like *Virgil* relates of *Ethon*, the Horse of *Pallas*, his Master being slain, *En.* 11.

Their Manes bedew'd with a distilling Stream,

Their Curls wash'd out, hung dangling on the Team.

Post bellator Equus, positis insignibus, Ethon
It lacrymans, quisque humectat grandibus ora.

When *Jove* beheld th' immortal Steeds dismay'd,
Shaking his Tresses, them he pitying said;

Ethon, his War-Horse, mourning next took place,
And weeping blubber'd with great Drops his Face.

Why gave I you to mortal *Peless*, whom

(Immortal) Death nor Age shall e're o'rcome?

Was it that you should all those Woes endure

Which hapless Mortals for themselves procure?

What-ever breaths, or hath on Earth a Place,

Bides not the Tithe belongs to Humane Race.

But be assur'd, *Hector* I'll ne'r permit

You to command, nor in this Chariot fit.

Let it suffice that he his Arms hath got,

And makes vain Boasts; but you I'll Strength allot

And Courage, that *Automedon* you may

In Safety from the bloody Field convey.

Yet shall the Foe the *Gracians* put to Flight,

Untill the Sun gives place to conquering Night.

This said, by *Jove* enabled, from their Manes
Shaking the Dust, they scour it o're the Plains,

D d d

And

Suetonius in *Julio*, cap. 81. speaking of the Omens which preceded the Death of that Emperour, recounts this amongst the rest, that those Horses which passing the River *Rubicon* he had consecrated to *Mars*, when he turned them off, to pasture where they pleased, were observed, restraining their Food, to weep abundantly. Thus *Alian* reports it of the Elephants, that, being forc'd to forsake their native Soil, they weep so excessively, that for a season they lose their Sight. *Alian de Animal. lib. 10. c. 7.*

And 'midst the Conflict their bold Driver brought ;
 Where he, though for his Friend with Grief distraught,
 (As at a Flock of Geese a Vultur stoops)
 Charg'd through and through the Foes disorder'd
 But none he slew, since he, in full Career, (Troups:
 Could not well guide his Steeds, and couch his Spear.

Him in this Posture bold *Alcimedon*
 Observing said; What God, *Automedon*,
 Distracts thy Judgment, and thus puts thee on,
 Alone to charge the *Trojans* in the Van?
 Since *Hector* slew *Patroclus*, more he storms,
 And rides triumphant in *Achilles* Arms.

Then he; Our Friend now dead, there's none alive
 Who can like thee these Head-strong Horses drive.
 Take then this Whip, these Reins, and I'll descend,
 And Champion these immortal Steeds defend.

Alcimedon the Chariot mounts, this said,
 Taking the Whip and Reins, his Friend to aid.
 Soon as *Automedon* his Seat forfook,
Hector, observing, to *Aeneas* spoke;

Ah! thou in Council wise, in Battel bold,
Pelides Horses yonder I behold
 Drove by unskillfull Charioteers, which may,
 If thou but second me, become our Prey:
 Since they unable are our Charge to stand,
 And both of us t' encounter Hand to hand.

Aeneas straight consenting, up they drew,
 And o're their Backs their Bul-skin Targets threw,
 Which plated o're with brazen Bosses shin'd.
Chromius to them and bold *Aretus* joyn'd,
 Nothing misdoubting but (their Masters slain)
 They should as Prize th'immortal Steeds obtain.
 But from *Automedon* they must not yet
 Come off with Ease, nor without Bloud retreat;

Who

Who straight to *Jove* for his Assistance pray'd,
Then to his Friend *Alcimedon* thus said;

Keep still the Horses very near to me,
Close at my Back let them attending be:
For *Hector* never will desist, untill
This Chariot prove his Prize, and us he kill,
Or perish in the bold Attempt. This said,
For th' *Ajaxes* and *Menelaus* Aid
Aloud he calls; With Care the Corps protect,
The Foe repulsing, nor your Charge neglect,
And us yet living speedily assist.
Now *Hector* and *Aeneas*, two the best
Of all the *Trojans*, up 'gainst us advance.
I'll throw my Spear, and leave the rest to Chance,
To Fate's Decree, and what great *Jove* permits.

This said, he throws, and bold *Aretus* hits,
Piercing his Shield, his Arms and massie Belt.
The Javelin's Point he in his Bowells felt.
As when a Swain with a sharp Hatchet knocks
Down with a well-aim'd Blow a Stall-fed Oxe;
So fell the Prince, whilst the infixed Dart
Shook with th' Impulsions of his panting Heart.
Then *Hector* threw a Javelin tipp'd with Brasse,
Which he avoided, falling on his Face.
It fixing in the Ground, the But-end shook;
Fast in the Earth the Point rebated stuck.
Then they had fought it out, their Faulchions drawn,
But that the *Ajaxes* came fiercely on
To help *Automedon*, as he desir'd.
Hector, *Aeneas*, *Chromius* straight retir'd,
Nor to fetch off *Aretus* Body stay'd.
Stripping the Corps, he then insulting said;

(c) This for *Patroclus* Death hath eas'd my Heart,
Though thou for him too mean a Victim art.

D d d 2

Then

(c) So *Theognis*,
"Ανδρὶς τὴν καρδίην μυνέει πόλεος ἤμισα τῆς
δύστης,
Κύρῳ, ἀντιπυλὸν δ' αὐτῆς αἰχμὴν ἐβόηεν.

The Sufferer's Heart grows small; but
who can well
Revenge himself, it makes his Bosom
swell.

Then mounting, in his Seat the bloody Spoils
He fix'd; black Gore his Feet and Hands defiles.
So looks a Lion feasted on a Bull.

Now round *Patroclus* they their Weapons dull
In cruel Fight, by *Pallas* spurr'd, whom *Jove*
(His Mind now chang'd) commanded from above
To chear the *Greeks*. Like the discolour'd Bow
The Thunderer bends, a Battell to foreshow,
Or bitter Tempests, which from Labour keep
Industrious Swains, and banefull are to Sheep:
She in such painted Robes concealed came,
The *Gracians* fainting Courage to inflame;
And first (like *Phoenix*) her Addresses made
To *Sparta's* Prince, and thus to him she said;

Atrides, since thou'lt have the deepest Share
In Grief and Shame, should Dogs *Patroclus* tear,
With a fresh Party charge the conquering Foe.

Then he; Would *Pallas* Strength on me bestow,
And blunt their keener Weapons, undismay'd
With a fresh Charge the Body I would aid,
Who for his Death am ready to expire.
But routing *Hector* comes like raging Fire,
Mowing down Squadrons with his conquering Sword:
Celestiall Powers such Honour him afford.

Pleas'd that to her he first address'd his Praiers,
His wearie Limbs she with fresh Strength repairs.

(d) As busie Flies, with biting Hunger keen,
Though oft repuls'd, fall on our tender Skin,
And piercing deep soon tast delicious Food,
Sweetly carowsing Draughts of humane Bloud:
Such Courage feeling *Menelaus* goes
Up to the Corps, and there his Javelin throws;
And *Podes*, *Eetion's* Son, wealthie and great,
Whom *Hector* honouring at his (e) Table set,

Pierc'd

(d) Of this Passage of our Poet *Lu-*
cian thus takes notice, in that his in-
genious *Encomium* of the Flie; *τίω δὲ*
ἀνδρείας καὶ τὴν ἀλκὴν αὐτῆς ὡς ἡμᾶς καὶ
ἀνέγειν, ἀλλ' ὁ μεγαλοφρονέτα (e) *παιστῶν*
Ὀμήρου τὸν δὲ ἀείρον τῶν ἡρώων ἐπαινέσαι
ζητῶν, ὃ λόγον, ἢ παράδειγμα, ἢ ὕμνον, τὴν ἀλκὴν
αὐτῆς ἐκείνης, ἀλλὰ τὴν δάσσει τῆς μύτης, καὶ τῆς
ἀλγίστης καὶ λεπτοῦς τῆς ἐπιχειρήσεως. ὃ δὲ δὲ
ἡρώων, ἀλλὰ δάσσει φασὶν αὐτὴν αἰσθάναι,
καὶ δὲ εὐχρηστικῶς, φασὶν, ὅμως ἐκ ἀφίσταται, ἀλλ'
ἐπίσται δόγματι. Whereas *Homer* here
resembles not *Menelaus* his Valour or
Prowess so much to that of the Flie,
as his Importunity and Perseverance,
the Flie being no sooner beat off from
a place, then it with great eagerness re-
turns again. Others by the Flie here
understand the Wasp or Hornet, *μύα*
being us'd for all those kinds of In-
sects.

(e) See the next Page.

Pierc'd through his Belt, as he forlook his Ground.
Through's Arms and Breast the Point a Passage found.
Down falls the Hero : in *Atrides* leaps,
Dragging him thence, and his bright Armour strips.
Then *Phæbus* drawing near spurr'd *Hector* on,
Resembling stout *Phenopus*, *Afius* Son,
His dearest Friend, who in *Abydos* dwelt ;
And thus the Hero's Pulse *Apollo* felt :

What *Greek* will now renowned *Hector* fear,
Who daunted stands at *Menelaus* Spear?
He, whose weak Prowess all the Princes scoff,
Hath *Podes* slain, and dragg'd his Body off.

This said, a Cloud of Grief his Brows involv'd,
And raging through the Van he breaks resolv'd.
Then *Jove*, his Golden Target shaking, throws
(Thundring and Lightning) *Ida* in black Clouds,
And, his bright *Aegis* clashing, Victory grants
The daring Foe, the worsted *Græcians* daunts.
First fled *Penelus* on the Shoulder rac'd.
Polydamas him, as he him turning fac'd,
With his sharp Point (drawn up to him so near)
Hit on his Chin, wounding from Ear to Ear.
But *Hector* wounded *Leitus* on the Hand,
Alectryon's Son, and put him to a Stand.
Amaz'd he looking round no more could hope
To hold a Spear, nor with the *Trojans* cope.
Idomeneus, as bold *Hector* set
On shrinking *Leitus*, struck him near the Teat.
The Point broke off; the *Trojans* startled were:
When *Hector* at the *Cretan* aims a Spear,
Whom in his Chariot plac'd he little mist,
But the stout *Cæranus* hit, who did assist
Meriones, (with whom on foot he came
From *Lycus*) who had rais'd the *Trojan*'s Fame,

(c) *Homer* makes *Podes* φίλον εἰλαπνῆσιν, a constant Guest at *Hector*'s Table. Now εἰλαπνῆσιν was a Sacrifice, or any greater Preparation, to which whoever were invited contributed not to the Charge, as they did to that call'd ἔρασι, where every one pay'd his Share. *Eust.* *Jul. Pollux* by φίλος εἰλαπνῆσιν understands a Trencher-friend or Parasite; and so also *Athenæus*, lib. 6. in these words, Τὸν δὲ ἐν εἰλαπνῆσιν φίλον εἶπεν τὸν ἐν τῷ δεύοντι δὲ καὶ ποιεῖ αὐτὸν ὡς Μενελάου προσκόμηνον καὶ τὴν γαστήρα. φησὶ δὲ ὁ Σκῆψος Δημόστρωτος, ὅς ἐστι Πάνδαρον, διὰ τὸ διασημαίνειν καὶ τὴν γαστήρα, προσέκειν δ' αὐτὸν Σπαρτιάτης ἀνδρὸς τὴν αὐτῶν κτλ. ἑλληνικός. He calls him a Friend at his Board, because a constant Guest at his Table, or Parasite, and therefore makes him wounded in his Belly; as *Pandarus* in his Tongue, as having in that part especially offended, by Perjury, as *Demetrius Scopsius* glosseth the place, adding, that he was slain by a Spartan, then which no Nation was more frugal.

Had

Had not then *Cæranus* drove a mighty rate,
And interposing stopp'd approaching Fate,
Meeting his own. He fell by *Hector's* Spear,
His Death receiving underneath his Ear.

The Lance beat out his Teeth, and slit his Tongue
Up by the Roots, and him from's Chariot flung.

The Reins he drops, which up *Meriones* took,
And fighting thus *Idomeneus* spoke;

Drive to the Fleet, where Walls may us protect:
This day we must not Victorie expect.

This said, his Steeds *Idomeneus* whips,
And struck with Terrour hurri'd to the Ships.

Ajax and *Menelaus* saw full well

Jove did alternate Palms to th' *Trojans* deal:

Then *Telamonius* said; A Fool may know

Heav'n's King grants this Day's Glory to the Foe,

Since us their Darts, though thrown at Randome, gall,

Wounds each imprint; *Jove* so directs them all:

When ours in vain upon the Ground are spent.

But let us straight some speedy Means invent

To save the Body, or our selves protect

'Mongst Friends, who may our ill Successe expect,

Thinking we *Hector's* Charge could ne'r sustain,

But seeking Safety at our Fleet were slain.

Ah! that some Friend would to *Achilles* bear

This heavy News, which yet he could not hear.

But none such I behold, so dark a Cloud,

And blinding Mists both Foot and Chariots shrowd.

(f) O *Jove*, these Fogs disperse and fable Night,

And (must we perish) kill us in the Light.

Jove grants his Prayer, and clears the gloomy Sphear;

The Sun breaks forth, the glittering Ranks appear:

When to the *Spartan* King thus *Ajax* spoke;

Now round about thee, *Menelaus*, look,

(f) Ἦν ὡς ἀληθὲς τὸ πῦρ αἰὲρ, ὡς
a Passion (saith *Dionysius Longinus*, ad-
miring it as an Heroick Pitch) well be-
coming *Ajax*; he begging not Life of *Ju-*
piter, this being a Petition much be-
neath his Spirit, but the sudden approach
of Light, he not doubting then to heve
out himself a Sepulchre worthy of his Va-
lour, and that though *Jove* himself
should combat with him. Ἐπειδὴ ἐν
ἀπείρῳ σὺν τῇ ἀνδρείᾳ εἰς ὅδῃ γυναικῶν
ἔχῃ διαδίδῃ, διὰ τὸ αἰὲρ αἰὲρ ἐπὶ σφῆ-
τιν ἔχῃ αἰὲρ εἶναι, ὅτι τὰ αἰὲρ αἰὲρ, ὡς
πάντες τὰς ἀρετὰς ἀγνοοῦν αἰὲρ, καὶ αὐτῶν
τῶν ἀρετῶν ἰσχυρῶν. So he, καὶ ὅδῃ
cap. 7.

If thou canst spy yet living *Nestor's* Son,
Renown'd *Antilochus*: straight bid him run,
And to *Achilles* tell the sad Mischance,
How that his Friend is slain by *Hector's* Lance.

This said, he went. A Lion from the Stall
So goes, when Dogs on him and Rusticks fall,
Who all Night watching keep him from his Prey;
He oft assaults and makes a vain Essay,
Whilst Javelins thick they throw, and Fire-brands fly,
Which brandish'd so the Monster terrife
That he retreats, though highly discontent:
So from the Body *Menelaus* went,
Fearing lest they *Patroclus* would forsake,
And thus to *Ajax* and *Meriones* spake;

Patroclus Worth to mind, you Leaders, call,
Who living was so affable to all:
Him of such Merit and so high Deserts
Death hath surpriz'd. This said, the Prince departs.

So a swift ^(c) Eagle, who hath clearest Eyes
Of all the feather'd Nation, each where pries,
And spies 'mongst Shrubs a ^(b) Hare; then from the Pole
Stooping infranchiseth her timorous Soul:
As *Menelaus* search'd the Field about,
To find *Antilochus*, if living, out;
When on the left Wing him he quickly found
Chearing his Squadrons to maintain their Ground.

Then to the Prince he said; Draw nigh and hear
News I could wish should never pierce thy Ear.
Now I believe great *Jove* assists our Foes,
And on the *Trojans* Victory bestows.
Patroclus, who march'd forth to our Relief,
Hector hath slain, to our no little Grief.
Run to the Navy, and *Achilles* tell
What wofull Chance hath to his Friend befall,

That

(c) *Ælian Animal. lib. 1. c. 42.*

(b) The *λεωπρόν*, or Hare-predying Eagle, *Arist.* calls *Melanæton*, or *Aquilam valeriam*. This Eagle alone brings up her young, never cries, nor makes any great Noise with her Wings. She also tries her young by setting them in the Sun, whose Rays if they endure with open and unwat'ring Eyes, she owns them as her legitimate Brood, abandoning the rest as spurious, which become *αἰεταῖοι*. *Schol. Aristotele de Animal. lib. 9. c. 232.* saith that the Eagle seizeth not the Hare upon her Form, but running; and that not *ὑπὸ*, descending in a right line, lest she should bruise her self with her Force and Weight: but fetching a compass or turning, making her Circles less by degrees, both that so she might take off her Speed by affrighting her, and also be the readier to seize her which way soever she should turn. So *Scaliger*. But *Aristotele* saith she doth both *περὶ ἀσφάλειαν τῶν καὶ ἐνδοξάδων*, to prevent Treachery, fearing to be circumvented.

That he with Speed may off his Body bear,
Since *Hector* wears the Arms which he did wear.

At this sad News the Hero speechleſſe ſtood,
His Eyes brim-full with an o're-ſwelling Flood.
Yet he, the King obeying, no time loſt,
Leaving his Arms with him he loved moſt,
Laodocus, who rein'd his fiery Steeds.

(k) *Gr. πῶς φέρον, his Feet carried him, not he them; a Phraſe familiar, as the Ancients obſerve, with Homer, when he would expreſs a Speed greater then ordinary, as here; ὡς μὴ κινέοντων τὸς πόδας, ἀλλὰ φερόμενον ὑπὸ αὐτῶν, ὡς οἷα ὑπὸ πτερόων, as though they did not go ſo much as flie. Euſt.*

His Seat then quitted, to the Fleet he ^(k) ſpeeds,
(And as he went the Ground with Tears bedews)
The wofull Meſſenger of heavy News.

Nor couldſt thou ſtay, bold *Spartan*, to aſſiſt
Thy ſtreightned Friends, *Antilochus* diſmiſt,
But to *Patroclus* didſt with Speed repair,
The *Pylians* left to *Thraſymedes* Care,

And ſaidſt to th' *Ajaxes*; Old *Nefſtor's* Son
Is with the Tidings to *Achilles* gone;
Who, though he for his Friend's ſad Death may rage,
Will not yet *Hector* (wanting Arms) engage.
But now conſult how off the Corps we may,
Or elſe our ſelves, from ſlaughtering Foes convey.

Great *Ajax* then; Thou gravely doſt adviſe.
Take up the Corps with bold *Meriones*;
Meanwhile we Brothers, of one Name and Mind,
Shall entertain the preſſing Foe behind,
And *Hector* and his clamouring *Trojans* fight.

This ſaid, with Arms conjoyn'd a decent Height
They raiſe the Corps, and bear it guarded round;
At which Heav'n's Vaults with *Trojan* Shouts reſound.
As Hunts-men, who a wounded Boar in view
With a full Pack of well-ſleſh'd Dogs purſue;
The Monster turning, to decline his Rage,
Straight all diſperſe, not daring to engage:
The *Trojans* ſo the Corps-bearers purſue,
And Swords and Javelins in their Bloud imbue.

But

But when the *Ajaxes* once make a Halt,
Pale they retreat, and dare not them assault.

Then to the Fleet they with the Corps retire.
The *Trojans* follow, like consuming Fire,
Which in a City weak Resistance finds,
When raging Flames are back'd with boistrous Winds,
Both Horse and Foot came on with fresh Supplies,
And Shouts reiterated scal'd the Skies.
As Mules through rugged Paths draw down a Hill
A Tree design'd to make a Beam or Keel;
They, spent with Labour, faint with wasting Sweat,
Yet off at last, though much incumbred, get:
So off the *Gracians* do the Body bear,
Whilst th' *Ajaxes* joyntly maintain the Rear.
As stands a lofty Mountain, cloath'd with Wood,
Th' incessant Charge of an impetuous Floud,
Upon the Plains turning the Torrent's Course,
And fixt derides its ineffective Force:
So th' *Ajaxes* th' insulting Foe keep back;
Whom *Hector* and *Aeneas* undertake.
As Flocks of Stares or Daws a chattering Cry
Raise when they see the murdering Faulcon nigh:
So *Hector* and *Aeneas* th' Enemy fright;
Aloud they clamour, and forget to fight:
Without, within their Trenches, close pursu'd,
Their Arms they drop: nor does the Fight conclude.



HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Achilles hears Hector his Friend had slain.
Thetis ascends with all her Virgin Train
From Sea, her Son to comfort, Arms he wants,
Which at her Suit Vulcan the Goddess grants:
With Speed he anvills (sweating at his Forge)
A Cask, Greaves, Corset, and a ponderous Targe.*

VHillt thus both Parties fought like ra-
ging Flame,
Antilochus to renown'd *Achilles*
came:

Whom at his Fleet he found, perplex'd with Fear,
Events presaging which effected were.
He to himself thus said; Ah! why again
In such Confusion fly they from the Plain?
I doubt the Gods have finish'd what of old
My Heav'n-inspired Mother me foretold,

E e e 2

That

(a) Hemakes *Patroclus* a *Myrmidon*, for that his Father *Menestius* was born in *Agina*; he himself being born in *Opus*, a City of *Locris*.

That a stout ^(a) *Myrmidon* (I yet alive)
The *Trojans* should of dearest Life deprive.
Patroclus much I fear. Him I desir'd,
When he had quench'd what hostile Flames had fir'd,
The Navie clear'd, and put the Foe to Flight,
Straight to retreat, nor valiant *Hector* fight.
To him surmising thus *Antilochus* made
This sad Address, and (Tears distilling) said;
To thee, great Prince, I with sad Tidings come,
(Alas! would't were false, though I were ever dumb;) Thy Friend is slain, his Corps in hot Dispute,
And *Hector* wears thy Arms in our Pursuit.

(b) *Chrysostr.* de *Orat.* amongst other Symptoms of Sorrow reckons mens not onely casting Dust upon their Hair, but also eating it; *καὶ τῶν ἰσθίων*. *Plato* highly blames *Homer* for making his principal Hero so indulge his Passion.

A Cloud, this said, upon his Brows there hung,
^(b) Dust he on's manlie Face and Forehead flung;
Then, falling down, his Golden Tresses tore,
And with his Regal Habit swept the Floor.
The Virgins, his and dear *Patroclus* Prize,
At this so sad Alarm with hideous Cries
Surround the Prince, trembling with Grief and Fear,
Beat their fair Breasts, dishevelling their Hair.

Antilochus the dolefull Musick fill'd
With as sad Notes, whilst he *Achilles* held,
Who sigh'd extremely, rack'd with torturing Fear
Lest they's Friend's Head should fix upon a Spear.

His Mother heard him 'midst her Virgin-Train,
In *Nereus* Palace, built beneath the Main.

(c) *Homer* denominates his *Nerides*, *Glauce*, *Thalia*, and the rest, from the Colour, Fertility, and other Properties and Qualities incident to the Ocean, or Element of Water. Of these *Hesiod* in his *Theogon.* and *Pindar* in *Ischmias* Ode 6. reckon fifty.

^(c) *Glauce*, *Thalia*, and *Cymodoce* were,
Nesaea, *Spio*, *Thoa*, *Halia* there,
Cymothoe, *Actaea*, *Limnoria*,
Amphithoe, *Agave*, and *Melita*,
Iera, *Doto*, *Proto*, *Pherusa*,
Dynamene, and *Callianira*,
Dexamene, *Doris*, and *Amphinome*,
Nemertes, *Galatea*, *Panope*,

Apfendes,

Apseudes, Calixanassa, Clymene,

Oribya, Ianassa, Janire,

Amathia, Mera, and more which haunt the Seas ;

The Silver Cave was full of Goddesses : (plain'd:

All beat their Breasts, whilst thus their Queen com-

Draw near, my dearest Sisters, understand

How much (ah me!) I suffer, who^(d) brought forth

The valiant^(e) Hero ever trod the Earth,

And^(e) bred him like a Plant, where Seasons smile,

Where pleasant Fountains feed a fertil Soil ;

Then sent him to *Ilium* through the boisterous Main,

Against the *Trojans* ; whom I ne'r again

Shall see return to *Peleus* royall Court :

Though a sad Life he lives, both sad and short,

Yet I, who am a Goddess, want the Power

His Life to ease, or adde to it one Hour.

But him I'll see, and hear what dire Event

Makes him thus loud and dolefully lament.

This said, she leaves the Cave; sad Nymphs attend:

And, breaking through divided Waves, th' ascend

To *Troy's* fat Confines, where *Achilles* lay,

Whose drawn-up Vessels fring'd the trending Bay.

To him much fighting she her self convey'd,

And moaning thus in dolefull Accents said ;

Why weeps my Son ? what Grief distracts thee so ?

Grant me a Share and Interest in thy Woe.

Tell me. Great *Jove* hath granted thy Request ;

And now the *Greeks* (since thou wouldst not assist)

Are by the conquering *Trojans* hemm'd in round,

Their Fleet and Armie cou'd up in a Pound.

He, sighing, said ; Heav'n's King hath all this done :

But what was, Mother, dearest to thy Son,

Him whom I most did love, and honour'd most,

One equal to my self, ah ! I have lost ;

And

(d) *Gr. Συμπεριτρέφειν*. So said *Olympia* by her Son *Alexander*, That he was too great for her Interest, *ὡς υπερβολὴν ἔχων ἢ μὲνεν οὐκ ἔπειτα*. Enst.

(e) *Homer* making *Achilles* to be bred up still with his Mother, the more modern Poets make him recommended by his Father *Peleus* to the Tuition of *Chiron*, and that at twelve years of age.

And slaughtering *Heſtor* that rich Armour wears
Which the bleſt Planters of the glittering Spears
Gave *Peſeus*, when they brought thee to his Houſe,
And thou Immortal didſt a Mortal ſpouſe.
It had been better thou thy Life hadſt led
'Mongſt Nymphs, and never known a humane Bed:
For at my Death thou wilt extremely mourn,
Who ne'r ſhalt ſee me to thy Court return.
I would not live, nor more with Men converſe,
But that my Spear muſt *Heſtor*'s Boſome pierce,
And he to my inſatiate Vengeance yield
Some Satisfaction for *Patroclus* kill'd.

Then weeping ſhe; Ah! Son, thy Fate draws nigh:
Soon after *Heſtor*'s Fall expect to die.

And fit I ſhould, ſighing *Achilles* ſaid,
Be cauſe my deareſt Friend I did not aid,
Who far from Home gave up his vital Breath,
By me not reſcu'd from the Jaws of Death.
Now ſince I ne'r ſhall ſee my Native Shore,
Nor did *Patroclus* help, nor many more
Whom *Heſtor* ſlew, nor from my Fleet march'd forth,
But burthen'd, like an uſeleſs Load, the Earth,
When none in Valour may with me compare,
Though at Deſigning others better are;

(f) By this he inſinuates *παροργισμὸν* & *ἔρις*, the vaſt Dominion of Paſſion and Choler, from which the Gods themſelves are not exempted. *Heraclitus*, judging that all things were continued in their being long of the mutuall Enmity and Contrariety of the Elements, of which all things conſiſt, faults *Homer* for making his *Achilles* deſire the general Diſſolution of the Univerſe; which Wiſh yet, were it ſuch as he conceives, might well be indulged to that Hero's height of Paſſion for the Loſs of ſo endeared a Friend. *Euſt.*

(g) Theſe Lines are much admired by the Ancients, who ſay that hence not onely *Plato* took his Diviſion of the Soul into its three Faculties, *θυμὸν*, *λογικὸν*, and *ἐπιθυμητικὸν*, the irascible, rational, and concupiſcible, as hinted in thoſe three words in theſe Verſes, *χολῶ*, *πυλόμενα*, and *μείλιτ'* but *Ariſtotle* alſo his Definition of Choler, which he makes to be *ζῆλος καὶ περιχυδία αἵματος* & *ἔρξις ἀνελυμμένη*, the Ebullition of the Blood in the Heart out of a deſire of returning what ever grieves and afflicts us: a Deſcription implied in the word here, *καυιδε*, *Smoke*, which ever preſuppoſeth Fire. *E. B.*

(f) Ah! that both Gods and Mortals would aſſwage
(g) Paſſion, which often makes the wiſeſt rage,
Sweeter then Hony, yet makes Choler keen,
Sending foul Vapours from th' obſtructed Spleen.
Though juſt Occaſion me *Atrides* gave
Of Diſcontent, yet all that's paſt I'll wave,
And to the preſent Exigent ſubmit,
That him who ſlew *Patroclus* I may meet.

Then

Then let the Gods and *Jove* their Pleasure doe.

Nor could ^(b) *Alcides*, dear to *Jove*, eschew

Pale ⁽ⁱ⁾ Death, pursu'd by cruel *Juno's* Hate,

And so must I fall by all-conquering Fate;

But first I'll purchase everlasting Fame.

Then shall some long-veil'd beauteous *Trojan* Dame,

Sighing extremely, with her softer Hand

Dry up her Tears: then shall they understand

'Tis ^(k) long since I engag'd. But now the Field

To wave, shouldst thou persuade, I would not yield.

Then she; Well hast thou said, dear Son: Our best

We ought to doe for Friends that are distrest.

But thy bright Arms the Enemy hath got,

And they are fain to slaughtering *Hector's* Lot;

Which long he shall not thus triumphant wear,

His Fate approaching near. Awhile forbear,

Untill the rising Sun Earth's Bosome warms,

Then I'll present thee with *Vulcanian* Arms.

This said, she to her Sisters turning spake;

To *Nereus* watry Court your selves betake,

And say, to *Jove's* high Palace I am gone,

To get celestiall Armour for my Son,

The Nymphs obeying, she no Time delay'd,

But mounts *Olympus*, *Vulcan* to persuade.

Meanwhile the routed *Græcians* fled before

Hector, dismay'd, and fill'd the streightned Shore:

Nor could they fairly with the Corps retire,

Whilst the fierce *Trojans* charg'd like raging Fire.

Thrice *Hector* fastned on *Patroclus* Feet;

The sturdie *Ajaxes* as often beat

Him from his Prize: yet still he charg'd, or stood

Shouting aloud, what Ground he got, made good.

A Lion so, whom Rusticks undertake,

Derides their Force, nor will his Prey forsake.

(b) Thus *Lucretius*, from the Example of many famous Personages who trod that Path before them, persuades men patiently to submit to their Dissolution, lib. 3. in fine; instancing, among others, in *Homer*, as no way inferior to the other Potentates he there recounts.

Hoc etiam tibi tunc interdum dicere possis,

Lumina sis oculis etiam bonus Ancu' reliquit,

Quis melior multis quam tu, &c.

But this lay to thy Heart, Death did dispatch

Good *Ancus*, much thy better, impious Wretch!

And many Princes more in Dust are lay'd,

Who grand Affairs and mighty Nations sway'd.

And he of old who levell'd the vast Main,

And brought his Army o're the purple Plain,

Taught fawning Waves beneath his Foot to creep,

Insulting o're loud Murmurs of the Deep,

Now conquer'd fills vast Musters of the dead.

Those Thunderbolts of War, proud *Carthage* Dread,

The *Scipio's*, gave their Bones up to their Graves;

Their Obsequies no better then a Slave's.

And those who Arts and Sciences first found,

And who *Parnassus* forked Turrets crown'd,

'Mongst whom once *Homer* did the Sceptre sway,

All these in quiet Slumber lie in Clay.

And last of all, *Democritus* the Sage,

When he perceiv'd his Munde impair'd by Age,

Freely to Death resign'd his hoary Head:

And *Epicurus*, the World's Wonder's dead,

Who all the Learned Crew outshin'd as far,

As the bright Sun at Noon a Midnight Star.

(i) Of all things Death onely is inexorable, according to that of *Epicurus*, *προς ὅμ' ἅλλα δυνατόν ἀσφαλές ποιεῖσθαι, χάριν δ' οὐκ ἔστι πάντες ἀνθρώπων πόλιν ἀτρέχον ὁκῆμαν.*

(k) Which yet was but thirteen Days: onely he accounts the time long in respect both of the great pleasure he took in Chivalry, as also the many various Occurrences and continuall Encounters in the interim. *Enst.*

And

And he had purchas'd then immortal Fame,
Had not from *Juno* to *Achilles* came
Iris, in private sent : to whom she said ;

Thy Friend (thou dreadfullest of Mortals) aid,
Whose Corps both *Greeks* and *Trojans* strive to gain;
(Hot's the Dispute, on both Sides many slain)
These to the Fleet to bear, and those to drag
The same to *Troy* : and *Hector* makes his Brag,
That he his Head will fix upon a Spear.

If Shame can move thee, rise, and lie not there :
Should Dogs or ravenous Vulturs him deface,
Thy Fame would be eclips'd with foul Disgrace.

Achilles then ; Ah ! who of all the Gods
Sent thee, blest Virgin, from their steep Aboads ?

Juno, said *Iris*, me this Task hath giv'n,
Unknown to *Jove* and all the Gods in Heav'n.

How shall I go, said he, 'mongst loud Alarms
And bloody Conflicts, when they have my Arms ?
To charge the Foe my Mother me forbad,
Till she had brought a Suit by *Vulcan* made.

(k) He took not the Arms of *Patroclus*, either for that he would not appear in Field in any other then his own, lest it should render him contemptible to the Foe, who, being now Masters of the Field, were high and insolent ; or for that *Automedon* had them then on, the better to amuse the Enemy, and make them conceit, seeing his old Driver, *Patroclus* to have been *Achilles*. Schol.

(k) None else will serve m', except great *Ajax* Shield ;
But he himself, I think, still keeps the Field.

Then she ; That they thy Armour have, we know ;
Yet on the Rampire thou thy self mayst show,
And with thy Presence make the Foe retreat,
That so thy Friends may some Cessation get.

This said, she vanishing, *Achilles* rose ;
Pallas her Shield o're his broad Shoulders throws,
And a dark Cloud about his Temples roll'd,
Edg'd with bright Fire, and purl'd with flaming Gold.
As from a Castle in a distant Isle

(l) The Ancients, their Cities being beleaguered, made a Smoak and Smother upon their Walls by Day, and Fires by Night, to invite their Neighbours and Associates to their Assistance. Schol.

(l) Smoak fumes to th' Skies, (fierce Enemies the while
All Day attempting 't) then large Fires at Night
Gild darker Waves, and make the Ocean bright ;

That

That their Allies may their Condition know,
And man out Ships against the pressing Foe:
Such sparkling Fires about his Temples shine.
Then going forth he walks upon the Line:
Nor mixt he with the *Greeks*, but (close in's Cloud)
He, as his Mother charg'd, roars out aloud.

Pallas re-echoes. Straight the *Trojans* were
In great Confusion; struck with *Panick* Fear.

(m) As a shrill (n) Trumpet summoneth a Town,
'Fore which the drawn-up Enemy sits down:

Such was his Voice, presaging future Woe.

Their boggling Steeds affrighted backward goe,

Their discomposed Charioteers retire,

When they beheld his Brows impal'd with Fire.

Thrice he aloud calls standing on the Banks;

As often tremble their confounded Ranks.

There thrice (o) twelve Hero's were of Life bereft,

Who, from their Chariots faln, their Javelins left.

Whilst they the Body bore to their Redoubt,

And laid it on a Bier, sad Friends about

Him weeping throng: *Achilles* follow'd, drown'd

In Tears, viewing *Patroclus* deadly Wound,

Whom he'd sent out the *Trojans* off to drive

With Horse and Foot, ne'r to return alive.

Then the unwilling Sun great *Juno* bids

In Western Seas straight cool his fiery Steeds,

That so the weary *Greeks* might breathe a while

From dire Hostility and bloody Toil.

The *Trojans* too their gotten Ground forsook,

And, troubled, out their panting Horses took,

Calling a Council e're they went to Meat.

All so astonish'd were, that none durst sit,

Since they *Achilles* on the Works beheld,

Who now had long been absent from the Field.

(m) So *Sophocles*, in his *Ajax Locrinus*, (*Ulysses* in him) resembles *Minerva's* Voice to a Trumpet:

ἢ οὐ γὰρ Ἀδμήτῃ, (οὐλομένης ἑμὸς θυμὸς)
ὧς ἐμυαδῆς σε, καὶ ἀπομῆθε ἦς, ὅμως
φώνη' ἀλῶν, ἢ ζυμάρη' αἰσθῆναι,
καλλοσύνην κώδων' ὡς Τυρσηνικῆς;

Thy Voice, O *Pallas*, (whom I own
Before all Gods) with ease is known:
Though thou appear'st not, it resounds,
And like a *Tyrchen* Trumpet sounds.

(n) *Homer* writes this by a *Prolepsis*, relating to the Times himself liv'd in, Trumpets being not known during the Wars of *Troy*, they sounding then with the Shells onely of Fishes. *Schol.* Of these the Ancients mention six sorts; the first invented by *Minerva*, the second by *Osiris*, the third the *Galatian* Trumpet, the fourth the *Paphlagonian*, the fifth the *Median*, the sixth the *Tyrchenian*. *Eust.*

(o) Either twelve in all, or twelve at every Shout, as before *Patroclus* slew three times nine.

Polydamas then, for Prudence most renown'd
 Of all in *Troy*, whose Judgment was profound,
 (*Hector* and him one Day brought forth to Light:
 'This better could advise, That better fight)
 Thus said; Friends, be advis'd, make no Delay,
 Let's draw our weary Army in e're Day.
 Whilst stern *Achilles* 'gainst *Atrides* rag'd,
 So long the Foe we easily engag'd:
 Then I believ'd their Navy we should seize;
 But now as much I doubt *Æacides*,
 Whose haughty Soul, spurr'd on by eager Hope,
 Will not permit him here i'th' Field to stop,
 Where we have fought, but, putting us to Flight,
 He'll for our Wives and wealthy City fight.
 Trust my Advice, ^(p) retreat we back to *Troy*,
 While Night *Achilles* forceth still to lie.
 Should we attend his Fury till the Day,
 Who then could that impetuous Torrent stay?
 Glad would the best then be to scape away,
 Whilst Dogs and Vulturs made our Friends their
 Ah! may such Tidings never strike my Ear. (Prey.
 But if, though hard, my Counsel you will hear,
 March Home, and there on lofty Turrets stand,
 Let your Redoubts and Bulwarks well be mann'd:
 And when the Dawn hath Day's bright Blossoms
 In Steel compleatly arm'd defend your own, (blown,
 There shall he greater Difficulties meet,
 Then on these Plains us charging from the Fleet.
 When he shall find the Service grown more tough,
 And his then Crest-faln Horses tir'd enough,
 He will be glad to draw off all his Power;
 And him first Dogs and Vulturs shall devour.
 Then *Hector* frowning said; Thou still dost thwart
 My bold Designs, still my Opposer art.

Wouldst

(p) So *Enripides* in *Phœnissæ*,

'Ασφαλὲς γὰρ ἐστὶν ἀμύνων ἢ θρασυῖ κατὰ
 λῆπτι.
 The war is fore th' o're-daring I prefer.

Wouldst thou we should within our Walls retreat ?

Have we not been enough beleaguer'd yet ?

We through the World admired were of old

(q) For vaster Banks of Silver, Brass and Gold :

Now our exhausted Treasuries are spent,

(r) And our sold Goods are to *Maonia* sent,

Through great *Jove's* Ire ; who now, aton'd again,

Bids fire their Fleet, and drive them to the Main.

Fool ! let such idle Counsel now alone,

For none shall listen to't ; I'll suffer none

To follow thy Advice. Refreshment take,

Double your Guards, and strong your Watches make.

(s) If any too solicitous takes Care

Of his got Wealth, let his Companions share,

Let him his Goods to publick Use imploy ;

Rather than *Greeks* let any it enjoy.

Next, early in the Morning let us arm,

And give them at their Navy an Alarm.

Then if *Achilles* will, he may engage :

I shall not fly, but boldly stand his Rage.

He Fame from me, or I from him shall gain,

Since oft the Conquerour is in killing slain.

Hector's bold Speech the *Trojans* well receiv'd,

Whom *Pallas* of their Judgments had bereav'd.

His fatal Counsel took : not one Man stood

Forgrave *Polydamas*, though th' Advice were good.

Then the whole Army to their Supper went.

The *Greeks* *Patroclus* all that Night lament ;

Achilles 'mongst the wofull Mourners chief,

O're-whelm'd in not-to-be-decyphe'r'd Grief.

On his Friend's Breast his Hands he laying sobs

Wth deep-fetch'd Sighs, & with Heart-breaking Throbs.

As breaks a shaggy (t) Lion from the Wood

After a Swain who stole his savage Brood,

(q) *Priam* was accounted the most potent and opulent Prince of all his Contemporaries, having Golden Mines. So *Strabo* lib. 14. in *Abydos*.

(r) He means, that their great Treasure was exhausted to pay and gratifie their Auxiliaries, most of which were of *Lydia*, or *Maonia*, and *Phrygia*.

(s) *Δαδὸν δὲ ὁ πᾶσι τὸν φόβον* *καὶ τὴν πᾶσι τὴν ψυχὴν*, *Wealth* making men *timorous* and unwilling to expose their *Lives*, though for the Defence of their dearest Relations. Thus was *Constantinople* lost through the Avarice of the Citizens, the vast Treasure that was found in it being able to have secur'd it against that puissant Foe, the *Turk*.

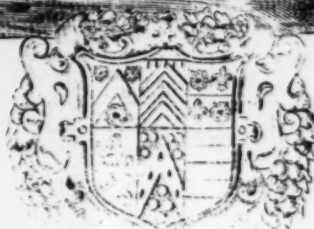
(t) The male Lion never takes care of his Whelps, but the female ; who also hath the greater Beard, as the male the fairer Mane.

Tracing his Foot he hunts from Place to Place;
 Grief and Revenge doubling the Monster's Pace:
 Such were his Sighs, who to the *Myrm'dons* said;
 Ah! I a vain and fruitless Promise made,
 Saying, to chear *Menæti*us, I his Son
 Would bring to *Opoëis* when the War was done,
 And we the Spoils of wealthy *Troy* had shar'd.
 But Humane Vows little the Gods regard:
 For both our Blouds must *Trojan* Earth distain,
 And *Peleus* me no more shall entertain,
 Nor my dear Mother; here must I descend,
 And thee, *Patroclus*, 'mongst pale Shades attend.
 Yet e're that I erect thy Monument,
 Thee I'll with *Hector's* Head and Arms present;
 And twelve more noble *Trojans* shall expire,
 To please thy *Manes*, on thy Funeral Pyre.
 Till then thy Corps I'll here imbalmed keep,
 Where *Trojan* Dames shall round about thee weep,
 And Day and Night shall spend in shedding Tears,
 Exquisite Beauties, whom our conquering Spears
 Purchas'd when we their Cities levell laid.
Achilles his Attendants bids (this said)
 To set a mighty Trevet on the Fire,
 That they from clotted Gore the Corps might clear.
 This done, a massie Caldron on they fix,
 Then pour in Water, and put under Sticks.
 Incircling Flames the Belly of the Pot
 Beleaguer round, the Liqueur straight grows hot.
 Soon as warm Bubbles play within the Brims,
 They bath and with ^(u)rich Oil anoint his Limbs,
 Filling his Wounds with Balsam nine Years old.
 Then on the Bier they lay the Body roll'd
 Up in pure Linen quite from Foot to Head,
 And over all a pure white Garment spread.

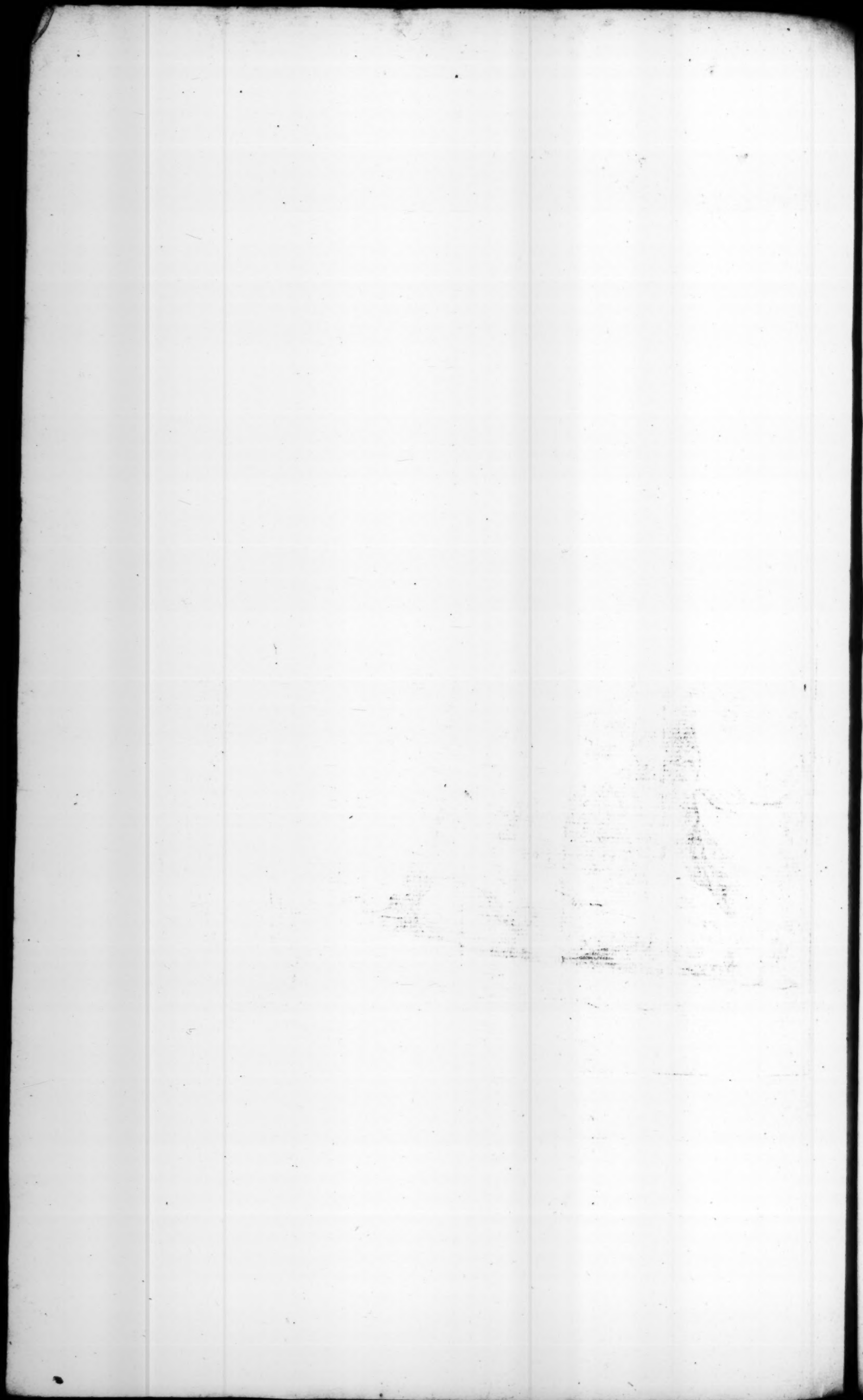
(u) Gr. αλείφαρ ἐννέητος, Oil nine years old, such having a Medicinall quality above that which is newer. Others make it ἑξαετηρίην η, some Composition to prevent Putrefaction, such as the Oil of Cedar, &c. *Enf.*



Edoardo Bysshe de
Surrey Armiger.



Smaltzfeld in Comitatu
Tabulam hanc. DDD. LM. 10.
Lib. 15. 17. 29



This done, all Night they round *Achilles* fate,
Lamenting much *Patroclus* wofull Fate.
When *Jove* his Wife and Sister both thus jeers;
Thou hast thy Will, *Achilles* now appears.
The *Gracians* sure from thee descended are.

Then she; Ah *Jove*! such Language thou mightst spare.
One Man another may assist, although
Mortal he be, nor deeper Counsels know:
But I, Heav'n's Queen, of Goddesses supreme,
Thy Wife and Sister, a *Saturnian* Stem,
Of equal Extract, ought not I assuage
By *Trojans* Bane my just-conceived Rage?

Whilst thus these Gods discourse, *Thetis* repairs
To *Vulcan's* Roofs, emboss'd with Golden Stars:
Though lame, his Courts were well contriv'd and large.
He, sweating at the Bellows in his Forge,
Had twenty ^(x) Tripods made, and richly gilt,
To stand about the Walls which he had built.
But on th'elaborated Handles yet,
Adorn'd with gilded Bosses, were not set.
As he himself thus busied at his Trade,
Thither the Goddess her Addresses made.

^(y) *Charis*, grim *Vulcan's* Spouse, who much excell'd
In Beauty, *Thetis* entring first beheld,
And, taking her by th' Hand, to her thus said;

What Business, fair-cloath'd Goddess, did persuade
Thee to our Court, who ne'r wert here before?
Approch, and tast our hospitable Store.

This said, leading the Way she passeth on,
And plac'd the Goddess in a Silver Throne:
Then hastning to her Spouse to him thus said;

Thetis is here, who wants thy speedy Aid.

(x) These Tripods, which were *αὐτόματα* and *αὐτοκίνητοι*, moving of themselves, were Vessels *ἀναθηματικοί*, and *ἀπυρρι*, not us'd about the Fire, but hung up in the Temples of the Gods, being more for Sight and Ornament than Service. Thus the *Rhodians* made Statues so to the life, that those that saw them took them to be alive, and chain'd them down, to prevent their escape: *ἀλύστοι ἔχουσιν αὐτὰ, ἵνα δὴ δυνμὶ κινδύνῳ φύγον. ἡνίκουται δ' ἄρα οἱ ἰκνηῖται διὰ τὰ πύργα δεσμῶ, τὸ πρὸ ὀλίγον αὐτοκίνητοι τῶν ἀγαλμάτων ἔχουσιν.* Such likewise were the Statues of *Dædalus*, indued not with Motion onely, but also Speech; of which thus *Hecuba* in *Euripides*,

Εἴ μοι χροῖτο φθόγγῳ ἐν βραχέσσιν,
καὶ χροῖ, καὶ ὡμαῖν, καὶ ποδῶν βίβασιν,
ἢ δαδάλου τέχνην, ἢ θῶν πνέου.

Could every Limb my Thoughts declare,
My Hands, my Arms, my Gates, my
Hair,
By *Dædalus* Art, or else some God's more
rare.

(y) *Charis* is made to accompany not with *Somnus* onely, but also with *Vulcan*, διὰ τὸ ἐπὶ τῶν ἐν πυρὶ δημιουργημάτων, to signify the great Excellence and Use of such pieces of Work as are forg'd out by Fire, together with the high Complacency men take in the exquisite Pieces of some accurate Hand. For which reason *Vulcan* is joyn'd also to *Venus*, χαριστήρ Ἀφροδίτης, the most amiable of all the Goddesses. He styles *Charis* here καλὴ fair or lovely, διὰ τὸ παραπρόσωπον ἰδὲ ὁ μόνον τῶν λαμβανόντων, ἀλλὰ καὶ ὃ δίδων, to insinuate the

Joy and Delight which not onely he that receives a Courtship takes in it, but he also that does it: he that confers though never so great a Benefit joying in it, according to that of *Hesiod*, — χαίρει γὰρ πρὸς καὶ μῆλα δίδας as he that loveth, though never so little, grieves and mourns. *Est.*

To

(2) *Juno*, disdaining that without her Concurrence *Jupiter* brought forth *Pallas*, to be even with him for it, brought forth *Vulcan* by her self; whom, being born lame, (loathing his Deformity) she cast out of Heaven: though *Homer* makes his Lameness not natural, but adventitious, long of *Jupiter*, who threw him into *Lemnos*, for attempting to rescue his Mother, hung up by him with an Anvil at either Foot. Of this Lameness of his, how it was contracted, thus *Juno* in the Hymn to *Apollo*:

Καὶ νῦν ὅσπιν ἐμὸν τέκα γλαυκῶπι 'Α-
θλῶν,
"Ἡ πᾶσιν μαχέσσοι μεταπρέπει ἀδανάτῃσι.
Αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἠπιδανὸς γέρονι μετὰ πάσι
θεοῖσιν
Παῖς ἐμὸς ἦραυτο, ῥιπὸς πόδας. ἐν τέκον
αὐτῇ,
"Εἰς ἀνὰ χρεὶν ἐλῶσα, καὶ ἐμβαλὼν ἐνρίπῃ
πόσιν.
Ἄλλὰ ἐ Νηρηΐδ' ἀνὰ γαίης αἰγυρεπέεσσι
διέξατο, καὶ μετὰ ἧσι κατ' ἀγῆστοι κοίμωσαν.

He without me brought forth fair Minerva
forth,
Heav'n's primest Beauty: but my lim-
ping Birth,
Vulcan, most eminent amongst the Gods,
I took by th' Heels, and threw him into th'
Flouds;
Whom Thetis, Nereus Race, did pitying
save,
And with her Kindred foster'd in her
Cave.

(4) *Eurynome*, the Daughter of *Ocea-
nus* and *Tethys*, the Mother of the
three Graces, *Aglaiā*, *Euphrosyne*, and
Thalia.

(b) Παχέας τὰ ἀνω πτερύγεσσι, Such
as be defective in their lower Parts be-
ing still ably made upwards. Enst.

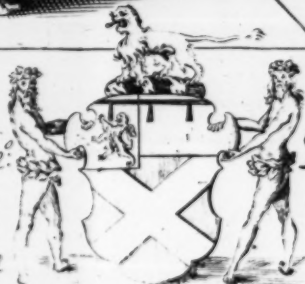
To whom the God, o're-joy'd, did thus reply;
Is *Thetis* here, (2) who me preserv'd when I
Lay in great Torture thrown by *Juno* down,
Who my imperfect Features scorn'd to own?
I then had suffer'd, had not *Thetis* me
Took in her Lap and fair (4) *Eurynome*.
Nine Years these Nymphs there kept me at my Trade;
Bracelets I them, Chains, Clasps and Carkets made,
In a deep Cave, whose Forehead froathie Suds
Wash'd when loud Winds incens'd the boisterous
None but *Eurynome* and *Thetis*, who (Flouds.
Me thus preserv'd, my Forge and Work-house knew.
Some costly Gift I'll to the Heav'nly Dame
Present, to whom so much oblig'd I am.
Do thou an Hospitable Treatment get,
Whilst by my Bellows and my Tools I fet.
This said, the God straight from his Anvil rose,
And thence with shrunk-up Sinews limping goes.
His Bellows first remov'd, next up he locks
His Files and Hammers in a Silver Box;
His Hands, his Face, (b) strong Neck and Hairie Breast
Dries with a Sponge; puts on his Regal Vest;
Takes up his ponderous Sceptre, and quits the Gate.
On him a Train of Golden Virgins wait,
Made to the Life, who'd Voice and rarer Parts,
And by the Gods were taught in *Pallas* Arts.
Then limping to the Goddesses on he made,
And sitting down (her fair Hand grasping) said;
Why honour'st thou, *Thetis* to us most dear,
Our meaner Roof, who ne'r before wert here?
Your Pleasure, Lady: your Commands I will
Gladly, if they be fecible, fulfill.
To *Vulcan* weeping *Thetis* then reply'd;
Of all the Goddesses in Heav'n reside



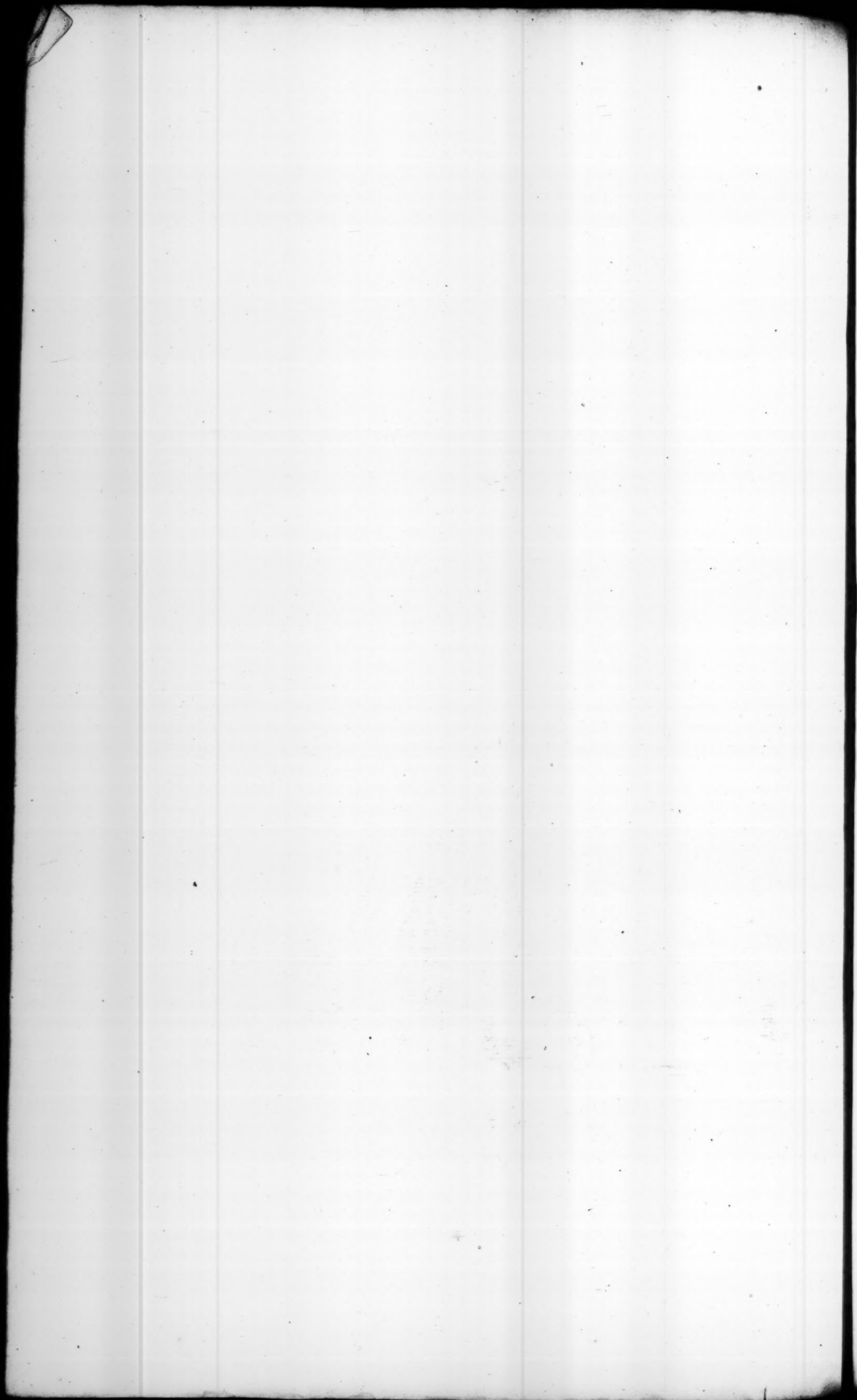
P. Lombart. sculpsit londini

406

Honoratissimo Domino Domi
Maximo Honoratiss. Thomæ
Bruce de Wharletō. Tabulam



Roberto Bruce Filio natu
Comitis de Elgin, & Baronis
hanc. D.D.D. L.M. I.O. ^{Lib. 12.} _{1754.}



I suffer most; since *Jove* on me bestows
 Sparingly Comforts, prodigallie Woes.
 First, ^(c) me of all the Nymphs he forc'd to wed,
 And, 'gainst my Will, to warm a Mortal's Bed,
 Who now, with Age decrepit, keeps his House.
 Next, (what is sadder then a Humane Spouse)
 T' increase my Sorrows, I a Son brought forth,
 The valiant'st Hero ever trod the Earth;
 Who grew up like a Plant where Seasons smile,
 Where pleasant Springs water a fertil Soil.
 To *Troy* I sent him through the boisterous Main,
 Against the *Trojans*, whom I ne'r again
 Shall see return to *Peleus* Royall Court.
 Though a sad Life he lives, both sad and short;
 Yet I, who am a Goddess, want the Power
 That Life to ease, or add to it one Hour.
 Him they a Beauty gave; her from his Tents
Atrides forc'd, whose Loss he still laments.
 Whilst *Hector* and his Troups their Foes surround,
 Couping their Fleet and Armie in a Pound,
 The *Gracian* Chiefs humbly implor'd his Aid,
 And a large Promise of rich Presents made.
 But he, refusing to engage the Foe,
 In his own Arms *Patroclus* bade to goe;
 And forth he sent him with a large Recruit.
 All Day they at the *Scean* Gates dispute,
 And *Troy* had taken, but that *Phæbus*, who
 Still crosseth our Designs, *Patroclus* slew,
 (Then doing Wonders) to raise *Hector's* Name.
 On this Account I Suppliant hither came.
 Arms for my short-liv'd Son of thee I crave;
 Let him a Shield, Cask, Greaves and Corset have;
 Since his great *Hector* wears, *Patroclus* slain,
 Whose Losse *Achilles* still laments in vain.

(c) *Apollodorus* relates how that
Jupiter and *Neptune* being Corrivals;
 either contending who should enjoy
Thetis, *Jupiter*, being by her refused, as
 not willing to injure *Juno*, who bred
 her, was so highly incens'd at it, that he
 forced her to marry *Peleus*, a Mortal;
 whose Embraces she for a long time
 eluding by frequent altering her Form,
 was at length surpriz'd by him sleeping
 in a Cave, (betray'd to him by *Proteus*)
 and forc'd to submit. Others make
 them most formally and ceremoniously
 married, in the greatest state and pomp
 was possible, and the Gods themselves
 present at the Solemnity.

Then

Then *Vulcan* thus; Thy Passion, *Thetis*, curb,
 Let not such Cares thy quiet Breast disturb.
 Would I as well could keep off cruel Fate,
 And give his shorter Life a longer Date,
 As make him Arms: I such for him will mould,
 As all the World shall wonder to behold.

This said, he straight revisited his Forge,
 Blow'd up the Fire, and gave to each their Charge.
 Twice ten huge pair of Bull-skin Bellows roar,
 And dying Flames with kindling Breath restore.
 Now eagerly, anon he gently blew,
 That he the Work might better carry through.
 In crackling Flames he threw Steel, Tin and Brass,
 Commixing Gold and Silver with the Mass.

A ponderous Anvile on the Stock he heaves:
 One Hand his Sledge, th' other his Tongs receives;
 And at one Heat he shapes a wondrous Shield,
 Whose ample Margents glitter trebly steel'd.
 To which he straight a Silver Baldrick joyn'd,
 And with thick Plates five-double strongly t'lin'd.

But on the Shield in great varietie
 The Artist grav'd the Earth, the Sea, the Skie,
 Sun, Moon and Stars, that gild Heav'n's ample Sphere,
 The ^(d) *Pleiades*, ^(e) *Hyades*, ^(f) *Orion*, the ^(g) *Bear*,
 (Which, ^(h) pointing at *Orion*, 's call'd *Charles Wain*)
⁽ⁱ⁾ Whose Wheels ne'r dip beneath the swelling Main.

(d) The seven Daughters of *Atlas*, call'd *Pleiades* from their Mother *Pleione*, the Daughter of *Oceanus*. They were Companions to *Diana*, who, being pursued by *Orion*, and like to be forced by him, pray'd to the Gods rather to transform them; which they did, making them a Constellation in the Shoulder of *Taurus*. Their Names were, *Maia*, *Taygete*, *Celano*, *Merope*, *Sterope*, *Alicyone*, and *Electra*: which last, rather than be an Eye-witnesse of the sacking of *Troy*, a City founded by her Issue, deserted her Station, and so lessened their Number; the *Pleiades* being since but six, which were formerly seven, one of them being now hardly visible. *Schol.* Others make them first transform'd *eis manadas*, into *Doves*, and thence by Contraction call'd *Pleiades*. *Enst.*

(e) A Constellation consisting of seven Stars in the Front of *Taurus*, call'd *Hyades* either from their Site and Position, which resembles the Greek *Υ*; or for that they are *ὑετων ὁ ὕψιστος αἰτω*, causing and prognosticating Wet. They were the Nurses of *Bacchus*, whom *Jove* commiserating turn'd to Stars when they were persecuted by *Lycurgus*. *Schol.* Their Names, *Ambrosia*, *Coronis*, *Eudore*, *Dione*, *Aisyle*, *Polyxo*. From these *Hyades* *Bacchus* was call'd *ὕαδης*.

(f) *Orion*, quasi *Ourion*, for that he was born of the Urine of *Jupiter*, *Nepenthe* and *Mercurie*, wrapp'd up in the Hide of a new-slain Oxe, and buried ten Moneths in the Ground; they so gratifying his Father *Hyreus*, who was childless, for his high Civilities and liberal Entertainment. *Schol.* He was slain for attempting *Diana*, stung to death by a Scorpion purposely rais'd by her, whence by an Antipathy *Orion* still sets (*κατακύνει*) when *Scorpio* riseth. *Orion* was of that Stature that the Ocean it self, he walking on Foot through it, came no higher then his Shoulders. To which some conceive *Homer* here relates by his *ὄψιν ὁρᾷ*. Of whose extraordinary Height thus *Virgil*, *Æn.* 10.

quàm magnus Orion,
 Cùm pedes incedit, medii per maxima Nerei
 Stagna viam scindens, Humero supereminet undas.

So tall *Orion* through the swelling Tides
 Marcheth on Foot, the Waves scarce reaching's Sides.

(g) The greater: the lesser, call'd *Cynosura*, from his Dog-like Tail, being unknown to *Homer*, as not found out till after by *Thales*, one of the seven Sages. *Schol.* *Jupiter* being enamoured of *Callisto*, the Daughter of *Lycan*, *Juno* in Revenge turn'd her to a Bear; which *Jupiter* remov'd into Heaven, fixing her near the Northern Pole. The *Græcians* sailing by *Helice*, or the greater Bear, were thence call'd *ἰλιώνες*; the *Phœnicians* being the first that sailed by the lesser. *Enst.*

(h) As in fear of him, he being an expert Wood-man; *ὅτιν ἴδων ὡς ἀκούει τὴν κυνὸς ὅρνυ*. *Enst.*

(i) A thing not so peculiar to that greater Bear, but that other Constellations of the same Hemisphere enjoy the like Privilege, the lesser Bear, the Dragon, the Left hand of *Bootes*, and *Cepheus* from his Breast to his Feet, being never drench'd in the Ocean.

Next

Next he two ^(c) Cities to the Life exprest.

In one were Nuptials and a solemn Feast:

Brides from the Wedding-houses in great State

With Torches grace the Streets, their Bride-grooms

Youths dance to Cornets or the softer Lyre; (wait;

Grave Matrons standing at their Doors admire:

Judges attentive sit and Pleaders there;

As if before them some great Triall were

About a ^(d) Slaughter-Fine; This testifi'd

That he the Mule had pay'd, and That deni'd.

By Arbitration both would end the Suit.

Counsel on each Side pleading loud dispute.

The Marshals Silence make; the Judges all

In polish'd Marble fate amidst the Hall,

Had Heralds Sceptres in their Hands, that they

Their Verdicts to declare might make their Way.

Two golden Talents lay for him to take

Who to the Merit of the Cause best spake.

Two Armies th' other City round inclos'd,

Who hard and doubtfull Articles propos'd;

Either the Foe must half their States enjoy,

Or totally their Town they would destroy.

These Terms they scorn, and privately prepar'd

An Ambush; ^(m) Wives, Old men and Children guard

Their Walls meanwhile: them *Mars* and *Pallas* lead,

(Large Figures both, in golden Habits clad,

The People less.) The Gods the Fore-ground fill'd,

And standing off conspicuous were beheld.

At last they drew near to a River's Bank,

For Ambush fit, where Sheep and Cattell drank.

Covering their shining Arms, there close they lay,

And plac'd two Scouts, who at due Distance lay,

Untill drawn forth the Flocks and Cattell were.

Soon playing on their Pipes two Swains appear,

(k) *Agellius* makes these two Cities to be *Athens* and *Eleusis*, for that Marriage, with its Ceremonies and Solemnities, were first invented by *Cecrops*, and practis'd in *Athens*; for that *Minerva* here first brought in the Pipe at Weddings, who also gave that City its Name. Here also sa'e the first Judicature that ever took Cognizance of Murder, *Mars* being here acquitted for killing *Alirrborkius* the Son of *Neptune*, being indicted for it before the *Areopagites*, so call'd from the place they sat in, *Mars* his Hill. *Maximus Tyrinus*, *Orat.* 16. understands by these two Cities, one of the *Phaasiens*, and another of *Ithaca*.

(l) Anciently he that had committed a Murder commuted for it, compounding with the State or Kindred of him that was slain, that he might not be necessitated to flee his Country. These Monies they call'd *χρήματα λυτρία*. *Engl.*

(m) Hence *Plato*, in his Books *de Republ.* would have Women taught the use of Arms.

Suspecting nothing; then straight on they flew,
 And, driving off the Prey, the Shepherds flew.
 All rise from Council, suddenly alarm'd
 From bellowing Steers, and mount compleatly arm'd,
 And on the River's Bank the Foe assail.
 From both sides Javelins fly more thick than Hail;
 Strife, Death and Tumult rage in dreadful Shapes:
 This kills, that wounds; this falls, and that escapes:
 Each Party Bodies drag, their Weeds all o're
 And glittering Arms distain'd with purple Gore.
 So to the Life the Battell they maintain,
 Bearing with equal Fortune off their Slain.

There he engrav'd a spacious new-plow'd Field,
 Which sturdie Rusticks⁽ⁿ⁾ three times o're had till'd;
 The stubborn Glebe Sweat and hard Labour tame.
 When they to th' end of the long Furrow came,
 One them presents a brimming Bowl of Wine:
 They drink, then strive to finish their Design.
 Ridges grow rough, and (wonderous to behold)
 The new-plow'd ground look'd black, though burnish'd
 Next he a Field had made of standing Wheat, (Gold.
 On which well arm'd with Sickles Reapers set.
 The golden Crop, now levell'd, hides the Ground
 Where late it stood, in Sheafs by others bound.
 Three Binders there he with Attendants wrought,
 Who *Ceres* riper Fruit in Handfulls brought.
 The silent King, a Sceptre in his Hands,
 With a glad Heart, amidst his Furrow stands.
 Under an Oke his Heralds Meat prepare,
 Where on a slaughter'd Oxe they highly fare.
 Women the Reapers Supper ready make,
 And store of purest Wheat well sifted bake.

To these next *Vulcan* placed loaden Vines,
 Whose purple Grape on golden Branches shines:

Their

(n) The Ancients giving their Fal-
 lows three Tilths, at the Spring, at Sum-
 mer, and at Seed-time, according to
 that of *Hesiod*, *Egy. v. 460*.

Εἰς αὐτὸν πολλὰν ἡμέραν δὲ νεώτερον ἢ οὐκ ἀπα-
 ραί-
 νειον δὲ ἀνίστην ἐν κατὰ χρόνον ἀνέσταν.

Plow in the Spring, again when 't's war-
 mer plow,
 And sow thy Seed t're hard the Fur-
 rows grow.

Their Props were Silver, but the Trench within
Shadow'd look'd black; the Fence-work all was Tin.
Here in a narrow Path the Viner walks,
Plucking ripe Bunches from the loaded Stalks:
Young Men and Virgins, with a modest Miene,
In Baskets bear the Issue of the Vine.
'Mongst whom a Boy play'd on his Harp, and ^(o) sung;
The well-set Parts and Voice concording rung:
The Rusticks dance about him in a Round;
They sing, they shout, and leaping beat the Ground.

There he his Skill on beauteous Cattell try'd,
And their sleek Skins with Gold and Silver py'de.
They bellowing run to Pastures from their Stall,
Where a swift River glides with murmuring Fall.
Four golden Herdsmen by the Cattell stand,
Nine swift Dogs by them ready at Command.
'Mongst these two hungrie Lions seem'd to pull
With Force and Furie down a roaring Bull.
In Dogs and Shepherds come; but they break up
The Beast, and off his Bloud and Entralls sup.
The Dogs, though fierce, fasten not, but abstain,
Fearing to be by such stern Monsters slain,
And, at a Distance standing, onely bark.

Here *Vulcan* drew a pleasant Vale and Park,
Adorn'd with Woods, fair Cottages and Folds,
And fleecie Flocks grazing on fertil Wounds.
There he ^(p) a Dance contriv'd, whose tangling Hays
Shew'd like that ^(q) *Labyrinth*, in former Days
Which *Dædalus* for *Ariadne* made
In lofty *Crete*; that not more Turnings had.

the Son of *Minos* King of *Crete*, after his carrying away the Prize in their *Panathenæa*, *Theseus* being newly come to *Athens* from *Aphidna*, was condemned by *Lot* to make one of that number; but coming to *Crete*, was favoured by *Ariadne*, the Daughter of *Minos*, and by the Ingenuity of *Dædalus* thus preserv'd: He gave *Ariadne* a Bottome of Thred to give to *Theseus*, which, tying one end of it at the Entrance of the *Labyrinth*, he was to unravell till he came to the midst of that Maze, and to wind it up again in his Return. Which observing, and having slain the *Minotaur*, he escaped with safety. After such his Deliverance, he, with the other Youth and Damsels, imitated the puzzling *Meanders* and Windings of the *Labyrinth* in a kind of Dance, the Invention also of *Dædalus*, and exemplified here by *Vulcan* in *Achilles* his Shield. *Schol.*

(o) Gr. *Λίνος* ὁ καὶ ἡγλὸν ἀείδει, he sung sweetly to his Instrument; *λίνον* signifying the Strings on which they play'd, which were anciently of *Linum*; those made after of Guts being accounted unholy and offensive to their Gods: or he sung a Song call'd *Linus*, from one of that name. This *Linus* was the Son of *Amphimarus*, the Son of *Neptunus* and *Urania*, famous for his Musick, and slain by *Apollo* for comparing with him, or (as others) for presuming to alter the Strings of the Harp. His Death was lamented even by the barbarous Nations, inasmuch as the *Egyptians* had an Elegie in the Memory of him; which, being call'd in the *Egyptian* Idiome *Minerion*, the *Greeks* call'd *Linus*. *Pausanias* in *Bæotia*. This, as being an Elegiack Poem; or *Lessus*, *Pamphos*, the ancient *Athenian* Hymnographer, call'd οἰόμενος. Of this *Linus* thus the Epigram,

ὦ Λίνε, μέγα δαίμων τιμωρὸς, οὐδ' ἔδωκεν
Ἀθάνατι πρῶτον μάλ' ἀνδραποιστὴν ἀείδων
Ἐν ποσσὶ δ' ἔειπεν ὡς οὐκ ἔστιν αὐτῷ
Μυεσέμεναι μολπῆν, ἐπεὶ λίμνη λίαν ἀνέγχετο.

*Linus, much lov'd of Heav'n, whom
Powers divine
First taught to draw a happy Line;
The Muses mourn'd themselves for thee,
When thou didst yield to conquering De-
stinie.*

And also *Hesiod*,

Ὀδυσσεύς δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα Λίνον πολυήρατον ἔειπε
Ὅν δὴ θεοὶ βροτοὶ εἶεν ἀοιδὸν καὶ κλέεσσαν
πάντας μὲν ὀλῶμεν ἐν εἰλαπνείῃσι τε καὶ
ποιῆσι,
Ἀρχέβοι δὲ Λίνον καὶ λήροισι καλέεσσαν.
Thou suck'dst, O *Linus*, at *Urania's*
Breasts,
Whom Poets and Musicians at their
Feasts,
Ere they begun or ended, did deplore,
And like a God at sacred Sports adore.

(p) Amongst the Ancients were two Modes of Dancing: the one *ἐπίκρανος*, the *militarie* Dance, whose Motions resembled the *Pyrrichian* Measures, of those of the *Corymbes*; the other call'd *Ilion*, used onely in times of Peace, whose Motions were more like those us'd at the *Orgia*, or Feasts of *Bacchus* East.

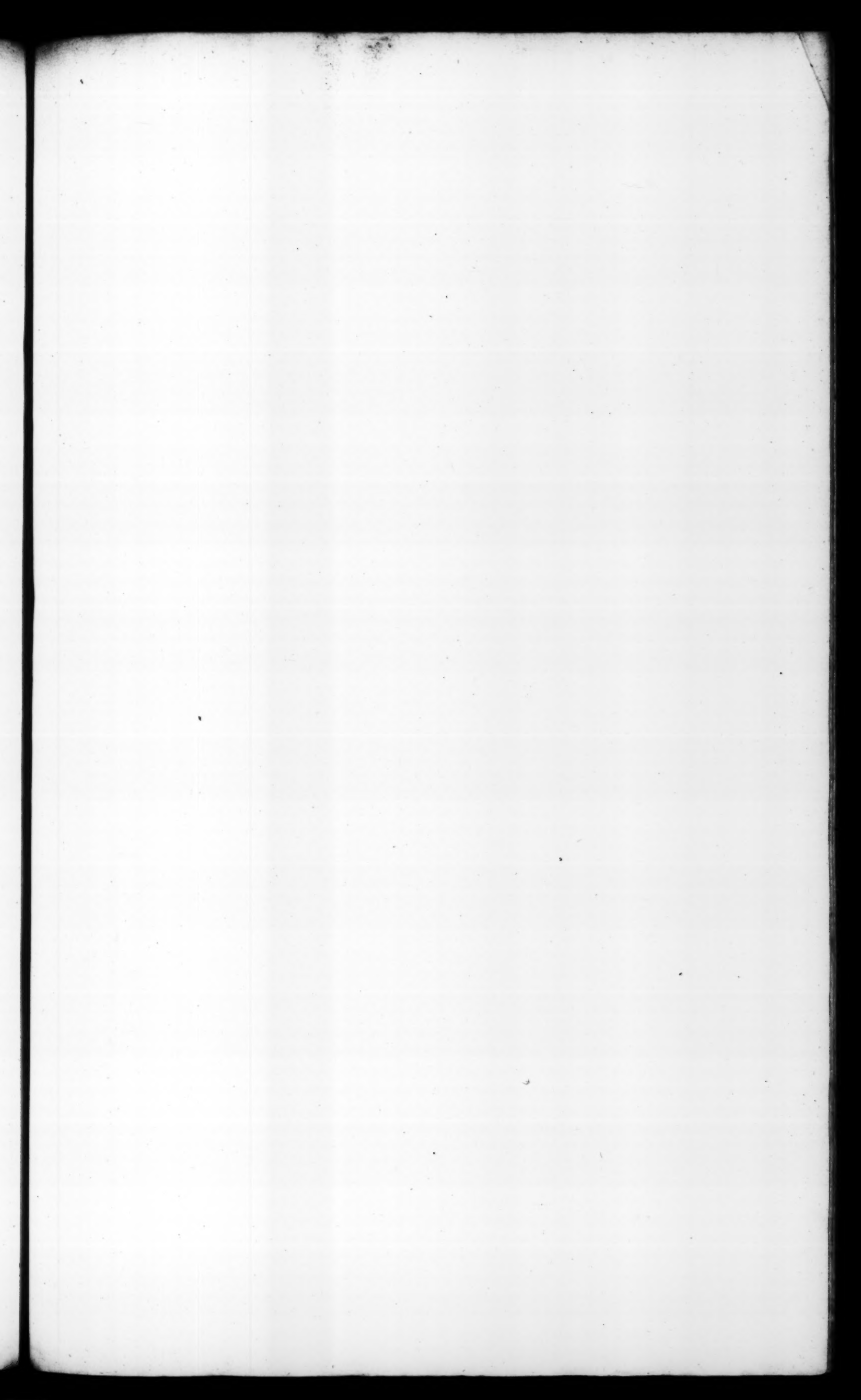
(q) The *Athenians* paying an anniverary Tribute of seven yong Men and Virgins to be devoured by the *Minotaur*, for basely murdering *Androgeus*;

The comely Youth and beauteous Virgins dance,
And Hand in hand retreat and then advance.
Light Weeds the Damofels wore; the Youth had on
Vests whose bright Glos like well-oil'd Varnish shone.
He to the Virgins Chaplets did afford,
T' each Youth a Silver Belt and Golden Sword.
Nimbly a-round they move with Grace and Skill,
(As when a cunning Turner tries his Wheel)
And from their Figures they a thousand ways
Pass and repass with intricated Hays.
Whilst round with great Delight the People throng,
I'th' midst two danc'd and curiously sung.

But the vast Margents of this wonderous Shield
He with the Ocean's swelling Billows steel'd.

This admirable Piece of Work thus done,
He made a Breast-plate which out-shin'd the Sun;
Much Art upon a glorious Helm exprest,
And rarely fits it with a Golden Crest;
The Buskins next with pliant Metall wrought.

These *Vulcan* to *Achilles* Mother brought;
Who, stooping like a Falcon through the Sphears,
The Heav'nly Present to her Off-spring bears.





413

Joanni Dentium Regionum  *operum Praefecto, & Curatori*
Generali. Tabulam  *hanc. L. M. DDD. I. O.*



HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Vulcanian Arms Thetis her Son presents.
All Quarrells end and former Discontents.
His promis'd Gifts Atrides pays. All arm,
Resolv'd to give the Trojans an Alarm.
Haste to revenge his Friend Achilles makes.
Xanthus, his Steed, prophetically speaks.*

NOW bright *Aurora* rose from swelling
Flouds,
Chearing poor Mortals and th' immortal Gods;

When to the Fleet the *Vulcan's* Present bore;
Where lay *Achilles* groveling on the Floor
(Weeping extremely) by his dearest Friend:
Sad Mutes beside him round the Corps attend.
There to her wofull Son Address she made,
Whom wringing gently by the Hand, she said;

Let

(a) *Plato* allows not his Law-giver to prohibit all Mourning for the deceased, but such onely as is unreasonable and immoderate. *Δακρύειν μὲν τὸν τελευτῶντα δεικνύειν, ἢ μὴ, ἀμωμον ὀφείλειν εἶ, καὶ ἔξω τῆς οὐκίας φωνῆν ἐξαγγέλλειν ἀπαγορεύειν, καὶ τὸν νεκρὸν εἰς τὸ φέρον ἐν ποταμῷ ἢ εἰς ἰδῶν, καλῶν, καὶ ἐν ταῖς ἐδῆς ποταμῶν ἐδῆς ἡμετέρας, καὶ ἐν ποταμῷ ἔξω πύλων ἴδ.* So he, *lib. 12. de Legibus.*

(b) Thus *Lucretius* tells us, that men being not at first skill'd in Chirurgery, died eaten up of Worms which ingendred in their Wounds, *lib. 5.*

*At quos Auspium servarat, Corpore adepto,
Posterius tremulas super Ulcera tetra
tenentes
Palmas, horridis accibant vocibus
Orcum:
Donicum eos vitâ privarant Vermina
sava
Expertes opis, ignaros quid Vulnera
vellent.*

But those who scap'd soon after perished,
Whilst they with trembling Hands foul
Ulcers hid.
Calling for Death, Worms them of
Life deprive,
And inbred Vermine feast on them
alive,
Not knowing what to doe, nor what
Wounds were.

(c) Either for that its Colour much resembled that of Wine; or because, drunk, it much increased Blood. *Eust.*

Let the Corps lie; since Heav'n would not prevent
His Fate, let us no longer him ^(a) lament.

Vulcan's rich Present take; the like before
Ne'r humane Eyes beheld nor Mortal wore.

This said, she down her ponderous Burthen flung,
(Stupendious Works;) the high-proof'd Metall rung.
His sad Attendants stood amaz'd, nor could
Such glittering Arms unterrifi'd behold,
But the bright Object swell'd *Achilles* Ire,
And, from his clouded Eyes struck sparkling Fire.
He much rejoyeing up the Present took,
And viewing Piece by Piece, to *Thetis* spoke;

This Gift we, Mother, may a God's Gift call,
Since never Mortal made the like, nor shall.
I now will arm; but much I fear lest Flies
Patroclus Wounds should fix on as he lies,
And, loathsome ^(b) Worms ingendring, in short space
The Marrow taint, corrupting the whole Mass.

Then she; Son, take no Care, those busie Swarms
That on slain Hero's feast and Men at Arms
I'll drive from hence, and keep the Body clear
From noisome Putrefaction, were't a Year.

But call a Council first, and there assuage
Against the King thy just-conceived Rage:
Then arm, and rowse thy Spirits up. This said,
Her Son she stronger and more valiant made.

Ambrosia next with ^(c) purple *Nectar* bruise'd
Into *Patroclus* Nostrills she infus'd,
Which should the Corps preserve both firm and sweet.

Meanwhile *Achilles* throughout all the Fleet
Summon'd the Chiefs, who quickly gather'd were:
Pilots and Helms-men, Suttlers too repair.
Since he appear'd who'd left the Field so long,
From severall Quarters all to th' Meeting throng.

Ulysses

Ulysses first and *Diomed* appear,

(d) Still lame with Wounds, each leaning on his Spear,

And took their severall Places in the Court.

Last *Agamemnon* came, whom *Coon* hurt.

The Princes set, *Achilles* rising said ;

It had for us been better ne'r we had,

Atreides, for a Girl rais'd this Debate,

And with harsh Terms provoked mutuall Hate;

That her (e) *Diana* through the Heart had shot,

When I the Spoils of rich *Lyrnessus* got :

Somany *Grecians* had not then expir'd,

Nor *Hector* for his Prowess been admir'd.

Our Strife I fear the *Greeks* will long repent.

What's past let's wave, and though our Grief's not spent,

Yet since emergent Dangers so disturb,

Let us sworn Passions in our Bosome curb.

I now my boiling Anger will assuage :

I were distracted should I always rage.

Draw thou the Army forth ; let's once more try

If us the daring Foe will fight, or fly.

But all will rather trust their Heels, I fear,

Then stand the Danger of my Vengefull Spear.

The Chiefs, when thus *Achilles* freely had

Disclaim'd all former Discontents, were glad.

Then *Agamemnon*, rising from his Throne,

Stood up, and to the Princes thus begun ;

Bold *Greeks*, intrusted here with prime Commands,

You should attentive be to one who stands :

An able Speaker with a Silver Tongue

Lofeth much Weight 'midst a disturbed Throng,

Where he can neither speak, nor yet be heard.

Achilles I to answer am prepar'd :

Let all to what I say attentive be.

You often formerly have blamed me,

(d) Albeit *Ulysses's* Hurt was in his Side, yet *Homer* makes him as well halt as *Diomed*, who was wounded in the Foot, by reason of the Sympathie of the Parts of the Body one with another. *Schol.*

(e) The Heathen ascribing the immature Deaths of Men to *Apollo*, of Women to *Diana*, the same with *Hecate* and *Proserpine*.

And

(f) Pindar, cited by Clemens Alexan-
drinus Strom. 5. thus acquits God from
being any way accessory to the Offen-
ces of Men: Ζεύς ὁ μὲν δὲ ἅπαντα
δίδωσι, ἐκ δὲ αὐτοῦ διαταγῆς μεγάλαν ἀχλὺν
ἐλλ' ἐν μέτρῳ καὶ κέρει πάντων ἀνθρώπων
ἔσται ὅπασ, ἀγνάν, ἐνομοίαι ἀνέλεοντες
πύρρος Οὐρανός. ὁ δὲ βίαν πᾶσι θεῶν δέχο-
ντες σὺναικον.

(g) Because her Access is secret and
imperceptible, neither to be preven-
ted nor discovered; for which cause he
before calls her *μεγροῖς*, because she
walks in the dark.

(h) Gr. *Εἰαμβία*, the Daughter of
Juno.

(i) That by *Stryx*, which Oath they
held inviolable, and not to be retracted.

(k) *Leucippe*, or, as others, *Antibeia*.

(l) The seventh Month is vital, not
from any Astral cause, but from the
present innate robur of both Mother
and Child; especially its Forwardness,
Thriving and Ripeness, the Mellowness
and Tenderness of its Membranes, Li-
gaments, and the other yielding Parts,
and its Agility, and Aptitude to seek
more Nourishment and larger Space,
then rather exciting its Passage, being
less of Bulk, with the more Ease and
Safety. The best Physicians of this
present and all former Ages ever esteem-
ed this Birth natural, and the best
Lawyers, legitimate. Wharton.

(m) *Eurystheus*, the Grand-child of
Perseus, who, being born the seventh
Month after his Conception, had all
things like-timed, *πῆντα μὲν*, brought
forth the seventh Month, for the Ser-
vice of his Table. Schol.

(n) Which she endeavoured, saith
Pausanias in *Bæot.* by Witches and
Sorcery; all which yet was disappoint-
ed through the Subtily of *Hecate*
the Daughter of *Tiresias*, by her cry-
ing out from an adjoining Room that
Alcmena was delivered; at which Re-
port the other frightened and cheated
gave over their Design. So he. *Εκ.* saith
that the Fates, to prevent the Birth of
Hercules, held their Hands *Digitis pecti-
natum insertis*, their Fingers lock'd one
within another, which loosing upon a
Wesel's running by and frightening them,
their Spell proved ineffectual. Some
feigned him to be nurs'd by a Wesel,
and thence that Creature to be conse-
crated to him.

And my too swelling Passion laid i'th' fault.

When guilty of the Mischief I am not;

But (f) *Jove*, and Fate, and Furies sent from Hell
Bewitch'd me at that Meeting with a Spell:

When from *Achilles* I his Captive took,

Jove's Daughter *Ate* me with Frenzie struck.

(g) Tender of Feet, she on the Ground ne'r treads,

But proudly stalking goes o're Peoples Heads,

Confounding Mortals in their cross'd Affairs,

And still by Turns, now this, now that insnares.

She *Jove* intangling had of him the Odds,

Who is the Father both of Men and Gods.

And *Juno* too out-witted him alone.

When fair *Alcmena* her full Time had gone

With great *Alcides* in the *Theban* Court,

Thus to the Gods he boasting made Report:

Know, all you Powers who here assembled are,

What now this Bosome prompts me to declare;

(h) *Lucina* shall assist a Birth this Day

Who shall the neighbouring Realms and Confines

Such and so bold a Hero he shall be,

(iway:

As those derive their Pedigree from Me.

Then *Juno*, plotting what she meant to act,

Said; Promise keep, nor what thou say'st retract.

Swear (i) the great Oath, One shall be born this Day

(Of thy high Stock) all neighbouring Realms shall

He not at all her subtle Project sents,

(iway.

But swearing rashly, suddenly repents.

The Goddess then from steep *Olympus* flew

To stately *Argos* Palace, where she knew

(k) The beauteous Wife of *Sthenelus* had gone

(l) Seven Months, and gave her straight (m) a lusty Son;

(n) *Alcmena's* Womb, not yet deliver'd, seals;

And thus to *Jove* the joyfull Tidings tells:

Listen,

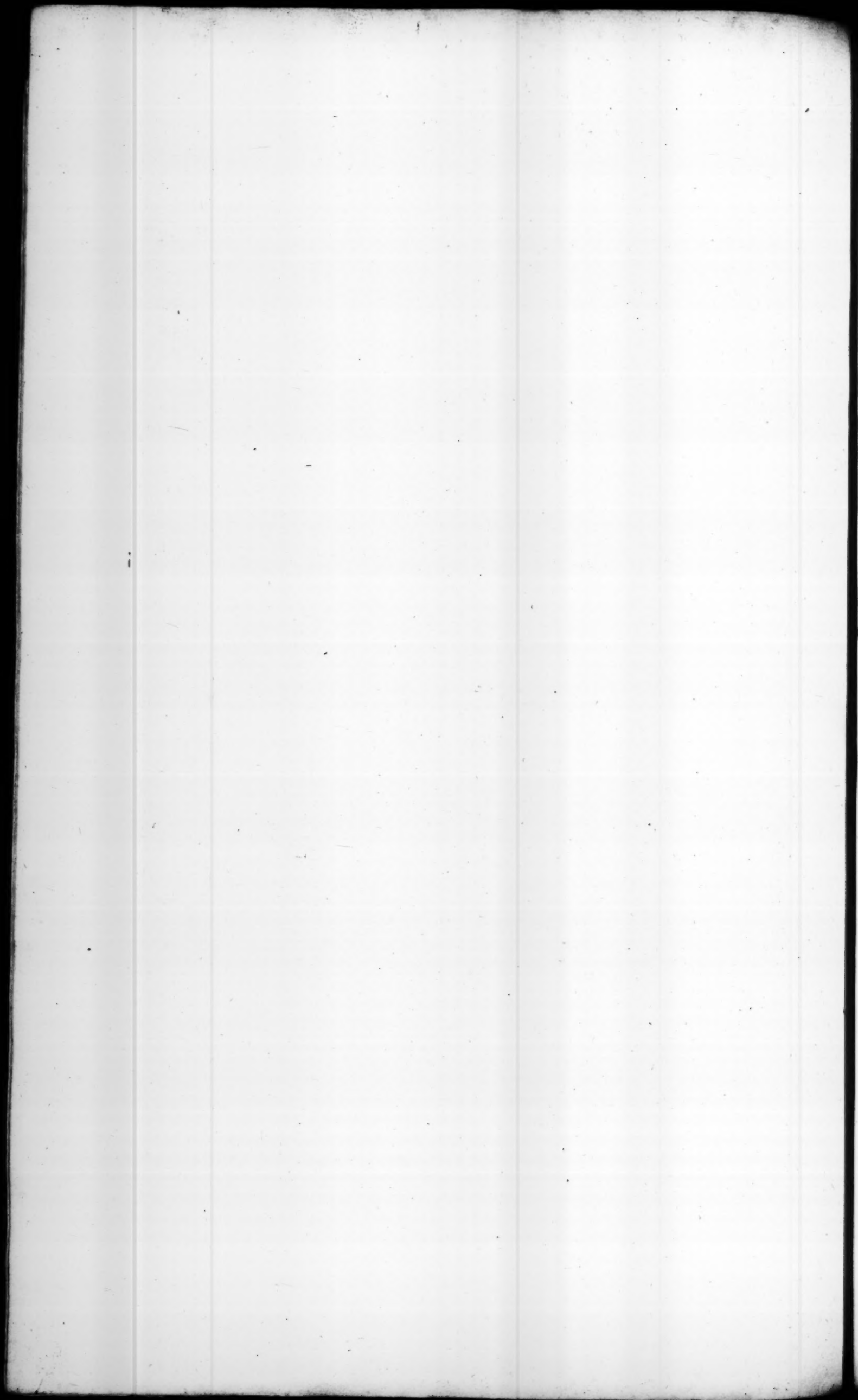


Domine Henrice
Tabulam hanc.



Hildeyerd Armigero.
L. M. D. D. D. I. C.

Lib. 19. 1777. 1801.



Listen, great King, with Joy to what I'll say;
 A Child is born who ample *Greece* shall sway,
Eurystheus, *Stbenelus* Son, thy Progenie,
 Fit to command the Earth as thou the Skie.

Raging to hear himself thus over-match'd,
 He by her Tresses subtile *Ate* catch'd.
 Swearing that she, who made so many mourn,
 Should never to *Olympick* Seats return.
 Her down, this said, (swinging her round) he hurl'd,
 T' inhabit in this sublunarie World.

But oft *Jove* sigh'd when he his Son beheld
 By stern *Eurystheus* to such Toils compell'd.

Such were my Sobs when I stout *Hector* view'd
 Amidst our Fleet with *Græcian* Bloud imbu'd.
 Now since I could not banefull *Ate* wave,
 And *Jove* with dire Distractions made me rave,
 I now shall strive thy Favour to redeem,
 And thee appease with Gifts of great Esteem.
 Then lead thy valiant Squadrons forth to fight,
 And what *Ulysses* promised last Night,
 When at thy Tent humble Address he made,
 Before we take the Field shall here be paid.
 Straight our Attendants from our Royall Tent
 Such Gifts shall bring as thou shalt well resent.

Then he ; Great King, your profer'd Gifts you may,
 As you think fit, either detain or pay :
 But we must first of rough Encounters think,
 Nor flying hither thus for Safety shrink :
 Arm then, a ^(o) mighty Work is yet to doe.
 When in the Front men shall *Achilles* view,
 How with my Spear the Enemy I rout,
 Then let each *Greek* his *Trojan* single out.

Then *Ithacus* ; Thou whom no Foil can wrong,
 Who, like a God, art valiant swift and strong,

H

Draw

(o) The interring *Paradeis*, or killing of *Hector*.

Draw not our Troups out fasting where they may
 Not for a Brush, but probably all Day,
 The *Trojans* fight, since both Sides *Jove* inspires,
 And both with equal Strength and Furie fires.
 To take Repast the Army first enjoyn,
 Viands our Strength recruit, our Valour Wine.
 The proudest Man grows feeble wanting Meat,
 Fighting till *Sol* in Western Billows set.
 Although his Heart be good, his Strength will fail,
 When Thirst and Hunger him at once assail :
 But he whose Belly struts with Meat and Drink
 Shall stand all Day the Foe and never shrink ;
 His Heart keeps up, his Limbs no Rest require,
 Untill both Parties from the Field retire.
 Sending the People then to their Repast,
 Let *Agamemnon* see the Gifts be plac'd
 In open Court, that all who here have Voice
 May view the Present, and thy self rejoyce.
 Then let him swear he n'er the Lady knew ,
 And did with her as Men with Women doe.
 When thou art thus appeas'd, (what is but right)
 He to a sumptuous Feast shall thee invite.
 And last, *Atrides*, if advise I may,
 Ponder thy Words, thy Actions better weigh.
 That Prince deserves no Blame, who low descends
 Any whom he hath wrong'd to make Amends :
Atrides then; *Ulysses*, I'm o're-joy'd
 To hear so well thy Eloquence imploy'd.
 I am resolv'd to take that solemn Oath,
 Then let *Achilles* stay a while, (though loath)
 And all the Court, till they bring from our Tent
 Atoning Gifts, which here I will present.
 Be pleas'd, renown'd *Ulysses*, straight to get
 A band of chosen Youth, who from our Fleet

The Gifts and Beauties hither may convey
Which you *Achilles* promis'd Yesterday.

Next let a Boar *Talhybins* sacrifice
To *Jove* and *Sol.* *Achilles* then replies;

Great King, the Trouble this will give you spare
Till we return'd at better Leisure are;
Then my wilder Passions shall reclaim.

Those *Hector* flew, when *Jove* immortal Fame
Conferr'd on him, lie uninterred yet.

But since you must, goe, some Refreshment get :

Though I could rather wish that you would fight

Fasting, and better treat your selves at Night,

When we reveng'd our Honour lost have got.

But not one Morfell shall go down my Throat,

Nor drop of Drink, since wounded in my Tent

Patroclus ^(P) lies, whom round his Friends lament.

These Cares trouble not me, I mind not Foot:

I'll feast on Slaughter, dying Groans and Bloud;

Ulysses then; Thou who more valiant art

Then I, and better far canst throw a Dart,

(Though for Design from thee I bear the Fame,

Who elder much and more experienc'd am)

Yield now to me: Martial Affairs look rough,

And soon in Field the best find: Work enough.

Though *Ceres* golden Fruits in Handfulls fall,

Sharp Sicles blunting, ⁽⁹⁾ yet the Harvest's small ;

Since, as *Jove* turns his counter-poised Scales,

Now this alternatly, now That prevails.

Let not the Belly mourn for those are slain.

For *Græcian* Bloud so often dyes the Plane,

That from hard Service (thus) we ne'r should breathe.

Who-ever dies, the Corps to Earth bequeath,

And patiently lament his **Losse** till Night :

But those survive after the bloody Fight,

(p) *Gr. ἀναρτίσθοντες τὴν θύραν*, i. e. *his Face or Feet towards the Door*, the Heathens so placing their Dead before they burned or interred them, *ἀναρτίσθοντες τὴν θύραν* his *maximæ arripientes eis non oīes*, for that, *having left this Life, they were never more to return to their former Habitations*. Schell: This was done by the nearest of Kin, and was called *Collocatio* by the Latin, by the *Greeks* *ἀντίσθοντες*; which Ceremony is thus described by *Perkins*:

— Tandemque beatulus alto
Compositus lecto; crassisque lutatus ami-
nis;
In portam rigidos pedes extendit.—

——— And last of all,
 This seeming-happy man, that would
 not doubt
 His Health, being composedly laid on
 On his high Bed, his Bier, and now
 daubed o're,
 And ev'n bedurded, with th' abund-
 store
 Of Ointments, stretcheth tow'rd the
 City-gate
 His cold dead Heels——

(q) Intimating either the slain to be more then the Survivors, or the Victory not equivalent to the Loss; understanding by the *Straw* or *Stubble* those that fall in Fight, by the *Corn* or *Crop* those that stand.

Hh h 2

Them-

(r) Aristotle saith that the Carthaginians abstained wholly from Wine while they were in Service; and that the Argives never ingaging sober, were for this cause said by Ehippius to be constantly worsted, *τοῖς ἀνδράσι ποτὶν ἐδ' ἔχουσ' αἶν.* So be.

(s) Gr. *σῆμα*, i. e. weighing; the Ancients not counting their Coin and Riches, as we, but weighing them in Balances; and thence were styl'd *βελονοῖ*. Schol.

(t) Being to swear he had not bedded *Briseis*, he sacrificeth a Hog, a creature of a contrary quality, *φίλος ὑμῶν ὄντα* whence this Beast (as amongst Birds the Dove and Partridge) was sacred to *Venus*, *ὡς ὑποπρεπὲς ἐν ἀρροδίᾳ*, for its Salacity and Heat. Enst. The *Atticks* after, at their taking any solemn Engagement, sacrificed an Hog, a Ram, and a Bull. This Hog was a male, and such as was bred at Home; it being not lawfull to sacrifice to *Jupiter* any wild or savage creature.

Ζεὺς δ' ἱππίζεα καὶ ὑποπρεπὲς ἄρῳα χεῖρον.

And sacrifice to Jove a bristled Hog.

(u) He cuts the Bristles in memory of the first and most antique Cloathing, the first Garments being Pelts with the Hair or Wooll left on them. Enst.

(x) They holding it unlawfull to eat of any Creature slain at the taking any solemn Oath, but either burning it, or casting it into the Ocean; *ὅτι τὸ ἐν δαίμονι καὶ ἐν ὑγνότητι σέβεται τὸν θυμὸν τῶν ἀνθρώπων, καὶ μὴ πικρύνειν τὸν θυμὸν.* Enst.

Themselves indulging, should both eat ^(r) and drink;
Then, once compleatly arm'd, they would not shrink
Who-e're they be that tarrying at the Fleet
Slight this Advice, perhaps may worser meet.
Let's ^(then) with doubled Ranks our Front enlarge,
And in close Bodies the bold Trojans charge.

From thence, this said, old Nestor's Sons he led,
Meges, *Meriones*, and *Lycomed*,
Thoas, and *Menalippus*; who all went,
And brought the Gifts *Atrides* should present;
Seven Tripods, twenty Caldrons, twelve fair Steeds,
Seven beauteous Virgins deck'd with costly Weeds;
The eighth *Briseis*, elegantly fair:

Ulysses foremost ten Gold Talents ^(s) bare.

What was besides the *Gracian* Youth convey.
And down they all before the Concourse lay.

Atrides rose; *Talthybius* stepp'd before,
And straight presented him th' atoning ^(t) Boar.
The King takes out his Knife, which still he put
In his Sword's Scabbard, and the ^(u) Bristles cut;
Then *Jove* implored with a zealous Prayer,
Whilst all the Princes sate and silent were.

Atrides round th' expanded Sky survey'd,
And thus with Hands to Heav'n erected pray'd;
O *Jove*, in whom both Gods and Men confide,

Who crown'st the Towers of Skie-saluting *Ide*;
Earth, and thou Sun, you Spirits who beneath
So torture perjur'd Wretches after Death;
If e're I her so much as once did ask,
Touch'd, or imbrac'd, or put on any Task,
But kept her as a Votress in my Tent,
May all those Plagues the juster Gods e're sent
To punish perjur'd Mortals fall on me.

This said, he kills the Boar, which into th' ^(x) Sea

Tal-

Talthybius flings, for greedy Fish to eat.

Then spake *Achilles*, rising from his Seat:

Jove, thou hast us in all these Woes engag'd;

Else I against *Atrides* had not rag'd,

Nor ever he for my *Briseis* sent,

But that thou would'st inflict this Punishment.

Friends, take Repast; to fight I am resolv'd.

This said, the numerous Council he dissolv'd.

They to their Quarters all dispers'd repair;

Whilst to his Tent the Gifts his Servants bear,

And made the Damsels sit in order down,

Turning the generous Steeds amongst his own.

But when *Briseis*, like bright *Venus* fair,

Beheld *Patroclus* lying wounded there,

The Corps imbracing, she with hideous Shrieks,

Tearing her Breast, soft Neck and tender Cheeks,

Thus weeping said; O thou from whom I found

So often Comfort, in Affliction drown'd,

I left thee living, but now find thee dead:

Thus former Sorrows fresher Griefs succeed.

My Lord, on whom my Parents me bestow'd,

I mangled saw lie in the common Road;

And my three Brothers, which one Mother bare,

That wofull Day (ah me!) all slaughter'd were.

Thou then my Tears dri'dst when *Achilles* slew

My Husband, and my Father's Walls o're-threw;

Saying, *Æacides* would me transport

Through briney Waves to ancient *Peleus* Court,

And there amongst his Friends our Nuptials keep.

For thee, *Patroclus*, I could ever weep.

Thus said she weeping. All the Damsells groan,

And in *Patroclus* Chance lament their own.

But still the Chiefs *Æacides* advise

Some Food to take: who, fighting, thus denies;

Who-

Who-ever loves me most, him I intreat
Not thus to trouble me with profer'd Meat;
Incens'd, till Night I fasting shall subsist.

This said, the *Græcian* Princes he dismiss.
Th' *Atrides*, *Nestor*, and *Ulysses* stay,
Idomeneus and *Phœnix*, that they may
His wilder Passion by Advice assuage.
But he in bloody Fight must vent his Rage,

Who fighting said; My most infortunate
And dearest Friend, thou oft for me hast got
A favourie Dish, with speed on th' Table plac'd,
When we to fight the *Trojans* were in hast.
Now here thou slaughter'd ly'st: but for thy sake
I shall abstain, and no Refection take.

What worser Chance could hap? 'twere less to hear
That my dear Father's Life departed were,
Who now, perhaps, my Absence may deplore,
(Shedding salt Tears) who on loath'd *Helen's* Score
Lie here engag'd in this destructive War.

For my young ⁽¹⁾ *Pyrrhus* I should take less Care,
Now bred at ⁽²⁾ *Scyros*, if he live. Still I
Thought that my self at *Troy* should onely die,
And thou return, my Son thence to transport,
And shew him all the Riches of my Court,
My Concubines, high Roofs, and great Estate.
Peleus, I fear, e're this hath stoop'd to Fate,
Or broke with Age and Sorrow keeps his Bed,
Expecting still to hear when I am dead.

Tears follow's Words; whilst Sighs fill all the Room,
Each minding their Relations left at Home,
When *Jove* in Rity to *Minerva* spake;
Daughter, wilt thou thy Favourite thus forsake,
Achilles not regarding, who his Friend
Disconsolate and Fasting doth attend?

(1) *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus* lying Forces for their Expedition against *Troy*, *Peleus* being foretold that his Son *Achilles* must die at *Troy*, sent him in Woman's Habit to his Friend *Lycomedes*, who bred him with his Daughters. The Oracle declaring that *Troy* could not be sack'd without *Achilles* his Assistance, the *Græcians* sent *Ulysses*, *Phœnix* and *Nestor* to *Peleus*; who denying his Son to be with him, they repair'd to *Scyros*, to *Lycomedes* his Court; where *Ulysses*, personating the Pedlar, by mixing Military Weapons amongst feminine Ornaments and Utensils, and *Achilles* making his Election upon it, discovered him. During his Abode there, *Deidamia*, the Daughter of *Lycomedes*, being impregnated by him, was delivered after of *Pyrrhus*; who succeeding his Father in that Expedition, was call'd *Nepolemus*, from his engaging in that War so young.

(2) An Island, one of the *Cyclades*.

Give him what Thirst and Hunger may allay,
Pure *Nectar* and divine *Ambrosia*.

This said, from Heav'n the willing Goddess brings
(Like a swift Eagle with expanded Wings)
Celestial Food, and, whilst they arm, distills
Into his Breast what fainting Hunger kills,
Then back as fast speeds to *Olympick* Towers,
Whilst eachwhere from their Camp the Army pours,
Thicker then fall swift Flights of feather'd Snow
From cloudie Skies, when bleaker Tempest blow.
Bright shone their glittering Casks, and all the Fields
Sparkled with corselets, spears and ponderous shields:
Splendor Heav'n's Vaults and hideous clamour storms,
And the vast Plains smile cloath'd in shining Arms.
His Teeth then stern *Achilles* arming gnash'd,
Flame from his burning Eyes like Lightning flash'd;
Grief gnaws his Heart, his Bosome swells with Rage,
Preparing 'gainst the *Trojans* to engage.
His Buskins first up to his Calves he lac'd,
With Silver Buttons deck'd; next on he brac'd
That wondrous Work, his Shield, whose dazzling Light
Full-Moon out-glitter'd in the clearest Night.
As when at Sea a Fire the Sailour notes
Rising 'mongst Hills from solitary Coats,
Whilst he unwilling sails before the Winde,
Leaving his Friends and native Soil behind:
Such Beams were darted from *Achilles* Shield,
Whose bright Reflexions Heav'n's dark Regions gild.
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Bright as the glorious Usher of the Morn;
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And like a golden Grove in Autumn shin'd,
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Soon as these Arms the Prince had fitted on,
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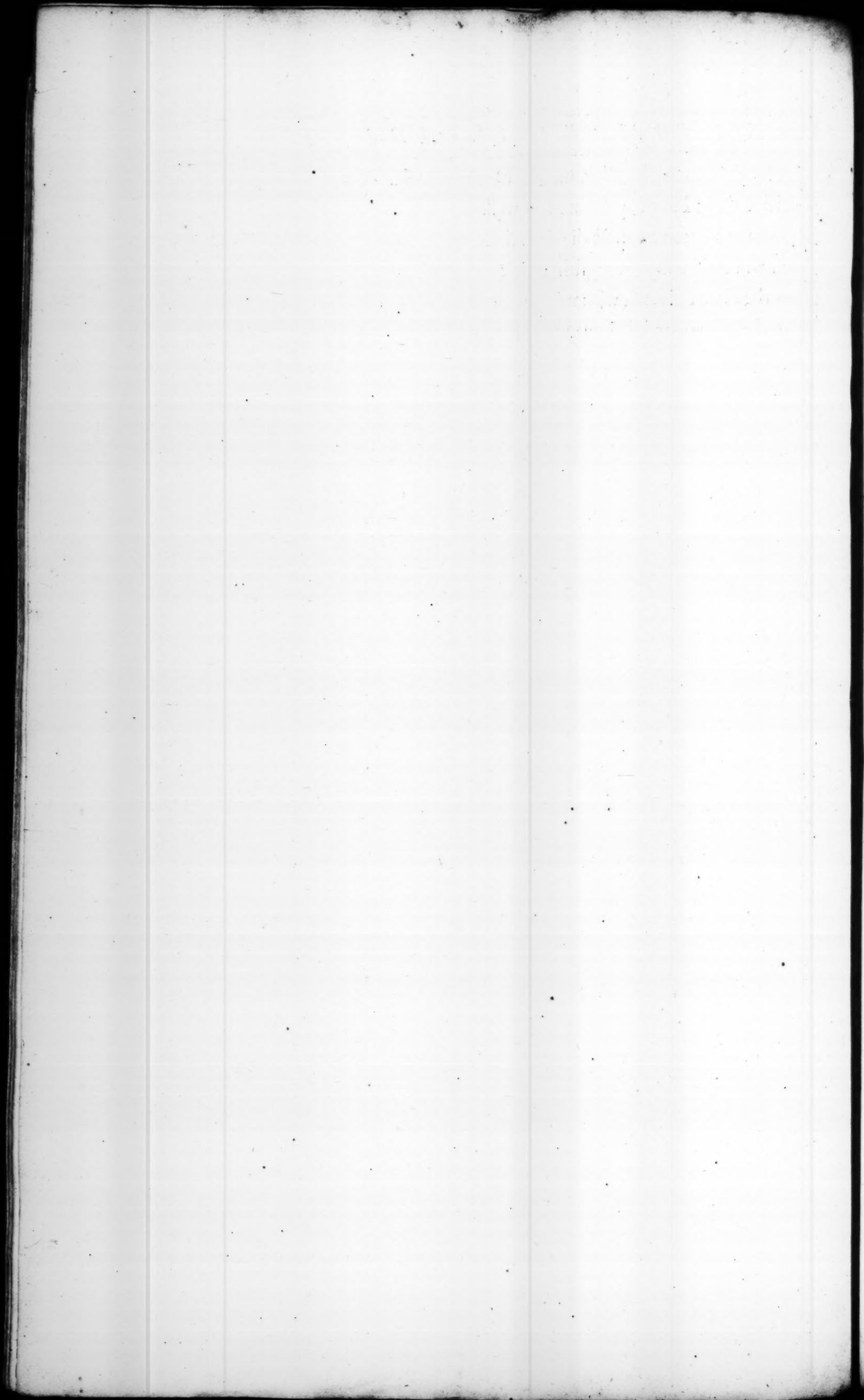
Which him aloft like Wings expanded bore,
 He chose a Javelin from his Father's Store;
 Which, large and ponderous, taking in his Hand,
 He the strong Staff shook like a limber Wand.
Chiron the Gift cut for old *Peleus* down
 (A Bane to Hero's) from tall *Pelion's* Crown.
 His Steeds stout *Alcimus* and *Automedon*
 Conjoyn'd, their Barbs and Trappings putting on;
 Next in their foamie Mouths clapp'd curbing Bits:
 The flowing Reins with Care straight *Alcimus* fits.
Automedon then mounting takes the Whip,
 Compleatly arm'd: next up the Prince doth leap,
 (Whose dazling Shield the glorious Sun out-shin'd)
 And roughly thus his Fathers Steeds injoyn'd;
Podarge's Breed *Xanthus* and *Balius*,
 Try now if you can better doe for us:
 When we have charg'd, bring us safe off i'th' end;
 Desert not me, as you forlook my Friend.

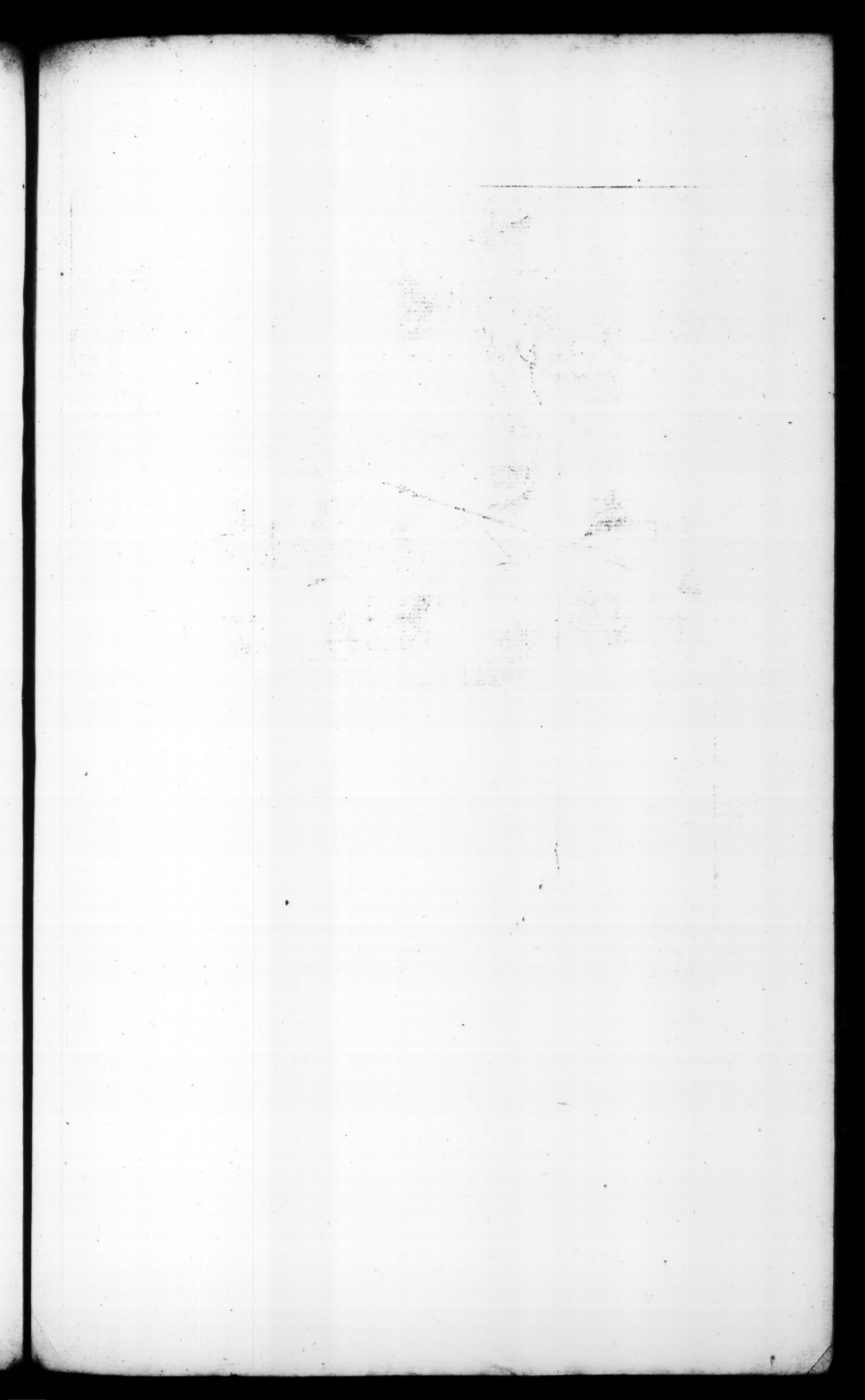
Turning his Head to him then *Xanthus* spoke,
 (Whilst his curl'd Mane hung dangling on the Yoak)
 Inspir'd by *Juno*, thus; As erst we have,
 So now, great Master, thee we fain would save.
 But since thy Death approacheth, blame not us,
 But God and Destiny, who will have it thus.
 'Twas not our Sloath, nor want of Speed that lost
Patroclus Arms, of which the *Trojans* boast:
 A powerfull Deity, *Latona's* Son,
 Thy dear Friend slaughter'd charging in the Van,
 Where he to *Hector* Fame and Life resign'd.
 Wing'd *Zephyre* we out-strip, the swiftest Wind.
 Yet like *Patroclus* thou shalt Life conclude,
 By *Phæbus* and a Trojan Prince subdu'd.

Furies, this said, him farther Speech deny'd:
 When, fighting, thus *Æacides* reply'd;

Why

Why do'st thou, *Xanthus*, me my Death foretell?
It fits not thee; I know my Fate too well.
Far from my Parents I must die: but first
Here I will satiate my revengfull Thirst
Upon the Foe. This said, with mighty Speed
Up to the Van-guard furiously he rid.







Francisco Roll: de Shapwick  in Comitatu Sommersett
 Armig: Tabulam hanc. L. M. D. D. D. I. O.



HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Heav'n's King permits the Gods, the Court dismiss,
Their Parties, Greek or Trojan, to assist,
Æneas and Achilles change a Lance:
The Trojan scapes. Young Polydorus Chance.
Hector Achilles ventures to engage;
Whom Phœbus rescues from the Hero's Rage.*

THUS the bold *Greeks*, drawn from their
Fleet, prepar'd
To charge the Foe, and thee, *Achilles*,
guard.

Firm stood the *Trojans* on an ^(a) higher Ground.

When *Jove* bids *Themis* walk th' *Olympick* Round,

The Gods to summon to his Palace. Straight

In frequent Throngs a great Appearance wait:

Except ^(b) *Oceanus* appear all Flouds; (dy Woods,

The Nymphs ^(c) who haunt Springs, ^(d) Meads, and sha-

I i i 2

Their

(a) A rising Ground call'd *Callicolone*, where the three Goddesses, contending who was fairest; were surveigh-ed naked, and judg'd by *Paris*.

(b) *Homer* makes *Oceanus* onely absent, lest the Reverence of his Presence, he being Father of all the Gods, should have prevented their Animosities and Heat. *Schol.* Mythologists, making *Oceanus* to be the Horizontall Circle or *Equator*; which parts the two Hemispheres, say, it was not fit for him to desert such his Station, for fear of Confusion. *Eust.*

(c) The *Naiades* and *Epimæides*.

(d) The *Hamadryades* and *Orestriades*.

(*) He thus speaks of Neptune, that he disobeyed not the Summons, relating to the late Difference between him and Jupiter.

(c) Juno sided with the Greeks, not onely *οἱ αἰωνία δαίμων*, as the Conjugal Deity, whose Rights were violated by Helen's Rage; but also *διὰ τὸ βασιλευσύν τιν' Ἑλλάνων ἀρχῆς*, for that the Government of the Greeks was much more Monarchical than that of the Trojans, Kingly Government being understood by Juno: Besides all which,

manet aliā mente repōstūm
Judicium Paridis, spētaque Injuria
Forma.

—She could not yet those Wrongs digest,
Nor Paris Judgment rooted in her Breast.
A Sin with that Sex unpardonable.

(f) Minerva took part with the Greeks, for the Justness of their Quarrell; and for that Troy was taken by a Stratagem, *ὅτιν περὶ νῆας ὕψιστον τὴν Τροίαν ἔχ' ἑλθεῖν σφίσι* for which cause Hermes, *ὁ ἄλκιος*, is said also to assist them. *Eust.*

(g) Neptune assisted the Greeks, not onely as an Enemy to Mars, and Friend to Minerva; but out of his old Grudge to Laomedon, who defrauded him of his Hire, and for that most of the Greeks were Islanders. *Eust.*

(h) Mars favoured the Trojans, as an Adulterer himself, and *ὡς ἀπαρῆς ἔχ' βίαν δαίμων*, as President of all Rapine and Force. Besides, being *ἀλόγος*, rash and inconsiderate, he took the contrary Side to Minerva; Venus, who in this resembled her Paramour, concurring with him. *Eust.*

(i) Diana appeared for the Trojans, either *ὡς ἑποῖα τῶν χορῶν*, as the President of Dancing, a thing much us'd in Troy, or else as the Goddess of Archery, in which Paris, the Cause of the War, excell'd.

(k) Xanthus is brought in as a neighbouring Stream, and that Vulcan might not want an Antagonist. *Eust.*

(l) As the Mother of Apollo; or for that the Actions of the Trojans were *νυκτὶ καὶ ἡμέρᾳ ἀεὶ*, condemned to Night and Obivion, both which are meant by *Ληοία*.

Their polish'd Seats in Heav'n's Star-chamber fill,
Which Vulcan built with admirable Skill.

(*) Neptune from Sea arose, and forthwith deign'd
To take his Place, who thus to Jove complain'd;
Why must we here so oft consulting sit?

Must there be more Deliberations yet
About these Greeks and Trojans fresh Debate,
Who now stand ready to decide their Fate;

Then Jove reply'd; The Cause thou may'st discern,
Since those who perish nearly us concern.

For me, I'll on Olympus Turrets sit,
Viewing the Battell; but I you permit
To help your severall Parties where you please.
For singlie should this bold Æacides

The Trojans charge, he soon would rout them all,
(Who trembled but to see him on the Wall)
And Troy in's Fury sack despite of Fate.

Thus Jove ferments the Gods inveterate Hate,
Who bandying straight in factious Junctō's meet.

(*) Juno, (f) Minerva, (g) Neptune to the Fleet,
And Hermes went; and Vulcan made no Halt,
But nimbly limping march'd to the Assault.

(h) Mars arm'd and Phæbus to the Trojans drew,
(i) Diana, (k) Xanthus, and (l) Latona too:
And, golden Venus, thou not absent wert.

So long as Gods and Mortals stood apart,
The Greeks insulted much, when they beheld
Achilles, so long absent from the Field:

But Fear surpriz'd the Trojans, when they spy'd
Arm'd like the God of War Pelides ride.

But Gods with Men conjoyn'd, pernicious Strife
Enrag'd both Armies, acting to the Life:

Then to the Fight aloud Minerva calls,
Now on the Strand, now standing on the Walls.

Against

Against whom *Mars* loud like a Tempest roars,
 Now from *Troy's* Bulwarks, now from *Simois* Shoars.
Jove from the Sky Thunder and Lightning hurl'd;
 And *Neptune* shook the Centre of the World:
 Mount *Ide's* Foundations felt a trembling Fit,
 The *Trojan* Turrets, and the *Græcian* Fleet.

(m) *Pluto* amaz'd starts with a hideous Yell
 From his sad Throne, giving Alarm to Hell;
 Fearing lest *Neptune* should his (n) loath'd Aboards
 Expose to Mortal and immortal Gods.
 Such the dire Noise, such were the dismal Cries
 At this Engagement of the Deities.

(o) *Phæbus* 'gainst *Neptune* stood, ready to close;
 (p) *Minerva*, *Mars*, *Diana* Juno chose;
 To *Hermes* opposite *Latona* stood;
 Grim *Vulcan* singles out the swelling Floud,
 Which (q) *Xanthus* Gods, Mortals (r) *Scamander* call,
 Thus the Celestials were engaged all.

But stern *Achilles* *Hector* round about
 The Champain fought, and long'd to single out,
 That for his Friend he just Revenge might take:
 When straight *Apollo* to *Æneas* spake,
 And, like *Lycaon*, *Priam's* Off-spring, sets
 Thus on th' Attempt; Where now are all thy Threats,
 When with our Princes feasted to the height
 Thou vaunting saidst, thou durst *Achilles* fight?
Æneas then; Why wouldst thou me injoyn
 To undertake so desperate a Design?
 I will not first that Furies Charge abide,
 Who routed me and many more on *Ide*,
 And from rich *Pedafus* and *Lyrnessus* drove
 Our Herds, and sack'd those Cities; when great *Jove*
 Deliver'd me by Flight, or else I had
 Faln by his Spear; since *Pallas* Him forbad,

(m) This Passage is thus imitated by
Virgil *Æneid*. 8.

*Non secus ac si quâ penitus vi Terra
 debiscens
 Infernas referet Sedes, & Regna reclu-
 dat
 Pallida, Diis invisa, superque immane
 Barathrum
 Cernatur, trepidantque immisso lumine
 Manes.*

As when an Earth-quake shews the dark
 Aboards
 And wofull Kingdoms hated by the
 Gods,
 The pit of Darkness, with all Hell in
 sight,
 And pale Ghosts trembling at the bea-
 my Light.

(n) The Gods abhor'd the Sub-
 terranean Regions, as *Æneid* 8. 621, as
 being the Receptacles of such onely as
 were mortal; whence *Styx*, that Ri-
 ver they so much reverenc'd and fear'd
 to swar by, is feigned to run there.
Enst.

(o) *Phæbus* and *Neptune*, i. the Sun
 and Sun, are made here Opposites, for
 that either suffers from the other; the
 Sun rarifying the Ocean, and drawing
 it up in Vapour, whose Interposition
 again obscures his Lustre. Others, mak-
 ing the Sun the Original of all pesti-
 lential Maladies, (he and his Sister *Di-
 ana* having the Dominion of this infe-
 rior Globe) make the Ocean, in re-
 spect of the Winds which breathing
 thence purifie the Air, the Cause of
 Health, and to oppose them in this re-
 gard also.

(p) *Pallas* is oppos'd to *Mars* in
Virgil *Æneid* 10. 621.

(q) So call'd for that it made what
 ever washed in it yellow, as it did *Ve-
 nus* her Hair, when she bath'd in it
 before her Contest with *Venus* and
Pallas, who was fairest, *Paris* being
 Judge.

(r) So call'd *q. xanthos*, or *and* to
and *and*, for that *Hercules*, warring
 against *Ilium*, and being thirsty, dis-
 covered its Springs by digging. *Enst.*

(Con-

(Conducted by her Torch) any to spare,
 But slaughter all, regardless who they were.
 No Mortal can *Æacides* resist,
 The Gods in Danger always him assist,
 And where he aims direct his fatal Lance.
 But if those Powers would leave us to our Chance,
 He never should me easily defeat,
 Were he all Brasse, and fashion'd at a Heat.

Then *Phæbus*; First implore the Gods, since fair
Venus *Jove's* Daughter, thee, *Æneas*, bare.
 His Mother must give thy bright Mother place;
 Thine's sprung from *Jove*, his but old *Nereus* Race.
 Up then, and boldly change with him a Spear,
 Nor his proud Vaunts and ranting Language fear.

This said, his Breast he with such Courage warms,
 That to the Front he speeds in glittering Arms.
 Him *Juno* spy'd towards *Achilles* make,
 And to the Gods aloud thus calling spake;

Pallas and *Neptune*, my Advice don't slight:
 Behold, *Æneas* will *Achilles* fight,
 Set on by *Phæbus*: let us force him back,
 Nor let the *Græcian* our Assistance lack;
 His Spirits recruit, that he from thence may learn,
 The greatest Gods engage on his Concern.
 For all those Powers against the *Greeks* conjoyn'd,
 Compar'd with us, are Chaff and empty Winde.
 From Heav'n we came to Earth's all-fostering Lap,
 Lest he *now* suffer any sad Mishap.
 Let him hereafter undergoe what-e're
 The *Parcæ* spun when him his Mother bare.
 For if the Fates Decrees be not made clear
 Unto *Achilles*, much he then may fear,
 When him some God in Battell both oppose.
 Dreadfull are Gods when once declared Foes.

Then

Then *Neptune* thus; To reason, Queen; submit,
 Nor vex your self with more then what seems fit;
 I not advise, though we be stronger far,
 Against those Gods to prosecute this War:
 Lets to that Prospect yonder all repair,
 Leaving the Battell unto humane Care:
 If *Mars* and *Phæbus* first themselves engage
 To stop *Achilles*, and oppose his Rage,
 Then fall we on, and suddenly, no doubt,
 We all those factious Deities shall rout;
 Who conquer'd by our Prowess soon will fly,
 Seeking their Safety in the arched Sky.

Neptune thus saying *Juno* thence convey'd
 Up to a ⁽ⁱ⁾ Turret, for *Alcides* made,
 Which *Pallas* and the *Trojans* did erect
 Against the Whale their Champion to protect:
 There They with all their Party of the Gods
 Their places took, conceal'd in gloomy Clouds.
Callicolen Spires the other Faction crown'd,
 And *Phæbus*! Thee and *Mars* incircling round,
 Consulted there to act what they design'd,
 And all Engagement warily declin'd:
 But *Jove* each side exasperates, whilst the Fields
 Glitter with Corslets, Casks and dazling Shields;
 Earth thundring under Men and Horses feet,
 Drawn up in bloody Bickerments to meet.

Out start two prime Commanders, and advance
 Betwixt the Armies to exchange a Lance,
Æneas and *Achilles*; but first comes
 Shaking his Spear, shaded with dangling Plumes,
Æneas guarding with his Shield his Breast:
Achilles forth next like a Lion prest,
 Who all the Country summons to the Chace:
 A while he stalks with a Majestick Pace;

But

(i) *Laomedon* not satisfying *Apollo* and *Neptune*, who by *Jupiter's* direction had hired out themselves to him, and environed *Troy* with a wall, *Neptune* sent up a mighty Whale into the Country, which devoured both the Inhabitants and the Fruits of the Earth. *Laomedon* consulting the Oracle about it, was answer'd, that the mischief would not cease till a *Trojan* Virgin were delivered up to the fury of the Monster. The lot falling on his own Daughter *Hesione*, he makes proclamation that who-ever should overcome the Monster should have the immortal Horses, which *Jupiter* gave to *Tros*, in exchange for *Ganymede*, for his recompence. *Hercules* undertaking the business, the *Trojans* with the assistance of *Pallas* fortifie a place where he might secure himself, if pursued by the Monster. *Hercules* destroying the Whale by casting himself into it, and tearing his Entrails, *Laomedon* delivers him Horses of a mortall race, and reserves the other to himself, whereat *Hercules* being incens'd, beleaguers *Troy* and carries it. *Enst.*

(1) Naturalists say that the Lion hath a sharp sting in the hairy part of his Tail, and that he lashes himself with it, that so his pain may provoke him to fight more fiercely, and that he especially assaults him that hath hurt him, distinguishing him by a secret instinct amongst a multitude. So *Aristotle* and *Pliny*. *Lucan*, resembling *Cæsar's* magnanimity to this of the Lion, thus describes it, *lib. 1.*

*Inde moras solvit belli, timidumque per
apinem
Signa tulit propere: sicut squalentibus
avis
Assistere Libyes viso leo comminus
hoste
Sussedit dubius totam dum colligit
iram;
Mox ubi se sava stimulat verberare
canda,
Erexitque jubar, vasto & grave marmur
hian
Infremuit: tum tota levis lancea
Mauri
Hareat, aut latum subeant venabula
pectus,
Per ferrum tanti sacrum vulneris exit.*

Then brooking no delay, the stream
showre-swel'd
Hemarches o're so in a *Lybian* Field
A Lion viewing his stern foe at hand,
Till he collects his Ire doth doubtfull
stand:
But straight when his tails swing hath
made him hot,
And rais'd his shaggie Main, from his
wide throat
He roars, then if a *Mauritanian* Spear
Or Shaft have pierc'd his side, void of
all fear,
Regardless of that wound, she rusheth
on.

Tho. May.

But when some forward Swain lets fly a Dart,
He turns, and gaping foames; His salvage Heart
His Bosome storms, His sides and shaggie Loynes
(1) His sinewie Tail severely disciplines
Rage to awake, then charging takes his Chance
To kill a Man, or perish on a Lance:
Such Strength and Courage fierce *Achilles* had,
Who drawing near thus to the *Trojan* said;
Why ventur'st, thou, *Æneas*! from thy Troop:
Hast Thou a mind singlie with Me to cope?
Or else conciev'st, I slain, that *Priam* will
Make Thee his Heir? No, know should'st Thou Me
Thou never should'st his Territories rule, (kill,
For He hath many Sons, and is no Fool:
Perhaps the *Trojans* promis'd Thee some patch
Of Ground to plant or sow, for my Dispatch:
The businesse will prove difficult, I fear,
Since thou hast trembled often at my Spear.
Hast Thou forgot since Thou out-strip'st the Wind,
Leaving Mount *Idæ* and all thy Heards behind,
And to *Lyrnessus* fledst, whose Walls I laid
Levell by *Pallas* and *Saturnius* aid,
And many conquering Beauties there enslav'd,
When *Jove* and other Gods Thee flying sav'd?
But now like Favour not from Them expect;
Let straight some friendly Squadron Thee protect;
Retreat, and once take Counsel of thy Foe:
By late Experience Fools their Folly know.
Æneas then; Think Me not one so slight,
Whom words should, as a tender Babe, affright;
I know to Rant, speak seriously, or Drole.
Our Ancestors Renown hath scal'd the Pole;
Yet I ne're saw thy Parents, nor Thou Mine:
Peleus and *Thetis*, they report, are thine,

Me

Me *Venus* pregnant by *Anchises* bore ;
 Now one of us our Parents shall deplore,
 Since 'tis not fit that we with childish Prate,
 Like Cowards, to our Regiments retreat.
 But wouldst thou learn of what great Stock I came,
 Princes whose Acts are trumpeted by Fame ?
 Know, *Jove* got *Dardan* who *Dardania* built,
 (First at Mount *Ida*'s verdant foot they dwelt,
 Nor *Ilium* then fill'd all this spacious Plot :)
 (*) *Dardan* King *Erichthonius* begot,
 A wealthy Prince proud of their generous Breed,
 Three thousand Mares did in his Marches feed,
 Whom *Boreas* cover'd like a black-main'd Steed :
 Twelve Colts they bore him could their Sire out-speed
 (*) O're standing Corn, nor bruise the tender Grain,
 And skelp o're broad-back'd Furrows of the Main ;
Erichthon *Tros* begot ; three Sons he had,
Ilus, *Assaracus*, and *Ganymed*,
 Whom, fairest of his Sex, (1) the Gods snatch'd up
 To be *Jove*'s Taster, and attend his Cup.
Ilus *Laomedon* had, *Laomedon*
Priam, *Tithonus* and *Hicetaon*,
Lampus and *Clytus* ; but *Assaracus*
 Got *Capys*, He *Anchises*, and he us ;
Priam got *Hector* ; so we Cousins are :
 But Vertues *Jove* doth more or less confer
 On Mortalls, as he pleaseth who best may :
 Why prattle we like Children at their Play,
 Spending thus idle Breath, enough to freight
 An able Vessell of the primer Rate ?
 (2) Our Tongues are voluble, and store of words
 Invention on all Arguments affords,
 Scatter'd on fresh occasions here and there,
 And what thou say'st thou shalt from others hear.

K k k

Let

(*) *Dardanus* the Son of *Jupiter*
 by *Electra* the Daughter of *Atlas*, re-
 senting highly the death of his Brother
Jafon, who perished by Thunder for
 attempting *Ceres*, leaving *Samostrace*,
 removed to the opposed Continent,
 where being kindly treated by *Teu-*
cer, the Son of the River *Scamander*
 and an *Idean* Nymph, he wedded his
 Daughter *Batea*, and built *Dardania*,
 calling the Natives after the decease
 of *Tencer*, *Dardanians*. He left two
 Sons, *Ilus* and *Erichthonius*, *Apollodo-*
rus lib. 3.

(x) Resembling in this their Sire,
 the wind *Boreas*. The like fleetness
Virgil gives his *Camilla*, *Ætid.* 7.

Ille vel intacta segetis per summa vola-
ret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu lassisset a-
ristas ;
Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa
sumentis
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret aquore
Plantas.

She over standing Corn would run, and
 ne're
 In her swift motion bruise the tender
 ear ;
 Or overbounding Billows fly so fleet
 That water should not touch her nim-
 ble Feet.

(y) Being taken up with an Eagle,
Joves Thunder-bearer. Some make
 him stolen by *Tantalus*, others by *Minos*.

(z) According to that *In udo sita*
est Lingua, hinc facile labitur, The
 Tongue being seated in a moister place,
 is thence the more voluble.

Let us no longer vainly thus contend,
 Like fenceless Women, railing to no end,
 Venting gross Lies 'mongst Truths, when they engage,
 Stir'd up by weak Femaliry and Rage:
 Words move not me, which onely pierce the Ear,
 We e're we part must interchange a Spear.

His ponderous Launce, this said, *Æneas* flung;
 The Javelin fixing on his Target rung:
 His Arm *Achilles* then thrust out at length,
 Fearing the Weapon sent with so much Strength
 Had pierc'd quite through, nor dreamt that *Vulcan's*
 To humane force not easily would yield, (Shield
 Nor that *Æneas* well-aim'd Javelin could
 Not pierce what he had fortific'd with Gold;
 Two Plaits gave way, two more were yet to pass,
 (The God wrought five, two Tin, one Gold, two Brass)
 Pure Gold amidst th' intruding Point held fast.
Achilles then his mighty Javelin cast,
 Piercing his Target where the Brass was thin,
 And slightly quilted with an untann'd Skin;
 Close by the Skirts, the Bosses shook resound:
Æneas daunted draws his body round,
 Holding his Buckler forth the point betwixt
 His Arm and Side in th' Earth behind him fixt;
 But his Eyes dazell, struck with sudden Fear,
 Seeing so dangerous a Neighbour there;
 At which *Achilles* furiously comes on
 With his drawn Sword; *Æneas* takes a stone,
 Which two tall men from ground could hardly raise,
 Such as weak nature brings forth now adaies;
 Yet he at ease did lifting high discharge,
 Aiming to force his Helmet or his Targe;
 Strong Guards 'gainst all Assaults of suddain Death.
 Here him *Achilles* had depriv'd of Breath,

With's

With 's Falchion, but the Danger *Neptune* spy'd,
And to the Gods in his behalf thus cry'd ;

Ah! me, *Aeneas* by *Achilles* slain,
Grim *Plutoes* Mansions straight must entertain,
Whom *Phæbus* drew to enter thus the Lists,
And his deluded Champion not assists.
Why on him faultless thus for others Gilt
Shall Judgment passe, and his best Bloud be spilt ?
Since frequent Offerings he with due Respect
Payes Heavens Inhabitants, let's him protect ;
And *Jove* would highly be offended at
His timelesse Death, who may escape by Fate,
Left *Dardans* Line should quite extinguish'd be,
In which he more than all his Progenie,
Begot on Mortal Beauties, takes Delight ;
For *Priams* Race hath lost his Favour quite,
Aeneas Race their Empire shall maintain,
And age to age o're the bold *Trojans* reign.

Then *Juno* thus ; *Neptune* may use his Will,
To save or let our Foe *Pelides* kill ;
But I before the Gods and *Pallas* too
Ne'r to help *Trojan* made a solemn Vow ;
No, not when fire shall *Troy* to Ashes turn,
And hostile Flame King *Priams* Palace burn.
When *Neptune* this her resolution hears,

(a) He breaks through clashing arms and ratling Spears,
And making in *Aeneas* straight assists,
Blinding *Achilles* with condensed Mists ;
Then from the *Trojans* Shield the Javelin drew,
And just before its raging Master threw :
Next o're both Men and Horse *Aeneas* flung,
Who nimbly ran quite o're the crested Throng ;
So by the Gods Assistance reach'd the Rear,
Where (b) his own Troops undiscomposed were :

K k k 2

To

(a) The Scholiast querying why *Neptune* rescued *Aeneas*, not *Apollo*, answers, that *Homer* makes *Neptune* do it to shew that Piety and Religion prevails even with those that are otherwise enemies, ἐπεὶ ἡ μὴδ' ἄλλ' ἢ δὲ θεῶν ἐὼς ἔστιν ἀρετὴ καὶ δόξα.

(b) The *Caucons*, a people within the *Trojans* Jurisdiction, or as others, the Nation of the *Paphlagonians*.

To whom then *Neptune* ; Which of all the Gods
 Deluded thee, and set 'gainst so much odds,
 To challenge one they favour more than thee ?]
 But now retire ; if thou once more should'st be
 Engag'd against *Pelides*, spight of Fate,
 Soon thou woud'st knock at *Pluto's* dismall Gate :
 But when *Achilles* shall this Life forsake,
 Then 'mongst the formost Execution make,
 Since Thee no other *Greek* shall kill. This said,
 The God departing routs the gloomy Shade :
Achilles seeing clear, then spake ; Ah ! me,
 My Javelin yonder, wonderous strange ! I see,
 But whom I aim'd it at, hoping I should
 His Bosome pierce, I no where now behold :
 Thou art, *Aeneas* ! by the Gods redeem'd,
 Though I thy Boasts as idle Breath esteem'd ;
 But thou no more against me wilt appear,
 Who hast escap'd thus from my vengfull Spear :
 Now my own Regiments I shall excite
 To charge, and I'll some other *Trojans* fight,
 Where best I may. This said, amid'st his Troops
 The Hero leaps, and fills them thus with Hopes :

No longer now, dear Friends ! at Distance stand,
 But draw up close, and charge them hand to hand ;
 'Twere hard for me, though n'er so strong and stout,
 To fight so many, and such Bodies rout ;
 Nor *Mars*, nor *Pallas* ever 'gainst such odds
 Would venture forth, although Immortal Gods.
 What my whole Strength, what can my Hands and
 Shall now be done ; I never will retreat, (Fett
 But charge still through ; nor shall the Foe rejoyce
 To see my Spear, or hear my dreadfull Voice.

Then *Hector*, cheeering up his Squadrons, said ;
 Be not at this *Achilles* thus dismaid ;

I'll charge the Gods, if Words our Weapons were;
But there's no changing with those Powers a Spear:
Nor makes that Threatner allways good his brags;
Though sometimes he prevails, as oft he flags:
Yet he and I shall play one bloody Game,
Were he all Brasse, and charg'd like raging Flame.

Encourag'd thus, they, eager for th' Assault,
Their Javelins raise: Shouts scale Heav'n's Marble
Then *Phœbus* said; thee, *Hector*! I injoin, (Vault:
That thou to fight *Æacides* decline,
But guarded with thy Troops 'gainst him advance;
Else thou may'st suffer by his Sword or Lance.

This said, he daunted at the Gods Commands,
Shelters himself amongst his Trojan Bands:

But on *Achilles*, like a Fury, flew,
And first *Otrymbius* Son, *Iphition* slew,
Whom *Nais* under Snow-crown'd ^(c) *Tmolus* bare,
In wealthy *Hyde*, to vast Possessions Heir;
Him with his Javelin, pressing on a main,
Meeting he struck, and cleft his head in twain:

(c) *Tmolus* was a Hill, *Hyda* a City of *Lydia*, the Metropolis of *Sardiana*. Out of *Tmolus* rose *Pactolus*, one of the so fam'd golden Rivers.

Down drops the Prince. *Achilles* then; Lie there,
Otrymbius Son! whom Mortals so much fear;
Thou on that spot of Ground must Life forsake,
Born to large Mannors near ^(d) *Gygeas* Lake,
Whose fertill Margents fruitfull ^(e) *Hyllus* laves,
And *Hermus* vergeth, swift with eddying Waves:

(d) A Lake of *Lydia*, so call'd from *Gyges* the Son of *Candaules*.

(e) *Hyllus* a River running between *Thyatira*, and *Sardis*. *Hermus* a River arising in *Myfia*, and which taking its course through *Sardiana*, emptyeth it self into the *Phoecean* Sea.

Thus said he; but cold Death his Eye-lids seals,
Whilst Steeds his Corps bruis'd with their Chariot

Demolion next, *Antenor's* Son, he slew, (wheels.
Piercing his high-proof'd Cask and Temples through;
The glittering Point straight purple Gore distains,
A crimson Stream commix'd with reaking Brains.

Hyppodamas then, as he alighted, sped,
Running him through the Shoulder as he fled;

Breath-

(f) *Helice* an Island of *Achaia* where *Neptune* had a Temple, erected by *Neleus*, who enjoy'd by the Oracle, led thither a Colonie. If the Bull bellow'd at the Altar, they conceiv'd the God atton'd and pacified; if otherwise, sad and displeas'd. *Schol.*

(g) The Son of *Priam* and *Laothee* he having another of the same name by *Heuba*, of whom *Euripides* in his Tragedie of her and *Virgil*.

Breathing his last, loud roar'd he like a Bull,
Whom Rusticks round th' ^(f) *Helconian* Monarck pull,
The God to please: So bellow'd he or more.

Next aims his Spear at youthfull ^(g) *Polydore*,
Old *Priam's* Darling, and his youngest Son;
Yet he his Brothers far could all out-run:
His Father him to fight would ne'r permit,
Who spur'd by Youth, and trusting much his Feet,
Ran to the Field, where Death him over-took,
Whom through the tender *Chine Achilles* struck,
There where gold Buttons fasten'd close his Belt,
Through his strong Corset biting Steel he felt,
The point by's Navill a wide Passage made;
Faln on his Knees, Death casts o're him a shade,
On's left hand leaning, loud for help he cries,
With th' other gathering up his Entrails, dyes.

When *Hector* had his Brothers chance espi'd,
Beholding in what miserie he dy'd,
No longer could he hold, but out he came,
His Javelin brandishing like dreadfull Flame.
When forth *Achilles* saw him boldly start,
He comes, said he, who macerates my Heart,
Killing my Friend: No longer Thou and I
Shall from each other through Wars Arches fly.

Then frowning, thus he said; Pray, Sir, draw near,
That thy best blood may stain my vengfull Spear.

Who fearlesse thus, Think me not one so slight,
Whom Words will like a tender Babe affright;
I can both droll, be serious, Scoff and rant;
Yet thee in Prowess I my better grant;
But, if Heaven please, this Javelin, though Thou art
Much my superiour, may transpierce thy Heart.

This said, he threw; ^(h) *Pallas* drove back the Staff,
Forc'd with her Breath, and kept her Minion safe,

At

(h) By moving the Air with her hand, and so putting it besides its aim, to do it with her own breath unbecoming her, who threw away a Pipe when the winding it she perceiv'd disfigured her countenance; the Profession of a Piper being of no good report otherwise with the Ancients, as appears by this Epigram.

Ὡς ἀνδρὶ ἀνδρὶ δὲ νόον ἢ ἐρέπον,
Ἄλλ' ἄρα τοῦ ποσὶν δὲ ἢ νόον ἐκτρέφεται.

The Gods n'er wisdom gave a piper yet.
For when he plays he away blows his wit.

At *Hector's* Feet the well-aim'd Javelin fell.
In rush'd *Achilles* with a horrid Yell,
Thirsty for blood, but *Phæbus* thence convoid
Hector with ease yield in a hollow shade:
Three times he charg'd, and with his dreadfull Spear
Pierc'd the soft Bosome of the yielding Air ;
The fourth time, punching the condensed Fog,
Thus he exclaim'd ; Again hast scap'd me, Dog !
Thy Fate draws nigh, though *Phæbus* sav'd Thee now
(To whom thou should'st return a gratefull Vow)
Sure I shall kill thee, though I now have mist,
If any Deity would me assist :
But now on others I'll my Fury wreak.

This said, he *Driopes* ran through the Neck,
And left in Death's Convulsions on the Spot :
Next *Demochus Philetor's* Son he smot
On the Knee pan, and with his Javelin stopt,
Till with his Faulchion off his Head he lopt ;
Next *Laogon* and *Dardan*, *Byon's* Sons,
He charg'd, at once on both enraged runs,
And tumbling from their Chariots slaughters there,
This his broad Faulchion dyes, and That his Spear ;
But *Troas* on his Knees did Quarter crave,
His Youth to pity, and his Life to save,
Hoping that Words his Passion would assuage,
Whose Breast ne'r calm'd, but always boil'd with rage.
Whilst his Knees close imbracing he implor'd,
Achilles pierc'd his Liver with his Sword,
Which with a gushing Stream his Bosome fills,
Whilst Nigh his Eyes in lasting Darknesse seals.
Next *Mutius* charging pierc'd from Ear to Ear,
Stringing his Head upon his reaking Spear.
Agenor's Son *Echeclus* then he slew,
His Temples cleaving with his Sword in two ;

A bloody

A bloody Flux his biting Faulchion dyes,
Whilst Death and purple Fate close up his Eyes.

After *Deucalion* through the Wrist he ran,
Where all the Elbow nerves conjoyn in one:
He maim'd, expecting Death, attends the Foe,
Who Head and Cask lops at a single Blow,
And from him throws; stretch'd lay he on the Plains,
Whilst from cut ^(k) *Spondyls* started out his Brains.

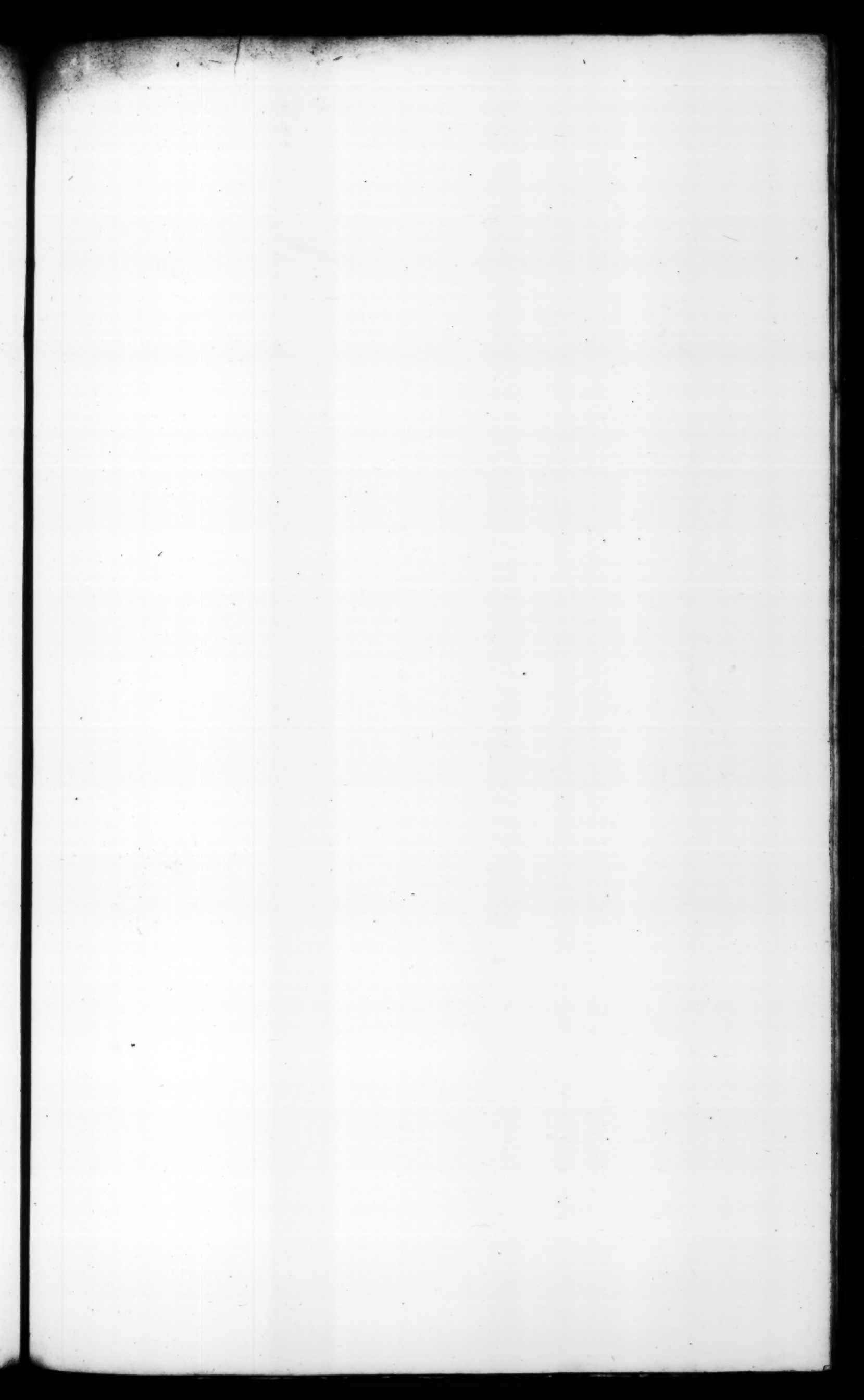
(k) The *Spondyls* or *Vertebra* of the
Rachis, which are in all 24.

Next he at valiant *Rhigmus* takes his aim,
Who from sweet *Thracia's* fertile Confines came;
In's belly he his deadly Javelin fixt.
His Charioteer, *Aritheus*, slaughter'd next.
And through the Back, turning his Horses, speeds;
Who falls, and boggling leaves his frightened Steeds:

As when a Fire 'mongst jutting Summits burns,
And raging, spacious Groves to Ashes turns,
Then with conspiring Winds besets the Vales;
So like a Fury each-where he assails,
And with his Javelin slaughters flying Foes;
A purple Sea the Champaign over-flows:

As Steers conjoyn'd on well-laid Barn-floores beat
Out purest ^(l) Barley with their cloven Feet;
Thy Horses, so *Achilles*! through the Fields
Trample on dying *Trojan's* Arms and Shields,
Thy Axle dy'd with bloud, and all thy Wheels
Spatter'd with drops which dash'd from Horses Heels,
Whilst thus thou strov'st thy Honour to restore,
Thy conquering Hands distain'd with Crimson Gore.

(l) Instancing this as the ancientest of
all other Grain.





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Carolo Cotton de Perisford
Armigero. Tabulam



in Comitatu Stafford
hanc. L.M.D.D.D.I.O.

Lib. 21. Ver. 96.



HOMER'S ILIADS:

THE ONE & TWENTIETH BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

Achilles dyes with Blood Scamander's Waves :
The River frets : 'gainst whom stern Vulcan raves ;
Who burns his wood-cloath'd Banks, and boyls his Floods.
Xanthus recants. The Battel of the Gods.
A bloody Conflict mixt with mutual Rage,
Whil'st Heaven and Earth, and Men and Gods engage.



UL when They came to " *Xanthus*
 flowrie Banks,
 There He divides their dissipated
 Ranks,

And o're those Plains the Enemy pursu'd,
Which were so late with *Grecian* Blood imbru'd,
When they from *Hector* fled: nor durst engage
To stop the daring Heroe in his Rage:
And *Juno* Them so blinded in their Flight,
They knew not where to fly, nor how to fight:

(a) It was called *Xanthus* by the Gods, that is them of ancient time, and that from turning the wooll or hair of any that were wash'd in it into a yellowish colour; of men, that is them of later times, *Scamander*; a name impos'd by *Hercules*, who being ready to perish with thirst, pray'd to *Jupiter* to show him some Stream or Spring; which he doing by casting a Thunder-bolt, and causing a little water to appear, *Hercules* following the vein, and dilating it by digging, called its current *Scamander*, quasi *exiguus*, from its relieving such his pain and pressure, *ὡς τοῖς βουρὸν χαλαρὰ ἐκ τοῦ ταύρου*. *Homer* makes this River descended of *Jupiter*, because being but *exiguus* or a Torrent, it was fed especially with rain waters, *ὅς τοῖς οὐρανοῖς δίδωκε δάκρυα*. *Schole*.

(b) Neptune made the Dolphin King of Fishes, for their fidelity to him in discovering the retirement of Amphitrite when she fed his embraces, of which thus Oppian de Piscat. c. v. 385. &c.

—(Ὀψεί γὰρ σπεύσαντος ἀπαμύζει, Ὀψείδ' ἐν κέλευ ναυτοῖσιν ἀπαμύζειν· Μαριουέω ἐδ' ὕσαν ἐν δέξῃ· Ἀμυψίτην· ἑσπέρουσι δὲ γίγνεται ὠκεανὸς δέμασι· Κόρυμβον ἰγγεῖλαι, &c.

Neptune the Dolphin highly doth respect,
Who Nereus black-eyed Daughter did

detest,
Fair Amphitrite, who his Courtship fled,
And chose a Caves recess before his bed,
Where seizing her his will he did obtain,
And crown'd espousing Empress of the
Main;
For this good service they great honour
gain'd,
And in his Waterie Realms chief Pow'r
obtain'd.

How the smaller Frie escape the Dolphin, the most ravenous, and fiercest of all Fishes, for this see Aristotle Hist. Animal.

Of the Dolphins superiority in the Sea, his speed and manner of hunting, thus the same Oppian *ΑΛΕΥΤ.* lib. 2. v. 533. &c.

Δαλφίνος δ' ἀγλαῖον ἄλως αἰὲρ κοίρανευσιν
ἔχον· ἵππον δ' αἰὲρ ἀγλαῖον κοίρανευσιν,
ἵππον δ' αἰὲρ ἀγλαῖον δὲ βίβλος αἰὲρ, δαλφίνον
ἵππον δ' αἰὲρ.

The Dolphin Rules the scalie Flocks, in-
dow'd

with strength and swiftness, of his beau-
ty proud:

He like a Lance discharg'd through
Billows flies,

And dazzling flames darts from his
glaring eyes,

Finding out Fish that frighted sculk in
holes,

Or caves, and bed themselves in Sand
like Moles,

As Eagles Monarch is 'mongst fear-
ful Birds,

As Lions Tyrants all 'mongst subject
Herds,

As much as cruel Serpents Worms excel,
So Dolphins Princes in the Ocean dwell;

No Fish dares them approach, nor be so
bold

His eyes and dreadful Visage to behold;
Far from the Tyrant, fearing sudden

Death,
Frighted they fly, fainting for want of
breath;

But when the Dolphin hungry hunts out
food,

The silver Frie in Troops amazed scud,
Filling each way with fear; then Caves

and Holes,
Rocks, Bayes and Harbours fill with
frighted Shoales.

From all parts driven he selects the best,
Choosing from thousands out a plenteous

Feast.

Half of their routed Army on the Top
Of *Xanthus* Margents in Confusion stop;
Then with a doleful Cry Themselves among
His rapid Gulfs and swallowing Eddies flung:
The Stream resounds, whilst They their Fates bemoan,
Floating 'mongst boyling Whirlpits up and down:

As Locusts scorcht from burning Camps retire,
Pursu'd by eager Flames and hungry Fire,
Till their amazed Troups find waterie Graves
In a swoln Rivers gurgitating Waves;
So from *Achilles* flying in They fell:

Scamander's streams with Men and Horses swell:

Here leaning 'gainst a Bush He left his Spear,
And Fiend-like leaps into the Massaker,
Arm'd onely with his Sword: They frighted roar;
He hacks and hewes, dying the Stream with Gore.

As from a ' Dolphin through the briny Waves
To Rocks Fish scuddle and defensive Caves;
So from the Foe they hurry through the Foord.

His Hand now tir'd, when Slaughter dull'd his Sword,
Twelve lovely Youths He chose, Who must expire
Sad Victims on *Patroclus* fun'ral Fire:

These He like trembling Fawns led from the Sound,
With their own Belts their Wrists behind them bound,
With which they up their looser Garments tuck'd,
Commanding his Attendants to conduct
Them to the Fleet: Then in amain He flew,
Afresh with Blood his Fawch'on to imbrue.

Where first *Lycaon*, *Priam's* Son, He met,
As from the Stream He labour'd to retreat;
Whom busie cutting down with well-edg'd Steell
Wild Fig-tree Branches for a Chariot Wheell,
He from his Fathers Vin'yard had convey'd
Prisoner by Night, and a sad Captive made;

Thence

Thence then for *Lemnos* shipt, where he for Gold
 To *Euneus* his royal Pris'ner fold,
 To whom enfranchis'd *Eetion* did present
 Many rich Gifts, and to *Arisba* sent,
 From whence in private He at *Troy* arriv'd;
 Eleven Dayes feasting He his Friends reviv'd,
 But on the twelfth the Youth *Achilles* catch'd,
 And with sad News to *Pluto's* Court dispatch'd.
 Him when *Pelides* spy'd, as He drew near,
 Disarm'd, without a Shield or glitt'ring Spear,
 (All these He lost, when fainting in a Sweat,
 With trembling Knees He struggled out to get)

(c) He was of *Imbrus* an Island in
Eolia not far from *Lemnos*, over
 against *Tenedos*.

(d) A City of *Thrace*, and Colonie
 of *Mitylene*.

He said, These *Trojans* sure again arise
 From *Stygian* Darkness to *Ætherial* Skies:
 See! here *Lycaon* comes, whom I so late
 To *Lemnos* sent, scap'd from so hard a Fate;
 Him th' Oc'ans swelling Waves could not restrain,
 Which oft so many 'gainst their Wills detain:
 But he shall tast our Steel; I'll try if slain
 Once more, as now, he will appear again;
 Or if this Earth will hold him, which hath held
 Those who for Prowess were unparallel'd.

Thus spake He standing, whilst the Youth drew nigh
 To seize his Knees, extreamly loath to die,
 And yield to Fate; his Spear *Achilles* takes
 Him to repulse with Death, as in he makes;
 But as he stooping ran, and's Knees imbrac't,
 Behind him on the Earth the Lance stuck fast;
 One Hand his Legs, the other graspt the Staff
 Of the fix'd Spear, nor could he shake him off;
 Who thus implor'd; For pity I now plead,

Who once thy Prisoner tasted of thy Bread:
 You in our Vin'yard Me a Captive made,
 And from my Friends and Parents far convaid

(e) Strabo saith these *Leleges* were *πυλαγονες*, a Nation that frequently shifted their Habitations, as did also the *Pelasgi*.

(f) This was not that *Pedafus* in *Caria*, but a City near *Troy*, situate by the River *Satnois*, subdued by *Achilles* at the beginning of the Siege.

(g) *Polydor*. *Priam* had another Son, named also *Polydorus*, by *Hecuba*, of whom see *Euripides* in his *Hecuba*, and *Virgil* *En. lib. 3*.

To *Lemnos*, where your Pris'ner you for Gold,
That would have bought a hundred Oxen sold;
Now thrice as much accept: twelve Dayes, no more,
Are gon since last I touch'd the *Phrygian* Shore;
Sure my sad Fate and cruel *Fove* combine,
Who Me again thus to thy Hands resigne:
Me *Altes* Daughter, bright *Laothoe*, bare,
Altes, who rul'd the ' *Lelegs*, bold in War,
Who reign'd in ' *Pedafus* near the *Satnoen* Shore,
Her *Priam* wedded, her and many more;
Two Sons she had, Thou & one of them hast slain,
And purpled with his Blood the verdant Plain;
Now like misfortune Me attends, I fear
I shall not scape, and my sad Fate draws near:
But this Plea more why thou my Life should'st spare;
Not me one *Venter* and stern *Hector* bare,
Who in *Patroclus* breast his Javelin dy'd.

Thus begg'd the Prince, thus harshly he reply'd;
Talk not to Me of Pleas, and Randsome, Fool!
Nor whining Mercy crave, like Boys at School:
Whil'st my dear Friend surviv'd, I Quarter gave,
And did the Lives of many *Trojans* save,
Selling them off; but now that He is gon,
I'll pardon none, none shall escape, not one
That falls into my Hands must hope for Grace;
But least of all old *Priam's* cursed Race:
Sir, you must die, Tears lavish'd are in vain;
Patroclus, thy superiour much, is slain,
And I of royal, and divine Extract,
One, as thou seest, of *Symmetry* exact,
Tall, strong, and young, like Fate expecting, here
Must perish by a Shaft, or well-aim'd Spear.

At this despairing, He the Lance lets goe,
And kneeling both Hands rears to move the Foe,

Who



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Domine Edvardo Mansell & de Margam Com: Glamorgā
 Baronetto. Tabulam hanc. L. M. D.D.D.
 I.O.

Who on the Throat gave him a deadly Gash,
Till bloody Streams his new-drawn Falch'on wash;
He falling on his Back extended lay,
The parch'd Earth moistning with a purple Sea:
Him by the Heels then stern *Achilles* took,
And thus insulting threw into the Brook;

Lycaon! lye thou there, till Fish surround
Thy soaking Corps, and suck thy bleeding Wound;
Nor shall thy Mother at thy Fun'ral weep,
But thee swift *Xanthus* hurry to the Deep;
And where his Waves'mongst Brine themselvs discharge,
Thy juycie Flesh shall scalie Monsters gorge:
May All so fall, or fly, till *Troy* we take!
Nor *Xanthus* Streams shall you securer make,
To whom you sacrifice so many ^b Bulls,
And Steeds alive throw in his swallowing Pools:
Thus perish for my Friend, and Those whom You,
Charging our Navie, in my Absence flew.

This said, *Scamander* more, and more incens'd,
Studied how best his Force he might against
Achilles use, and this his Fury stop.

Mean while the Heroe sets on *Asterop*,
Pelegon's Son, shaking his pond'rous Spear,
Whom to broad *Axius Peribæa* bare,
Acesameneus eldest Daughter, whom
The Flood compressing pregnant made her Womb:
Up comes the Prince, whil'st *Asterop* in each Hand,
A Jav'lin peis'd, and boldly made a Stand;
Him *Xanthus* had 'encourag'd, who disdain'd
With his Friends slaughter thus to be prophan'd;
When drawing near him thus *Pelides* spoke;

Who art Thou? what thy Country? whence thy Stock?
That thou so stoutly thus dar'st stand my Rage:
Sons of unhappy Parents Me engage.

Then

(b) They consecrated Bulls and Horses to all greater Streams; the Bull, *ἐν δὲ καὶ τὰς ἑσπερίαις ποταμοῖς καὶ τοῖς ἵπποις*, as representing their roaring; the Horses, *ὅτι ταχὺτατοὶ* *ζῶον* *περὶ τὴν ἀντιπρὸς πλάγῳ*, to denote their fleet current. Hence the Bull was the usual sacrifice of *Neptune*, or the Ocean. *Enst.* The Bull was sacred also to *Apollo* and *Mars*; So *Virgil lib. 3.*

Taurum *Neptuno*, *taurum* *tibi* *pulcher* *Apollo*.
Neptune a Bull, a white Bull *Phæbus* right.

Whence that Poet in the same Book, *Æn. 3.* makes him that offered a Bull to *Jupiter non litare*, to exasperate rather the deity than atone him, causing him purposely to present the God with an improper sacrifice, the better to bring in the future dire Omen. *Respicens ad futura, hostiam contrariam fecit*, so *Macrobius Saturn. lib. 3. ca. 10.*

(i) *Xanthus* assisted *Asteropæus*, either as he fled to him for protection, *διὰ τὴν ἀδελφικὴν ἰκάνειν* or else as descended from the River *Axius*. *Enst.*

(k) Of the *Paonians* some used Bows, and these were commanded by *Pyrachmes*, others Spears, led by *Asteropæus*, who as coming late with his Levies to the assistance of the *Trojans*, is not at all mentioned in the Catalogue; however some have made bold after this verse of it,

Ἄνδρες Πυρραίωνες ἀπὸ Παίωνας ἀγχιπύκνους

to insert this,

Πηλεΐδης δ' ἔδδ' Ἀστροπέου· Ἀστροπέου

(l) A River of *Paonia* in *Thrace*.

Then he; Why question'st Thou from whence I am?

I from ^k *Paonias* fertile Confines came,
And brought, eleven dayes since, a bold Brigade,
From Countreys far remote, to *Priam's* Aid.

' *Axius* my Grandfire, who with silver Waves
A pleasant Soyl and flowry Margents laves;
Axius got *Pelagon*, skilful at his Lance,
Pelagon Me; but let Us try our Chance:

Thus spake *Asteropæus* in a Rant,
At whom *Achilles* shakes his Ashen Plant:
But He, whose either hand a Spear could wield,
Straight both discharg'd; one lights upon his Shield,
Which fortifi'd with Gold did Steell resist;
The other raz'd his Elbow to his Wrist,
And warm Blood drawing from so slight a Wound,
Behind him flying fixed in the Ground.

Achilles at *Asteropæus* sent

His Javelin next, but mist of his Intent,
Hitting upon a swelling Summit, where
Up to the midst he sheath'd his fatal Spear:
Thrice at *Achilles* Lance he plucks and hales,
Thrice wags the Staff, and thrice his strength him fails,
But striving next to break the yielding Ash,
His Belly he laid open with a Slash,
That his warm Bowels reaking on the Ground,
His Soul descended to the *Stygian* Sound.

Æacides then leaping on his Breast,
The warm Corps stript, and thus himself exprest;

Lye there; 'tis hard for Thee with one to strive
Of heav'nly Extract; Thou do'st but derive
Thy self from *Axius*, I from great *Jove* spring,
Peleus Me got, the *Myrmidonian* King,
Æacus him, *Jove* *Æacus*, whose Power
Transcends all Streams which swallowing Seas devour:

Such

Such are his Sons: The Flood would Thee assift,
But dares not: Who can mighty *Jove* resist?
Him *Achelous* could not match, nor great
Oceanus with all his Waves defeat,
From whom the Rivers, the whole Sea, and all
Fountains and Lakes boast their Original;
For He *Jove's* Lightning and Dire Thunder fear'd,
When in the Sky such dismal Cracks He heard.

This said, He pluck'd his Jav'lin up, and left
Him on the wave-wash'd Banks, of Life bereft ;
About whom "Eeles and greedy Fishes draw,
Who on his Back and juycie Kindnies gnaw :
Then his *Pæonians* He pursu'd amain,
Who fled amaz'd, their valiant Leader slain.
Thirsiocus, *Mydon*, *Astyphill* He slew,
Ophlestes, *Mnesus*, *Thrasius*, *Ænias* too,
And many more *Pæonians* then had kill'd,
But that incens'd *Scamander* Him withheld,
Who in a humane Shape his sacred Head
Advancing high above his Waves, thus said,

Achilles! Thou too stern, too cruel art,
And too much over-act'st the Tyrants part :
I wonder at thy Savageness, retreat.

Then He ; Not yet, *Scamander* ! I'll not yet
Thy Will obey, but many more destroy,
The Foe pursuing to the Walls of *Troy* ;
I'll *Hector* fight, and soon decide our Strife,
At the Expence of his, or else my Life.

This said, again on Furie-like He falls,
When *Xanthus* thus aloud to *Phæbus* calls ;

Apollo! Thou who bear'st the silver Bow!
Tak'st Thou no Notice? Do'st Thou yet not know
Jove's Order, That Thou shoul'dst the *Trojans* aid,
Till o'r the Earth Night spreads her gloomie Shade?

By

(m) *Achelous* was the greatest River of Greece. He combating *Hercules* for the love of *Deianira* the daughter of *Oeneus*, and Sister of *Meleager*, assuming the shape of a Bull, lost the Virgin with one of his Horns in the encounter, which yet was returned him by *Hercules*, the River giving him in exchange for it one of the Horns of *Amaltheia*, a Sea Nymph, and Daughter to *Oceanus*. *Schol.*

(n) Athenaus observes *Dipsos* lib.7.
That Homer distinguisheth here
Eeles from all other kind of Fish;
a thing observ'd also by *Enstasius*; *ἡ
ζαίει τις ἐν χέλυας ὅτι γέννηται ὥστε ἂν
εὖ οὐκ αἰσθάνηται*, ὅτε ζῶα τέλειον, ἀπὸ
σπερματικῆς δὲ ὑπερκίης σφόδρα ἐχέτω, εἴδη
αὖτ' ἄλλω καὶ ἄρσεν διακρίνουσι, καὶ ἀπο-
μυκτηὶ ἐν πύλοισιν αὐτοῦ ἐκ τῆς τοῦ σώματος
αὐτῶν ὑγρότητος; *Homer* differenceth
Eeles from other Fish for that they are
not generated by copulation, nor bring
forth living creatures, as having no
spermatick or hysterical vents or vessels,
nor distinguish'd into male and female,
but produced in the case or mind of a
kind of slime or moisture which they
scour off from their bodies by their mu-
tual twining and embraces. Of which
thus *Oppian* *Αλυσ.* v. 513. &c.

[illegible]

But Eeles, nor shell-fish, nor the Polypus,
Nor purple Lamprey do ingender thus,
In meaner Nuptials they themselves
conjoyn,
They up in Wreathes their sinuie bodies
twine,
And rowl in cold-up foldings round,
until
They a foul gore like froathy sperm di-
stil,
Which fall in Sand, And pregnant
made in time
Tears silver Eeles produc'd from filth
and slime.

(o) From this expression of *Homer's*, those that succeeded pourtraied still Rivers in the effigies of Bulls, either from their plowing or turning up the Earth like Oxen; or because the Pastures bordering upon Rivers, being more rank and rich, made the Oxen in better case, and so caus'd them to bellow oftner and louder, *Scholiast.*

(p) *Aristotle* mentions a kind of Eagle whose bones are black, whence some here read it *μελας ορνις* but others read *μελας βορε*, as if it were so denominated from its dark sight, *Enff.*

By this *Achilles* had forlook the Banks,
 'Gainst whom *Scamander* drew his wat'ry Ranks,
 And up his Billows must'ring fiercely charg'd;
 Then Bodies, roaring like a Bull, disgorg'd
 Thick on his Margents, yet the living saves,
 Guarded 'mongst eddy'ng Pools, and swelling Waves;
 When a huge Sea, enough a Ship to wrack,
 Brake on his Shield, and drove him stagg'ring back.
 Here He a stately Elm tore, large and tall,
 From fixed Roots, and with it Banks and all,
 Whose Branches him might like a Fence-work flank,
 And cross the River threw it like a Plank:
 Mounted on this, He, daunted, to the Plain
 For Safety flies; the God pursues amain,
 And at his Heels discharg'd a frowning Wave,
 To stop his Rage, and flying *Trojans* save.
 What Distance one may throw a Lance, so far,
 Like th' Eagle, swiftest of all Birds that are,
Scamander He out-strips to higher Ground;
 Upon his Breast his rattling Arms resound:
 As fast the Flood pursues the Prince to reach,
 Then falls behind Him in a thund'ring Breach.

As when a skilful Gard'n'r Water brings
 His Plants to comfort from refreshing Springs,
 And with his Spade clears all obstructive Mould,
 The purling Stream, o'r murm'ring Pebbles rowl'd,
 Through Grounds declining speedy Passage makes,
 And Him who cuts the Channel soon o'retakes;
 So Waves pursue Him; when He made a Hault,
 Standing resolv'd to try if in th' Assault
 Some God would him assist, a Billow dash'd
 Upon his Breast, and his broad Shoulders wash'd:
 He desp'rate then amongst the Billows leaps,
 Sent to supplant him in his fault'ring Steps,

Shuffling

Shuffling beneath his Feet the slippery Sand ;
Viewing Heavens ample Vaults he then complain'd ;

O *Jove* ! will none of all the Gods appear
In my behalf, but let Me suffer here ?
Oh ! save Me now, hereafter Me destroy.
Could your celestial Court no God imploy,
Nor Goddess, but my Mother ? No Power else
To mock Me with deluding Oracles ?
She said, That I should by *Apollo's* Ire
Near *Ilium*, wounded with a Shaft, expire.
Would I had perish'd by bold *Hector* ! So
A valiant Prince had slain a valiant Foe.
Now Fates combine Me basely to destroy,
Here must I suffer like a Shepherds Boy,
Drown'd in a swelling Flood, when muster'd Rills
In gutt'ring Torrents tumble from the Hills.

Neptune, this said, and *Pallas* both appear
In humane Shapes, and gently drawing near,
Him, with a mild Aspect, by each Hand took ;
When thus the Earths Foundation-shaker spoke ;
Let not these Billows Thee so much deject ;
We, no inferiour Gods, shall Thee protect :
Pallas and I great *Jove's* Commission have ;
Thou shalt not sink beneath a swallowing Wave.
Soon Thou shalt see the Flood himself confine
To his own Channel ; but We thee injoyn
Not to retreat before that Thou inclose
Within their Walls thy dissipated Foes,
And *Hector* kill : This said, the Gods depart,
Whil'st from the River with a joyful Heart
He onward speeds, where roll'd in plashie Fields,
Slain Hero's Corsets, Casks and bossie Shields,

Beating his Thighs about his Ankles clung,
But could not stop whom *Pallas* made so strong.

Xanthus not yet had drawn within his Banks,
But rather more incens'd his wat'ry Ranks,
And thus to *Simois* his Brother spake ;
Let our joynt Prowess drive this Fury back,
And since the *Trojans* fly, our Force employ
To ruine Him who else will ruine *Troy* :
Then rise with Speed, the Enemy resist,
Must'ring thy Fountains, and rough Torrents list,
Thy waterie Squadrons fill, and re-inforce,
Rowling down Stocks and Stones to stop his Course,
Who, now, victorious, dares the Gods assail :
Nor shall his Strength or Beauty him avail,
Nor glor'ous Arms, which in our deepest Flood
Eclips'd shall suffer in opacous Mud ;
But I'll prepare for Him a sandy Bed,
And over Filth and loathsome Ordure spread ;
Nor shall the *Grecians* e'r collect his Bones,
So deep I'll lay Him under Slime and Stones,
Saving their Care his Body to interr,
Since there shall be his goodly Sepulcher.

This said, afresh He charg'd, arm'd with a Flood,
Which roaring foam'd with Carcases and Blood ;
The purpled Stream his murm'ring Waves enlarg'd,
And mouthing Billows thick themselves discharg'd.

But *Juno* for *Achilles* much dismay'd,
'Gainst this Assault call'd *Vulcan* to his Aid ;

Dear Son ! draw up and muster all thy Flame,
Fight Waves with Fire, and raging *Xanthus* tame ;
And I'll from Sea raise *r* winds by pow'rful Charms,
To help thee burn the *Trojans* and their Arms ;
By turns the West and Southern Winds shall blow,
Incircling with a Crown of Fire the Foe.

(9) *Juno* calls *Vulcan* to *Achilles* his rescue in respect of the contrariety of Fire and Water, sending two Winds, which blew out of contrary quarters, *Notus* and *Zephyrus*, that the one drying and refreshing, the other might inflame. *Enst.*

(r) From *Juno's* causing these two Winds to blow from off the Sea, *Plutarch* observes *Homer's* excellency in natural Philosophy, the Winds owing their original to moisture, exhaled and rarified into Clouds, Wind being no other then *dry* *plew* *impulsed* *Air*, according to that of *Lucretius*, lib 6.

Ventus enim fit, ubi est agitando percitus aer.

Winds are th'impulsion of the troubled Air.

Burn

Burn thou those stately Trees his Margents shade,
In his own Channel him with Flames invade ;
Nor let fair Words nor Threatnings stop thy Ire,
Unless I bid thee hold and quench thy Fire.

This said, the God rais'd all his Pow'r, which first
On those *Achilles* slaughter'd quench'd its Thirst,
And all those Plashes that had drown'd the Plains
Fire soon licks up, and all the Marshes drains :

A Garden so drown'd with Autumnal Rains
The Owner glads, when *Boreas* it regains ;
So *Vulcan* clears the Fields, the Bodies burns,
On *Xanthus* then his yellow Squadron turns,
Pines, Sallows, Tamerisk, Lotus, which in Ranks
With Cypress, Osiers, crown'd his shadie Banks :
The num'rous Daughters of the pleasant Flood
Straight were consum'd, Eeles bed-rid lay in Mud,
And Fishes which 'mongst silver Billows glide
Beneath his boyling waters gasping dy'd.

When *Xanthus* thus ; Not any Pow'r thy Ire
Can, *Vulcan* ! stand, nor meet thy raging Fire :
Draw off thy Troops, and let *Achilles* drive
The Foe to *Troy* : Why should we Gods thus strive ?

Thus he implores, whilst in his Waves he broyls ;
As when with blown-up Fire a Caldron boyls,
The rich Lard-trying of a Sty-fed Boar,
When Flames increase supply'd with Fewel store :
So his chaf'd Billows, spent with raging Heat,
Not kept their Channel, nor could well retreat ;
When thus to *Juno* He himself addrest ;

Why doth thy Off-spring thus my Waves infest,
And others spares ? not I, nor these my Floods
More guilty be then those combining Gods,
Who help the *Trojans* ; but I shall forbear ;
If thou command'st the solemn Oath I'll swear,

M m m 2

No

(f) *Gr.* ἑταιρὸς *Boys.* he means
the winds called *Etesia*, which arising
two days after the Dog-star, blow
constantly for forty days together,
qualifying so the heat of the Sun,
much improved by the influence of
that Star, *Spond.* vide *Plin. lib. 2. cap. 7.*

No more my Friends to aid, no not when *Troy*
The *Grecians* shall with hostile Flames destroy.

Straight pitying *Juno* heard the Stream complain,
And thus to *Vulcan* said; Dear Son! abstain:
Us it becomes not, though we have the ods,
Siding with Mortals, to afflict the Gods.

This said, grim *Vulcan* quench'd his raging Flame,
And back the River to his Channel came.
Thus *Xanthus* conquer'd, both sides dis-engage,
And *Juno* bridles her impetuous Rage;
But th'other Gods their Interests pursu'd,
Stirr'd by Contention up and bitter Feud,
Who clamouring charg'd; Earth and vast Skies resound.
Jove heard them where *Olympick* Spires He crown'd,
And smiling saw them ready now to charge;
Nor long they stood; *Mars* thund'ring on his Targe,
First arm'd *Minerva* meets, and roughly said;

(r) *Eustathius* observes *ἐν τῇ πρώτῃ*
μῦθῳ 'Αθηνᾶς καὶ 'Αρ. οὗ ἐστὶ μὴ ἀδελφεύου-
σαν καταγγέλλει, that *Minerva* never en-
counters *Mars* but when he first gives
the assault, wisdom never betaking
her to arms but when she is forced to
it for self-preservation.

And why do'st thou the Gods to Arms perswade?
Hast thou forgot since *Diomed*, by thee
Set on, so boldly charg'd and wounded Me?
Now shall We audite sure all old Accounts,
And thou shalt pay for many such Affronts.

This said, He strook her Shield, on which no Dint
Jove's blazing Thunder-bolts could e'r imprint:
The Javelin enter'd, yet not Passage found,
To taste her Virgin-blood, or make a Wound:
When she retreating lifted up a Stone,
Which limited the Fields, a ponderous one,
And hits him on the Neck: faln on the Ground,
He hides seven * Acres; his huge Arms resound;
In dust his Tresses powder'd: *Pallas* smil'd,
And thus insulting said; Alas, poor Child!
Know'st Thou not yet that I thy * better am?
Believ'st thou, Fool! on Me to purchase Fame?

(u) *Πενσδεξή*, seven of which *Mars*
here covered, contained an hundred
feet or sixty six cubits.

(x) *Minerva* had the preheminance
of *Mars* in these three respects; first
for that she was born of one parent
only, and he a male; secondly, for that
she was brought forth *συνελευσέας* *ὀπλοῖς*,
and so Arms connatural to her; lastly,
that she was born upon *Jupiter's* signal
Victory over the *Titans*, she being
thence styled 'Αθηνᾶ *ἰστῆρ*, not only to
keep up the memory of that eminent
defeat, but to hint as well *τὸ τ' ἐκείνῃ*
στῆρ *ἔσθ' ἡ νικητικὴ* the prevalence and
potencie of wisdom, as being ever vi-
ctorious in all her designs, *Εὐστ.*

Thy

Laomedon his Contract not regards,
But threatening Us discharg'd without Rewards,
Vowing that He would bind thy Hands and Feet,
And send to Isles far distant in his Fleet;
Nay with his pruning Knife our ears to crop:
Then nettled we departed with small Hope,
Chafing to be thus baffled of our Right.

(e) *Apollo* being not so vindictive as *Neptune*, besides being highly honoured in *Chrysa*, *Cilla*, *Tenedos*, nay *Troy* it self, forgot and forgave the former indignities done him, a later, albeit less curtesie, expiating a former, though greater unkindness; ἡ γὰρ τεινέσθαι χάρις καὶ ἐν αὐτῇ ἡ δίκη; αὐτῶν ἐγκλίμα λόγος, Schol.

'On this Account do'st thou for *Ilium* fight,
Rather then joyn with Us 'gainst perjur'd *Troy*,
And Root and Branch that cursed Race destroy?

Then *Phæbus* said; My Judgement blame as slight,
If I with thee for wretched Mortals fight,
Whom Earths production feeds, who, brittle Clay,
Flourish like Leaves a while, as soon decay:
Let Them engage, whil'st We draw off. Then first
Phæbus retreats, fearing to have the worst.

When chaste *Diana* thus her Brother blam'd;

Fly'st thou from *Neptune* thus? art not asham'd
On him eternal Honour to bestow
And Victory? What means that uselefs Bow?
Let Me not Thee in *Jove's* high Palace more
Hear proudly vaunting say, as heretofore,
That singly thou great *Neptune* durst engage,
And all his muster'd Billows mouthing Rage.

(f) Fond provocations are best answered with silence.

This said, He not reply'd: When thus her Spleen
Juno declar'd against the Forests Queen;

How dar'st Thou, Impudence! with Me contend?
I'll match Thee should'st thou thy whole Quiver spend:
Though *Jove* permits thee play a Tyrants part,

(g) The untimely death of Females being ascribed to her, as mens her Brother *Apollo*, *Enst*. Besides *Diana* presided at Births, being thence styled *Λοχία*, Women having easiest labours when the Moon is at full; πανσληνις ἐνιστάται αἱ γυναικες, Id.

& Women to kill, what ever their desert;
Yet easier 'tis o'r Hills and jutting Craggs
Wild Beasts to chase, and follow flying Stags,
Than rashly with superior Powers to cope:
But if thou wilt encounter, mock'd by Hope

Me

Me to subdue: Come, put it to th' Event,
That thy Fool-hardiness thou may'st repent.
Here both her Wrists she in her left Hand catch'd,
And then her Bow off with the other snatch'd,
Which beating 'bout her Ears the Goddess laughs;
Whil'st in the Scuffle dropt out all her Shafts:

Diana weeping flies: As from a Hawk
A fearful Dove seeks shelter in a Rock,
Cutting soft Air, to 'scape her eager Foe;
So fled the Goddess, leaving there her Bow.

When thus to bright *Latona* *Hermes* said;
^b I all Contest with thee shall still evade:
Hard with *Jove's* Wife it is to be at ods;
And thou wilt boast amongst th' immortal Gods,
Me thou hast vanquish'd: Then her Shafts and Bow,
Which scatter'd lay where dusty Breezes blow,
She gather'd up, and to her Daughter bare.

Diana to *Jove's* Palace cuts the Air,
And sits down weeping at her Father's Knee:
Sobs shake the Virgins Heav'nly Vail, but He
Indulgent to the Quiver-bearing Maid,
Plac'd Her next to Himself, and smiling said;

Who, dearest Daughter! thus unkindly us'd,
And like a Malefactor Thee abus'd?

She sighing then reply'd; *Juno*, thy Wife,
Who still foments Contention here and Strife.

Thus they; but *Phæbus* straight to *Troy* repair'd,
Suspecting Walls were no sufficient Guard,
But that the *Greeks* might enter, spight of Fate:
The rest to Heaven, unlike affected, get,
And near great *Jove* celestial Places fill'd,
Whil'st stern *Achilles* Men and Horses kill'd:

As when curl'd Clouds scale Heav'n, a Town on Fire,
When angry Gods to punish it conspire,
All, Grief and Labour share; *Achilles* so
Afflicts the *Trojans* both with Toyl and Wo.

But

(b) *Ἑρμῆος δ' Ἐρμῆς, Mercurie* being still for peace and amity, whence in the *Odyssees*, he desires to accompany with *Venus*, though he were bound to her as *Mars*, with an iron chain, to intimate τὸ πρὸς εἰρησέλπον ἢ τὸν ἐπαρθεῖσιν ἐν γυναικὶ καὶ ἐπ' αὐτῇ the amiableness and sweetness of well-penn'd lines; hence the *Pelasgi* pictured their *Mercuries*, the elder especially, *εἰςσταμένους* καὶ *ὀρθοζώντας* signifying thereby πρὸς λόγιον, μάστιγα γέροντας, γυναικῶν δὲ πρὸς ἐπὶ νεαλύντων καὶ ἑπὶ γέροντος ὀπισθημόνων, that the Oratorie of such as were antient was much more perswasive and prevalent, than theirs who were young and unexperienced.

But *Priam* on a Tow'r *Achilles* views,
And how the routed *Trojans* He pursues;
Thence straight descending hastens to the Walls,
And thus to th'out-Gards and bold Warders calls;
Set ope the Gates, and hold them with your Hands,
Till we receive our dissipated Bands:
Achilles close pursues, and fraught with Rage
Kills all; some great Misfortune I presage:
But when our Friends recover Breath within,
Then bolt and bar them fast, lest He get in.

This said, the Gates unbarr'd they open set,
Through which in throngs they long'd-for Safety get,
Whil'st in betwixt *Apollo* leaping stav'd
The *Grecians* off, and flying *Trojans* sav'd:
They through the Ports into the City burst,
From dusty Champaigns choak'd with burning thirst.
After *Achilles* with his Javelin came,
Greedy to lavish Blood, and purchase Fame:
Then *Troy* th' had enter'd, and their Business done,
Had not *Apollo* mov'd *Antenors* Son
Agenor, and stood by, him to assist,
Leaning against th' old Beech, conceal'd in Mist:
Spying *Achilles*, much perplext, He made
A stand, and sighing to Himself thus said;

Ah! wretched me, shall from *Pelides* I
Fly the same Way that others routed fly?
Then me he'll seize, and without Mercy kill:
I'll let him chase the broken *Trojans* still,
And cross the Plains run to *Idæan* Woods;
Then, when grown late, bath'd in refreshing Floods,
Return to *Troy*. What idle Plots I lay?
As if when I should speed another Way,
He would not it descrie, and seize Me straight:
How should I then scape Death and cruel Fate?
He of all Mortals is most strong and stout.
What if I stand Him here, and fight it out?

Stick-free he's not, nor hath more Lives then one,
And (they say) mortal, though a Goddess Son:
But him *Jove* favours still; This said, he stood,
Resolv'd to fight, and make his Station good:

So stands a Panther put from shady Grounds,
The Huntsman flighting and his loud-mouth'd Hounds,
Who hurt, with pain grown desperate, takes his Lot,
To kill his Foe, or die upon the Spot;

So bold *Agenor* stood, disdaining Flight,

In posture stern *Æacides* to fight,

And brandishing his Javelin thus he spake,

Believ'st thou, Fool! *Ilium* this Day to take?

'Twill cost more yet; many within their Lives
For their dear Parents, Children and their Wives,
And *Troy's* defence will spend; but e're we part,
Receive thy Fate, Thou who so dreadful art!

This said, He threw, and hit him on the Shin;
The Buskin rung, repulsing Steel with Tin,
So well the high-proof'd Metal *Vulcan* forg'd.
Pelides next his ponderous Spear discharg'd,
But *Phæbus* so much Honour not allow'd
Achilles then, but in a hollow Cloud
Fetcht off *Agenor*, ending the Dispute;
Next turns *Achilles* from his Foes Pursuit,
Him facing like the Prince; the God then flies,
Achilles following swiftest Winds out-vies:
Whil'st o're the Plains *Phæbus* towards *Xanthus* made,
And slowly ran, and dallying with him play'd,
His Hopes deluding, in the *Trojans* get,
And from the Field in safety Home retreat,
Thronging the Streets; none tarry'd in the Field
To question who escap'd, and who were kill'd;
But struck with panick Fear all Honour flight,
And breaking in preserv'd themselves by Flight.

N n n

HOMER'S

(i) In all other kinds of beasts the males are most courageous, but in Bears and Panthers the females, which last hath this property, to summon and spend all her power upon the first encounter, wherein being dis-appointed, she presently faints. *Oppian* makes the Panther to express this courage in defence of her young. *Kenn.* γ. γ. 131. &c.

Παῖσι δὲ προβήσασσι, καὶ χαλκὸν ἐν ἰσχυρῷ.
Καὶ τὸ σῶμα σφίγγων τέλειαν τέλειαν δα-
μύσας.

* Ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἀνδρῶν σμικρὰ μὲν ἀνδρῶν.
* Οὐδ' ἂν πολὺν ἔστιν ἐν ἀνδρῶν ἔλκερ.
* Οὐδ' ἂν πολὺν ἔστιν ἐν ἀνδρῶν ἔλκερ.
* Οὐδ' ἂν πολὺν ἔστιν ἐν ἀνδρῶν ἔλκερ.

* Οὐδ' ἂν πολὺν ἔστιν ἐν ἀνδρῶν ἔλκερ.
* Οὐδ' ἂν πολὺν ἔστιν ἐν ἀνδρῶν ἔλκερ.

Στίλβουσιν δ' ἡ σφίγγος δαίμων ἡ τέλειαν σφίγγος.

They charge the forward Huntsmen,
and will spend

Their dearest Blood their Off-spring
to defend;

Dare Regiments of well-arm'd Soul-
diers fight:

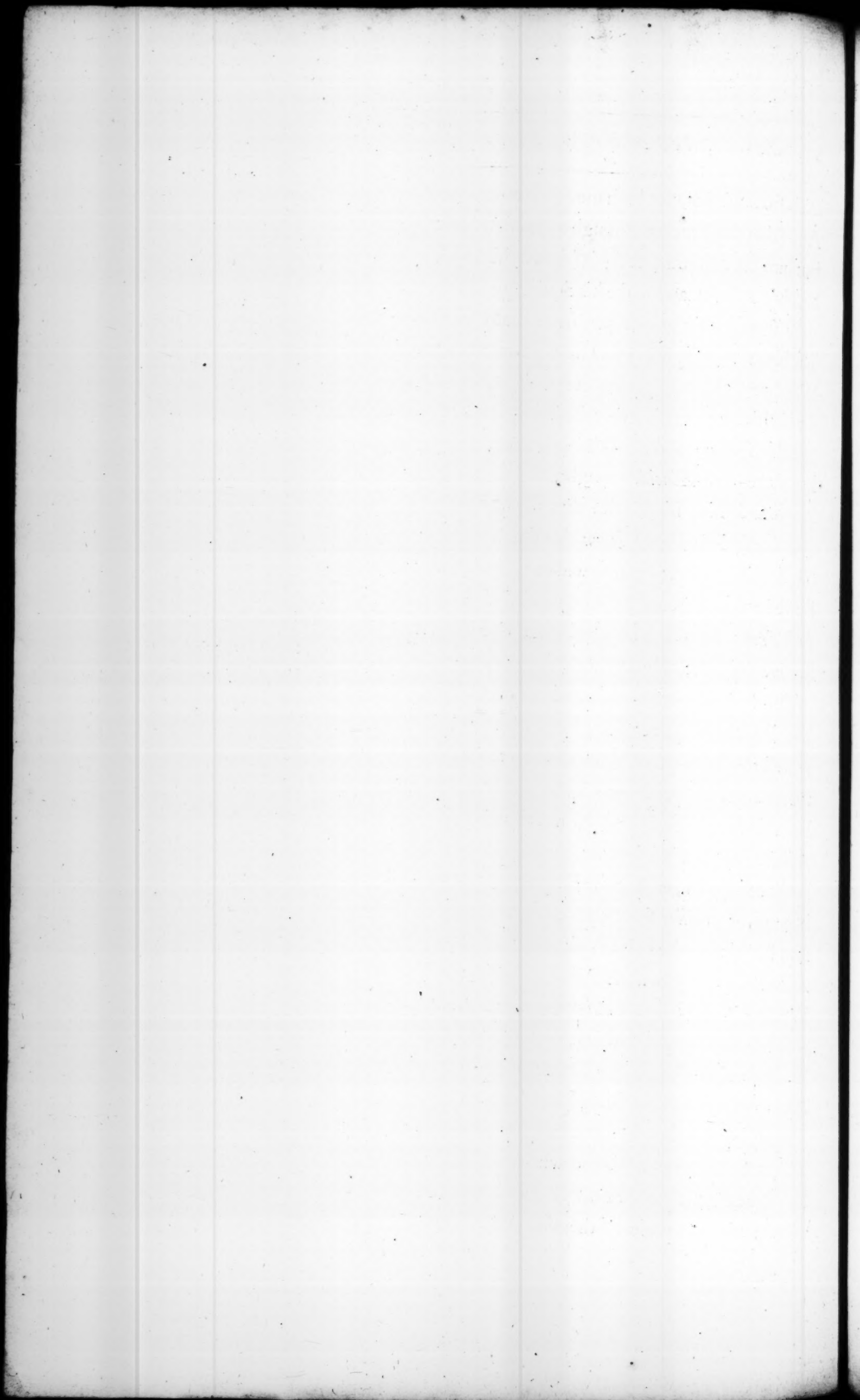
Not any Face of Danger them af-
fright:

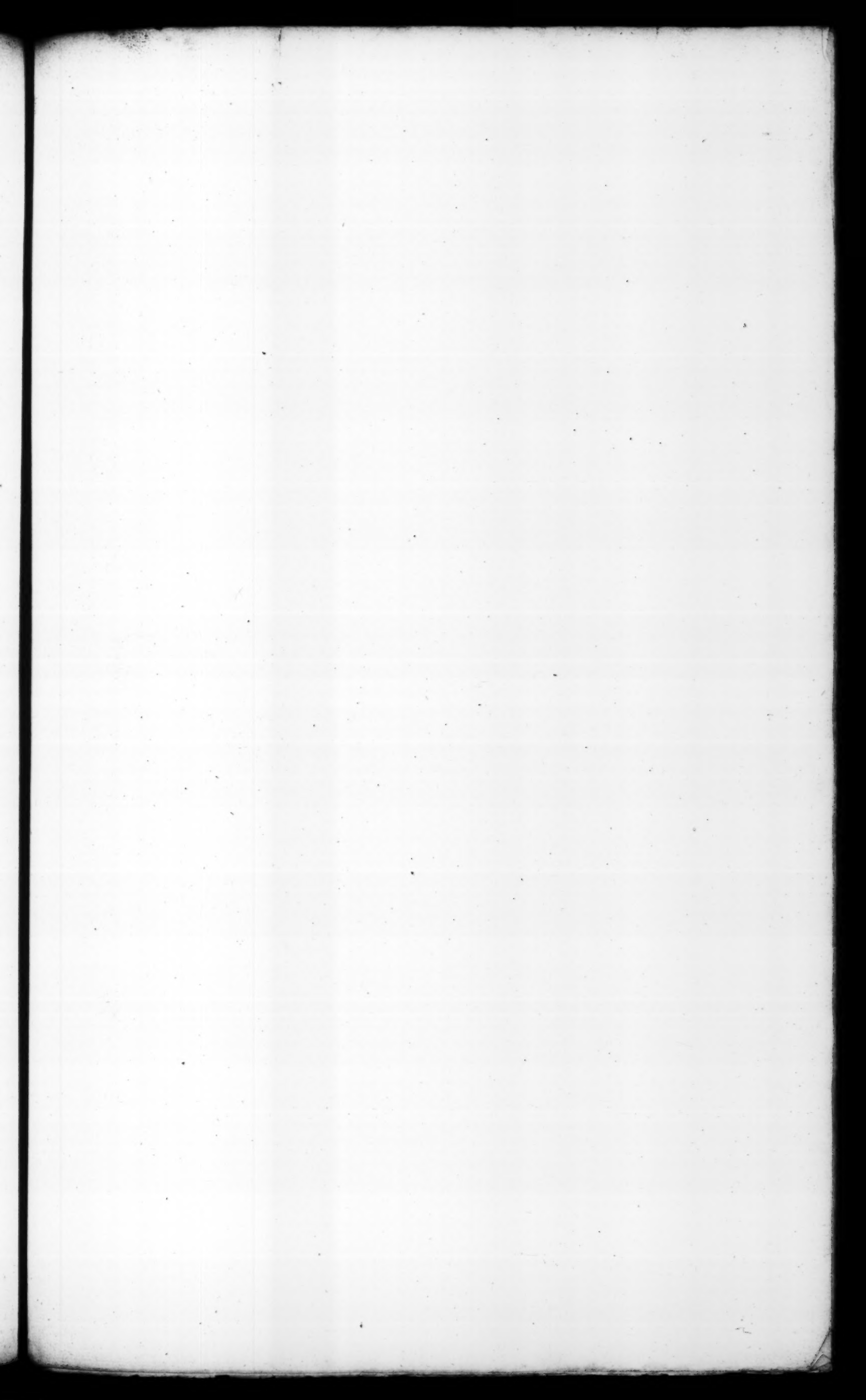
To save their Race they fear no plu-
med Storms,

From twanging Bows, nor shrink at
dazling Arms,

Stones thrown as thick as Hail, nor
Javelins fly,

Resolv'd to save their Progeny, or dy.







459.

Honoratiss: Domino Do:
gusdem Stirpis et Agnominis
Sanford et Badlesmere



Lib: 22
Alberico de Vere vicesimo
Comiti Oxonie Bar Bolebec
Tabulam hanc: LMD DDIO



HOMER'S ILIADS:

THE TWO & TWENTIETH BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

Phœbus Achilles *mocks*. Pallas *deceives*
Hector, and to Pelides *Fury leaves* ;
Who killing drags Him at his Chariot Stern :
His Wife and Parents from a Tow'r discern
The woful Object: Sad Complaints and Cries
Echo through Troy : loud Clamor scales the Skies.



O rush'd the *Trojans* in, as o're the
Lawns

Pursu'd to Shelter speed a Herd of
Fawns;

Where, Thirst allaid, They wipe off trickling Swear,
And leaning stand upon the *Parapet* ;
Whil'st to the Walls pursuing Squadrons throng,
Whose bossie Shields athwart their Shoulders hung.

But *Hector*, instigated by his Fate,
Expecting stood without the *Scean Gate* :

N n n 2

When

When thus *Apollo* to *Achilles* spake ;
 Why striv'st Thou fondly Me to overtake,
 Nor *Phæbus* know'st, still frantick thus with Rage,
 And, Mortal, dar'st a deathless God engage ?
 Why Me to chase an Army do'st Thou wave,
 Whose routed Troops now Walls and Bulwarks save ?
 Kill Me thou canst not, I immortal am.

Who vext replies : *Phæbus* ! Thou art too blame,
 Thou spightfullest of Gods ! Me to divert
 In my pursuit ; else many had faln short,
 And biting th'Earth before their Walls expir'd ;
 So I eternal Honour had acquir'd :
 Which thou hast done, because for this Affront
 I want the Pow'r to call Thee to Account.

To *Troy*, this said, He speeds ; As in the Course
 With well-match'd Chariots runs the Conqu'ring Horse,
 Taking long stretches o'r the Plains at ease ;
 So free and lightly mov'd *Æacides*.

Him *Priam* first saw gliding through the Field,
 Like that bright Star whose Rayes in Autumn gild
 The Morning's gloomy Tracts with glitt'ring Light,
 Dimming the fainter Beauties of the Night,
^a *Orions* Dog, whose Luster all transcends,
 But the sad Omen ^b sickly Times portends :

(a) Others make this Dog-star to be the Dog of *Erigone*, transform'd into a Star upon this occasion. *Icarus*, an *Athenian* by birth, entertaining *Bacchus*, was gratified by him with the invention of Wine, and the planting and ordering of Grapes. He acquainting the neighbouring people with the invention, they taking too liberally of the Liquor, awaking after sleep, and conceiving themselves to be poisoned, fell upon *Icarus* for it, and slew him ; the Dog, which attended his Master, returning to *Erigone*, revealed to her by his howling what had pass'd, who upon it hung her self. After an infectious disease infecting the *Athenians*, sent by *Minerva*, they, according to an Oracle, honoured *Icarus* and *Erigone* with an anniversary solemnity, giving it out that they were all metamorphos'd to Stars. *Schol.* *Icarus* being after this call'd *Bootes*, *Erigone*, *Virgo*, the Dog alone retaining the name of his species. (b) As occasioning *Causons* or Feavers, call'd thence *canis majoris*, *Eust.* Of the intense heat of this Star, and its sad influence upon humane Bodies, and the whole frame of nature, thus *Manilius* elegantly, lib. 5.

*Cum vero in vastis surgit Nemeaus h'atus
 Exoriturque Canis, latratque canicula flammans,
 Et rabit igne suo geminans incendia Solis :
 Qua subdente sacem terris, radiosque movente
 Dimicat in cineres Orbis, fatumque supremum
 Soritur, languetque suis Neptunus in undis,
 Et viridis nemori sanguis decedit, & herbis,
 Cuncta peregrinis orbes animalia quarunt,
 Atque eget alterius Mundus. Natura suismet
 Ægrotat morbis, nimios obfessa per astus,
 Inque rogo vivit, tantus per sidera fervor
 Funditur, atque uno cœu sint in lumine cuncta.*

But when the gaping Lion mounts the Skies,
 And the two Dog-stars breathing flame arise,
 The Sun's heat doubled with combustive beams
 Kindles the ayre ; Earth charg'd with sweltring gle : mes
 To ashes fights, as in its Funerall ;
Neptune sits parboyl'd in his wat'ry Hall.
 Beasts seek (since burnt are Pastures, Trees and Plants)
 A cooler World ; its self another wants,
 Longing to change : sick-Nature, self-beset,
 Lyes tortur'd with her own intestine heat,
 As on her Pyre : their influence such alone,
 As if all Stars conjoyn'd their flames in one.

So shin'd his Arms: Aloud old *Priam* cries,
Beating his Breast, Tears trickling from his Eyes,
And *Hector* thus, standing before the Gates
Resolv'd to fight *Æacides*, intreats;

Stay not, dear Son! attempt Him not alone,
Urging thy Fate, lest thou be overthrown;
Cruel *Achilles* hath of thee the Ods:
Ah! would he were no dearer to the Gods
Than unto Me! soon Dogs should him devour,
And I once more enjoy a happy Hour.
He many of my Children slew, or sold
To Isles remote: now no where I behold
Lycaon, nor my Darling *Polydore*,
Amongst these Troops, whom my *Laöthoe* bore:
Them, if alive, with Gifts of great Esteem,
Which *Altes* me presented, I'll redeem;
But if descended to grim *Pluto's* Court,
Though We their Parents mourn their loss, yet short
Will be the peoples Grief, if Thou forbear
To fight that Fiend, and wave his Fatal Spear.
With-draw and save Us all, nor Him afford
Eternal Honour, falling by his Sword:
Pity thy Father in this woful state,
Whom *Jove* hath pleased with so hard a Fate
To bring to utter Ruine, now grown old:
What Myriads of Woes shall I behold,
My slaughter'd Sons, my Daughters ravish'd see,
My Court destroy'd, and from the Nurses knee
Their tender Babes snatch'd by the cruel Foe,
And in one Sea their Floods commixed flow!
Then Dogs shall Me devour, slain by the Sword,
Whom I so often fed from my own Board,
Who glutted with^d my Blood, grown drousie, shall
Stretch'd on the Floor ly snoring in my Hall:

A young

(c) Such as were wealthy, keeping
not Dogs onely, but other creatures
also, and that onely for ostentation.
Enst.

(d) *Enstatius* saith, that Dogs by
drinking humane blood become mad.

A young Man slain looks comely laid out Dead,
But when an old Man's hoarie Beard and Head,
And Members Dogs defile, what greater Curse
Can fall on Mortals, or Misfortune worse?

This saying, He his silver Tresses rends;
Yet *Hector* (such his Fate) not condescends.

His Mother then her Bosome open laid,
And thus, her 'Breasts denuded, weeping said;
Dear Son! ah! reverence These, and pitie Me;
If e'r these Teats have still'd thee on my Knee,
And lull'd in golden Slumbers, not ingage,

Nor meet thy bloody Persecutors Rage:
Thee should He kill, Thee, *Hector*! whom I bore,
How shall thy Wife and I thy Death deplore,
Bathing thy Herse with many a briny Show'r,
When at his Tent fierce Dogs shall thee devour?

Thus they with pow'ful Motives him assail;
Yet neither Tears, nor Arguments prevail,
But fix'd he stood *Achilles* to engage.

A Serpent so, with fVenome swoln and Rage,
Lyes lurking for a Prey, and frowning waites,
Coyl'd up before his Mansions narrow Gates;
As valiant *Hector* carried in the Field,
Resting against a Tow'r his massie Shield;

Should I, ah me! he said, draw near the Wall,
Then first on me *Polydamas* would fall,
Who Uls perswaded that unhappy Night,
When so *Achilles* rag'd, we should retreat:
Ah! would I had; then such a gallant Hoast
I had not by my indiscretion lost:

(e) Τὴν αὖτις αἰσῶν τὴν
ῥῆμα, begging by this her gesture a re-
taliation of what she had done for him, a
return for his education, the bearing
τὰ βασάνια ἐπὶ τὸν ὅνδεσσαν μέν,
those parts which bore and fed him. Of
which requital *Oppian* thus, giving an
instance of it first in men, and then in
brutes, the Goats, *Kumy. l. v. 345, &c.*

*Ὡς δὲ θεοὶ γένετον πατὴρ μιν ἀρχαίοισι
ἴσθον ἐν δαίμοσι, αὐτὰς βαρύνει δαΐφρα
βίον.

*Ἀλλ' ἄγεθ' οὐλομένη, τρομερὴν δέμας, ὅψιν
ἀμύνει.

*Ἀμφαγμάτων οὖν οἱ δὲ δὴ περὶ πόρπῃ ἔχουσι,
Τινὲς αὖτις κομίδ' ἢν ποισσέμεν δ' ἔστιν.

*Ὡς αἰγῶν κότες εἰδὼς κομίδ' ἔχουσι
ἴσθον, ὅτι δαΐφρα αὐτὸν ἔχουσι τὰς ἡν.

*Βρομὴν δ' ἔχουσι τὰς ἡν, ὅτι αὐτὸν ἔχουσι τὰς ἡν.

*Δορὶ δ' ἔχουσι τὰς ἡν, ὅτι αὐτὸν ἔχουσι τὰς ἡν.

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*Ἐν τῇ δ' ἔχουσι τὰς ἡν, ὅτι αὐτὸν ἔχουσι τὰς ἡν.

Eustathius observes further, that she
denuded both these parts, that so
demonstrating her self ὅλην μητέρα, a
perfect mother, as having not born him
only in her Womb, but suckled him also at her Breast, she might the rather for this prevail with him. (f) *Gr.* Βιόζωνες καὶ φάλακες
fed with poisonous Herbs, which some understanding of a kind of Herb καλὴ γὰρ καὶ ἡν, which ingenders choler, others understand it of
creatures of a venomous nature, which the Serpent eats as wanting poison of his own, having none but what he assumes; such as *Ant*
and *Cambarides*; of the former of which *Eust.* writes, that whosoever but breathes into their holes and receptacles, his tongue will
presently be ulcerated, and that by reason of the pestilential air that issues thence, occasioned by their constant feeding upon
Serpents. *Hesichius* saith, that if any but look into them, their lips will swell. Of this property of the Serpent, to chew poison ere
he assault any creature, see *Ælian. Hist. Anim. lib. 6 cap 4.*

The *Trojans* and their Wives (as well they may)
To my disparagement, I fear, will say;
Bold *Hector's* Rashness hath undone us All.
But should *Achilles* by my Prowess fall,
Or fighting for my Countrey I by Him;
Lost Reputation so I might redeem.

What if I should lay down my Cask and Shield,
Set by my Spear, and to *Achilles* yield;
Promise that *Helen* with her vast Estate
Paris brought Home, the Cause of all Debate,
Her Lord should re-injoy; Say I'm content
To make of all our Wealth a $\frac{1}{2}$ Divident;
And that I'll force the People swear, They shall
Conceal no Treasure, but discover all?
Why talk I thus? I'll ne'r petition Him,
Who hath for Me no Pity nor Esteem:
He finding Me disarm'd no time will slip,
But easie, as a woman, kill and strip.

'He'll not be mov'd at all with Stories vain
Of Okes and Rocks, fond Tales which entertain
Credulous Virgins and admiring Youth,
Who swallow things impossible for Truth:
No, We must fight it out, and by the Sword
Know to whom *Jove* the Honour will afford.

Thus he resolves, whilst on *Achilles* comes,
Like *Mars* his Crest, adorn'd with dangling Plumes,
Shaking a Lance, his Arms like Lightning shone,
Like blazing Fire, or like the rising Sun.

When *Hector* saw *Æacides* draw near,
He stay'd no longer, struck with sudden Fear,
But leaves the *Scean* Gate, and swiftly flies:

As a sharp Hawk after a Pigeon hies,
This speeds for life, the Quarry That to catch;
So 'twixt the Heroes equal seems the Match.

(g) Beleagured Cities using anciently to compound and purchase their peace by parting with the moiety of their estates, of which custome see *Homer lib. 18.* in his description of *Achilles* his Shield.

(h) *Achilles* being not so soft and easie of belief as men of the primitive ages, who conceived children to be born of Rocks and Trees, because they there found them expos'd, the poorer people leading then a pastoral life, and having no houses. *ἡ κοινὴ ἀπὸ τῶν τῶν ἡρώων ἐστὶ καὶ ἀρχαῖος καὶ ἐν ἡμέρῃς ἀπὸ τῶν πάλαι ποτὶ ἡσπέραινοι ἐς ἡμέρας ἔχοντες ἀπὸ δρυὸς καὶ ἀπὸ πέτρης γινώσκοντες, ὡς Εὐστ.*

(i) Thus *Oppian* commending the speed of the *Spanish* race of Steeds, compares them for fleetness to the Eagle, Hawk and Dolphin, *Κωμ. lib. 1. v. 280, &c.*

Κεῖνοι τὰ χα μᾶλλον ἐναντὶν ἰσχυροῦσι
Αἰεὶ δὲ ἀνδρείουσαν ἐπιδύων γυμνασίῃ,
ἢ κίρκῃ ταναῖσι τανυστόμαρος περὶ γένον,
ἢ δελφίσι πολυῖσιν ἐλιδάμων βοδυσίαν
Τόων Ἰόνες εἰσι δεδιπόδας ἠνεμῶσι τας.

But yet the *Spanish* Jennet far out-speeds,
Scouring the dusty Champaign Parthian Steeds,
These with swift Eagles, who divide the air,
Shaking out-winged *Boreas*, may compare;
Not long-wing'd Falcons ground of them can gain,
Nor Dolphins who like shafts shoot through the Main:
Yet they are slender, weak, and courage lack,
Though fewer stretches to the Goal they take,

Close

(k) Thus *Herodotus* tells us of the River *Thearis* in *Scythia*, that it was fed with 38 Springs, which issuing all from the same Rock were some of them warm, others cold, *Herod. in Melpom.*

Close by the Walls they take their ready Course
Up to the Prospect, where their Chariot Horse
They us'd to breath, where the wild Fig-tree grew;
From thence to *Xanthus* pleasant Margents flew
Where two rare Springs supply his eddying Streams;
One hot still smoaks, and like a Furnace steams,
The other in the Summer Solstice would
Be more than Snow, than Hail or Chrystal cold:
Two Cisterns there, at which in times of Peace,
Before the *Grecian* Navie crost the Seas,
The *Trojan* Dames and their fair Daughters came
To wash their Garments in the cleansing Stream:
Hither *Achilles* *Hector* chaf'd; This well
Could run, but th' other had no Parallel:
For no mean Prize they strove or sporting Strife,
A Princes Blood the Palme, and *Hector's* Life.

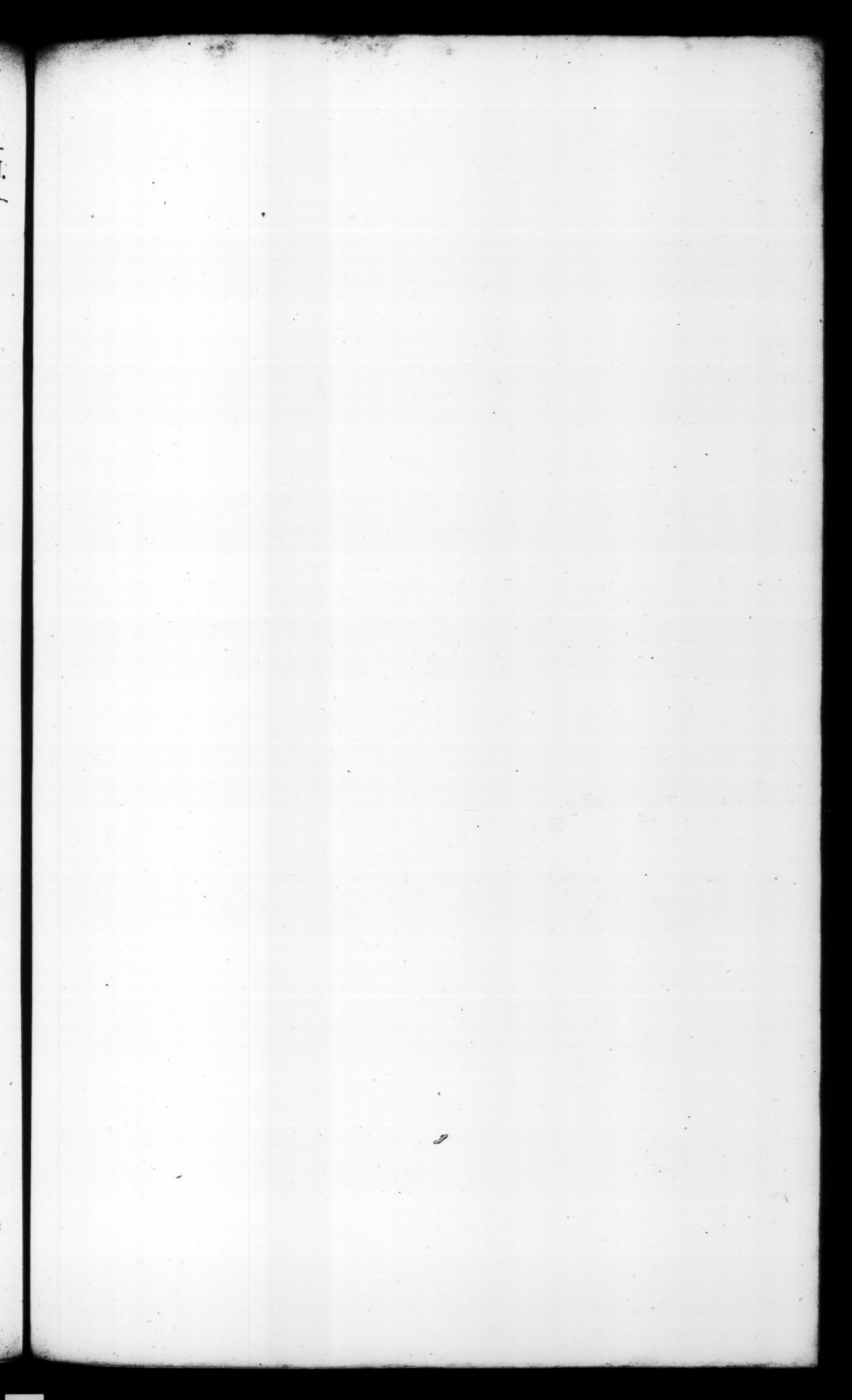
As swift as Charioteers their Chariots drive,
When they for Prizes of great Value strive,
Either a Trypod, or a beauteous Dame,
Honouring some Princes Pyre and funeral Flame,
About the *Trojan* Bulwarks 'thrice they ran,
Whil'st all the Deities sate lookers on.

Then spake the Sire of Gods and Men; Ah Me!
One whom I much respect I yonder see,
And needs must pity, (oft the brawnie Thighs
Of *Bullocks* He to Me did sacrifice
On fertil *Ide*, as oft in *Troy* imbu'd
Our Altars) by *Æacides* pursu'd.
Let Us consult: Shall we the Heroe spare,
Or let him suffer by *Achilles* Spear?

Then *Pallas* thus; Woul'dst thou, O Father! save
One by the Fates predestin'd to the Grave?
We shall not All consent. Then *Jove* reply'd;
I am not serious, Child! in me confide;

(l) Hence *Strabo* collects the ancient *Ilium* to be otherwise situated then the latter, using this for an argument amongst others, that *Hector* and *Achilles* ran thrice about that, whereas they could not run once, probably, about the other, for that a continued back of Mountains would have interrupted their course, εἰς ἣν τὴν ἑκπορὴν ἀνίσταται ἡ πόλις τῶν ἑλλήνων, ἢ τῶν ἀχαιῶν, ὅτι τὸ πρῶτον ἐκ τῆς πόλεως ἐκείνης ἐκπορεύοντο, ἢ τῆς παλαιᾶς ἔχει ἀνίσταται. So *He.*

She





465

Georgio Clerke de Wattford
Armigero Tabulam



in Comitatu Northampton
hanc. L.M.D.D.D.I.O.

Lb. n. 16395

She, prompt before, this said, glides swiftly down
From tow'ry Spires, which steep *Olympus* crown.

But stern *Achilles* after *Hector* ran,
As th' eager Hound pursues a tim'rous Faune,
From Covert put, who to fresh Shelters speeds,
O'r Hills, o'r Dales, through Shrubs and tangling weeds;
He hunts close on the Foot, senting the Trace,
And still the Game approaching mends his Pace:
When tow'rd the *Trojan* Bulwards speed he made,
Expecting there from ready Archers Aid,
Achilles turns him to the open Plain;
Yet still he strives defensive Walls to gain.

"As in his Sleep one dreams pursuit he makes,
Who flies not scapes, nor who pursues o'rtakes;
"So, nor could *Hector* from *Achilles* go,
Nor yet *Achilles* reach the flying Foe.
Then had not *Hector* wav'd his timeless Fate,
But that *Apollo* in so great a Straight,
Brought to his failing Spirits fresh Recruit.
Pelides gave a Signal none should shoot,
Fearing to be defeated of his Fame.

When a fourth time they to the Fountains came,
Jove taking up his golden Balances,
The various Fates of both the Heroes weighs;
When *Hector's* heav'i'r Scale sunk to the Ground,
Achilles Beam knockt at Heav'ns starrie Round:
Then *Phæbus* left him, whil'st th' Illustrious Maid
Drew to *Achilles*, and thus smiling said;

Now, now the *Greeks* great Honour shall acquire,
And slaught'ring *Hector* by thy Hand expire;
He shall no longer scape, though *Phæbus* be
For him to *Jove* a Suppliant on his Knee;
But stay and breath till *Hector* I engage
To stand thy Charge, and meet thy fatal Rage.

O o o

This

(m) This simile is thus rendered and dilated by *Virgil. Æn. lib. 12.*

*Ac velut in somnis oculos ubi languida
pressit
Nocte quies, nequicquam avidos exten-
dere cursus
Velle videmur, & in mediis conatibus
agri
Succedimus, &c.*

As when sleep seals our Eyes in silent
Night,
We seem in vain t' endeavour speedy
flight,
But fainting in the middle, down we
fall,
Striving to cry for help, but cannot
call.

(n) The *Scholiast* inquiring the rea-
sons why *Achilles* being much fleet-
er of the two, did not yet overtake
Hector, concludes with this. That
Hector keeping close to the Wall of
Troy, the better to be protected by
those that stood upon it, *Achilles* for
fear of being hurt from them, kept at
a greater distance, and so fetching the
larger compass ran over twice as much
ground as *Hector* in the same measure
of time; So the greater Celestial
Orbs, though their motion be much
speedier than that of the lesser Spheres,
come yet in their diurnal revolutions
but to the same point with the other,
as fetching a greater circumference,
according to the magnitude of their
Orbs, in as little time.

This said, *Achilles* gladly makes a Hault,
And leaning on his Spear expects th' Assault:
Then like *Deiphobus* Address she made
To *Hector*, and the Heroe thus betrai'd;

Why should *Achilles* drive thee where he list?
Come, stand thy Ground, and I shall thee assift.

Deiphobus, said he, I love thee more
Than all my Brothers; Us one Mother bore;
But now for thee I greater Kindness have,
Who thus adventur'ft singly me to save.

My Parents (she reply'd) and many more
Upon their Knees with Tears did me implore
To keep the Town (so much are they dismaid)
But (such my Love) All could not me perswade.
Come, let Us charge him home, and roughly greet;
Then shall we know, If ours he to the Fleet,
Or we his bloody Spoys shall Home convay.
This said, She to *Trepan* him leads the Way:

When fearless, *Hector* thus: I shall no more
Fly thee, *Æacides*! as heretofore:

'Tis true, swiftly about I thrice this large
And well-fenc'd City fled, but now a Charge
From me expect, resolv'd to take my Lot,
Or thee to kill, or perish on the Spot:
But first you Gods! who ablest Vouchers are
Of humane Contracts, both in Peace and War,
Attest now ours: I shall not treat thee ill,
If *Jove* so please, thee hand to hand I kill;
Taking thy Spoys, thy Body I'll bestow
Upon thy Friends; Thou the like Favour show.

Who thus reply'd; Ne'r Article with me;
Lions as well with Huntsmen may agree,
Or Lambs and Wolves: One of us Two must dye,
And here to *Mars* a bleeding Victim lye:

Mufter

Must' thy Pow'r, thy scatter'd Force unite,
 And pitch thy Valour 'bove a common Height;
 Yet think not to escape; Thee *Pallas* shall
 By me subdue, and I Revenge for all
 My friends thou slaughter'dst take. This said, he threw;
 The Lance, he stooping, o'r his Shoulder flew,
 Fixing in th'Earth, which *Pallas* back convoid,
 To him unseen: then *Hector* boasting said;

Th'ha'st mist: My Fate little from *Jove* thou know'st,
 As thou giv'st out, and subtlie mak'st thy boast,
 That daunted I my Prowess should mistrust:
 Ne'r through the Back shalt thou me flying thrust,
 But through this Breast; Now try to wave this Dart:
 Ah! would to *Jove* 'twere reeking in thy Heart!
 Then would our War be easie, Thee once gon,
 Who to the *Trojans* hast such Mischief done.

(o) Hence among the *Lacedemonians*
 οὐκ ἔστιν ὁδὸς τρυφεῖν ἄνδρα νεκρὸν. *Ge-*
Canulov τὰ ὀνόμα, he that received a
 wound on his back was denied all the
 rights of interment, being cast out
 unburied to deter others from tur-
 ning their backs on the Enemy.

This said, He did his pond'rous Spear discharge,
 Which lighting on the Center of his Targe
 Hard Steel repuls'd: *Hector* enrag'd and sad
 To see his Lance (who not another had)
 Thus spent in vain, aloud his Brother calls
 To borrow his, who kept within the Walls;

Which he misdoubting said; My Fate draws near;
 Fondly *Deiphobus* suppos'd I here,
 Whom Bulwarks guard: *Minerva* me betray'd:
 No longer I shall cruel Death evade:
 Once *Jove* and *Phæbus* me esteem'd most dear,
 And often sav'd, who now must suffer here:
 Not Coward-like, but so will I expire,
 That my last Act all Ages shall admire.

This said, his Sword he draws, and at him flies:
 As a swift Eagle stooping cuts the Skies
 To seize a tim'rous Hare, or tender Lamb;
 So *Hector* brandishing his Falch'on came.

Achilles stoutly meets him in his Charge,
 Screening his Bosome with his ample Targe :
 Four stately Crests his glit'ring Helmet grac'd,
 Where *Vulcan* thick the dangling Plumage plac'd,
 And as the Morning Star, which shines more bright
 Than all those sparkling Gems adorn the Night,
 Glitter'd his Javelin's Poynt, whil'st on he came,
 And, casting *Hector's* ruine, took his Aim
 Where best he might on him imprint a Wound,
 Arm'd in *Patroclus* Spoils : This straight he found,
 Observing where his Cask and Corset play,
 There certain Death might find a speedy Way.
 Then strikes, and hits so dextrously the Joynt,
 That through his Neck he ran the fatal Poynt,
 Yet mist the * *Larinx* ; down in Dust he fell :

* The Wind-pipe.

Pelides then ; Could'st thou *Patroclus* kill,
 And think thy self secure, from Question free
 At this our stricter Audite, slighting me ?
 Know, Fool ! that he a great Revenger left
 Behind him, who hath thee of Life bereft ;
 And whil'st the *Greeks* his Monument do rear,
 Dogs shall thy Limbs and greedy Vultures tear.

Then *Hector* thus, now faultring in his Speech ;
 ' Thee by thy Soul and Parents I beseech,
 Let Dogs not wrong my Corps, which to redeem
Priam will Presents send of great Esteem,
 That so the *Trojans* may my Pyre erect :

Achilles then ; No mercy, Dog ! expect,
 Nor me thus in my Parents name intreat :
 Thee, were I able, I alive would eat.
 Should twenty times thy Ransome to restore
 Thy Corps thy Parents send, and promise more ;
 Nay, should in Person aged *Priam* come,
 To beg thy ⁹ Body with a mighty Summe,

(c) Hence *Plutarch lib. de aud. Poet.* observes that whereas *Homer* makes never any *Grecian* taken alive, or beg for quarter, he makes the *Trojans*, many of them, not onely to be taken captive, but to supplicate also for life, as *Adrastus*, the Sons of *Antimachus*, *Lycan*, and even *Hector* himself for burial, and that his Corps might be restor'd to his Parents.

(g) They that writ after *Homer* observe, that *Achilles* not returning *Hector's* Corps to *Priam* but for a certain weight of gold, met himself with the like retaliation after he was shot by *Paris*, his body being not restor'd till ransom'd with the like sum ; So *Enst.* who for it voucheth *Lycophron*.

Thy

Thy Mother should not mourn thy Obsequies,
But Vultures tear thee: *Hector* thus replies;

I knew that thou inexorable wert,
Nor Pray'rs could move thy adamantine Heart;
Yet I shall be reveng'd; by *Phæbus* Ire
And *Paris* Shaft thou wounded shalt expire.

This said, his Spirits spent, he groaning dyes,
And to the Shades his Soul repining flies,
Loth Youth and Strength to leave; Then this Reply

Achilles sternly makes: Thou now shalt dye;
And, when the Gods so please, I'll take my Chance,

This said, He from the Body drew his Lance,
And laying by, stript off his bloody Arms.

The *Greeks* about slain *Hector* throng in Swarms,
His Limbs admiring, so exactly made,

Then the Corps wounding, each to other said;

This Champion with more Safety now we greet,
Then when with hostile Flames he fir'd our Fleet.

So him they scofft, and fresher Wounds imprest,
When thus himself *Æacides* exprest;

You Leaders! since Heav'ns great Inhabitants
Have given up *Hector* to our vengeful Lance,
Who to the *Greeks* alone hath done more Harm
Than all the *Trojans*, let's the City storm;
That we may know if yet they will maintain
Their Walls, or yield, their prime Commander slain.

Why thus propose I, when *Patroclus* lies
Now at our Navie, wanting Obsequies?

Whom whil'st I live, and draw this vital Breath,
I shall remember; and though after Death

Oblivion reigns, yet I'll not him forget.

Now march, glad *Pæans* singing, to the Fleet,
Dragging the Corps in Triumph from the Field:

Great Honour we have gain'd, and *Hector* kill'd,

Whom

(r) *Hector* was so goodly a personage, that a youth of *Sparta*, as *Plutarch* reports, of whom it was given out that he much resembled him, was trodden to death by the great concourse of people that came from all quarters to see him, and that not out of any indignation conceived against him, but only out of admiration, *Enst.*

(f) Call'd hence *tendo Hectoris*, from *Hector's* being dragg'd by it.

(t) *Didymus* saith it was the custom of the *Thessalians* to drag the Corps of such as had slain any allyed or related to them about the *Cippus* or Monument of their deceased friend: a practice began by *Simon*, who so us'd the dead body of *Eurymadas*, who had slaughtered his Brother *Thrasymus*: who further palliates this *Achilles* his inhumane usage of *Hector's* Corps (who yet so civilly treated *Etion* as to interr him unris'd, with his Arms upon him) by the like indignity intended to his slaughter'd friend, whose head he threatned, severed from his body, to set upon a pile or broach, *Iliad*. v. 177.

— *μετὰ δὲ τὸ θυμὸν αὐτοῦ*
Πηλεὺς αὖτ' ἐπελάμπρει τρυφῶν' ἀπαλὸς ὄψ
εσθλὸς.

παρρησιᾶς δὲ ἢ οἱ ἐπιτιμώμενοι, ὅτι οἱ
ἀδικῶντες ἔχουσιν τὸν ὀνειδισμὸν τοῦ πρώτου
ὅστις ἔσται ὁ ἀδικῶν, ὃς οὐκ ἐστὶν ὁ ἀδικῶν.
offers an injury, not who returns it, Schol.

Whom all the *Trojans* as their God ador'd.

This said, He 'bove the Heel his Ancles bor'd,
Near the great / Tendon ; then puts through a thong,
With which the ' Corps he at his Chariot hung ;
Next, mounting with the Spoys, his Horses whips:
The Steeds free-metal'd hurry to the Ships,
Dragging the Body ; Dust that golden Hair
And Face besmears, which late so lovely were :
Great *Jove* the Foe permitted to defile
The *Trojan* Prince thus in his native Soyl.

Soon as his Mother did from farr discern
His honour'd Head trail'd at a Chariots Stern,
Shreeking she rends her Hair, casts off her Veil :
Priam too mourns, and loud him All bewail ;
Cryes ring through *Troy*, as if the marble Frames
Of Gods and Mortals sunk in hostile Flames.

Scarce could they keep th' old King within his Walls,
Who frantick down to his own Subjects falls,
Kneeling in Dust, requesting One by One ;
Ah ! let me forth, he said, I'll go alone,
And at the Navy that accursed Wretch
Implore, whose monst'rous Actions none can match.
He on my Years, perhaps, may Pity take,
And grey Hairs rev'rence for his Father's sake ;
That we Contemporaries are I'll urge ;
Though him he bred to be the *Trojans* Scourge,
But spec'ally to me a tort'ring Bane,
Who hath so many of my Children slain ;

Yet more than for Them all I grieve to part
With *Hector*, his sad Loss will break my Heart.
Ah ! that these Arms his Body might infold !
Then I and his unhappy Mother would
Sate our Grief, and him with Tears bemoan.

Thus weeping he, whilst all the Concourse groan.

Then

(a) *Andromache* swoons at the sight of *Hector* slain, but not so his Mother *Hecuba*, for surprizing *Andromache* unexpectedly and all together, it took her unprepar'd, and so unable to withstand it, she was born down by it, whereas the knowledge of his untimely fate approach'd not his Mother but by degrees, and thence made not in her the like impression. *Schol.*

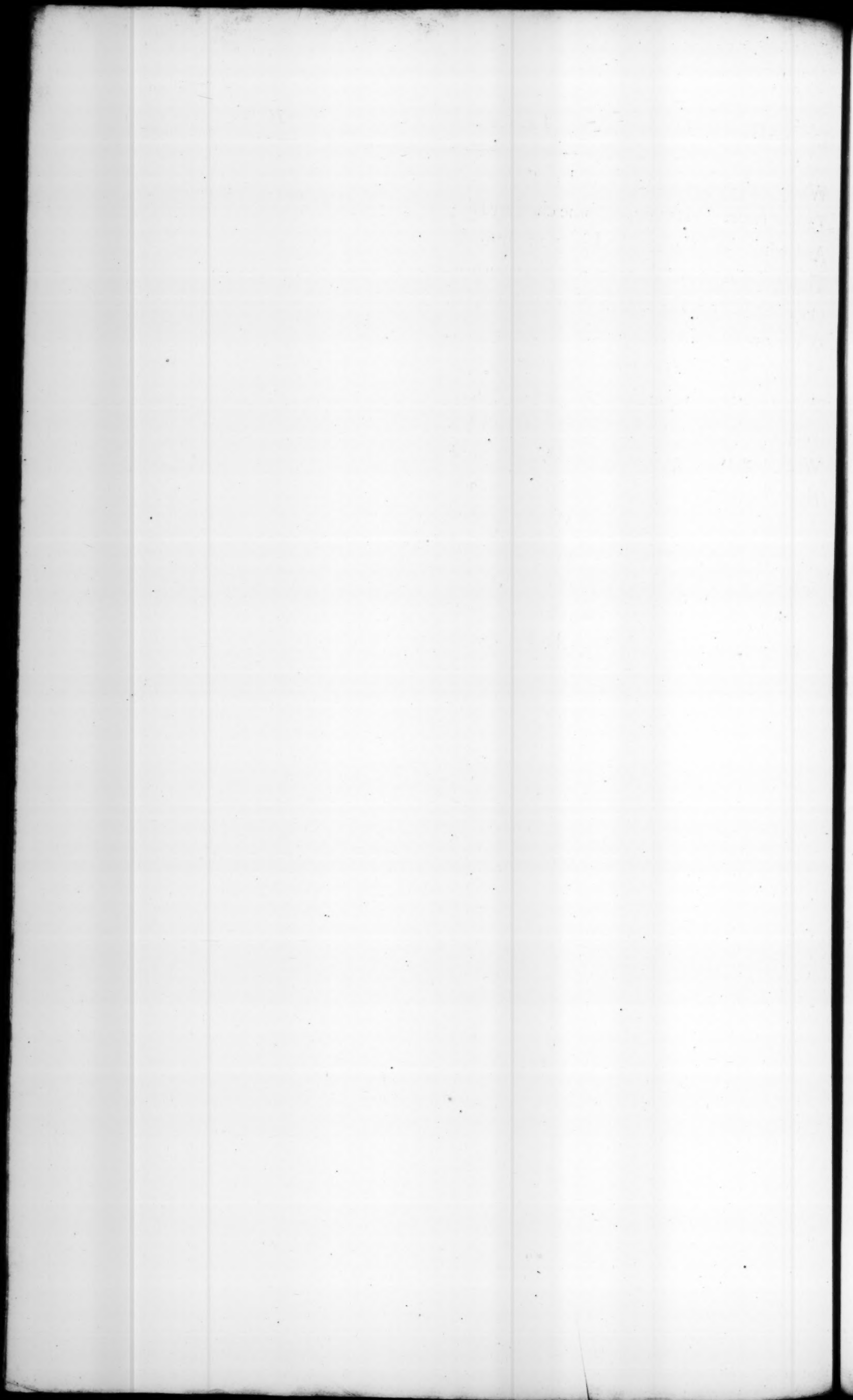
When to the Tow'r she came and gather'd Throng,
And looking down saw *Hector* dragg'd along
There by remorseless Steeds before the Walls,
Her Spirits suffocated down she falls;
Off flies her Veil, and regal Ornament,
And Crown which *Venus* did to her present,
When *Hector* in renowned *Etion's* House
Her with an ample Dowry did espouse:
When coming to her self, her Spirits regain'd,
Thus she aloud and bitterly complain'd;
Us two, Ah! *Hector*, one disastrous Star
Mark'd at our Birth like Miseries to share,
Thee born in *Priam's* Palace, Me at *Thebes*,
Where shady *Placus* shelters fertile Glebes;
There *Etion* bred me up with tender Care;
Ah! would we ne'r had drawn this vital Air!
Since thou to *Pluto's* shady Court art gone,
Thy Wife a woful Widow left alone,
Thy Child an Orphan, since thou canst not be,
Deceas'd, a Help to Him, nor He to Thee;
Who though he scape this fatal War, yet shall
Into a thousand sad Disasters fall:
His fair Estate prove some Usurpers Prey,
And all his Friends after this fatal Day
Shall him dis-own, as thee they never knew:
Then will salt Tears his tender Cheeks bedew,
Till thy Acquaintance seeking through the Town,
This plucking by the Cloak, That by the Gown,
Some One will from his Goblet let him sip
No more, perhaps, then wets his parched Lip:
Then ^b a proud Stripling shall from laden Boards
Drive him with Blows and contumel'ous Words,
Saying, Thy Father feasts not here, be gon;
Then weeping to thy Widow comes our Son,

(b) *Gr. ἀμειβόμενος, ἢ καὶ ἀμφοτέρωθεν τοῦ ποταμοῦ δόσαντες ἡτοι ἐνδεκαμύριον*, that is, such a child both whose Parents were living: Such only as these might make the *Eirisione*, which was a branch of Olive, tyed about with locks of wooll, and hung with several sorts of fruit, vowed first to *Apollo* by *Theseus*, when going to *Crete* against the *Minotaure*, he was driven by ill weather upon the Island *Delos*, and paid the God at his return, the *Minotaure* being slain by him. This *Eirisione* was yearly consecrated to *Apollo*, and set up before the doors of his Temple, at the Feast call'd *Puanepf.a.*

Who

Who on thy Knee accustomed to sit,
 Tasting sweet ' Marrow, or some choycer Bit ;
 And when the Wanton had himself suffic'd,
 Then growing frow'rd, with soft Sleep surpris'd,
 On a soft Couch slept in his Nurfes Arms,
 Who now expos'd lyes open to all Storms ;
 Though him *Astyanax* the People call,
 Whose Fathers single Prowess sav'd us All,
 Whom stript, far from his Parents, at the Fleet,
 When greedy Dogs are feasted, Worms must eat.
 Now all those Vests I and my Dam'sels made,
 And with such Care up in our Wardrobe laid,
 As useless Toyes remorseless Flames shall burn,
 Since they thy Obsequies cannot adorn,
 But onely honour *Troy*, when thou art gon.
 She weeping thus, whil'st all the Ladies groan.

(*) Marrow, ἰ. ε. τὸ νοσιμώτατον τῶν
 ἔσσης the *Chine*.





HOMER'S ILIADS:

THE THREE & TWENTIETH BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

*Patroclus Obsequies: whose funeral Flames
Pelides kindles, and exhibits Games:
At Chariot-racing Diomed the best:
The Spartan and Antilochus contest:
They run, they wrestle, throw the Bar, and Fight,
Their Grief and Sports concluding with the Night.*



Hus through the City all the People
mourn'd:

But when the Grecians to their "Camp
return'd,

(4) Gr. Ἑλλήσποντος the Sea as far as
the Sigeum, being call'd the Hellespont,
the rest beyond that, πρὸς Ἑλλήσποντον,
the broad Hellespont, Eux.

Dispers'd they hasten to their sev'ral Tents:

Whil'st sad *Æacides* his Regiments

Imbodi'd keeps, and thus to part forbids;

Take not forth yet, dear Friends! your weary Steeds,

First nearer draw, where we *Patroclus* may

Lament, and to the Dead last Duties pay:

(b) Which their grief they ex-
pressed not by any articulate pronun-
ciation, but by often iterating those
accents and interjections of sorrow, *ὦ*
and *αἶ*, whence *Eust.* derives the word
us'd here by *Homer*, *ὠμολογία*, a verb
made in imitation of those two par-
ticles, *ὦ* *αἶ* *ὠμολογία*.

P p p 2

Your

Your horses then unharness'd, there we'll sup.

This said, He leads his mourning Squadron's up,
Who thrice surround the Corps, Earth and their Arms
They wash with Tears, provok'd by *Thetis* Charms:
Achilles then, upon *Patroclus* Breast

Laying his Hands, his Sorrow thus exprest;

Hail, dearest Friend! to thee, though dead thou art,
I have kept Promise, and perform'd my Part:
Dragg'd *Hector* Dogs shall eat, and at thy Pyre
Twelve *Trojans* to thy *Manes* shall expire.

(c) Gr. *κατακλιθεὶς*, He laying him groveling, contrary to the custom of the dead; *ἵνα μὴ ὡς τὸν νεκρὸν ὁμῶς κείνῳ*, *Enst.*

This said, before the Herse he *Hector* threw;
Straight All disarm, and forth their Horses drew
Then round their Admiral themselves they plac'd,
And there with various Dishes pleas'd their Taste.

(d) Gr. *ῥέκε δ' ἔπειτα*, that is, white for colour, or with fat, after they were kill'd and dead, they sacrificing onely black Cattel to the dead, *Enst.*

Store of ^d fat Beeves, Sheep, Goats and Swine were slain,
And rosted at quick Fires; a purple Main
About the Herse the slaughter'd Cattel made:
From thence to *Agamemnon* they convey'd
Achilles, for his Friend in Passion yet,
Who straight commands a Bath his Heralds get,
Which warm, *Pelides* Spirits might restore,
Cleansing his Limbs from Dust and clotted Gore;
Who thus, refusing, vow'd; By *Jove*, no Bath
Shall me refresh, or ought that Comfort hath,
Till I my Friend lay on the Pyre, then rear

(e) Cutting off the Hair of the Head, being not only a demonstration of grief for any deceased, but ἀποτίσις τιμῆς, an attestation of the honor and respect we bear the dead, ὡς τῇ φίλῃ κεφαλῇ τῆς κατὰ τὸν ἀναλίσκοντα κόμην, ὅτι παρὰ τὸν ἄνθρωπον ὡς παρὰ τὸν θεόν, as parting for their sakes with the greatest ornament of the Head, the Hair, *Enst.*

(f) As foreknowing that his Father and Son should both survive him, *Enst.*

(g) Gr. *συρὴν περὶ δαίμονα δαίσι*, He calling this Supper *συρὴν* sad or hateful, ὡς ὅτι νεκρῶν γινώμεναι, ὡς ἔς τοὺς ἀπαισιν, as made in honour of the dead, one who was to pass *Stryx*, *Enst.*

His *Obelisk*, presenting Him my Hair,
^f Since me like sorrow never down shall cast,
Whil'st I survive; but let us take ^g Repast,
And, great King! early bid them cut down Wood,
Enough to waft him o'r the *Stygian* Flood,
And to consume the Corps, that All who mourn,
To their Occasions sooner may return.

This said, the Princes all assenting brought
A plenteous Treatment, and long Tables fraught.

When

When Thirst and Hunger both appeased were,
All to their sev'ral Quarters straight repair.

Then on the Margents of the Sea-wash'd Bay
Amidst his *Myrmidons* *Achilles* lay,
Lamenting his dear Friend, when unawares
Soft ^b Sleep, the curer of consuming Cares,
Seal'd up his Eyes, his Spirits to recruit,
Exhausted much in *Hector's* long Pursuit :
When just before him stood *Patroclus* Shade,
'Such Eyes, such Limbs, and in like Garments clad.

Sleep'st thou? (said he) Am I so soon forgot?
Living thou lov'd'st Me, dead regard'st Me not :
Me, ah! interr, who am from *Stygian* Coasts
And long'd-for Passage driv'n by happier Ghosts:
There I attend till *Charon* Me transport
To glad Repose in *Pluto's* silent Court.
Ah! give thy helping Hand; my Body burn,
Since from the Shades I never shall return,
Nor more with thee alone consulting sit :
That Fate which at my Birth the Stars had writ,
Hath snatch'd Me hence, and thou ere long must fall,
Greatest of Heroes! near the *Trojan* Wall :
But make Me happy in this one Request;
Let our collected Bones together rest,
Since at thy Court we both one breeding had,
When with my Father an Escape I made
From *Opous*, where at ^k Play, I 'gainst my Will
The Off-spring of *Amphidamas* did kill :
Then did thy Father *Peleus* condescend
T'adopt me thy Associate and Friend.
Ah! in that golden Urn our Reliques save,
Which thee thy Goddess Mother ^l *Thetis* gave.

Achilles then; Why from infernal Strands
Com'st thou, dear Friend! with these so strict Commands?

All

(b) *Homer* makes sleep to seize *Achilles* after his hard dayes duty, to intimate, saith *Enst.* That sleep is not to be entertain'd or indulg'd till labour hath dispos'd us for it.

(i) *Antisthenes* was of opinion that the Soul was *ὁμοειδὲς τῷ σώματι* con-figured, had the like figure and lines with the Body, but *Chrysippus* makes them after death *σφαίρειον* of a Spherical figure, *Enst.*

(k) *Gr. αἶψα ἀσπράχεται γοαυδῶν*. Now *astragalus* or *talus* was the middle bone in the hinder legs of such creatures as were *διχάα*, had cloven hoofs, it being not found in any such as was either *μωυχο* or *σολυγῆς*, whose hoof was either whole, excepting only the *Indian* Ass, or parted into more divisions then two. With these the *Grecians* us'd to play, throwing out four at once, whose several chances amounted to thirty five, denominated from Gods or Heroes, famous men, or infamous strumpets, &c. as *Stesichorus*, *Euripides*, &c. The most fortunate cast was called *Venus*, which then was, when every bone that was thrown upon the Table out of a *Pyrgus* or *turricula*, appear'd in a different form and figure from the rest. Who so threw this chance swept all, whatever it was they play'd for, drink or money; So *Martial* lib. 14. Epig. 14.

Cum steterit nullus vultu tibi talus eodem,

Munera mo' dices magna d. disse tibi.

A different face when every *talus* shows,
Fortune on thee a lib'ral stake be-flows.

and *Horace ad Pompeium Turrum*;

— *Quem Venus arbitrum
Dabit bibendi?*

Whom *Venus* shall design
The Regent of our Wine?

The lowest chance, which lost all, was styled *Canis* or *Χῆς*, of which thus *Propertius*,

Atque per talos Venorem quarente secundus,

Semper dimissi subsilire Canes.

When I wish luckie hand would *Venus* throw,
The cur'd Bones the Dogged chance still show.

(l) This Cup was given *Thetis* by *Bacchus*, for her kind treatment and reception of him, when being pursu'd by *Lycurgus*, he took Sanctuary in the Sea. This Cup was bestowed on *Bacchus* by *Vulcan*, for his entertainment given him in the Island *Naxos*.

(m) Gr. *παραπλάσιον* a metaphor *παράπλοιστος* from the scritch of Owls.

(n) *Meriones* was made Overseer of such as were sent for wood, as being best vers'd in that work, the *Cretans*, of which Country himself was, having some servants from this Office of bearing wood called by the Natives *εργασίαι*. *Enst.*

(o) *ὅς τις μάχην ἐν Μυρμιδόνες δίδωκεν* *ἐν τῇ δὲ πρὸς τὸν νεκρὸν.* He putting his men in Battalia for the greater honour of his deceased Friend, who himself was a Souldier. *Enst.*

(p) *Ἐπὶ πολλοὺς ἄνδρας τὰς νεκρὰς ὡς ἐπὶ τινα ἑσπέρην ἀπορρίπτειν καὶ ὡς ἀνδρῶν τὸ ὄνομα ἀπορρίπτειν διὰ καὶ τῶν ζώντων τὰ μὴ ἴσταντα (ὡς ἔφαθ' ἑαυτοῖς, ὅτι τὸ ἐπὶ νεκρῶν, καὶ ὅτι μὴ ἴσταν ἐπερὶ νεκρῶν).* They cast their Hair on the Corps of their Friends as the first fruits of the body, gratifying the dead with a suitable present, whence they sacrificed such Cattel only to the deceased as were naturally barren or disabled for propagating, such as were excelled. So *Enst.*

Sometimes they cut the hair off their beaks also, as did *Mardonius* at the interment of *Massivus*, as *Herodotus* relates.

All shall be done : but stay a little Space
To make Grief pleasant by our sweet Imbrace.

His Arms (this said) he lovingly extends ;
But straight the "murm'ring Shade like Smoak descends:
At which *Achilles* starts up much dismay'd,
And thus, in an admiring Posture, said ;

Souls that return from the infernal Seat
Are empty Shades, devoid of Life and Heat.
Patroclus Ghost come from the *Stygian* Strands
Here I beheld, who left me strict Commands.

These words their Grief fermenting rais'd fresh Tears:
And now the rose-finger'd Morn appears,
When Mules and Muliteers *Atrides* gets
To bring in Wood, and o'r the Party sets

"*Meriones*: They march with all their Tools,
Cordage and Hatchets, driving on their Mules,
Through rough and winding Paths, now up, now down,

Soon as they reach'd steep *Ides* Sky-kissing Crown,
Tall Okes with rustling Branches spread the Ground,
Which laying on their Beasts they firmly bound :
Descending then through Shrubs and yielding Clay,
Deep Tracts they make, longing for better Way ;
And as their Captain bade, the Drivers bore,
And laid the Trunks in order on the Shore,
There where *Achilles* for his Friend would rear,
And for himself, a stately Sepulcher.

Here, store of Fewel for the Fun'ral Pile,
Provided, down they fate and breath'd a while.

Then his bold *Myrmidons* *Achilles* bids
To clap on glitt'ring Arms, and joyn their Steeds ;
Straight mounts the Champion and the Charioteer,
° Horse make the Van, a Cloud of Foot the Rear :
'Twixt these his Intimates *Patroclus* bare,
Cov'ring his Body with their cut-off ^p Hair.

Achilles

Achilles as chief Mourner All precedes,
His Friend conducting towards th' infernal Shades.

When to the Place they came, he bade them rest
The Corps, and Heaps of piled Wood congest;
Himself a part to cut his Tresses stept,
Which vow'd to *Sperchius* he untouch'd had kept;
Then looking on the Sea, thus fighting said;

In vain my Sire a Vow thee, *Sperchius* ! made,
And promis'd, safe his Son returned home,
These Treffes with a compleat *Hecatomb* ;
That fifty Rams should at thy Fountain slain
Load thy great Altar in thy sacred Fane :
But thou not hear'dst his suit. Then since no more
I shall revisit thee, my native Shore,
This Present shall be Thine, dear Friend ! This said,
He in *Patroclus* Hands his Treffes laid.

At these sad Words their Sorrows fresh begun,
And they had mourn'd until the setting Sun,
But that *Achilles* to *Atrides* said,

Command, great King! (since thou art best obey'd,
And they have wept enough) All to retire
To their Repast, whil'ft we attend the Pyre :
Upon the Rites let none but Leaders wait.

This said, the King dismiss the People straight.
The Chiefs a Pyre, a hundred Foot each way,
Erect of Wood, then on the Body lay ;
Next Beeves and Sheep the Pyre plac'd round about,
From which *Achilles* takes the Suet out,
Covering the Corps with unctions ' Fat all o're,
And round set Jarrs of Oyl, and Honey store :
Then on the Pyre ' four stately Horses threw ;
Nine Dogs he had, of which he slaughter'd two ;
Next twelve young *Trojans* killing, on he laid,
To feast the Flames ; then to *Patroclus* said ;

Hail,

(9) The Youth, when they came to Age, cut off their Hair, and consecrated it to some River, the Heathen conceiving these ἡ ἀναπαύων ἀτις τῆς τοῦ δαΐμονος ἢ εἰς τὴν ὕδιν τοῦ ποταμοῦ (ἐν τῇ ποταμῇ τῆς νεότητος, so Eust.) ὅπως ἐκείνου, τῶν τῶν γένεσιν καὶ καύσεως ἀποὶν πῦρ, the original of all nourishment; whence they presented water to the new married couple, as an Emblem and Omen of their future fertility: Eust. adds, ὅτι καὶ ἔοχα μὴτα ἰσχυρὸν ὄντας τῷ Ποσειδῶνι ὅτι καὶ τῆς παιδείας ἡς ποιεῖται νόμιμα τῷ καὶ τὰ ἀφῆρα καὶ τοῖς περὶ γὰρ τοῦ δαΐμονος ἡ καύσεως ὅτι ἐν τῇ τοῦ χάματος, ἡς ἐκείνου τῷ, ὅτι ἀλλῶν τῶν νεμερῶν καὶ ἀποῖν ἀποῖν: wherefore they sacrificed Rams as to Neptune, so also to Rivers, at their Springs or Fountains, these being generative and masculine: whence before such as died unmarried they set a barbing Vessel, intimating by it, that they were never wash'd at their Nuptials, and departed this life childless.

(r) Honey, ὁπινεῖς φησὶ, as having a peculiar relation to the dead: Fat, δια τὸ εἶ πυρὸς ἐνέχον, as very combustible, that so the Pyre might the sooner blaze.

(f) τὸς αὐτοὺς τὸν ἵππον τὸν πάλιν
 ἔδωκεν αὐτῷ, so gratifying his Cha-
 riteer with those Horses after death,
 which living he had sometime driven.

Hail, dearest Friend! to thee, though dead thou art,
I have kept Promise, and perform'd my Part.

Twelve *Trojans* shall with thee burn on thy Pyre,
And *Hector* Dogs consume, not fun'ral Fire.

Yet these his Threatnings *Venus* disappoints,
And with ' *Ambrosian* Sweets the Corps anoynts,
Beating them off, whil'st *Phæbus Hector* shrouds
From fainting Heat, veil'd in condensed Clouds.

The Pyre not burning clear, *Achilles* pray'd
Unto the Winds, courting their present Aid
" With promis'd Gifts, and them Libations payes,
To make the smoth'ring Wood in Flames to blaze.

This *Iris* heard, and carri'd his Request
Where sate the blust'ring Brothers at a Feast,
In their own Court; All rose as in she came;
Offering their Seats to the celestial Dame,
But she refusing said; * Me not invite;
To *Æthiop* I intend a speedy Flight,
And Realms remote beyond the ample Floods,
Where Mortals offer *Hecatombs* to Gods;
There I 'mongst them shall feast on sacred Cates:
But you, *Achilles* earnestly intreats,
With many Gifts, to light the Pyre must burn
Patroclus Corps, whom all the *Grecians* mourn.

This said, She thence departs: All sally out,
And muster'd Clouds in standing Bodies rout,
Vast Billows plowing up, whose briny Spry
Lather'd with froathie Suds the spangled Sky:
Thund'ring they charge the Pile; then crackling fire
All night, and Clouds of curled Smoak aspire,
Whil'st Wine *Achilles* from a Goblet crown'd,
His Friend deploring, pours upon the Ground.

As Parents for their dearest Children mourn,
When fun'ral Flames their Bones to Ashes turn;

(t) She anointed *Hector's* Corps
with Rosie *Ambrosian* Oyl, ἡ μὲν τὰ
μὴν δούδ' ἔχειν both that it might
not corrupt and smell, and also that
it might not rend with dragging,
σερεσθῆναι τὸ σῶμα τὸ ἀμύγεσθαι ποδὶν αὖτε
μὴ ἀποδρῦσθαι. So *Eust.*

(u) Gr. ἡ ἱρις in which we have
the Notation of her name, she being
so called, *Iris*, ὅθεν τὸ εἶναι τὰ ἀγγέλλοντες.
Eust.

(x) Gr. 'Οὐκ ἔδωκεν Ἀχιλλεὺς ἵνα
ὀλίγον καταύσῃν ἢ ὡς τὰ χεῖρα ἀφανίζουσαν,
καὶ εἰς ὧν αὐτὴν ἀπεισῇ, ὡς ὑπερῆναι χαί-
ρουσαν καὶ συμποσάσειας ἐμπορευμένην ὅποια
καὶ πᾶσι κατὰ θέαν διδὼν καὶ μὴ ἀδελφὰς εἶναι
ἐκείνῃν ἵνα ὡς ἄνθρωπον δούλων ἐδίδεκεν *Eust.*
She refuseth to sit, as being uncertain,
no thing more appearing for a little
space, and suddenly disappearing; fre-
quenter the Sea, as affecting moisture,
and reflecting from the aerial drops as
from a mirror or glass, whence *Homer*
makes her hasten to *Oceanus* his Court,
to partake of such Sacrifices as were
offered to those marine Deities.

So wept He for *Patroclus*, till the Dawn
O're dusky Seas had golden Tinsell drawn:
Then dying Flames in Ashes find their Graves,
And Winds return'd plow cros's opposing Waves.

The Pyre then leaving down *Achilles* lyes,
And, weary, gentle Sleep soon clos'd his Eyes;
VVhen *Agamemnon* with a num'rous Troop
Of Princes and Commanders marching up,
VVith their Approach and Buffel Him awake,
Who sitting up thus to the Leaders spake;

Be pleas'd to pour rich Wine upon the Pyre,
And quench those Places yet possess'd by Fire,
That we *Patroclus* Reliques may collect:
Just to the midst your busie Search direct;
Burnt Bones of Men and Horses round about
Commixed lye; with Care thence take them out,
And in a golden Urne, wrapt with' a Cawl
Of Fat, preserve till my sad Funeral:
Make not the Tomb too big, that so for Me
It better after may enlarged be.

This said, They pour rich VVine upon the Pyre,
Quenching all places still possess'd by Fire.
Soon as the Ashes ~ fell, with Tears and Groans
They in a golden Urne inclose his Bones,
Which wrapt in Linen at *Achilles* Tent
They leaving, next design the Monument,
And high his Tombe with Earth congested rear.

All to their Quarters ready to repair,
Achilles moves, They there would longer sit,
And to the Cirque brought Prizes from the Fleet;
Large Caldrons, Tripods, Mules and gallant Steeds,
Beeves, polliht Steel, Damsells in comely Weeds.

First for the swiftest Horse He sets apart
A Beauty skilful in *Minerva's* Art;

Q q q

Next

(γ) ὁ εὐλακτικὸς τις τὸν ὅτιον εἰς
χρὴν ἀναγὰς ἐξ ἀσπὸς ἔνα, ἵνα πᾶσι
οἱ τὰ κραιφνέστα, Εὐστ. to prevent the
conversion of them to earth by reason of
their extraordinary dryness, which
things that are short and friable are
subject to.

(δ) Ὁ κραιφνέστα, the Ashes be-
ing many and moistned with wine,
which otherwise, especially the Fire
being made in the sub dio, were liker
to ascend, especially any breath of air
stirring, which now was not, the
Winds being return'd to their several
Quarters.

Next an unbroken Mare, of six years old,
 VWho, cover'd by an Ass, had yet not foal'd;
 To her a Tripod adds, whose Concave fill'd
 No less than two and twenty Measures held.
 For those came third a Caldron of great worth;
 Two golden Talents placing for the Fourth;
 VWho came up last their Prize a Goblet, made
 To stand on either end, and thus he said:

Atrides and bold *Greeks*! for those who drive
 Their Char'ots best, and dare for vict'ry strive,
 Here ly Rewards; but I, (lest I should win)
 VWill my immortal Horses not put in,
 VWhich *Neptune Peleus* gave, and now are mine,
 VWho, ah! themselves with Grief afflicting pine,
 VWanting their Charioteer, who oft the Soyl
 Wash'd from their Necks, and curl'd their Mains with
 They drooping now *Patroclus* Loss deplore, (Oile;
 And sweep with their neglected Hair the Floor.
 You who in fleet Steeds confide, and dare
 Venture your Char'ots, straight your selves prepare.

These words stir up the Princely Charioteers:
Eumelus Son, *Admetus*, first appears;
Aeneas Steeds in next *Tydidēs* brought,
 His Prize when off the *Trojan Phæbus* got;
 The *Spartan* third puts in, conjoyning swift
Podarg and *Æthe*, *Agamemnon's* Guift
 From *Echepol*, *Anchises* Son, * that he
 Might from that Expedition be free
 To live in ample *Sycion*, far from *Troy*,
 And the Estate *Jove* gave him there injoy:
Antilochus fourth those Steeds which him convey'd
 From *Pile* conjoynes, to whom thus *Nestor* said;
 Since *Jove* and *Neptune*, Son! their Favours vi'd,
 And taught thee, breeding up, so well to ride,

(*) Thus *Scipio* left it to the election of them of *Scicilie*, whether they would accompany him in Person against *Carthage*, or send their servants and horses to excuse them. *Enst.*

Thou need'st not much Instruction VWho know'st
Thy best Advantage, bending to each Post:
Though hard 'twill prove, and put thee to a shift
To match their Steeds that are for thine too swift;
Yet thy own Skill and my no bad Advice
May hint the Means how thou may'st gain the Prize:
Artists by Sleight, not Strength, their VVork performe;
The Pilats Skill his Ship saves in a Storme,
And through swoln VVaves He to safe Harbours gets;
By Slight one Charioteer another beats.
Some, who in Chariots and swift Horses pride,
Fondly their Steeds with Raignes unsteady guide,
Nor well can stop Them in their heady Course:
But He who hath more Skill, though slower Horse,
Upon the Goal keeps ever fix'd his Eyes,
Nor at a loose with Raignes extended flies,
But still hanks in, marking his Leaders Sterne.
Now since to know the Goal will much concerne,
A Post you'l see about a Cubit long,
Of Pine or Oak, which Weather ne'r can wrong,
Which two white Stones support; the Pass not wide,
Yet smooth, where you at Speed may safely ride:
Some ancient Monument, or set for Bounds,
Suites to prevent by meering neighbour-Grounds:
This now *Achilles* for the Goal hath plac'd,
VVhich when Thou shalt approach, although the last,
Lean to thy left-hand Steed, the other straine,
Threaten and lash, loosing his streighter Raigne;
But drive thy nearest in, untill Thou joyne
The Nave and VVheels Circumf'rence in a line,
But shun the Stone, least you your Horses hurt,
Your Chariot break, making Spectators sport
At price of thy Disgrace: Here get before,
And none shall once out-goe or quote Thee more;

(b) *Areion* was got by *Neptune* on a Harpie or *Erynnis*, who gave him to *Copreus*, *Copreus* to *Hercules*, *Hercules* to *Adrastus*, whose life he saved at the Siege of *Thebes*, he only of the seven Captains coming off alive.

(c) These Racers stood not in rank but filk; otherwise standing all a breast, their casting lots had been to no end, saving only who should have the right hand of the rest. Some make the length of the Race to be from the *Sigeum*, where *Achilles* his Ships lay to the *Rhœtan* Promontory. *Aristarchus* will have it from the *Græcian* Wall to the Fleet and Tents, five furlongs long. *Enst.*

(d) This *Apollo* did for the affection he bore *Eumelus*, having serv'd his Father *Admetus*, and kept these very Mares; So *Homer* *Iliad*. g.

Τὰς ἐν Πιερῇ θήκας ἀργυρεῖας Ἀπόλλων,
Ἄμφω θηλείας, φέρον Ἀρεὺς φορέσσας.

No, should He drive *Adrastus* fi'ry Steed,
Renown'd ^b *Areion*, of celest'al Seed;
Nor King *Laomedons* more famous Race.
This said, old *Nestor* reassumes his Place.

In brought *Meriones* his Char'ot last:
All mounting Lots for the Precedence cast;
Achilles drawes; Chance *Nestor's* Son prefer'd,
Eumelus next, and *Menelaus* third,
Meriones fourth; but Who them All surpast,
Renown'd *Tydidēs* fortun'd to be last.
All stand in Order, ready now to start,
The Goals, *Achilles* marks, *Phœnix* his part
Assignes t' observe, Who first should pass the Post,
Who second, third, Who fourth, and Who the last.
All raise at once their Whips, at once All strike,
Cheering their mettall'd Horses All alike.
Far from the Fleet they hurry o'r the Plains
In dusty Clouds, Wind shakes their flowing Manes;
Their jolting Chariots high, now low appear,
Cutting deep Tracts; firm stands the Charioteer,
'Twixt hope and fear; greedy of Honor, They
Fly o'r the Course, their Steeds the Hand obey.
When the last Space they reach'd, ready to wheel
Down to the Fleet, All summon up their Skill:
When running with a loose, at highest Speed,
Eumelus gets the start; next *Diomed*
So close him at his Char'ots Stern pursues,
That his Steeds reeking breath his Sholders dewes,
Ready to mount and board his Chariot:
And He the Prize had doubtfull left, or got,
When ^d *Phœbus*, least *Eumelus* He out-strip,
Enraged struck from Him his golden Whip:
His Cheeks salt Tears of Indignation wash,
Knowing his Steeds, accusom'd to the lash,

Would



R. White sculp:

484

Domino Johanni Tyrell
Marthæ Tyrell de Hearn
Tabulam hanc.



Equiti Aurato et Domine
house in Comitatu Essex
D. D. D. L. M. I. O. Lib 23 ver 385

Would slack their Pace, and fainting lose the Prize.

How *Phœbus* us'd *Tydides*, *Pallas* spies,
And drawing near his Whip, She, as a Gift,
Presents the Prince, and makes his Horses swift :
And turning thence next shatters, much provok'd,
Eumelus Couples which his Coursers yoke'd.
The Steeds at freedom run about the Way,
Upon the Ground the Teem-pole broken lay,
Down by his Char'ot wheel He headlong dropt,
Bruising his Nose and Mouth, his Voice was stopt,
His Elbow and his Fore-head hurt, his Eyes
Brim-full with Tears : *Tydides* all out-flies,
And gets, by *Pallas* help, immortal Fame.
Next after him up *Menelaus* came,
When, to his Steeds, thus *Nestor's* Son began :

Speed for your Lives, make all the Haste you can :
I wish you not *Tydides* beats out-run,
Which *Pallas* with such Swiftnes hurries on :
But from *Atrides* let Us win the Game :
Let not his Mare triumph o'r you for Shame.
Why faint you thus, most gen'rous Steeds ? beware :
Nestor no more shall pamper you with Care,
But run You through ; if VVe the greater Prize
Lose by your Sloath : Haste, haste, then I advise ;
And in the narrow Path I shall not fail
To guide you so that doubtless We'l prevail.

A Breach there was which deep had sunck the Tract,
In Winter fed by a small Cataract :
Hither *Atrides* drives, and jostling shuns :
But up *Antilochus* his Horses runs,
Quoting his Steeds, and forc'd him balk the Way.
Then said the *Spartan*, fearing Danger, Stay :
The Rode is streight, broader 'twill be anon :
Least We here fowl on one another run.

This

This said, *Antilochus* his Hoses cheer'd,
Threatned and lasht, as if He had not heard,
And got before as far as One can throw
A Coyt, VVho would his strength and cunning shew:
Whil'st in *Atrides* hanking makes some stay,
Fearing to hurt his Coursers in the VVay,
And Chariot overturne whil'st in He thrust,
And falling grasp for conqu'ring Palmes the Dust,

Then chafing said; Goe with a Veng'ance! go!
The VVorld thy Character shall better know;
Yet e're Thou gain the Prize I'll make Thee swear.
VVhil'st thus his Steeds *Antilochus* did cheer;

Run! run! for shame; faint not, but on; prevail:
Let them whom feeble Age hath founder'd fail.

Fearing their Lord, their Speed redoubling, They
Make for the Goal, and swift devour the VVay,

Then the Spectators, sitting in the Cirque,
Saw through the Dust their jolting Chariots work:
Idomeneus first, who highest sat,
Those Steeds discover'd who the better got,
And well discern'd their Charioteer from far,
Whose Sorrel had upon his Brow a Star,

And thus He said; See You, or onely I?
Lo! yonder other Steeds before I spy;
Who late were second now the first appear;
Those other, sure, are hurt that formost were:
Them I beheld approach so near the Post,
I no where see, their Lord his Raignes hath lost,
Or turn'd not well the Goal, or else hath struck,
And fall'n, I feare, his well-hung Chariot broke:
His boggling Steeds run back: Stand, Sirs! and see:
Or my Sight failes, or *Diomed* that should be.

To whom *Oiliades* returns this Scoff:
Why talk'st Thou thus? his Steeds are yet far off:

You

You are not youngest, nor of ablest Sight,
But first to spend your Verdict still delight ;
Silence becomes thee better, since there are
Here many skilfuller then thou by far.

Those are *Eumelus* Steeds who scour the Plaines,
And that himself so steady guides the Rains.

When thus incens'd on him the *Cretan* falls ;

Where lies thy Skil unless in Strife and Brawles ?

Of all sit here thou hast the least Deserts,

Though furnish'd best with dis-ingen'ous Arts :

A Tripod or a Charger I dare stake,

(And let Us *Agamemnon* Umpire make)

That this *Tydides* is, drives up so fast,

Which thou wilt know when thou the VVager pay'ft,

Here *Ajax* storm'd ; high the Contest had rose,

But that *Achilles* thus did interpose ;

Lest you should in such ruffling Terms contend,

Who should such Faults in others reprehend :

Sit still, and view who shall obtain the Palm,

Till they come in, your rising Passion calm ;

This soon will be decided ; sit and see

VVhose Horses formost, and whose second be.

This said, *Tydides* comes, plying the VVhip,

VVhose fleetier Steeds the winged VVinds out-strip,

The dusty Atoms beating in his Face,

His cur'ous Char'ot Gold and Silver grace ;

So swiftly ran his Coursers that their Heels

Made no Impression, nor his Chariot Wheels.

Now at the Goal his panting Steeds he stops,

Sweat from their Necks and Breasts in briny drops

Waters the Ground ; his Seat *Tydides* leaves,

Layes by his whip, whil'ft *Sthenelus* receives

His Prize, a Damself clad in comely weeds,

And a large Tripod ; then takes out his Steeds.

(c) This Tripod, himself presented
to *Apollo* at *Delphos*, as appears by this
Inscription attelling the dedication ;

Χάλκεός εἰμι στήναι, ποδὶ δ' ἀνέκειρα
ἀγχιμας
Καί μ' ὅτι Παρθένω θῆκε πόδας ἰκνύς Ἀ-
χιλλεύς
Τυδείδης δ' ἔνι θανάτῳ αἰχμῇ Διὸς ἔθηκε
Νικήσας ἱπποισὶ περὶ πλάτῳ Ἑλλήσπον-
το·.

I am that Brazen Tripod *Diomed*
won.

At Chariot-race, and gave *Latona's*
Son :

Near *Hellefpont* *Achilles* me a Prize
Set at his Friend *Patroclus* Obsequies.

In

In next *Antilochus* drives, who got the start
Of *Menelaus*, not by Speed but Art;
Who yet him reach't so near as Monarchs Wheels
Scowring soft Downes pursue the Horses Heels:
He who a Coyts-throw late behind was cast,
Lost Ground regain'd, fleet *Æthe* ran so fast;
And if the Course had longer been, no doubt
But He had got before, and shook Him out.

A Spears-throw next behind *Meriones* came
With duller Steeds, unexpert at the Game.

Eumelus last far off the Judges view,
Who drove his Steeds, and shatter'd Chariot drew.
His Friend then^s pitying thus *Achilles*, saith;

(f) Διδομένην ὅτι δὲ τὴν σφαιρὰν ἀγῶν
δυστυχῶντας ἐκείνους, καὶ μὴ ἐθέλοντας τὴν
σφαιρὰν ἀποτίνας, hinting, that
we ought commiserate such as suffer
undeservedly, and not to prefer fortune
and chance before virtue and merit.

Who best deserves, see! hardest Fortune hath:
The second Prize, since *Diomed*'s the first,
Eumelus give, though by Mischance the worst.
Straight All assent, and He the Mare had gain'd,
But that *Antilochus* thus 'loud complain'd;

Should'st Thou the Prize, as thou hast said, decree,
Justly I might, great Prince! offended be:
Because his Steeds are hurt, his Chariot bulg'd,
Himself so expert, must He be indulg'd?
Had He the Gods implor'd, He had not last
Come in: Yet since for him Thou Kindness hast,
And thy own Tent hath Gold and Silver store,
Beauties, fair Sheep, and many Presents more,
From thence select to gratifie thy Friend
Some choicer Gift; then all shall Thee commend:
But I'll not part with mine, since 'tis my Right;
Who e'r will take it, with Me first must fight.

Then smiling thus *Æacides* replies;
All shall be done as Thou do'st, Friend! advise:
Asteropæus's Armes I'll him present;
Such his Deserts. *Automedon* then sent

Brought

Brought from his Tent the Corset, which he gives
Eumelus, who the Arms o'r-joy'd receives.

Here much aggriev'd up *Menelaus* stands,
 Whose Herald puts a Scepter in his Hands,
 Commanding Silence ; thus he then begun ;
Antilochus ! prudent held, what hast thou done ?
 A Blot upon my Honour thou hast cast,
 And wrong'd my Steeds, which alwayes thine surpass.
 All here betwixt us judge, lest any say
 By Pow'r, not Right, I bore the Prize away ;
 And though thy Courses were for mine too hard,
 Greatness from Merit carry'd the Reward.
 I'll state the Cause my self, so as none shall
 My judgment justly e'r in question call.

Antilochus stand forth, resume thy Whip,
 The same, which plying thou did'st me out-strip ;
 Before thy Chariot and thy Horses stand,
 And, ^g laying on their rising Crests thy hand,
 By *Neptune* swear that thou hadst no design
 To stop my Char'ot interposing thine.

Then he ; Great King ! I humbly Pardon crave :
 I, much thy younger, less Experience have ;
 Thou know'st what Follies head-strong youth possess ;
 Their Fancy quicker, but their Judgment less.

Lo ! Thee the Prize I freely here present,
 And what e'r else of Value in my Tent,
 Rather then I'l, best Prince ! with thee contend,
 So lose thy Favour and the Gods offend.

This said, *Antilochus* the Prize presents,
 Which *Menelaus* graciously resents.

As Dew inammells with it Pearly Drops
 Fields ranck with Corn, and cheers the drooping Tops ;
 The *Spartan* so rejoyc'd, and, Wrath allaid
 By such his Condescention, kindly said ;

R r r

We

(g) He wills him to lay his hand on his Steeds, as desiring τοῖς ἵπποις τὸ τῆς ὀμοχίας καὶ τοῦ καλῶς εἶναι εἰς ὁλοκρῶς ἑλθέλαι, that the perjury of their driver, the punishment inflicted; for it might fall upon the Steeds themselves. So his wishing him to swear with his whip in his hand αἰνυμένῳ ἑστὶ τῷ καὶ αὐτῷ καὶ τῷ καθ' ἑαυτὸν ἥτις εἰς ἀρχαῖον ἐλθέειν ὁ τοῖς ὀμοχῶσι ἐπιδέλαι, he deprecating, that both that whip, and the hand that held it, might thenceforth be useless to him, in case he were perjur'd.

(h) Ὁ δὲ εἰς δεῖον δυνάστην ἀποφασίζων, ὅτι τοῖς βασιλεῦσι ἀλλοτριάζων, God esteeming what is done to Princes as done unto himself, he both highly resenting, and sadly returning the indignities done them as his Delegates on Earth and Representatives, *Enst.*

(i) Gr. παρρησιᾶς, where the verb particle παρρᾶ implying τὴν ἐγγύτητα, nearness or approximation, denotes αὐτῷ τὸ τὰ γὰρ his facility to be wrought on and reconcil'd. *Enst.*

We now are Friends, *Antilochus* ! I find
That Youths Ambition did thy Judgment blind ;
Ever thy Betters to affront beware ;
So easily I not any else should spare :
Thou and thy dear Relations on my Score
Have suffer'd much, are like to suffer more ;
Therefore to thee submissive I resign
The Prize thou tender'st, though so justly mine ;
That all may see that I not spleenful am,
Nor me as arrogant, or wilful blame.

This said, the Mare *Antilochus* he gives,
And the bright Charger then himself receives.

Meriones the fourth Prize next takes up :
Achilles that which it remain'd, the Cup,
Presenting *Nestor*, said ; This ^k Goblet take,
And keep with care for my *Patroclus* sake ;
Since him among us thou no more shalt see :
This, dearest Friend ! I dedicate to thee ;
For at the *Cest* thou canst not well engage,
Run, wrastle, dart, now much impair'd with Age.

The friendly Gift the Heroe kindly took,
And thus t' *Achilles*, Thanks returning, spoke.

Well thou hast said, dear Son ! I now am old,
My Limbs wax feeble, and my blood grows cold,
My Arms and Sholders hang as if unstrung.
Ah ! were I but as youthful now and strong,
As when th' *Epeians* did their King inter,
And at *Buphrasium* rear'd his Sepulcher,
Whose Sons, his Obits hon'ring, Prizes set.
There three proud Nations at these Sports I beat :
I *Clytomides* worsted at the *Cest* ;
In wrastling of *Ancæus* had the best ;
Iphiclus I out-ran ; at darting bore
The Prize from *Phileus* and strong *Polydore* :

(k) No piece of plate was so in request with the ancient Heroes as goblets, with *Nestor* especially, who had one of that capacity and greatness as none could lift up from the Board but himself : Hence some will have *Atræus* golden Sheep to be nothing else but a silver Cup with a golden Sheep portrayed in the bottome.

Me at the Horse-race *Aetors* Sons out-run,
 And onely worsted, who were two for one ;
 They envy'd my Success, ^m the best Prize yet
 Left for the conqu'ring Char'oter to get,
 These Brothers twins ; one well the Rains did guide,
 Guide well the Rains, the Whip the other ply'd :
 Such was I once ; let others now engage
 Who younger be, I must submit to Age :
 Performe your Friends last Rites, mean while I take
 Your Gifts, and my Acknowledgment shall make :
 For honouring me with this your bounty may
 The Gods a plent'ous Blessing thee repay !

This said, *Achilles* brought into the Lists
 A Mule, his Prize who best could use his Fists,
 Of six year old, ne'r back'd, new taken up,
 To comfort him should have the worst a Cup.

Then said ; You Chiefs ! *Atrides* and the rest,
 Let two draw forth expertest at the Cest :
 This hardy Mule ^o the Conqu'ror I'll present,
 The foyl'd shall bear this Goblet to his Tent.
 This said, *Epeus*, *Panops* Off-spring, layes
 His hand upon the Mule, and vapouring sayes ;

logy upon *Aulus*, one excellent in the theieving profession, upon whom stealing the statue of that God, the great Patron of Thieves,
Lucilius bestowes this Epigram,

Τὸν ἄλκων Εὐμήν, ᾧ δὲ τῶν ὑπερέτα
 Τὸν Ἀργείων ἀνακλῶ, τὸν βοῦν ἀτρεῖ
 Εὐστα ᾧ δὲ γυμνασίῳ ὅτι σκοποῖ
 Οὐκ ὀκλήσει Αὐλὸν εἰς βασίλειον
 Πολλὰς μαθητὰς κρείττους διδάσκαλον.

Wing'd Mercury, who Joves expresses bears,
 Lord of innumerable Herds of fatted Steers,
 Who in Arcadia as their King resides,
 And at all Games and Enterludes presides,
 Aulus, a slyer Thief, away convey'd,
 And to himself, his Statue bearing, said ;
 I now perceive that many Scholars farr
 Greater proficients then their Tutors are.

Nor had *Phœbus* himself, as much an enemy to Thieves as *Hermes* their Friend and Fautor, any better fortune, whose Image such
 another crafty companion making bold with, thus jeer'd his Godship when he lay down.

Τὸν ᾧ κλεψίονον μνηστὴρ φέειν ἔλαβεν
 Εὐτυχίδης, ἱππὸς μὴ παύσασθαι λέγει
 Σὺ γὰρ καὶ τέχνη τέχνη, καὶ χεῖρας χρῆματι
 Καὶ μάντιν κλεψίον, καὶ δὲ Εὐτυχίδης
 Τῶν δὲ ἀχαιῶν τῶν σοφῶν καὶ ἀνδρῶν φράσει
 Τοῖς ἀνταδούσι πᾶσι δὲ θεῶσι μὴ λήγῃ
Lucilius Anthol. lib. 2:

Eutychides, when he *Phœbus* stole (the Thief-
 Detector) said, Friend, use few words ; be brief.
 Ballance our Arts, my hands thy Oracles,
 Wizard and Thief, Thee and Eutychides,
 And I'll, when for that tongue I wish thee part,
 Not care, miscall me what thou can'st, a

(r) These Sorts of *Aetor*, *Cteatus*
 and *Eurytus*, the same which lib. 11.
 Homer calls *Moliones*, were not *didymoi*
 twins, as *Caster* and *Pollux*, but *didymoi*
 having two bodies, four hands, and as
 many feet. Against these *Nestor* ob-
 jecting that being *didymoi* and τὸ φέ-
 σιν ἕκαστος δύο of a monstrous kind, they
 were not to be permitted to enter the
 Lists against a single adversary, it was
 over-ruled and carried in the affirma-
 tive against him, by the votes of the
 vulgar who favour'd these Sorts of
Aetor, whom *Nestor* saith *ἵνα οὐκ ἔ-
 σθαι βίαι ἴσθαι*, that they were too many
 for him, or worsted him long of the
 many or multitude.

(m) The prize for Horse-racing
 exceeding much those of any other
 game or exercise.

(n) Τὰς ἀγῶνας (ὡς αὖτις ἔκαστος τῶν
 τῶν ἀγῶνων σὺν αὐτοῖς) the most laborious
 creature is made the prize of the most
 painful and laborious exercise, and
 not for this reason alone, but for the
 difficulty of breaking them; the Oxe
 and Horse hardly submitting to the
 Yoke after six years old, the Mule ne-
 ver.

(o) Gr. — ὃ δὲ κ' Ἀπόλλων
 δὲν καμνύνει
 Whom Apollo shall make victor.

Phœbus the stoutest Conbatant at
 the *Cestus* of his time, who compelled
 all he met with to fight him, grew at
 length so arrogant as to challenge the
 Gods, but was worsted and slain by
Apollo, who ever after was reputed
 τὸν ἀνίκητον θεόν, the tutel'r Deity
 of that Exercise, with whom *Mercury*
 also was joyn'd in Commission, as
 appears by that Epigram in the *Antho-*

(p) *Stesichorus* saith, that this *Epeius* drew water for the *Greeks*, and thence *Simonides*, in an *Enigma* of his, call'd his *Ass*, performing the like druggery for him and his scholars, *Panopieades*. This *Epeius* being yet an *Embryo*, was, *τῷ τῷ δὲ πρὸς τὸν* *ἑαυτοῦ*, contending with his twin brother in the Womb, getting the better, broke forth into the world before him, so *Lycophron*.

(q) *Lycophron* saith he was other-wise, *ἄλλως καὶ Στράβων*.

(r) *Eust.* makes *Euryalus* his appearing so late, an argument of his timoroulness and future ill success; *γενναῖος ἐπὶ δέκα ἔτι δὲ πρὸς τὸν* *μυητοῖς*, So *Eust.*

(s) *Tydidēs* favour'd *Euryalus* for his Relations, he being the Son of *Mecistens*, brother to *Adrastus*, whose Daughter *Deipyle* was his Mother, and so they Cousin-germans.

(t) The 16 *Olympiad* one *Orsippus* a *Lacedemonian*, losing by the loosing of his Girdle and his stumbling upon it, the Prize, and with it (so others) his life, a Law was enacted, that ever after they should strive naked, whence the place where these exercises were perform'd was thence call'd *Gymnasium*.

(u) *Eust.* saith *ἀνδρὶ τοῖσδε γυναικαῖς* *ἐπὶ δὲ τὸν δόδωνα* *ὡς δὲ γυναικιδέντι* *καὶ αὐτὸν τὴν καὶ πάλιν μανθάνουσι*, that a woman was given him that had the worst at this exercise to intimate his weakness and effeminateness.

Come on, this Goblet take, since none shall get
The Mule from me, who ne'r was worsted yet.

What though in Arms I purchase slender Fame?

None in all Arts to high Perfection came.

Let none deceive himself; this Prize I'll win;

His bones shall rattle in his bruised skin

Dares me oppose; let Friends about him stand

To bear him off, slain by my conqu'ring hand.

This said, all silent were; when from the Throng

Euryalus drew forth, one mighty strong,

Who won at *Oedipus* his Obsequies

From all the *Thebans* at this Sport the Prize.

Him wrought *Tydidēs* with perswasive words

To accept the Challenge, and his Champion's girds,

And wraps incircling Thongs about his Wrists:

Thus arm'd both enter the appointed Lists.

At once they rais'd their hands, at once they met;

Nor long were clearing one another's Debt:

On ratling Cheeks they ballance blows with blows,

Till Sweat their Limbs in trickling Streams o'r-flows:

At last *Epeus* hits him looking round:

Who falling, measures with his length the Ground.

So from the *Owsie* Shore, when *Boreas* raves,

A Fish rebounds, then dives 'mongst foamy Waves.

But him *Epeus* rais'd, whom to the Fleet,

Senceless, on trembling Knees, trailing his Feet,

Disgorging clotted Gore, hanging his head,

His Friends conducting, with the Goblet, lead.

The Wraftlers Prizes next the Prince set forth:

For him who got the best a Tripod worth

Twelve Steers; esteem'd at four a well-bred Maid

To cheer the vanquish'd; then arising said;

Two expert at this Sport draw from the rest!

Then out great *Ajax* and *Ulysses* prest;

Both

Both their Advantage how to grapple watch,
 * And at the Wastle and Elbow eager catch :
 So Rafter's crack, by Artists firmly joyn'd,
 Strong Roofs supporting, to oppose the Wind ;
 As their Joynts rattle tugging in the Close,
 Whil'st down their Backs Sweat in salt Rivers flowes :
 Thick purple Marks appear upon their Skin,
 VVhil'st either strove who should the * Tripod win :
 Neither could raise the other from the Ground,
Ajax, though strong, as strong *Ulysses* found :
 Now when the Cirque with long expecting tir'd,
 Thus *Ajax* his Antagonist desir'd ;

Raise me, or I'll raise thee ; each take our Lot !
 Then *Ithacus*, still ready at a Plot,
 Struck him, just as he spake, beneath the Hip,
 And backwards throwes the Heroe in the Trip,
 Falling upon him : Volly'd Shouts resound.

Next him *Ulysses* tries to lift from Ground,
 And something mov'd, but could not raise at all ;
 Yet so him 'locks, that they together fall.

And now they rising had a third time play'd,
 But that *Achilles* interposing, said ;

No more encounter, but off fairly leave !
 You Victors both like Prizes shall receive.

His Pleasure they observing straight retreat,
 And soyling Dust off from their Garments beat.

Next Gifts he plac'd for Runners who excel'd,
 A silver * Goblet which six Gallons held,
 The World not show'd the like, at *Sidon* cast,
 And brought to *Thoon* Court through Billows vast :
Euneus this Standard, of so great esteem,
Patroclus gave * *Lycaon* to redeem :
 This for the first ; then for the second plac'd
 A Steer, and half a Talent for the last.

(x) The ancient mode of wrestling was this ; seizing mutually with their left hand each the others side, and with their right the left Elbow, they bore their heads each ag inst other, to force their Adversary to yield and give ground, from which their posture *Homer* resembles them here to principal Rafter's, which, from their amicable closing at the top, Artificers themselves call *αἰῶνες αἰῶνες*, *Lovers*, *Eust.*

* Most commonly, if not constantly, a Tripod was the Prize at Chariot-racing. So *Hesiod* describing the Imagery of *Hercules* his Shield, amongst other the Sculptures, mentions the racing with Chariots, which he thus decipher's *Αἰῶνες* v. 305, &c.

Πῶς δ' αὖτ' αἰῶνες ἔχον πῶς ἑκάς δ' αἰῶνες
 Δίον ἔχον καὶ ὑπὸ χροῖ· ἐν πᾶσι δ' ὅτι
 δέσπον
 Ἡρώς βασιλεὺς ἐπὶ τῷ αἰῶνι
 Πῶς ἔχοντες τὰ δ' ὀνείκατοια πῶς
 τῶλο
 Ἀγῶνα κινῶν· ἐν δὲ πᾶσι μὲν
 αἰῶνες
 Οἱ μὲν δ' αἰῶνες ἔχον πῶς ἑκάς δ' αἰῶνες
 Νῆξ ἐπὶ τῷ αἰῶνι αἰῶνες ἔχον αἰῶνες
 Τῶν δ' αἰῶνες αἰῶνες μὲν πῶς ἔχον
 αἰῶνες

And there were Horses striving in the
 Circle,
 And Charioteers, who lashing, ply their
 work ;
 The mounted Riders drive with flowing
 Raimen,
 Their jolting Chariots thund'ring o'r the
 Plains ;
 The rattling wheels resound : All toil
 and sweat,
 Victory still doubtful, none the better get.
 For him who first came in, there lay a
 part

A golden Tripod forg'd by Vulcan's art,
 And so *Ithacus* spake. i. speaking of
Cassius and *Jolans*, two famous at this
 Exercise, saith ;
 Καίτοι δὲ νῆξον δέσπον αἰῶνες αἰῶνες
 καὶ ὀνείκατοια ἐπὶ τῷ αἰῶνι
 ἔχον αἰῶνες ἔχον αἰῶνες αἰῶνες
 καὶ πῶς ἔχον αἰῶνες αἰῶνες
 καὶ αἰῶνες αἰῶνες αἰῶνες
 τῶν αἰῶνες αἰῶνες αἰῶνες
 These were best Charioteers of old,
 This Thebes, that Sparta most extold,
 Who still at Games did ever come,
 Sending their purchas'd prizes home,
 Tripods, Caldrons, Goblets, round
 Their ample Halls and Chambers
 crown'd.

(y) This kind of fall and play the
 ancients call'd *ἰσχυρὸν αἰῶνες* the o-
 ther, which was no other then a fowle,
μασχαλισμός and *παρὰ τῶν αἰῶνες*. *Eust.*

(z) The return for their riding
 there at Anchor, *Lemnos* being *ποσειδών*
μῦθος, accommodated with many and
 safe Harbours.

(a) Who being taken by *Achilles*
 was sold by him in *Lemnos* for an hun-
 dred Oxen ; of which Island was this
Euneus, the Son of *Jason*. From this
Euneus was that sect of Musicians
 call'd *Euneidae*.

Then

Then said; These are for those who swiftest run,
Oiliades, Ithacus and *Nestors* Son
 Stand for the Course, and each one takes his Place;
Achilles marks the Period for the Race:
Ajax first starts, whom close *Ulysses* prest,
 Near as the Shuttle to a Womans breast,
 When in her Loom she weaves some curious Stuff,
 Swift intermingling with her VVarp the Woofe;
 So near *Ulysses* after *Ajax* flies,
 His Steps reprinting e'r the Dust could rise,
 Blowing on's Back; the Sky loud Clamours scale
 From the whole Cirque; All wish'd he might prevail.
 Then near the Goale to *Pallas* thus he pray'd
 Virgin assift, and me, propitious, aid.
 The Goddess hearing grants the Heroes Prayer:
 Swift as the Winds he runs, and light as Aire;
 And in his favour *Ajax* Heels she trips
 Up near the Goale; down in full speed he slips,
 There where a Bullocks blood had dy'd the Plain,
Patroclus Victim by *Achilles* slain:
 His Mouth and Nostrills stuf with Dung and Gore;
 So left behind the Prize *Ulysses* bore:
 On the Bulls Horn his hand then *Ajax* laid,
 And his Lips cleansing, to the Concourse said;
 Ill luck! by *Pallas* means the Bowle I mist,
 Who like her Child doth *Ithacus* assift.
 The People all rejoyc'd; then *Nestors* Son
 The last Prize seis'd, and smiling, thus begun;
 None here but knows why I the Goblet lost,
 Th' Immortals honour still the eldest most:
Ajax my senior's much; *Ulysses* more,
 With Heroes he convert the Age before,
 Though old, so able he to none gives place,
 Unless to swift *Achilles*, at the Race.

Though

(b) Ο ὅτι ἀπερὸν τὸν ἀποδοῦναι τὸν
 ἰσχυρὸν γὰρ ὅτι καὶ ὁμοῦ ἐν αὐτῷ
 ἀποδοῦναι, he that gave reproachful lan-
 guage to one much his elder, was justly,
 Eust. observes, punish'd in that part
 with which he offended, he that was so
 fowle-mouth'd, having his Mouth
 made up with filth and ordure.

(c) Νῆξά μιν ὁ δ' ἔλαμψε, μὴ
 ἔτι τὸ σῆμα ὁ μὴ ἔτι μὴ ἔτι, Eust.
Ulysses praying carries the Prize, but
Ajax, who made no address to any
 God, not only loseth the Race, and
 with it the reward, but having his
 mouth dirted up with dung, makes
 sport for the Spectators.

(d) Τιμὴν τὸν ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀποδοῦναι
 ἰσχυρὸν γὰρ ὅτι καὶ ὁμοῦ ἐν αὐτῷ
 ἀποδοῦναι, Antiquity being honourable as an Em-
 blem of eternity.

He thus, *Pelides* Favor to obtain.

Who then ; Thou shalt not me commend in vain,
Take half a Talent more : And as he speaks
The Gold presents him, which he gladly takes.

This done, *Achilles* brought into the Field
A pond'rous Javelin, Cask and glitt'ring Shield,
The Arms *Patroclus* from *Sarpedon* took,
And thus to all the Chiefs and Leaders spoke ;

Come, two, compleatly arm'd, strong, stout and fierce,
Who best a Helmet cleave, a Corset pierce,
And I'll on him first Blood drawes from his Foe
This well-edg'd *Thracian Symiter* bestow.

Ajax drew forth and *Diomed*, this said,
And straight for the Incounter ready made,
Knitting their Browes : All doubtful troubled were,
Seeing such dowghty Combatants appear.
Three times they rushing with strange Fury charge,
The fourth great *Ajax* pierc'd *Tydides* Targe,
Whose high-prof'd Armes gave his sharp Point the
VVhen *Diomed* chafing, aim'd still at his Neck: (check,
For *Ajax*, all afraid, wil'd them forbear,
Since the Rewards they equally should share;
But yet the Prince gave *Diomed* a Belt,
Scabberd and Faulch'on with a silver Hilt.

Next then *Æacides* of mighty weight
Set for a Prize the strong King *Eitions* Quoit,
Which he, the Hero killing, home convaid
'Mongst other Spoyles, then thus arising said ;

Now try your Skil for this ; if any here
Plow'd-Lands injoyes, and Pasture, in five year
He shall not Iron wanting send to buy
More at the Town, this shall his Weed supply,

Leontius, *Polypates*, *Ajax* straight
Rise, and *Epeus* : This first flings a Quoyt :

All

All wonder ; next him strong *Leontius* throwes ;
Ajax the third, who far them all out-goes,
Which last of all up *Polypetes* took ;

Far as an able Herdsman darts his Hook,
Lab'ring to bring his straying Heards about ;
So far he them out-went ; the People shout,
His Friends the Prize thence to the Fleet convoid.

The Prince ten Swords, as many Halberts laid
For Archers next, erecting then a Mast,
And by the Foot tyed on't a Pigeon fast,
Bidding them shoot : He who the Dove could hit,
The Swords his Prize should carry to the Fleet :
Who cut the Cord should thence the Halberts bear.

Straight *Teucer* and *Meriones* prepare,
And in a brazen Cask each puts his Lot :
Teucer first drawes, and first his Arrow shot,
Who yet neglected from their bleating Dams
To promise thee, *Apollo* ! first-falne Lambs,
Which *Phæbus* much provok'd : but yet he cut
The Cord which bound the Pigeon by the Foot,
Sheering the Knot : She soars ; down drops the String,
And with loud clamours Heavens vast Arches ring.

Meriones draws next, and, as he aims,
To *Phæbus* vows a Hecatomb of Lambs :
The tow'ring Pigeon he descries aloft,
Then shoots, and pierc'd her with his winged Shaft ;
Back th' Arrow comes, she falling on a Mast
Beats off her Plumes, and by the Neck sticks fast,
Where she of Life bereaved straight expires,
Whil'st all the gazing Multitude admires.
The Swords *Meriones* takes, and to the Shore
The second Prize, the Halberts *Teucer* bore.

And last a pond'rous Spear *Achilles* plac'd
With a huge Charger which nine Oxen cost,

For him who best his well-aim'd Jav'lin throwes.

Meriones straight and *Agamemnon* rose :

To whom the Prince ; We all know thy Desert,
Thou govern'st well, as well thou throw'st 'a Dart;
Be pleas'd t' accept this Charger, and the Spear
Grant that the Fleet *Meriones* may bear.

Straight *Agamemnon* condescends, and sent
The Charger by *Talthybius* to his Tent.

pag. 481. line 29, 30. — Till thou join the Nave and wheels circumference in a Line.

VVhere the Greek hath it thus, *ὡς ἂν τοι πλόμην δόδωκε τὰς ἀπὸ νῆας ἐκείναις ὑπὸ τοῦ ἀξέως* which *Enst.* thus paraphraseth, *ὡς τὸ ἀξέως* τὸ ἄξονος τὸ καὶ τὸ πρὸς τὸν δόξον ἐγγύς αἰ κρὰ τῇ νύσῃ αἰεὶ ἢν ὁ λίθος, that is, that he should so drive, as the end of the Axe-tree or Nave of the Wheel touching almost the post, the nether part of it should not approach the stones, wherewith it was supported, for fear of dashing against them : which not observed by the *Pseudo-Orestes* was the occasion of his miscarriage and death, thus described by *Sophocles* in his *Electra*.

Καὶ τὸς μὲν ἄλλους πάντας ἀσφαλῆς δέμιν
ὦδ' ὅδ' ὁ τλήμων ὄρεος ἔξ ὀδῶν δίφρων
Ἐπειδὴ λῶν ἦν ἰσὺς αἰετὸς
Καμπύλοντος ἵππου λαοδύνει σῆλιν ἀκρῶν
Παίτας ἔδραυε δ' ἄξονος μίσας χυδαί,
Καὶ αὐτὸν γὰρ ὠλίον, σὺ δ' ἐλίσσεται
Τμητοῖς ἵμασι

*Th' unhappy Prince those Posts un-overthrown
Upright in upright Chariot safe had gone,
When he his left Reine slackt, and, turning Pole,
Fell unawares upon the Columne foule.
The Nave asunder splits, and on the wheeles
He pitches down, and drags his hamper'd Heeles
I'th following Tire.*

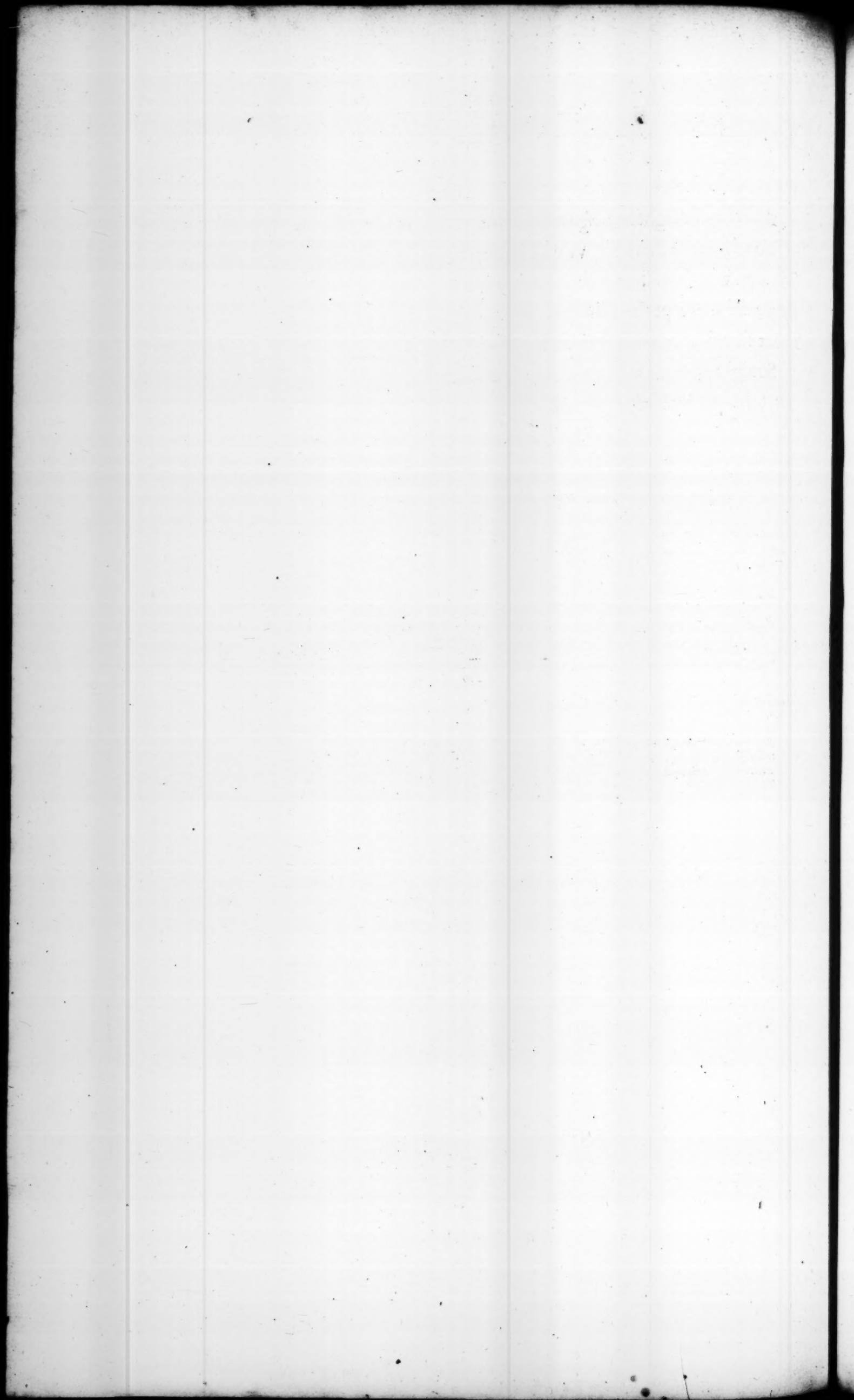
Mr. C. Wase.

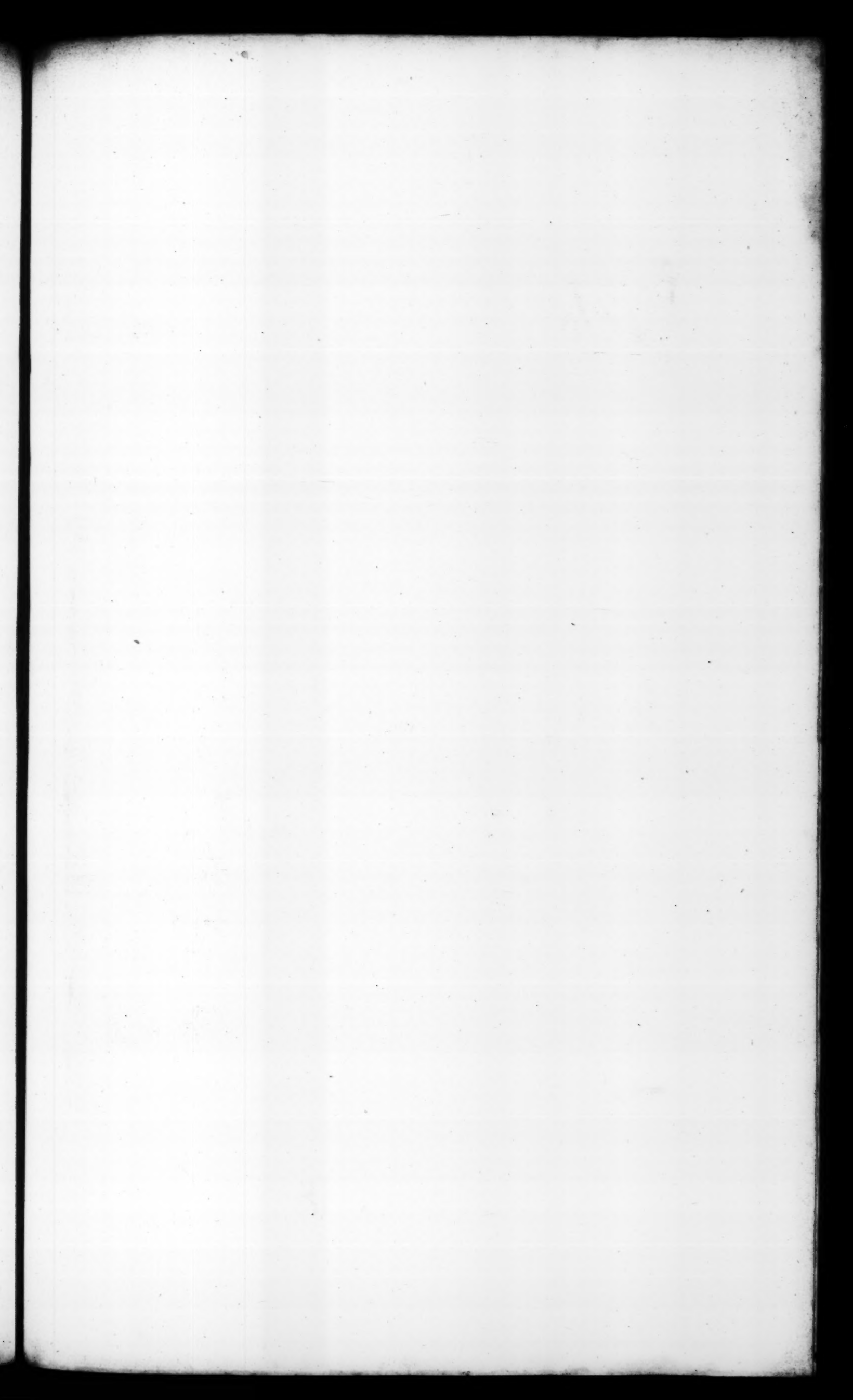
This turning the Post, without being foule on it, *Horace* thus mentions, as the chiefest Artifice in this kind of racing, in his first Ode to *Mecenas*.

*Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evellit ad Deos.*

There are that love their Chariot Spoak
With rais'd Olympick Dust should smoak,
And with hot Wheels the Goal close shaven
And noble Palme lifts Men to Heaven.

Mr. Rich. Fanshawe.







499

Rogero Brisshe de
Suss. Ar. Tabulam



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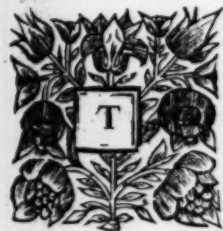


HOMER'S ILIADS:

THE FOURS & TWENTIETH BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

*Iris to Troy, t' Achilles Thetis sent :
Hermes brings Priam to Pelides Tent ;
Who Hector's Body begs : the Prince admires
His bold Attempt, and grants him his Desires.
Cassandra first her Father coming spies :
All meet the Body : Hector's Obsequies.*



He Games thus finish'd, all dismiss'd re-
paire

Down to their Ships and sev'ral Quar-
ters, where

They fall to their Repast, that so they might
Indulge sweet Sleep, the blessing of the Night :

But still *Achilles* for *Patroclus* wept,

All conqu'ring Sleep not him from Vigils kept ;

Now upon this, now that his thoughts reflect,

His Courage, Mildness, Strength and brave Aspect ;

Sff 2

Their

(a) Hence the *griphus* or riddle ci-
ted by *Enstathius* makes sleep of hu-
mane partly, partly of Divine extra-
ction,

Ὁ θνητὸς ἐστὶν ἀθάνατος, ἀλλ' ἔχων τινὰ
σύνθεσιν,
Ὡς μὲν ἐν ἀνθρώπῳ μένει, μὴ δ' ἐν θεῷ
ζῇ,
ἀλλὰ πῶς αὖτε αἱ κινῶσι, δίνον τε πα-
ρὰν πάλιν,
ἀέθλιος ἐφ' ἀγῶνι αἰεὶ ἀσπὶν ὄναι.

Of humane and divine Extract am I ;
Converse with Mortals, and those plants
the sky ;
Daily I dye, as oft revive, and me
There's none but knows, though me none
ever see.

Their many Dangers which together they
In battels past, and on the raging Sea,
Whil'it trickling Tears in briny Rivers glide;
Now on his back he turns, now on his Side,
Then grov'ling lyes, restless at last arose,
And mourning, down to th'Oceans Margents goes.

Soon as *Aurora* with a tender Ray
Spread silver Blossoms of the budding Day,
He joyns his Steeds, and round *Patroclus* Tomb
Drags *Hector* thrice; the Corps then hurr'ing home,
To take repose, on th'Earth he grov'ling flung;
Which pitting *Phæbus* shelter'd from all Wrong:
The Corps protecting with his^b golden Sheild
From Scratches hatter'd thus about the Field;
For which Heav'n's Court touch'd with a tender sence

Hermes advis'd to steal the Body thence:
Most of the Gods concurring straight assent;

^d But *Neptune* storm'd, *Juno* grew discontent,
And *Pallas*: These to *Troy* an ancient^e Grudge
And *Priam* bore, since *Paris* made their Judge,

(b) This *Aegis* or shield of his, *Enst.* makes to be a mist or Cloud, which last *Homer* himself elsewhere resembles to gold. Howbeit some for this reason stigmatize this verse with that which follows, for that a fable cloud was more proper for a Covering, than one that was gilt, and for that the *Aegis* was *Jupiter's* or *Pallas* her badge and bearing, rather than *Apollo's*, *Enst.*

(c) *Mercury* from his infancy was the great Patron of theft and Theeves, his first prank he play'd yet an infant being the conveying away his Mothers and Brothers clothes when they were bathing. His Planet hath an influence as upon theft, so upon speech and merchandize. He stole also *Apollo's* Oxen, for return of which he receiv'd of that God the *Lyre* or *Lute*, the first, which was made of the Shell of a Tortoise. *Enst.*

(d) This verse with others is expung'd, as spurious by the Antients, they not deeming it decent *Athena* and the Deities of that *Juno* should bear like inveterate malice with *Achilles*, as little that the Gods should countenance theft, much less practise it. *Enst.*

(e) The story of which contest, occasion'd by an Apple purposely thrown by *Are* or *Eris* to create those animosities amongst them, is thus describ'd by *Coluthus* in his *Ἑλένης ἀρπαγή*,

Ἐνθεν ἑοῖς πολέμοιο περὶ γυγῶν ἔηντο ἑλῦσα,
Μηλινέει' ἡλῶν ἐρεβ' ἅλο δαλῶσα μόχθον
Κεῖθε δὲ κινήσασα μόθον περὶ πᾶσιν ἀργῶν,
Ἐς δαλίνην ἔρι' ἔλκε, χόρεν δ' ὤονε δαδῶν
Ἥρη μὲν περὶ κοῖτις ἀγαλόν' ἐν Διὸς ὄντι,
Ἰαλὸ δαμνῆσασα καὶ Ἥδελος κινέει δαδῶν
Πασσάων δ' ἄντι Κούρης ἀρεσιτέρην γεραιῶν,
Ἰλῶν ἔχεν ἐπὶ δόισι, ὅτι κτερές ἐστιν Ἐρώτων
Ζῶς δὲ θεῶν καὶ νείκεος ἰδὼν καὶ πύδα χαλκείας
Τοῖον ἐρεβ' ἡλῶν περὶ πᾶσιν ἔμμελ' ἔμμελ' ἔμμελ'
Ἐν τινὰ περὶ δαδῶν τοῖον τῆς Ἰδαίας πέδου
Παῖδα Πάριον Πειρώμοιο τ' ἀγλὸν δ' ἡβήτορα
Τέτιος βοκολίοντα καὶ ἔρεα τέκνον ἀλκίον
Κέλεο καὶ βλεφάρων σιωπῶν καὶ κύκλα στυγερῶν
Ἥ δὲ διακρινθεῖσα φέρεται περὶ πύδα ὅπως
Κέλεο δ' ἀρεσιτέρης ἔχεται καὶ κόσμον ὁπώρας.

She calls to mind Hesperia's golden Fruit;
Whence a fair Apple, of dire Wars the Root,
Pulling, the Cause of signal strifes she found:
Then midst the Feast, Dissentions fatal ground,
Casts, and disturbs the Goddesses fair Quire.
Juno, of Joves Bed proud, does first admire
The shining Fruit, then challeng'd as her due:
But Venus (all surpassing) claims it too
As Lov's propriety: which by Jove seen,
He calls, then thus to Hermes does begin.

Know'st thou not Paris, one of Priam's Sons,
Who, where through Phrygian Grounds smooth Xanthus runs,
Grazeth his horned Herds on Ida's Hill?
To him this Apple bear: say 'tis our Will,
As Arbitrator of Beauty, he declare
Which of these Goddesses excels in rare
Conjunction of arch'd eye-browes, lovely grace,
And well-proportion'd roundness of the Face;
And she that seems the fairest in his eyes
To have the Apple, as her Beauties prize.

Mr. Sherburne.

Describing after the Goddesses several applications and promises to him to induce him to judge them the Prize, he makes him deliver it to *Venus*, thus;

Ὅπως μὲν δὲ ληγῶν ὁ δ' ἀγλὸν ὅπως μῆλον
Ἀλκίον ἀναθήμα μέγα κτερές Ἀφροδίτης
Ἐλῶν πολέμοιο, χαλκὸν πολέμοιο γυναικῶν.

Scarcely had she ended, when the fruit of Gold
To Venus, as her Beauties noble prize,
The Swain presented; whence dire Wars did rise,

When

VWhen they and *Venus* to his Cottage came,
For Lust-rewards prefer'd the *Cyprian* Dame.
When her Approach the twelfth *Aurora* made,
To *Joves* Celestial Court *Apollo* said;

Since *Hector* oft to us the brawny Thighs
Of Goats and Bullocks paid in Sacrifice,
Why in this House for him is nothing done,
That his sad Mother, Wife and onely Son,
Old *Priam* and the woful *Trojans* may
Erect his Pyre, and fun'ral Duties pay:
But you, *Achilles* fav'ring, still asist,
VWhose Rocky Heart and adamantine Breast
Never relent, but alwayes burn with Rage:

A Lyon so his Fury to assuage
Falls on the vulgar Herd, and common Rout,
The best for bloody Banquets singling out.
He wants Remorse, a modest Blush ne'r warmes
His harden'd Front, which often helps and harmes.
Though one a Brother's, or his onely Son's,
Or dear Companion's loss a while bemoanes;
Yet once interr'd he soon forgets all woe:
Patience on Mortals gentler Fates bestow.
But this now *Hector* he hath overcome,
Hurries his Corps still round *Patroclus* Tomb,
Acts which not princely, nor yet human are:
But though he be so stout, let him beware
That he no longer us incense, who hath
Thus wreak'd on *Hector*'s senceless Earth, his VVrath.

VWhen *Juno*, much offended, thus reply'd;
Such is your Sence; but Archer! you are wide:
VVould you that *Hector* and *Achilles* should
Alike be honour'd! would you, if you could,
Heroes of diff'ring Merits equal set?
Hector, as Mortal, drew a VVomans Teat,

But

But stout *Achilles* no mean Goddess bare ;
 She whom I breeding with such tender Care
 To *Peleus* gave ; one to the Gods most dear,
 To whose glad Nupt'als all invited were,
 And thou thy selfe touch'd at the Wedding Feast
 Thy golden Lyre, and wert a wellcome guest.

Then *Jove* reply'd ; Dear ! thwart not *Phœbus* so :
 Their Honours shall be differenc'd, although
 That none in *Troy* the Gods affected more
 Than *Hector*, who, indearing me with Store
 Of Victims, alwayes made my Altars smoke :
 (So Mortals Us still honour and invoke.)
 But *Hector's* Body thence to steal) decline,
 Least watchful *Thetis* frustrate your design.
 Let one of you with speed the goddess call,
 And I'll so use the Matter, that she shall
 Perswade *Achilles* up the Corps to give,
 And in Exchange from *Priam* gifts receive.

Iris, this said, straight down the Summons bore,
 And betwixt ^f *Samos* and rough *Imbrus* Shore
 Leaps in the ^g *Maine* (devided *VV*aves resound)
 And like a baited Plummet sinks to ground,
 Which ^h arm'd with Horn bears down th' inticing hook,
 Where hungry Fishes are, by taking, took.

She finding *Thetis* in her Caves recess,
 With Nymphs environ'd, and Sea-goddeffes,
 Mourning her short-liv'd, for who soon must fall,
 Far from his Country, near the *Trojan* Wall,

Thus drawing near her, said ; *Thetis* ! arise,
 Summons I bring from *Jove* : *VV*ho thus replies ;

Why am I sent for by so great a God,
 Who ought not, thus envelop'd with a Cloud
 Of discontent, amongst Immortals sit ?
 But I obey, and to his Will submit.

This

(f) *Samos* was so call'd from its hight, the word having the same signification anciently with *νῆσος* a hill. It was formerly call'd *Leuconia*, and after from the captive *Thracians*, who burnt the *Samians* Boats, *Samothrace*. *Enst.*

(g) *Gr. μέλανι πόντος* the black Sea ; So stil'd from the River *Meleannus* which disburthens it self in it, or from its deep Channel, or the darkness of its streame, call'd after *Sinus Cardiacus*, from the City *Cardia*. *Enst.*

(h) The ancient Fishers not only fastued a Plummet to their Hook, the sooner so to sink it, but cover'd their line also with a pipe of Horne, that being of the same colour with the water, the Fish might not discern it, nor, being strong, bite it in pieces. Others understand what *Homer* saith here of the Oxes horn, of the line it self, made it should seem then of the hair of Oxen, and those twisted, *νῆσος* then and down to *Alexanders* time being us'd for curls of hair, *νῆσος ἀγλαῆς* (so one of his own age stiles) being all one with *λαμπρὴ τῇ δὴ πικρῇ*, denoting no more then his fair Tresses, And this happily might give rise to his being after portrayed with hornes, and not his desire only to be reputed the son of *Jupiter Hammon*, whose Altar was distinguished and known from others by its multitude of hornes.

This said, She takes, blacker than all her VVeeds,
 Her mourning Veile, and from her Mansion speeds,
 VVhom *Iris* leads cutting the briny Sound:
 They landing mount the Sky, where *Jove* they found
 Sitting amidst the Gods: in *Thetis* goes,
 And next him seats her self: *Minerva* rose,
Juno a Bowle presents to cheer her up;
 The Goddess drinks, and straight returns the Cup.
 Then spake the Father both of Men and Gods;
 Burthen'd with Woes thou com'st to our Abodes:
 Nor what afflicts thee am I now to learn:
 Hither Th' art summon'd on thy own Concern.
 Nine dayes We here, if *Hermes* should be sent
 For *Hectors* Body, bandying have spent;
 I to preserve thy dear Affection,
 Carry'd it for the Honour of thy Son.
 Then to the Navy haste, and him inform
 How much the Gods are angry, how I storme,
 That thus inhumanely he *Hector* yet
 Drags up and down, detaining at the Fleet.
 If us he fear, nor would this Court offend,
 Bid him desist, and *Iris* we will send
 To *Priam*, that his son he shall redeem,
 Bringing *Achilles* Gifts of great esteem.

This said, She stooping to the Army went,
 And found *Pelides* mourning in his Tent;
 His Friends about him busie all, who slew
 To treat the Prince a silver fleeced Ewe.
 Then the sad Mother by her weeping Son
 Sate down, and him bemoaning thus begun; .

How long thy Spirits wilt thou pining waste,
 Of sweet Repose regardless and Repast?
 Since thy sad Fate and woful Day drawes near,
 Let thee some Females kind Imbraces chear:

Me

(i) Hence took *Pythagoras* that
 Symbole of his *καρδιαν πασην* that
men should not eat their hearts, that is,
 indulge sorrow too much.

Me *Jove* hath sent, and by me thee informes
How much the Gods are angry; how he storms
That *Hector's* Body thou detainest yet:
Receive a Ransome, and the Corps remit.

To her then mildly thus *Achilles* spake;
They bringing Presents may the Body take:
To *Jove's* Commands I freely condescend.

Whil'st thus the time the Son and Mother spend,
Jove thus to *Iris*; Quit the arched-Skye,
And haste to *Priam* on our Embasie:
Say he in person *Hector* must redeem,
Bearing *Achilles* guift of great esteem:
With him he onely may his Herauld take
To drive the Mules, and bring the Body back:
Nor need he Death to fear; I'll *Hermes* send,
Who to *Achilles* Tent shall him attend:
There once arriv'd that Prince will him protect
From all Affronts, and treat with due Respect:
Rash he is not, nor cruel, but will spare
Such humble Suters as to him repair.

This said, to *Troy* with Speed the Goddess flies:
Entring the Court, which rung with dismal Cries,
'Wrapt in his Vest She *Priam* sitting found
Amidst his Sons, whose tears their garments drown'd.
He grief indulging made the ground his Bed,
Powd'ring with dust his neck and hoary Head,
Whil'st female Cries resound from golden Roofs,
Deploring those, who Many signal proofs
Made of their Prowess, fighting in Champaigne,
Yet worsted by the conqu'ring *Greeks* were slain.
When *Iris* thus to *Priam*, much dismay'd
And trembling at a Goddess Presence, said;

Be not appall'd, thou grief-afflicted King!
I thee from *Jove* a wellcome Message bring:

I come

(k) Time, Gifts, and the Menaces
of a Superiour make the most haugh-
ty and obdurate heart to submit and
comply.

(l) Gr. Εὐπρίστειν χαλιν, that is, so
close wrapt in his vest, and cover'd all
over, ὅτι δια τῆ σκέπης οὐ φαίνεται τὸ
σώμα τούτου, that the fashion of his
Body appear'd through it, a posture
peculiar to men in grief. Thus *Timan-
tes* the *Sicyonian* Painter, who drew
the Sacrificing *Iphigenia* at *Aulis*, ma-
king all the rest then present bare-fa-
ced, throws his Vest over *Agamem-
non's* visage, the better so to express
both the unexpressibleness of his
transcendent sorrow, and the custome
of the closest mourners, men in such
pressures neither using to be seen
themselves, nor to see others, ὡς διὰ τὴν
ἑστὸν βίον αἰσχυνοῖν ἢ ὑπογῆστον, choosing
to live obscur'd and darkly, as under-
ground, for which cause *Priam* sprin-
kles here Earth and Ashes on his head
and garments ὡς τὸν τύπον ἐπὶ τῆς κένεας,
as an exemplification of his funeral
dust. *Enst.*

I come from *Jove*, whose pitty'ng Bowels yearn,
 For thee sollicitous and thy Concern :
 He sayes, thy Self must *Hectors* Corps redeem,
 Bearing *Achilles* Gifts of great esteem :
 Onely with thee thy aged Herauld take,
 To drive thy Mules, and bring the Body back.
 Nor need'st thou Death to fear, he'l *Hermes* send,
 Who to *Achilles* Tent shall thee attend :
 When there arriv'd that Prince will thee protect
 From danger, treating with all kind respect ;
 He is not rash nor cruel, but will spare
 Those humble Suiters that to him repair.

This said, she vanisheth like fleeting Wind,
 He bids his Sons up in his Chariot bind
 A Chest, and harness straight his Mules ; then speeds
 Down to his Wardrobe, full of costly Weeds,
 And sending for his Queen thus to her said ;

I an Expres, by *Iris* lately, had
 From *Jove*, that *Hector* I my self redeem,
 Bearing *Achilles* Gifts of great esteem.
 Say ! What's thy Sence ? yet should'st thou disapprove
 What I intend, Thou shalt not me remove.

Then weeping she ; Art thou of Sence bereft ?
 Ah ! Where hast thou thy former prudence left,
 For which, as Oracle, or One inspir'd
 Thou wert at home and through the World admir'd ?
 Go to the Fleet alone ? that Tyrant view ?
 Court him so many of thy Children flew ?
 Thy heart is steel'd : If ever thee he catch ;
 If e'r that cruel and perfidious wretch
 Thy Face behold, He'l thee no mercy show,
 Nor Rev'rence on thy hoary Haires bestow.
 Let us our Son still mourn within our Gates,
 Whom, when his Thread of Life o'r-pow'ring Fates

T t t

Spun

(m) Eustathius observes he had all his children in his youth, not marrying when he was old, against such kind of matches citing these Verses of *Theogonis*, v. 457, &c.

*Οὐτὶς ἀνδρὸς ἐστὶ γυνὴν καὶ παῖδας ἔχει
 ὅτε γέννηται, καὶ ἀνδρὶ
 ὅτε ἀνδρὸς ἔσται, ἀπὸ γυναικὸς καὶ παῖδας
 ἔχει.*

If with fresh May of January marries,
 Its odds but that the new-lanched ship
 miscarries ;
 No Rudder she obeys, Anchors and Cords
 All fail, and still the Barks some
 other boards.

(n) The like was the *Locrians* inveterate malice against *Dionysus* the Tirants Wife and Daughters, whom taken in War and abused, they kill'd with Bodkins thrust under their nays, pounding their bones in a Mortar, and delivering out their flesh in pieces, curs'd all such as made nice to eat it, *Encl.*

(o) *Gr. Doves*, these conjectured future events, consulting either the entrailes of such beasts as were slain for Sacrifice, or the rowles and curls of the smok of Frankincense ascending from the Altar; these last were call'd *καταπομπαι*, *Schol.*

Spun at his Birth, they destin'd Dogs should there,
Far from his dearest Parents, peece-meal tear.

Ah! were he in my pow'r, "that I might gnaw
His bleeding Heart, and eate his Liver raw!

Then would I surfet taking Veng'ance due

Upon that Fury who my *Hector* slew,

Who for the *Trojans* and their Wives did fight,

Scorning base Fear and ignominious Flight.

I'll from my Resolution not be stir'd,

Nor shalt thou, like an ill-presaging Bird,

(said *Priam*) with thy Skreetches me dissuade.

If any Mortal, Priest, or Prophet had

Impos'd this on me, I then scrupling might

Such strange Commands, as a Delusion, slight:

Iris I saw and heard; She drawing near

With no fantastick Voice abus'd my Ear:

But if I at their Navy must expire,

I shall to Fate submit; then let that dire

Aeacides, when I have wept my fill,

Me in my *Hectors* dear Imbraces kill.

This said, a stately Coffer he unlocks,

Twelve Mantles, Rockets, and as many Cloaks,

Quilts, Vestments, Robes, and Waistcoats forth he drew,

Talents of Gold twice five, and Tripods two,

Four Caldrons, and a Bowl, which, when he went

From *Troy* to *Thrace*, that State did him present:

This Guift he spar'd not, though so much esteem'd:

Hector at any Rate must be redeem'd.

This done he drives the people from the Gates,

And thus incens'd the idle Gazers rates;

Have you not Sorrows of your own at home,

That thus to torture me you hither come?

Know

Know You not yet (alas ! too soon you shall)
 How in the sad Disasters Me befall
 You too All suffer, *Hector's* Death a VVay
 Op'ning the Foe to make your VVearth their Prey ?
 But e'r I see *Troys* Bullwarks level laid,
 May I descend to the infernal Shade !

Next ratling up his Sons, He falls upon
Helenus, *Paris* and bold *Agathon*,
Antiphonus, *Pammmon* and ^p *Deiphobus*,
Agavus, *Hyppooth* and *Polites* thus ;

Haste ! You whom Sloath and Cowardize divide ;
 Would you had All, t'excuse my *Hector*, dy'd :

I many valiant Children once could boast,
 But those who best deserv'd, ah ! I have lost ;
Mestor, and *Troilus*, *Hector* like a God ;
 These for their Country spent their dearest Blood :
 In them survive, these goodly Virtues reign,
 They dance, they sing, they flatter, lye and faign,
 Steal ^q Lambs and Kids, and study how to cheat.

Will you not make my Chariot ready yet,
 And all things needful for my Journey ? They
 This said, their Angry Father still obey ;
 And forth with Speed his new-trim'd Chariot get ;
 First joyn'd the Mules, then up the Coffer set ;
 Next from a Pin took down their larger Yoaks,
 Strong and intire, carv'd out of knotty Box,
 Which to the Pole, well buckled with a Thong,
 They fasten with a Cord, nine Cubits long :
 Then with rich Presents the y the Char'ot fraught,
 Their Brothers Ransom, from the Wardrobe brought :
 Next joyn'd those Mules the *Myfians* *Priam* sent,
 VVhose Size and Shape the King gave high Content ;
 The coupled Steeds then to their Father led,
 VVhich long in lofty Stables He had fed,

(p) *Priam* propounding *Helen* after *Paris* his death, as the Prize of him who should best behave himselfe in Field. *Deiphobus* entering the Lists carryed her from the rest of his brethren as the most redoubty Combatant.

(q) The tenderness of these two creatures arguing their greater luxury, and their easiness to be surpriz'd making their theft the more probable and the sooner to be believ'd. *Enst.*

Whom *Priam* and his Herald straight put in,
 When ne'r approaching, the afflicted Queen
 A Goblet brought crown'd with rich Wine, that they
 E'r their departure might Libations pay ;
 Then standing by his Horses thus she spake ;

This *Jove* present, that thou to *Ilium* back
 May'st safe return, since thou persisting still
 Resolv'st to go, though much against my Will :
 And beg of *Jove*, who rules both Earth and Skies,
 To send his Eagle, who so swiftly flies,
 A dextrous Omen : Boldly then thou ma'y'st
 Down to the Fleet, and Hostile Quarters haste :
 If such thy Suit he not resents, decline,
 Although thou art so earnest, this Design.

Soon to my Duty thou may'st me perswade,
 To beg great *Joves* Assistance, *Priam* said ;
 Then calls for Water, which, as he commands,
 A Virgin brings, and powres upon his Hands :
 This done, from *Hecuba* the Bowl he takes,
 And thus his Prayer, Libations paying, makes ;

O *Jove* ! in whom both Men and Gods confide,
 Who crown'st the Sky-saluting Tow'rs of *Ide* !
 Grant that *Achilles* with a pittyng Eare
 Lift to my Suit, and send thy Messenger
 On our right Hand, that thence We may divine
 Happy Success to this our bold Design :

Jove heard, and sent his Bird, the same which all,
 For his fierce kind and size, the *Percnon* call,
 Whose spreading Wings were like the open Port,
 Which leads the way into some Princes Court.
 Over the Cityes dexter Part he flew,
 And all rejoyce as they the Omen view.
 Then *Priam* mounts his Seats ; the vaulted Ground
 And Portals, as he hurries forth, resound.

(r) *Jupiter* favours the Eagle above all other fowls, either as *Saturnus* they being both Kings, he of the Gods, she of the Birds, or as being brought forth (so the fable) the same day with himself, or for her auspicious appearing when he affected his Father *Saturnus* throne, he thence prognosticating his good success. *Enst.*

(/) The black colour of this Eagle denoting, say the ancients, *το τῆς εἰσόδου* *αὐτοῦ* *Priam's* undiscover'd passage, and her not preying, though of that species or kind, his kind and peaceable reception. *Enst.*

The Mules which formost to the Pole were joyn'd
Skilful *Idæus* drives, the Steeds behind
Priam commands, whom with a doleful Cry
His Friends attend, as if condemn'd to dye.

When to the Plain their King they had conveid,
Straight all return; then *Jove* him pittying said;

Hermes! since thou with Men lov'st to acquaint,
(Not any God with them so conversant)
Lead *Priam* to the Fleet, that none prevent
Or see Him till he reach *Pelides* Tent.

His Father straight obeying, *Hermes* goes
And buckles on his winged golden Shoes,
With which the Air he cuts o'r Sea and Land,
Born on the Winds; then takes his charming Wand,
That Mortalls lulls a sleep, and sleeping wakes;
Straight to the *Hellepont* and *Troy* he makes,
A Youth resembling of no mean Descent,
One in his Flow'r, and o'r the Plain he went.
Past *Ilus* Toomb, on *Xanthus* flowry Bank
They stop, until their Mules and Horses drank.

Now Night o're Earth had spread her gloomy Shade,
When first *Idæus*, *Hermes* spying, said;

Oh! quickly, Sir, advise: a man I see:
Let us return, least we destroyed be;
Or else his Knees imbracing Quarter crave,
That he our Lives, pittying our Case, would save.

This said, old *Priams* Hair erected stood,
And chilling Terror curdled up his Blood,
When *Hermes* by the Hand him kindly took,
And thus in civil terms inquiring spoke;

What cause, grave Father! thus in silent Night,
VWhil'st others sleep, doth thee abroad invite,
The Foe not fearing though incamp'd so nigh?
Should any you with this rich Booty spy,

In your Defence what would You do, or could,
Thy self not young, and thy Attendant old ?
But I'll, 'gainst All oppose, still take thy part,
And Thee protect as Thou my Father wert.

Then *Priam* ; Thou a Truth, dear Son ! hast said ;
Thee some kind Power now sent unto my Aid,
So Prudent, so for Symmetry exact :
No Mortal, sure ! celestial thy Extract.

Hermes reply'd ; VVell, Sir, you have exprest
Your Sence ; I humbly beg one more Request :
Do'st Thou this VVealth to forrain Bancks transmit,
There to secure't, or frighted *Ilium* quit,
Since *Hector* Thou, thy valiant Son, hast lost,
To none inf'riour of our num'rous Hoast ?
Then spake the King ; Who art Thou, lovely Youth !
VVhat thy Descent, who thus, with so much Truth,
Recount'st the Fate of my unhappy Son ?
VVhen thus the Gods Ambassador begun ;

Thou prompt'st Me *Hectors* Praises to recite :
Him oft I saw charge thorough in the Fight,
And when the routed *Grecians* from the Field
He, close pursuing, at their Navy kill'd ;
VVhil'st we admiring stood, and not engag'd,
Because our Prince 'gainst *Agamemnon* rag'd ;
Him I now serve ; VVe both to *Ilium* came
In one stout Ship ; a *Myrmidon* I am,
My Sire *Polyctor*, rich ; Your self and he
May, of like Age, contemporaries be :
Seaven Sons my Father had, each drew his Lot,
The fortune I to serve *Achilles* got,
But now I left the Fleet, where to attacque
The City early They all ready make,
VVith whose long Siege our Army tir'd out quite
And harder Duty are grown wild to fight.

Then

Then *Priam*; Since that Prince thou wait'st upon,
 Be pleas'd to tell me if he yet my Son
 In his Pavilion keeps; or else hath fed
 Dogs with his Body? when thus *Hermes* said;
 To Dogs and Vultures unexposed yet
 Thy *Hector* lyes, neglected at the Fleet:
 Twelve Dayes intire and sweet He there hath lain,
 From vermine Free, that breed in Bodies slain,
 Though dayly him about *Patroclus* Pyre
Achilles drags; and, what thou would'st admire,
 The Corps receive no harme, both plump and fresh,
 All Soyl and Gore absters'd, appears the Flesh;
 The Gods thy Son so much Affection bear,
 That still of him, though Dead, they mindful are.

Then *Priam* glad to *Hermes* thus replies;
 What great Return finds frequent Sacrifice?
 The Gods my *Hector* never did neglect,
 For which his senceless Corps they still protect:
 Now take this Cup I gratefully present,
 And then conduct me to *Achilles* Tent.

When *Hermes* thus; Though thou art old, I young,
 Not all thy Rhetorick and silver Tongue
 Shall over-pow'r me so thy Guift to take,
 Till with it I my Prince acquainted make;
 I fear *Achilles*, nor dare Bribes receive,
 Lest me they of his Favour should bereave;
 But thee to *Greece* o'r Sea or Land I'll guide,
 And still protecting lackey by thy Side.

This said, He mounting takes the Raines and Whip,
 Making his Steeds and Mules the Winds out-strip:
 When near the Trench and Battlements they drew,
 The Watch their Supper there they dressing view.
 In soft Sleep *Hermes* fetters straight the Guard,
 And in a trice the bolted Gates unbar'd,

And

(E) "Οὐ γὰρ ὅπως ἔχουσιν τὰς ἀπορίας
 τοῦ τοῦ ἡρώου ἔχουσιν τὰς ἀπορίας" *Quia*
The Homerists reprove such as affirm
that Homer makes the Grecians to eat
three meals a day, Eust.

And through with *Priam* and his Riches went.
 But when they reach'd *Achilles* royal Tent,
 VWhich lab'ring *Myrmidons* had rarely built
 VWith Firr, and cover'd with a flaggy Tilt,
 And on Supporters rais'd a Hall of State,
 Securing with a mighty Bar the Gate,
 By three still shut and open'd which (alone
 He did with Ease, beside him singly none.)
 The God, op'ning the Turn-pike, in convoid
 The Guifts, and, lighting, thus to *Priam* said;

Hermes I am, *Joves* Messenger, injoyn'd
 To see compleated what thou hast design'd;
 But I shall strait return; *Achilles* Me
 Must not discover; for though Mortalls We
 Use to asist, yet none may Us behold:
 Enter alone, the Hero's Knees infold;
 Him by his Parents and his onely Son
 Implore of Thee to take Compassion.

Hermes, this said, to steep *Olympus* speeds,
 And, *Priam* lighting, leaves his Mules and Steeds
 There to *Idæus* Care; thence on he went,
 And found *Achilles* sitting in his Tent,
 Others apart; the Prince attended on
 By *Alcimus*, and stout *Automedon*,
 Who had so late himself refresh'd with Food,
 * That still the Board with Dishes cover'd stood.
 Up comes the King unseen, and near him stands,
 Then kneeling seisd his Knees, and kist those Hands,
 Which were so many of his Childrens bane.

So about him who hath another slain,
 And fled for Refuge to a forraign Land,
 The People gathering round admiring stand;
 As now *Achilles* wonders at his guest;
 When *Priam* humbly thus himself addrest:

(*) The Heroes Tables were covered, never remov'd but in times of Grief, *Schol.*

Suppose, renown'd *Achilles*! Thou dost see
 Thy ^x aged Father now beholding me,
 Whom some injurious Neighbour may invade,
 Presuming none, thee absent, him will aid:
 But when he hears that thou art yet alive,
 He will rejoyce, and hope his heart revive,
 Expecting thy return in safety home:
 But wretched I, in lofty *Ilium*,
 Had many valiant Sons, who all are gone,
 Not one now left to comfort me, scarce one;
 Fifty they were when you first touch'd this Shore;
 Pregnant by me nineteen one Venter bore,
 The rest on several Concubines I got:
 Many of these fell slaughter'd on the Spot;
 But one I had maintain'd our Walls, who late
 From thy all-conqu'ring Hands receiv'd his fate,
Hector, whom I come hither to redeem
 With Gifts, a rancome of no mean esteem.
 Revere the Gods, thy Father mind, and show
 Pity on me thus overwhelm'd with woe:
 Sufferings like mine none ever felt, who sue
 And kneeling kiss those hands my Children flew.

This said, *Achilles*, for his Fathers sake
 To pity mov'd, his hand drew gently back:
 Then *Priam*, falling at *Pelides* feet,
 For *Hector* wept; *Achilles* like regret
 Now for his Father, now his dearest friend
 Express'd, whil'st sighs the arched Seelings rend.
 When him exhausted Tears gave some relief,
 His breast less swoln by suffocating grief,
 He rose, and pitying his grey-Beard and Head
 Thus to the King, him raising, kindly said;

Great are thy sufferings, great thy sorrows sure,
 Oh, hapless *Priam*! how could'st thou endure

U u u

Alone

(x) *Peleus* was the elder by much, serving with *Hercules* against *Troy*, when *Priam* was but a child, and called then when he was sold, *Podarces*:

(y) *Priam* had issue by many venters, (it being the custom of the more barbarous Nations to multiply Wives) some by *Hecuba*, the rest by his Concubines, a thing not reſented by their wives, becauſe how many ſoever their husbands kept, they were ever under their Command. Before *Cecrops* his time, at *Athens* men and women accompanying promiſcuouſly together, none knew their own Father, which beſtial life being rectified by him, he aſſigning every woman her proper husband, he was thence call'd *Sigis*, the reaſon of which appellation being once forgot, he was deem'd by them that liv'd ſome time after to be a Monſter, and to have two ſhapes or forms, *Ariſtotle* admiring why *Homer*, that allowes moſt of his Heroes their Concubines, mentions not any kept by *Menelaus*, gives this reaſon of it, that *Menelaus* forbore to accompany with any woman, leaſt the ſame of it might offend his *Helen*. *Enſt.*

Alone to venture to the Fleet, and Me,
 Who slew so many of thy Children, see?
 Thy heart is Steel: be pleas'd that place to take,
 Though cruel grief will no Cessation make:
 Th' immortal Gods have so decreed, that we
 Must live in wo, themselves from sorrow-free.

Two Tuns with Lots stand at *Joves* Pallace Gates,
 From whence he draws our good or evil Fates;
 Whose worser he with better fortune blends,
 Them one day hurts, another makes amends;
 Who only bad encounter, wander hurl'd
 In want by Gods and Mortals round the World:
 So at his Birth great *Jove* gave *Peleus* health,
 Strength, Prudence, Rule, Felicity and Wealth
 Beyond his Peers, and though of Mortal Race
 Him honour'd with a Goddesses imbrace.

These Joyes he mixt, him he no Children gave,
 To whom he might his wealth and Kingdome leave,
 But onely one, who must e'r long expire;
 And whil'st he lives not glads his aged Sire,
 Since far from home he lies encamp'd at *Troy*,
 Thee to afflict, thy Children to destroy.

Father! VVe heard that you once happy were,
 VVhat *Lesbos* had, 'bove *Macars* Seat; what e'r
 The *Hellepont* or *Phrygia*, you posselt,
 And with a num'rous Progeny were blest;
 But now thy Lot is chang'd, dire Fun'rals,
 And bloody Battels still surround thy VValls;
 Be patient, and at helpless things not grieve:
 Tis not thy Tears that *Hector* can retrieve,
 These rather add to thy afflictions more.

Then *Priam* thus; I dare not sit before
 My Son, who un-interr'd lies in thy Tent,
 Thou grant'st his Sire, for whom I'l thee present

Many

(2) Some mistaking this place of
Homer make *Jupiter* to have two Vef-
 fels replete with evil, and but one on-
 ly with good things, according to that
 of *Pindar Pyth. Ode. 3.*

Ἐν πᾶσι θεῶν στήμασι σκιδνο δεινότης
 βεβόηκε
 Ἀνδράσι.

The Gods their single Favours still
 Allay with double ill.

The *Scholiast* observing *Homer* to
 make the Gods the authors only of
 good things, *δοτῆρες ἰσθον*, queries here
 how he makes evil also to proceed
 from them, and then resolves the
 question by distinguishing the per-
 sons, affirming that position to be as-
 serted by none but such as be ignorant
 of the truth, the evils that befall men
 being not to be imputed to God, as
Achilles here would have it thought,
 but drawn by men upon themselves,
suo fumento through their own incogi-
 tancy and default, it being *Jupiter's*
 own asseveration *Odyss. d.*

Ὁ πόποις ἵσθι δὴ νῦν θεὸς βροτοὶ αἰτιώων-
 ται.

Ἐξημέων γὰρ πασι καὶ ἔμμεναι, οἱ δὲ καὶ
 αὐτοὶ
 Στήνιν ἀλαδελφῶσι ἑσπ' μέρον ἀλγὸν ἔχου-
 σι.

Still Mortals us accuse, saying that we
 Both Authors of their crimes and suf-
 ferings be,
 When by their folly they themselves de-
 stroy.

(b) From the words *πρίστειν ἀκοιτῇ*,
 made her his wife, *Eustathius* collects
 that this match of *Thetis* with *Peleus*,
 as to her, was forc'd and against her
 will, which appear'd in this, in that she
 deserted him growing in years.

Many rich Gifts : Ah ! may'st thou them enjoy
In thy own Country, far from hapless *Troy*,
Since by thy spec'al Favour yet I live !

Then frowning he : Wrath smother'd not revive :
The Corps I shall surrender, since I know
'Tis *Joves* Command, *Thetis* inform'd me so ;
And I am confident thou ne'r could'st get
Without some Gods Assistance to our Fleet ;
None, were he young, durst venture through our guard,
And open Gates so fortify'd and barr'd
Cease then my settled Passion to ferment,
Lest thee, although a Supplyant, from my Tent
I should expel, and *Joves* Command forget.

This said, old *Priam* trembling took his Seat ;
Then forth *Achilles* springs, attended on
By *Alcimus*, and stout *Automedon* :
Whom he, *Patroclus* dead, did most esteem ;
These loose the Mules and Horses from the Teem,
And old *Idæus* to a Seat convoid,
Next *Priam's* Wealthy Chariot they unlade,
And in the Presents, *Hector's* Ransome, brought ;
Two Robes there leaving with a Vest well wrought
The Corps to cloath : Damsels apart mean while
He bids the Body Bath and 'noynt with Oyle,
Lest *Priam* discomposed at the Sight
Should, by his Passion master'd, so excite
Achilles fatal Wrath, that he *Joves* will
Should disobey, and him, though Supplyant, kill.
The Corps array'd, bath'd and perfumed they
Wrap in a Gown, and o'r a Mantle lay ;
Which up *Achilles* helping to the Bed,
Thus sighing spake ; If in th'infernal Shade
Thou hear'st, dear Friend ! that gifts of great esteem
Old *Priam* brought me *Hector* to redeem,

Be not offended ; whatsoe'r they are,
In them with me thou equally shalt share.

This said, *Æacides* returning took
His former Seat, and thus to *Priam* spoke ;

Hector is thine, as thou desir'st ; he lies
Upon thy Couch : When Morning guilds the Skies
To *Ilium* drive ; then thou at leasure may'st
Thy Son survey, mean while take some repast.

Sad^f *Niobe* not alwayes food refrain'd,
Though her whole Off-springs blood the Floor distain'd:
Six Sons, six Daughters dead upon the Spot

Incens'd *Apollo* and *Diana* shot,
Because she with *Latona* did compare,
Boasting that she six times her number bare ;
Hence by those Twins her twelve all slaughter'd were ;
Whom when none would, now nine dayes dead, interr,
The Gods inhum'd before the tenth expir'd :

V Which done, she took repast, with weeping tir'd,
Though still in *Sipylus*, where they report,
'Mongst Rocks and Desert Hills those Nymphs resort,
Who dance upon *Achelous* plushie shores,
Transform'd to Marble she her loss deplores.
Let us our Spirits now with Food revive,
And when that thou at *Ilium* shalt arrive,
Then for thy Son let Tears thy cheeks bedew.

This said, he rising, a fat Weather slew,
Which, fleaing first, they joynted, spitted too,
Laid to the Fire, and off well roasted drew.
Automedon in cur'ous Baskets serv'd
Pure Manchet up, the Meat *Achilles* carv'd ;
Straight They fall to, and plentifully fare :
When thirst and hunger satisfied were,
Priam, *Achilles* viewing, wonder'd at
His Limbs and goodly Features, as he fate ;

As

(f) *Niobe*, the Daughter of *Tantalus*, or as others, of *Pelops*; the wife of *Zethus*, or as others, *Amphion*, comparing with *Latona* as *Chloris* as having a more numerous Progeny then she, had her six sons slain by *Apollon* as they were hunting on the Mountain *Citharon*, and her six daughters by *Diana* in *Thebes*, their deaths being imputed to these two, as being sudden, or else from some infectious disease. *Hippocrates* in his book, *de morbis acutis*, of acute diseases, tells us that it was the common opinion of his time to say of such as dyed of the *typhoid* or *typhoid* the *typhoid*, that they were *struck* or *shot*, *dia to en-*
ne *typhoid* *en* *typhoid* *en* *typhoid*, for their speedy and painful ends. *Jupiter* commiserating her condition transform'd her to a stone, fixed in *Sipylus*, a Mountain in *Magnesia*, of which *Enst.* recites this *Gryphus* or Epigram,

Ο ΤΥΦΟΙ ΤΕ ΤΟΙΣ ΕΝ ΤΗ ΚΑΡΕΝΤΙ
Ο ΤΥΦΟΙ ΤΟΙΣ ΕΝ ΤΗ ΚΑΡΕΝΤΙ
ΑΝ' ΑΥΤΗΣ ΑΥΤΟ ΤΕΝΕΣ ΕΣΤΙ ΚΑΙ ΤΑΦΟΣ.

This stone within it Corps hath none ;
The Corps within without no stone,
For Tomb and Corps are here but one.

(g) Peoples hearts being hardened against her for bringing the Infection amongst them by her impiety and pride, *Schol.*

As much *Æacides* old *Priam* took,
 Admiring him and his majestick look.
 When they each other had enough survaid,
 Let us repose, great Prince! old *Priam* said;
 Since by thy conqu'ring Spear my *Hector* fell,
 These Eye-lids never clos'd, but sighing still
 The Earth I grov'ling with my Tears bedew'd,
 Not tasting cheering Wine, nor strength'ning Food.

This said, *Achilles* bids them make a Bed,
 And Purple o'r and royal Tap'stry spread.
 Damsells, their Tapers lighting, straight withdrew,
 And in the outward Porch made ready two.

Then thus *Pelides*; Sir! ^brepose you there;
 Should any of our Chiefs descrie you here,
 VVho hither oft repairing with us sit
 In deep Debate, consulting what is fit,
 Streight *Agamemnon* they informing may
 Obstruct thy bus'ness, and the Body stay
 VVhat time require you *Hector* to interr,
 That we so long may hostile acts forbear?

Ah! would'st thou grant us, *Priam* then replies,
 To celebrate my Sons last Obsequies,
 The signal Favour much would me oblige.
 You know how close your Forces us besiege,
 VVhich strikes all *Ilium* with a Punic fear,
 And we our VVood must from the Mountain bear:
 Nine dayes VVe'l mourn within our royal Seat,
 The tenth interr him, and our People treat,
 Th' eleventh erect his Tomb, and, if we must,
 Fight on the twelfth, and to our Valour trust.

Then said *Achilles*; Sir! at your Request
 So long I shall forbear, nor *Troy* infest:

VVhich said, his Hand, that he would ne'r recant,
 He gives the King; so ratifies his Grant.
 From thence then *Priam* with *Idæus* goes,
 VVhere in appointed Lodgings they repose;

Æacides

(b) He speaks this in excuse of himselfe, and to prepare *Priam*, that he should not take it ill if he lodg'd him abroad, *Exst.*

Æacides to his *Briseis* went,
 And Night in Sleep, and her Imbraces spent :
 But whil'ſt both Gods and Heroes ſoundly ſlept,
 Diſturbing Care from Slumber *Hermes* kept,
 How through the Guards he *Priam* might convey ;
 Whom thus he ſtraight reproves ; Why this Delay ?
 Sleep'ſt thou ſecure, nor fear'ſt to be attach'd
 Amidſt the Foe, thy buſineſs now diſpatch'd ?
 Thy *Hector* coſt thee dear ; but thrice as much
 Thy Sons will not for thy Redemption grutch,
 Should *Agamemnon* find thee ſleeping here.

At theſe words ſtartled, *Priam* ſtruck with Fear,
 Straight calls *Idæus* up, whil'ſt *Hermes* ſpeeds,
 And in the Chariot puts his Mules and Steeds.
 With ſilence forth they through the Army drive :
 Soon as at *Xanthus* Margents they arrive,
 The God *Olympus* ſcales, whil'ſt conquering Day
 Nights ſpangled Troops drown'd in the Weſtern Sea ;
 With Sighs and Tears they on the Body drew.
Cassandra from a Tow'r firſt *Priam* knew,
 And carry'd on the Mules her Brother ſpy'd,
 Aged *Idæus* weeping by his Side :
 Then Clam'ring, thus ſhe runs from Street to Street ;
 Riſe all for ſhame ! ariſe, and *Hector* meet ;
 If e'r you him alive beheld with Joy
 Return tryumphing, who protected *Troy*.

This ſaid, they all pour forth, not one remain'd,
 Their Walls not them, nor they their grief contain'd :
 His Wife and Mother, all preceding tear,
 The Corps approaching, their diſhevel'd hair ;
 And, running in, imbrace his honour'd head,
 VVhil'ſt Floods of tears the thronging Concourſe ſhed,
 VVho there till night had thus lamenting ſtay'd,
 But that the King, their grief reproving, ſaid ;

Sirs ; clear the VVay, and give our Chariot room,
 Then weep your fill, when we have brought him home.

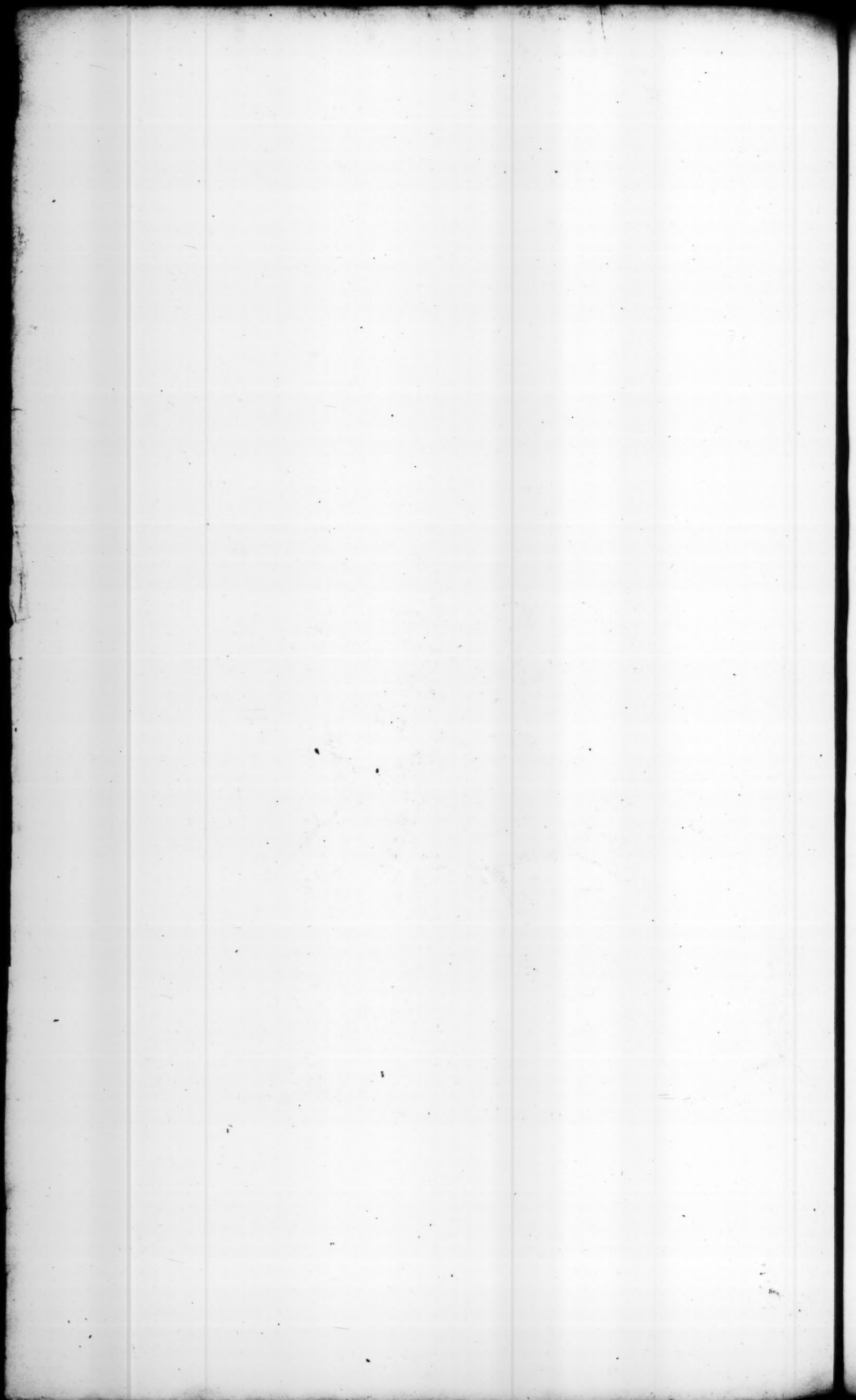
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Marmaducc Raudon
In Comitatu Eboracensi



Armig: ex Familia Raudonorum
Oriundo Tabular hanc. ¹⁷²⁷
L M
D D D
I O



This said, the Throng dividing, *Hector* they
 Driving to Court on a rich Pallet lay;
 Sad Elegies resound about his Hearse,
 A female *Chorus* shutting up the Verse;
 'Mongst these his Wife, her hand upon his head,
 Chief Mourner, thus her Grief expressing said;
 Thou in thy ' Flower hast, thus of life bereft,
 A Widow me, thy child an Orphant left,
 Before who comes to age I feare that *Troy*
 The *Grecians* shall in hostile Flames destroy,
 Since * Thou art dead, her maine Defence, their Lives
 Who sav'dst alone, their Children and their wives
 Who shortly shall in ships transported be,
 And I with Them, and thou, poor Boy! with Me;
 Where Thou must drudging gall thy tender Hands,
 Serving a base and upstart Lords Commands;
 Or Thee some Foe shall seise, and swinging round
 From a high Tower throw Headlong to the Ground,
 Revenging so his dear Relations slain,
 And by thy Sire left rifled on the Plain:
 Not tamely He ingag'd the Foe, therefore
 All *Troy* his loss with briny Floods deplore.
 Great Sorrow on thy Parents Thou hast brought,
 But Me, afflicted Me! with Grief distraught,
 That thou expiring reach'd not forth thy hand,
 Imposing so on me thy last command,
 Which I with Tears should still remind; this said,
 Thus *Hecuba* her lamentation made;
 Living the Gods thee, Son! Affection bare,
 And now, though dead, take off thy body care:
 My other Children stern *Achilles* sold,
 And shipt away to distant " Isles for Gold:
 Thee, *Hector*! he, t' appease *Patroclus* Ghost,
 Drag'd dayly round his Tomb, (his friend though lost

He

(l) Notwithstanding that saying of one of the Sages, *ὅτι τὸν θεὸν ἀγαπᾷ, ὃν οἱ θεοὶ ἀγαπᾷ*; that, whom the Gods love, they dye in their youth; *Homer* yet makes the Soul of a young man not to leave its mansion but with reluctancy; and *Andromache* bewailes this especially, that her *Hector* dyed in his flower and prime. *Enstatius* tells of a barbarous Nation, who, lamenting at the births of their infants, rejoyc'd at the departure of such as were old, τὸ μὲν ἔτι παρρησιασθεὶς δεινὸν ὁ γυναικὶς τὸ δὲ ἀπὸ πολλὰ κακῶν ὁ γέρονς, for that children were to undergoe many miseries, which the other had passed.

* Hence that Epigram of *Archias* in the Anthology,

Εὐδοκὴ μὲν Τροίην συγχέτο δαίμων, ἔδ' ἔτι χεῖ-
 ῥετο
 Ἀντίγον Δαναῶν πατὴρ ἰσχυροτάτος
 Πύλλα δ' Ἀλεξάνδρου σωματοφύλακ' ἀντι-
 σὶς ἄρα
 Ἀνδρᾶν, οὐ πατρὶος δ' ἵππος ἀγυαλλόμε-
 να.

Troy fell with *Hector*, *Alexanders*
Fare,
Cruels *Pella* and the *Macedon* State:
 whence I conclude, that *Heroes* rather
 give
 Their Country Honour, than from it
 receive.

(m) He makes her speak this *ὡς ἐν*
ἰδοῦσα τὴν μέλαρτος ἀνέδρα χεῖρα,
 as representing what should after be-
 fall; *Ulysses* casting *Astyanax* from off
 the Battlements of *Troy*, and dashing
 him to pieces; So *Tryphiodorus*.

Ἡ δὲ μετὰ ταῦτα δεικνύει τὸν πόλεμον
 καὶ τὸν ὄλεον μὲν τοῦ ἀνδρᾶτος
 Ἀνδρᾶτος μὲν οὐκ ἐκείνου ἀνδρᾶτος

But when *Andromache* beheld her Son
 Down from a Turret by *Ulysses* thrown,
 Skreeking with tears his Fate she did
 bemoan.

declaring in this also the practice of
 War, the Souldiers buttering such to
 death that were too little to be slaves,
 specially when they were bent upon
 revenge.

(n) That is *Samos*, *Imbrus* and
Lemnos, which last *Homer* styles inac-
 cessible, either having respect to the
 numerous Rocks wherewith it was in-
 viron'd, or to the Robbers and
 Theeves with which that Island was
 well replenish'd, οὐκ ἔστι δὲ ἀδύνατον
 καὶ περιπαρῆς *Eust.*

(o) They that dye suddenly by some violent death, being more fresh and fuller bodied then those that dye of a chronick disease.

(p) Gr. ἀγαστὸς δεινότητος With his gentle Darts, Ἀνδρῶν δὲ δεινὸς δολοῦτο, sudden deaths being less painful, Schol.

(q) The first ten years after her Rape being spent in making preparations, in levies of Men, and rigging of Vessels (the *Greeks* repairing home still in Winter, but quartering each Summer at *Aulis*) and ten more in the Le-gure.

He not reviv'd) yet still thou 'rofi'd art
And fresh, as one slain by *Apollo's* Dart.

Sad *Helen* next her Sorrow thus exprest ;
Of all thy Stock, I lov'd thee, *Hector* ! best,
Next to my Lord, who to the *Trojan* Shore
Brought me his Spouse : (would I had dy'd before !)
These⁹ twenty years at Court I liv'd, yet ne'r
Pierc'd any thy unkind VVord mine Ear ;
Nay when thy Brothers or thy Sisters fell
VVith harsher Terms upon me, thou would'st still
Blame their uncivil Use, and take my part :
Thou, like thy Sire, still much obliging wert.
Hence I shall ever mourn thy timeless Fate,
Left the loath'd Victim of the Peoples hate.

Thus weeping she, when aged *Priam* said ;
Now fetch in Wood, and fear no Ambuscade ;
Achilles promis'd, when he me dismiss,
Twelve days he would from hostile Acts desist.

This said, Steeds, Mules, and Char'ots they prepare,
And nine days Wood down from the Mountains bare,
Upon the tenth laid *Hector* on the Pyre,
And kindled, shedding Tears, his fun'ral Fire ;
Next Morne about the wasted Pyle they prest,
Quenching with Wine what still the Flames posselt ;
His Brothers then and Friends, with sighs and groans,
Close in a golden Urne his gather'd Bones,
And in a Vault wrapt up in Purple plac'd,
Then pond'rous Stones congesting over-cast,
His Tomb erecting, whil'st that faithful Scouts
The Foe observ'd, watching on their Redoubts :
Thence to the Pallace all to feast repair ;
Thus *Hectors* Obits celebrated were.

F I N I S.

